

TALES OF LAKE AND LONG SHORE

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS

By GEORGE TICKELL



"Is He Sick?"

"T" HEN you'll do it, Bill, for the sake of old times?" queried Capt. Brundage anxiously.

"Yes," said the mate, "for old times' sake and the 25 bucks you promised. Partly for the 25 bucks."

The captain eyed him disdainfully.

"If 'twas me," he commented, "I'd be glad to help out a pal, even if I didn't get a cent. That's the kind of man I am."

"An' that's the kind I ain't," rejoined the mate tartly. "So maybe you'll stow this here moralis'n' business an' hand over the coin, so as everything'll be accordin' to agreement."

The skipper of the steamer Arklam muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, but producing a bulky pocketbook extracted several bills therefrom and passed them to the mate, who thrust them into his pocket and faced his superior with a satisfied smirk.

"Now that's settled, let's run over your scheme again, so as I can get my right bearin's," he said pleasantly.

"When we get to Buffalo you fix yourself up with a phony beard an' wig, an' if Miss Antrim comes askin' for you I'm to tell her Capt. Brundage died werry sudden in Chicago, an' there's a new skipper in charge."

"Don't forget as I'm supposed to be deaf and dumb," warned the captain. "If she once heard my voice it 'ud queer the whole game."

"Oh, aw right," responded the mate. "Only she must be a bigger fat-head than she looks if she swallows that. Who'd ever believe as a company 'ud hire a deaf dummy for captain of a big steam freighter?"

"She's got to believe it," returned the captain. "Anyway, if she sees me at all, it'll be only for a few minutes, and the news of my death 'll upset her so that she won't stop to figure out them little details."

"It wouldn't upset me," retorted the mate. "Seems like she oughter be joyful to hear it, if she's got any sense."

"That'll be all from you," growled Brundage in high dudgeon. "Just hold your jaw and do as you're told."

Shortly after the Arklam tied up at the Buffalo docks she was boarded by a buxom young damsel with a determined chin and a pair of snappy black eyes. The watchful mate greeted her at the gang plank, and she acknowledged the salutation with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Prout," she said. "Is Capt. Brundage around?"

The mate twisted his features into a becoming semblance of grief.

"I'm sorry to say that I've got bad news for you, Miss Antrim," was the response. He hesitated and shook his head sadly.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the girl, her face a shade paler at the sight of the mate's dolorous visage. "Is he sick?"

"Worse than that, miss," returned the mate in a hoarse whisper. "He's werry bad—that is, I mean he ain't now. He's gone, miss, gone forever."

The girl drew a sharp breath. "What!" she gasped, "you don't mean to say—"

"That he's dead, miss; yes, that's it, an' sorry I am to tell you."

Miss Antrim dabbed a handkerchief hastily across her eyes. "How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, he—"

"Step into the cabin," requested the wily Mr. Prout, "an' I'll tell you all about it."

The girl followed him, and seating herself, prepared to listen to the mate's doleful narrative.

In accordance with the instructions of his chief, Mr. William Prout gave a very affecting sketch of the incidents relative to the former's sudden demise, due, as he declared, to a chill followed by an attack of pneu-

THE DUPING OF POLLY

monia which had carried off the victim in record time.

Miss Polly Antrim listened with an odd gleam in her intelligent eyes.

"Wasn't there—that is—didn't he leave a message or anything of that kind for me?" she demanded, when the mate had finished his melancholy recital.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hurriedly. "The poor chap sent you his love, an'—an' hoped you'd meet him in heaven—" he concluded in a burst of inspiration.

Polly Antrim glanced at the mate with tightened lips. "Very nice of him," she commented coolly. "Who did you say took his place?"

"Capt. Chester," returned Prout. "Nothing like poor Brundage, though, he ain't."

