

Captain Bolton's Dilemma

By George T. Pardy

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"No," said the cook, thoughtfully, in reply to a query I hazarded regarding the strange beliefs of those who "go down to sea in ships." "I don't know as sailormen on the lakes is given to superstitions very much. Co's why? They has hard work to do and wants to enjoy themselves when they gets ashore. I only knowed one case where a skipper bothered about such things, and that was old Ezra Bolton—as I sailed with on the steam freighter Montegale.

"Some one got hold of the old man and loaded him to the hatches with queer ideas about stuff called theosophy, reincarnations and such junk, and he became a regular convert to the game, attending meetings regular whenever we lay in port. Well, one trip to Buffalo we had a passenger aboard, young fellow named Edgerton, and the cap began on him with his theories right away. Thisyer chap seemed to like the dope, and 'peared to make the skipper nuttier than ever by encouragin' him. We was all fair knocked out when the word was passed that the old man ordered particular respect paid to an old dog he owned, account of the brute bein' an incarnation of Andrew Jackson.

"Everybody thought it a big joke but the mate, and he kicked when the cur jumped on the cabin table at dinner and grabbed a chunk of meat off his plate. The mate made a bolt at him and the captain roared like a bull, said he ought to be ashamed of himself for insultin' an animal that contained the spirit of a great man. The mate allowed that he hadn't signed articles to eat with dogs or pal with the spirit of Jackson, but the old man wouldn't listen to him, and he left the cabin, mad as blazes.

"Young Edgerton was chucklin' to himself all the time. Then the skipper calls all hands together and gives 'em a lecture on spirits and theosophy. He tells how the world has been in darkness all this while and is only wakin' to the true light and that for all he knows, some of the crew has lived in the past ages and used to be pretty swell guys. Most of us thought it a shushy spiel, but there was others said there might be somethin' in it, and what with the arguments as came on, there was one scrap come up right after another all the way to Buffalo.

"When we tied up, we heard how Edgerton was goin' to take a trip back on the Montegale, and had promised the skipper to bring along a lady who was one of the shining lights of the theosophy bunch. Sure enough, he showed up with a mighty pretty girl in tow.

"Capt. Bolton," ses he, 'allow me to introduce Miss Maitland, a high priestess of the great belief!'

"The old man bowed very polite, but she stands lookin' at him kind of wild; then all of a sudden throws both arms around his neck and screams: 'At last I have found my affinity!'

"'What does this mean?' roars the old man, taken all aback.

"I see it all," ses young Edgerton. 'She has known and loved you in a past life.'

"'Sure thing,' ses the priestess; 'this here is my third time on earth, and twice we have loved each other through the cycles of the ages.'

"'But, blast it,' roars Bolton, 'I've a wife and six kids in Chicago, miss!'

"'Cruel man,' ses she, 'to greet me thus. What has the sordid present to do with the ideal, mystic past? I've found you and now we'll never part.'

"'But the boat leaves to-night,' ses Bolton.

"'Me, too,' ses the priestess. 'Maybe you'll learn to appreciate my devotion durin' the voyage.'

"The end of it was that we had two passengers leavin' Buffalo. That girl spent part of her time with Edgerton, but she never missed a chance of hanging on to the old man's arm, whenever anyone was around to see, and smilin' up in his face as if he was the darlin' of her heart. It made him feel more than uncomfortable to have the crew pipin' him off and grinnin', but there was no help for it.

"The first day out the mate reports that Jim Adams, one of the deckhands, had it revealed to him in a dream that he was the reincarnation of Admiral Paul Jones. I see thisyer Edgerton talkin' on the quiet to Adams just before we left port, but that wasn't any of my business, so I kep' my mouth shut.

"'Send Adams aft,' ses the old man, 'fix him up a berth and we'll have him eat in the cabin. It'll never be said that the spirit of Paul Jones had to swab decks on any hooker commanded by Ezra Bolton.'