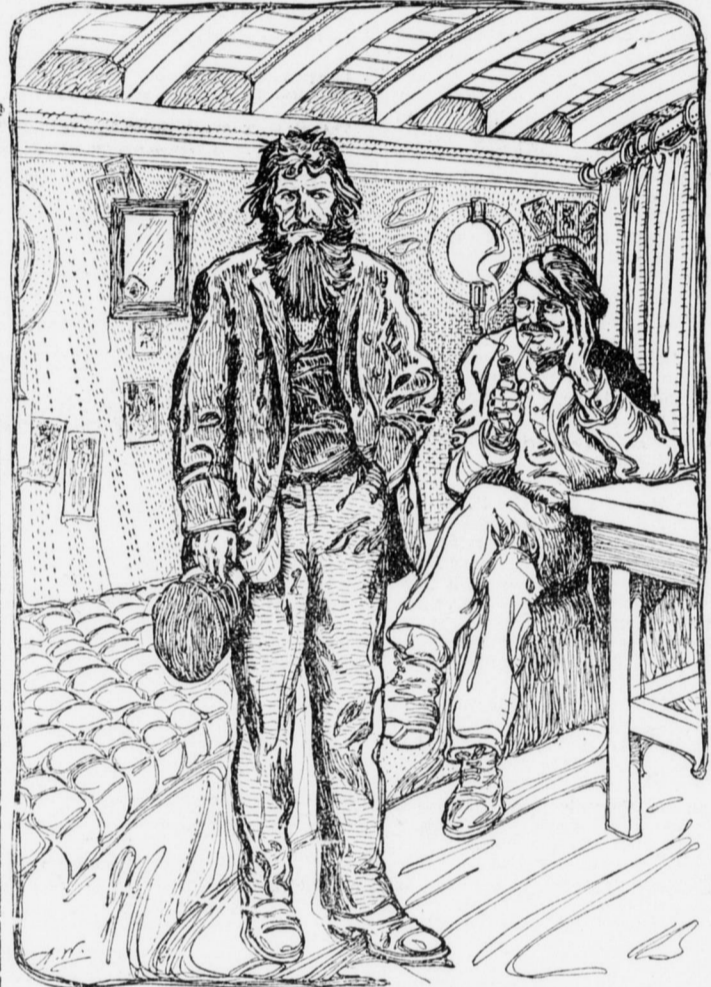
"I should like to see him," said

serted the captain. "It beats all the shine so many of these girls take to me. Can't understand why they do it."

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'll swear. Maybe it's the lies you tell 'em. Some women go daffy over a slack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned Brundage, sourly. "There's only one way to square it. We don't carry passengers as a rule, and she'll likely be the only one aboard. What you've got to do now is pass the word to the crew to keep their mouths shut, and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb racket. She'll never know me in this rig, specially if I only show up after dark."

"And who's to stand your watches?" demanded the mate. "Think I'm a



"She'll Never Know Me in This Rig."

Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell me something more about Jim."

"Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an', anyways," he added as an afterthought, "this here Chester's deaf an' dumb; can't speak a word."

A look of intense surprise deepened on his hearer's countenance.

"Deaf and dumb!" she repeated. "Why, good gracious! how can a deaf mute be captain of a steamer?"

The mate's face flushed. "It's this way," he explained. "His uncle's the main guy of the Sherlock Navigation Company, an' he gave Chester the job. He ain't much of a sailor, an' all the work falls on me."

The girl eyed him steadily. "All the same," she remarked calmly, "I'm bound to see him, for I've made up my mind to go to Chicago on the Arklam."

Mr. Prout uttered a horrified exclamation.

"Back on the Arklam!" he repeated. "What for?"

"To visit Jim's grave," responded the artless Miss Antrim.

"It's the least I can do under the circumstances. And it'll be a sort of consolation to sail on the boat he used to command, poor fellow."

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just now," declared the mate, desperately. "That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going home now to pack my things and get ready."

Much aghast at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout sought the presence of his chief, who had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resplendent in a false beard and wig of lanky blackness, assumed to deceive his lady love's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental profanity.

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swab!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever lands in Chicago and finds out I'm alive and have a wife and four kids, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Tain't my fault," protested the mate, sullenly. "What business had you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

"I wasn't all to blame, Bill," as-

blasted horse to be doing the work of two men? Anyhow, she'll be put wise when she reaches Chicago."

"Well, it'll give me time to think the matter over," said Brundage, hopefully. "You can stand the day watches and I'll come on at night."

Mr. Prout entered a vigorous protest, but in the end his superior's argument prevailed, and he hastened to give the necessary instructions to the members of the crew. True to her word, Miss Polly Antrim installed herself as sole passenger on the Arklam, and the mate proceeded to map out a long and difficult course of deception for what promised to be a memorable voyage.

Capt. Brundage, in the role of the silent Chester, passed muster before the girl's eyes in highly creditable fashion. She made no sign of recognition, and he reflected that the stage must have lost a shining light through his falling to perceive that nature had clearly intended him for an actor. To Mr. Prout fell the agreeable task of entertaining the fair passenger, who exhibited a liveliness of spirit not wholly in keeping with the sorrow of a maiden whom death had deprived of a lover. In fact, the mate, being a single man in the early thirties, found himself yielding to the witchery of her black eyes, and inwardly congratulated himself upon the happy chance which had thrown them together.

On the second day Capt. Brundage saw fit to take the amorous Mr. Prout aside and expostulate with him on the too evident partiality he displayed for Miss Polly's society. The mate listened to his remonstrances and then indulged in a fine burst of longshore rhetoric, liberally flavored with harsh expletives.

"A nice party you are," he concluded, "to come givin' me advice. Wot is it to you if the girl's took a fancy to me? Reg'lar dog in the manger, that's wot you are. Don't want her yourself an' can't bear to see anyone else get her. For two pins I'd blow the whole game, an' then where'd you be?"

"I was speakin' for your good, Bill," pleaded the crestfallen captain. "You don't know wot an artful dame she is."

"An' how about yourself?" queried the mate. "You're a fine honest-hearted innocent to preach about artfulness. Anyway the jig 'll be up



"That Done—"

when we make port an' she goes huntin' for your grave."

"That's so," agreed Brundage, dejectedly. "We got to think that over, Bill."

"Think it over yourself," retorted the aggrieved Mr. Prout; "but don't come any nonsense over me, for I won't stand it."

The Arklam was nearing Chicago when Capt. Brundage, sitting alone in his cabin and figuring desperately on some means of escape from the net fate had thrown around him, looked up in surprise as Miss Polly entered and closed the door behind her with an emphatic slam. That done, she sat down and surveyed her quondam suitor with malicious eyes. Brundage stared back with a sickly smile, wondering inwardly what her visit might portend. He was not left long in doubt.

She suddenly stretched forth a slim, white hand, and tore the black beard from his face. Then she set her little foot upon it and spoke with much unctious.

"What an awful silly you are, Jim Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes."

The captain wagged his head dismally.

"All right, Polly," he said, "you've got me beat. What do you reckon to do?"

"If I was a man," said the girl, scornfully, "I'd thrash you well, but I suppose I must get satisfaction another way. What hurts me most isn't your falsehood, but the idea that you considered me such a fool. I've found out all about you, and unless you want your wife to know everything, you'll do as I say."

"When you passed yourself off as a single man you showed me your bankbook and calculated that \$500 would start us nicely in housekeeping. Now, when we reach Chicago, Jimmy dear, you'll go straight to the bank, draw \$250, and hand it over to me. Then I'll say good-by and you can thank your stars for getting off so easily."

The unmasked conspirator swore bitterly and protested fervently, but Miss Polly was adamant and he finally agreed to her terms. His disclosure to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon which he had surrendered was received by that unfeeling seaman with a hoarse laugh, which was distinctly aggravating to his commander's troubled mind.