"That night Mick Flaherty was reported as bein' possessed of the spirit of William Shakespeare.

"'Poets are a bum lot,' says Bolton, 'but for the principle of the thing, I suppose he must be let double up with Adams.' And back goes that shabby Irish dock-walloper to eat good grub aft with the cabin bunch.

"That last deal was a bit too strong, and the rest of the crew held an indignation meetin'.

"'Boys,' ses old Loomis, 'I've sailed the lakes 25 years, and allers managed to get my piece of anything good as was goin'. These here reincarnations is fashionable, and I allow that we'd all better get in the swim.'

"We see his drift at once, and Billy Layton, who'd been a college guy in his day before he started drinkin' and

took to sailin', drew up a list of reincarnations that we judged would surprise the old man. We gave the list to the mate and he took it to Bolton as he was pacin' the bridge.

"'Here's the last bunch of spirits reported aboard,' ses the mate, and the old man took a look at the paper. There was Horace Greeloy, Gen. Grant, James G. Blaine, Ben Harrison, Long John Wentworth, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Abe Lincoln, Jesse James, Admiral Farragut and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"'And that ain't all,' ses the mate, 'for I feel it comin' over me that I used to drill around as George Washington, the father of our country; so if it's all the same to you, I'll eat alone after this, seein' that I'm the top-notch of the crowd.'

"The old man turned red in the face. 'That's so,' ses he. 'Well, let me tell you somethin'. I'm through with this theosophy gag for good, and the first son of a skunk I find on this boat with a sign of reincarnation about him, I'll make him wish he was never born. Go tell those fakirs what I said. Throw that dog overboard and kick Adams and Flaherty back where they belong.'

"The mate backed away and the old man hustled to the cabin and started to lay down the law to Edgerton and the girl. She only laughed.

"'That's all very well,' she ses, 'but maybe your wife won't be wild when she hears how you've been makin' love to me. And I've got witnesses, too.'

"Bolton was staggered, for his wife was fierce jealous, and that girl had nerve enough for anything.

"'What'll you take to keep quiet?' ses he.

"'Let Mr. Edgerton decide,' ses the girl.

"I guess \$1,000 'ud be about right,' ses Edgerton. 'You know you told me on the trip over how well fixed you were. Anyway, seein' that you've come back on your old love, I've decided to take a chance with her myself and we need something to start housekeeping with.'

"Bolton made an awful kick, but he was sure up against it, and the end of it was that he gave them his check for the money. When he found out afterwards that the girl had eloped with Edgerton from her home in Buffalo and that they framed the game up for his benefit, he nearly went crazy with rage. And there never was no more theosophy foolishness on board the Montegale, long as Ezra Bolton was her skipper."

DIG AND BE HAPPY.

Spadework Advocated as a Cure for Ills.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, an English member of parliament, claims to have discovered an infallible recipe for health.

Taking as his text an alleged dictum of President Roosevelt: "Sweat and be saved," he declared that if perspiration is the acme of physical culture, an analysis of the means by which it may be obtained is not to be sneezed at.

The Frenchman perspires with effort. Germans are "even more admirably porous," and your professor, sitting tranquilly beside his beer, can drip like a laborer in a hayfield.

Among English and Americans of the higher class this result "can only be attained through elaborate machinery, generally disguised as a game."

The objection to salvation by games is that they cost too much in time and money. Fencing and golf are instances. A gymnasium is "a desperate expedient." Mr. Gwynn had rather break stones than beat the air with heavy dumbbells or light ores.

We must rule out running, because a man who made a habit of running half a mile a day would be counted a lunatic—"for he could not always pretend to be catching a train."

But if you have only a plot of ground in a suburb you can dig. Mr. Gwynn wonders that the doctors "have never discovered digging." An enterprising specialist should find that newly turned-up soil has a medicinal quality in its exhalations.

Those who reject fasso-therapeutics might try wood chopping. Mr. Gwynn has visions of lean, athletic men in a warm glow of health, bringing home neat bundles of logs.

But Mr. Gwynn's pet idea is digging, which, he observes, has also an educational value. No one after two hours' spadework will be quite so pat with denunciations of the "idle working-man," who thinks two dollars little enough for eight hours' digging.

He stigmatizes as blasphemous the idea that devotion to athletic rites generate a kind of "morbid craving to perspire." Man, he avers, has a constitution arranged on the assumption that he will perspire daily. If he does not the constitution will go wrong in ways familiar to all brain workers.—Cornhill Magazine.

Australia's Iron and Steel.

Australia is rapidly increasing her imports of iron and steel manufactures, steam and other engines, locomotives, electrical machinery and agricultural implements, but most of the orders are going to Great Britain,

CAMPFIRE STORIES

LINCOLN AND A SOLDIER.

Great-Hearted President Gave Latter Chance to See His Wife and Child.

Instances of President Lincoln's kindly thoughtfulness for the soldiers are almost numberless; yet from time to time a new one is brought forth from the recollection of those who knew him in war days.

On his way to the telegraph office early one morning, says Mr. David H. Bates in the Century Magazine, Lincoln observed in the hall a young woman who seemed to be in great distress. She carried a baby in her arms, and was pacing to and fro, and crying.

The president asked Maj. Eckert to go out and see the woman, and learn the cause of her trouble. This was done, the major reporting that the woman had come to Washington thinking she could get a pass to the front to enable her to visit her husband, and let him see the child, which had been born since the father



Asked Her Where She Was Staying.

enlisted; but she had learned that she would not be allowed to go to the army.

"Major, let's send her down," said Lincoln. Eckert replied that strict orders had been issued not to let women go to the front. Secretary Stanton entered the office at the time, and seeing the evident sympathy of Lincoln for the woman in her trouble, said: "Why not give her husband a leave of absence to allow him to see his wife in Washington?"

"Well, come, let's do that," replied the president. "Major, you write the message."

But Eckert said the order must be given officially. "All right, major, let Col. Hardie write the message and send it by telegraph so the man can come right up."

Col. Hardie wrote the message, which was promptly telegraphed to the Army of the Potomac, and when the sorrowing woman was informed of what had been done, she came into the office to express her gratitude to the president. Lincoln then asked her where she was staying. She said she had not yet found a place, having come direct from the railroad station to the White House, and from there to the war department. Lincoln then directed Maj. Eckert to obtain an order from Col. Hardie to allow the young mother and her baby to be taken care of in Carver hospital until her husband arrived.

This was done, and the soldier was allowed to remain with his wife and child for over a week before returning to his regiment.

A LIVING MONUMENT.

Lumberman's Handspike Grew to Be a Tree After He Enlisted.

"There is a river birch tree on the banks of the Pond Fork branch of the Little Coal river in Boone county, West Virginia," said M. C. Eldred of Madison, W. Va., to a New York Sun reporter, "and it would go hard with any man who put an ax to it. That tree has a story."

"When the Mexican war began, in 1846, a recruiting officer visited a lumber camp in the vicinity of Madison seeking enlistments from the sturdy woodsmen who were at work there. Among them was a giant lumberman named Jim Martin.

"He was using a handspike made from a river birch sapling recently cut and still green. Eager to go to the front, he thrust his handspike deep into the soft soil of the river bank and went away with the recruiting officer.

"The handspike Jim Martin used was too big and heavy for any of his fellows to handle, and it was left sticking where he had jabbed it into the ground. The next spring it was noticed that it was putting forth green shoots, showing that it had rooted in the ground.

"It was left undisturbed, and it grew to be a great tree, and it stands to-day on the spot where the patriotic Jim Martin thrust it into the earth as a battered handspike 61 years ago. Jim Martin was killed in battle, and his bones lie somewhere on Mexican ground, but he has his monument in this still sound and vigorous tree, which is a revered landmark in all that country."

THE OLD BUGLE.