The Arklam lay at the Clark street dock with Miss Antrim seated in the captain's cabin placidly awaiting his return from the bank. Beside her laughed Mr. William Prout, smoking the pipe of peace. Brundage entered with a look of intense gloom overshadowing his countenance, and signaled the mate to retire. Miss Polly waved her hand in dissent.

"Stay where you are," she said, generally. "Count out the money, Jim, and hurry up."

The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

"That's a good boy, Jim," she said, sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore happy. By the way, it may interest you to know that Mr. Prout and I mean to set up housekeeping on the strength of your kind gift."

The captain's emotion was too deep for mere words to express. He rose to his feet, still staring helplessly, as Miss Antrim, leaning on the arm of the gratified mate, tripped merrily along the gang plank to the wharf.

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Editor Appointed Director-General.

Gen. James Evelyn Pilcher, editor of the Military Surgeon, is the new director-general of the National Volunteer Emergency corps. The corps was organized in 1900, to render aid in time of national calamity or in the event of war. The corps is now being reorganized on the lines of the medical corps of the United States army.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Give the little pigs plenty of room to exercise.

Keep the lambs growing. Don't let them have a back set.

Shear the tops of early celery and get the plants out as soon as possible.

An alfalfa field and a bunch of good milk cows puts a farmer on easy street.

Put in a lot of sweet corn to help out when the pasturage gets short along in July and August.

Chilly nights and on days when there are cold rains house the sheep. You will be repaid for your trouble.

The day of low-priced eggs seems gone forever, and the farmer more than ever finds a source of profit in his poultry.

There is nothing mean or small about the American hen. She is doing great things for the country, especially the farmer.

Raise the collars on the horses occasionally, and wipe away the sweat. It will prevent chafing and will make the animals feel more comfortable.

In the feeding of soft and moldy corn some farmers during the past winter have found that sulphur and Glauber salts have prevented any ill results.

Don't let the taste of the surrounding get into the butter. Set the cream and make the butter in a clean, sweet place away from the odors of the kitchen.

Know a man by the appearance of his cows when the first go out to pasture. Some men are either too lazy or too ignorant to feed and care for their stock right.

Watch the cow's bag just before calving. Be sure it does not get in a caky condition. Better milk her occasionally than to run the risk of serious trouble at the time of calving.

When soil is in the proper physical condition at the time of planting, the cultivation of corn is comparatively easy, provided the cultivations are frequent enough to kill the weeds as soon as they start.

The experiment stations are advising as a remedy for gapes in young chicks the placing of the affected chicks in a basket over a tub containing a hot brick and some carbolic acid. The chicks must not inhale the fumes more than a minute at a time.

Aphis, or plant lice, those tiny, black, green or red insects, are more easily killed by using a strong solution of tobacco in water. Or kerosene emulsion, or whale oil soap solution. Apply remedy early, when lice first hatch out and before they are hidden by the curl of infested leaves.

It is only the stock which are increasing in size and weight which are producing a profit for their owner. When a ration is fed which only keeps the stock from losing ground, the farmer is losing money. In some experiments to test the amount of feed needed to keep a 1,000-pound steer in condition without making him grow, it was found that there was required 15 pounds timothy hay, 12 pounds clover hay and seven pounds corn meal. In other words, unless more than this amount of feed was consumed the steer would not make a growth worth considering.

Separate the milk as soon after milking as possible. If the milking is done through sterilized cheese cloth, the cows having been brushed and wiped off, the milk may be poured directly into the supply can of the separator without straining. The dairyman who depends upon the strainer to clean the milk rather than by using cleanly methods of milking is the one who makes the poorest butter. Never speed your separator up too rapidly, but begin slowly and bring machine up to the required speed gradually at the same time turning on the milk flow gradually. When all the milk has passed from the supply can one quart or so of the skim milk should be caught and poured through to flush out the cream that will remain in the bowl. Unless this is done some of the butter fat will adhere to the surfaces and a small amount remain in the center of the bowl, not being able to get out of the machine because there is no more milk flowing in to force it through. Pouring in the skim milk forces it all out. Warm water may be used for this purpose, but usually it is not so convenient.