I can hear the olden bugle
As it sounded 'neath the pines,
Where beneath the skies of Summer
Stretched the endless battle lines;
It is calling, calling, calling,
In a region far away,
Where the dews of night are falling
On the Blue and on the Gray.

I can hear its ghostly echoes
In the long-deserted camps,
Where above the fields of glory
Nighly lit the fire-fly lamps;
It is blowing, blowing, blowing,
Where the crimson rivers ran,
And its notes are sweetly mingling
With the rushing Rapidan.

Oh, the music of the bugle!
It will never pass away!
The bugler slumbers sweetly
Where the sunbeams love to play;
It is trilling, trilling, trilling,
Musically as of yore,
When it used to sound the charge
Of Potomac's guarded shore.

I can see the bugler standing
On the pine-encircled hill,
And his never silent bugle—
How he blow it with a will!
It is sounding, sounding, sounding,
O'er the gleaming bayonet,
And its thrilling call to battle
In my old heart lingers yet.

Eager sprang we to its summons,
We were 50,000 strong,
And we often cheered its echoes
As we proudly marched along;
It is calling, calling, calling,
Oh, my comrades, don't you hear?
And its notes are falling, falling
On the even soft and clear.

From the vineyards and the pinelands
Where we fearlessly met the foe
Comes the trilling of the bugle
That we heard so long ago;
It is blowing, blowing, blowing,
By the haunted river's shore,
May its echoes stir the woodlands
When the old ranks are no more.
—T. C. Harbaugh.

THE MATTER OF PENSIONS.

Progress Made in Effort to Provide for Old Soldiers.

The United States pension office has had an especially busy year, by reason of the age and service act of congress, passed February 6, 1907. There were not many entirely new applications for pension under this act, but there was a tremendous rush of claims for increase of pension, the applicants desiring to be transferred from the lists under former laws so as to receive the benefits of the new law.

This law, which provides for the payment of a pension of \$12 a month to honorably discharged soldiers of the civil war who served 90 days and who have reached the age of 62 years, \$15 a month to those of above service who are 70 years of age, and \$20 a month to those of the same service who have reached the age of 75 years, has added to the annual disbursements by the pension bureau, although the number of pensioners decreased by 18,600 during the last fiscal year.

According to the annual report of the commissioner of pensions, 350,000 applications were received under the above-named law up to June 30, 1907, and 120,000 certificates had been issued upon these applications up to that time; without doubt a large number of certificates have been issued since the close of the fiscal year.

As few of these claims are entirely new, the military service of the claimants has already been fully ascertained, and in many cases the age of the claimant having been already shown to the pension bureau under former claims, the government is enabled to pass expeditiously upon these cases, and give to the old soldiers immediate benefits under the new law.

Considering that the claimants under this law are all aged men, and many of them in need, it is matter of congratulation to the country, writes Ada C. Sweet in Chicago Journal, that the pension bureau has been prompt in settling claims of this class.

The indications are that by the close of the present fiscal year all pending claims under this act will be adjusted, and the bureau will then have only to issue the certificates for increase, which will have to be made when the claimants reach the age to entitle them to increased pensions.

The annual value of the pension roll now, that is, the amount that would be required to pay the pensioners on the roll at the close of the fiscal year for one entire year, provided there were no changes by death or otherwise, is \$140,850,880.60. There are under all laws and special acts of congress now on the rolls 967,371 pensioners, to whom the above amount will be paid, or would be paid if they all were to live and remain upon the pension list.

The bureau is still active in the prosecution of offenders against the pension laws. One hundred and eight convictions were secured last year upon cases presented to the department of justice.

"It is gratifying to state," says the pension commissioner, "that of the 108 convictions only 16 represented cases against persons who rendered either military or naval service, again demonstrating the fact that the defenders of the government are not inclined to become offenders against the pension laws."

The convictions were secured largely for such offenses as the making of false affidavits, impersonating a pensioner, conspiracy to defraud, perjury, etc.

In the special examination division of the pension office, where cases are taken up for searching examination by the agents of the bureau—each case at the home of the applicant and involving the personal cross-examination by an agent of the government of the claimant and his witnesses—9,775 were taken up and disposed of during the year.

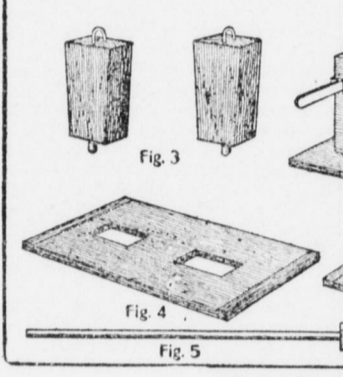
The church with a head for gold usually has a heart of wood.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

CEMENT BLOCK MOLD.

How You Can Make It and Use It Yourself.

The lumber necessary to make this mold should be of selected white pine or hardwood free from knots and sap. The base board, A, Fig. 1, should be 14 inches wide by 24 inches long, well battened together. The sides are made as shown with a cleat on each end, which overlaps the end pieces and holds them in place. Both the ends



MOLD FOR CEMENT BLOCKS.

and sides are fastened to the base with hinges, which permit them to be turned down to take out the completed block. On each end, explains Popular Mechanics, is placed a flat iron bar with a bend or notch in it to hold the sides together. These bars are the same as hooks with the ends extended to form a handle for convenience. The end pieces have a thin piece of board fastened in an upright position on their inner surface to form a key between the completed blocks.

The bottom board, Fig. 2, is to be fitted in the bottom of the mold loosely and can be blocked up from the bottom to make the right size block.

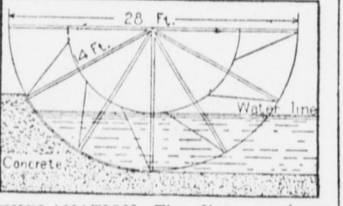
The plugs, Fig. 3, are made with a

A HUGE WATER WHEEL.

Marsh of 2,000 Acres Is Reclaimed in a Novel Manner.

Two thousand acres of Michigan marsh land have been reclaimed by a system which is declared to be new.

The new drainage consists of two principal factors, namely, a monster water wheel and a series of high and wide dikes, with broad and deep ditches within, writes James C. Mills, in Popular Mechanics. The dikes are 20 feet high above the normal stage of water in the river and the ditches



EXPLANATION.—The diagram shows the wheel in the flume immersed to depth of six feet. Wheel is 28 feet diameter; 16 paddles; space between each paddle at the outer rim, five feet five inches. The paddles are set at an angle to the spokes and are thus seven feet long. The inner rim, to which the inner end of the paddles are attached, is 16 feet in diameter, or slightly more than 50 feet in circumference. The space between the inner ends of the paddles is three feet one inch. The width of each paddle is four feet. At five revolutions per minute 9,520 cubic feet of water is raised, or 571,200 cubic feet per hour, or 19,273 tons of water per hour.

are 16 feet deep and 34 feet wide at the bottom. The building up of the dike and the digging of the ditch was done by a dredge which, starting at the river, dug its own channel around the tract, the earth taken out in the operation being dumped on the outside to form the dike. Running straight across the tract are five smaller ditches, joining both ends with the main ditch. At the corner of the tract where the north and east sections effect a junction, at the lowest point, the power house was erected and the water wheel and the machinery to operate it installed. Under the power house and cutting straight through the dike there is a sluiceway four feet wide and 30 feet long by 16 feet deep, constructed of concrete. In this flume the water wheel is set, its shaft adjusted so that its wood paddles are within a quarter of an inch of the smooth flat walls and bottom of the flume. On the outlet end, where the wall is rounded to conform to the circumference of the wheel for a distance of six feet from the bottom the end of the paddles slip along the surface and discharge the water into the outer sluiceway.

The wheel is 28 feet in diameter and four feet wide and constructed entirely of steel. The wood paddles are bolted on at a decided angle to the wheel spokes, in order to permit the water to flow off more freely as the wheel revolves and the paddles pass the mouth of the sluiceway. This is necessary because the water is not raised as high as the wheel axis, at which point the spokes would be parallel to the surface of the stream. There are 16 of the paddles and when the wheel is in operation they are the important factor in lifting the water from the ditch to the river beyond.

The great wheel is arousing much interest because of its novelty and large capacity, and as yet is the only

taper on both sides so that in removing them they will clear all the way out. The pins in the bottom of the plugs are to fit in holes in the bottom board, which will hold them in place.

When the plugs are to be removed take the board with the two square holes, Fig. 4, and place over the top of the mold and with the handle of the tamper bar, which is run through the rings in the top of the plugs, lift them upward, using the board as a guard to prevent the block from being broken. This board should not be used until the block is finished and ready to take out of the mold.

The tamper, Fig. 5, is made of a piece of iron rod about 18 inches long with a large nut threaded on one end.

To make the blocks use one part of Portland cement and three parts of

good, sharp sand. Mix well and put enough water on to simply dampen the whole mixture. Close up the mold and put in the plugs, and then fill the mold one-quarter full of the mixture and tamp down hard. Repeat this until the mold is filled and then scrape off the surplus material, remove the plugs, turn down the sides and lift out the finished block. The block should remain on the bottom board until it is hard enough to remove. It will be necessary to have a number of bottom boards. The finished blocks must be sprinkled with water from day to day for a duration of 15 to 30 days to properly cure them before using. A barrel of cement will make about 50 blocks.

one so used in this country. The small expense of operation is its chief recommendation, and when one considers that it has drained seven miles of 34-foot ditch, six to seven feet deep, in less than ten hours, he has some idea of what it could do in draining swamps and marshes now covered with water at all seasons of the year.

To operate the wheel there is provided heavy continuous gearing with five-inch face, which is bolted securely to the rim and which engages a pair of 12-inch spur-gears, mounted on a counter-shaft, which in turn is connected by belting to the engine shaft. The engine is 125 horse-power of the ordinary slide valve type, supplied with steam from a fire-tube boiler. When operated at its full capacity the wheel revolves five times a minute and will take a foot of water off an acre of land in six minutes.

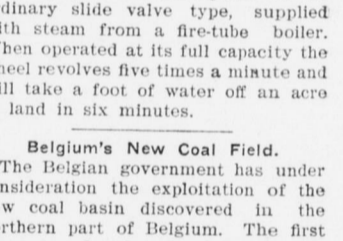
Belgium's New Coal Field.

The Belgian government has under consideration the exploitation of the new coal basin discovered in the northern part of Belgium. The first discovery of a deposit of coal in this region was made in 1901 by means of borings extending to a depth of 1,700 feet. Since then borings, some of which are about 5,000 feet deep, have demonstrated the existence of a rich zone of coal under the provinces of Limbourg and Antwerp, having a length of about 56 miles, and a maximum breadth of ten miles. The great average depth of the deposit naturally presents the chief difficulty in the way of its exploitation.

MANUFACTURING ICICLES.

"Stick" Ice a Commodity Much in Demand in Austria.

"Stick" ice is a commodity much in demand in upper Austria. Water is



Making "Stick" Ice.

allowed to fall slowly over a series of poles, where, by the natural process, it freezes in the form of gigantic icicles. These icicles are broken off as fast as they are frozen and carted away to storage houses.

Government Builds Good Boat.

The government-built ship "Connecticut" in her test trials proved herself better than her sister ship "Louisiana," built by the Newport News company. The "Connecticut's" average speed was 18.73 knots for her five best runs, and the "Louisiana's" 18.59 knots.

Wind Stops Trains.

Trains on the Scottish highlands have been occasionally stopped by the force of the wind.

Quite a Difference.

The number of persons to the square mile in this country is 17, while in England it is 480.