Never let the surface of the ground crust over.

Pure water for the cow if you want pure milk from the cow.

Look for lice on the little chickens which do not seem to be thriving.

Sour milk is good for the little chicks. Good for the laying hens also.

Spray the currant and gooseberry bushes with white hellebore to kill the worms.

Feed the lambs a mixture of oats, wheat bran and oil meal if you want them to make specially rapid growth.

Sow some rape for the pigs. It can be drilled in or broadcasted. It will be ready for pasturing in about five weeks.

If weeds gets up before the corn run a weeder through the field. It will knock the weeds out and will bring up the corn faster.

The farmer who tests his seed corn is the farmer who is saved the disappointment of planting a whole field and not having any of it come up.

It is the pig that grows right from the start which proves the most profitable animal to raise. See that conditions are right to produce the best results.

Too much stock on the pasture is a mistake. It provides insufficient food for the stock and causes them to graze it down so close as to permanently injure it.

It takes generous feeding to build up the muscle cells broken down by the hard work of the busy season. You cannot do this by feeding corn to your horses. Feed oats.

A bull's a bull to some farmers, no matter of what breed, or color, or disposition. But never was greater mistake made by a farmer than this. The bull is more than half of the herd.

The farmer who puts off securing his seed corn until the last thing and then plants anything he can get ready quickly deserves no sympathy when his cornfields prove a disappointment.

There is such a thing as false economy in feeding. If a third more expense in feeding gives you three times the profit, you can easily figure out the wisdom of generous rations. Feed wisely, but not niggardly.

On the first rainy day now get the haying tools in shape. Haying will be upon us almost before we realize it. This promises to be a good haying year. Prices may be lower, but the larger crops will bring the profits up to fully what they were last year.

Wet wood is an aggravation, and there is a temptation to use coal oil to hurry matters. But don't do it. Many a person has tried it and been injured or fatally burned. But why wet wood at all? Why not have the wood supply under shelter and so far ahead that it will have good time to season.

Encysted worms in sheep cannot be reached by drugs. Treatment must be preventive. The mature worms must be expelled from the bowels by the administration of a vermifuge, surface waters must be avoided and pastures known to be infested should be pastured by other stock for a year or two.

Theory and then practice. For some of the new ideas you have gained from reading during the winter and from the discussions at the farmers' institutes you attended to work for you. There is chance for improvement in the methods on almost every farm. There is an easier or better way of doing things than has been in practice. Get next to the new ways, save all the labor you can without danger of jeopardizing the crop.

A good scoop can be made out of a quart or two quart tin vegetable can by melting or cutting off the top and beginning at this open end, slitting back to within an inch of the bottom. On the opposite side of the can make a similar slit and then cut out the tin between these two slits on one side. Round off the corners at the open end. Take a piece of broom handle and drive a nail through the bottom of the center of the can and into the center of the broom handle and there you are. The scoop is complete. Perhaps not quite as strong as a boughten one but very serviceable.

Systematic rotation of crops will prove most effective in overcoming all corn pests, especially root pests such as the root louse and the different corn root worms. The corn plant is the one upon which they thrive best and if it is removed from the ground for a year or two, it will effectively exterminate them. If you have a corn plot that was infested with any of these insects, you had better sow to millet or cowpeas this year than to attempt another crop of corn and expect it to be free from pests. The failure of the Illinois station with oil of lemon on seed corn as a protector from the corn root louse shows that little is to be expected from applying fluids to the seed. So long as the weather is dry and ideal for the growth of the plant, there was little trouble and the application seemed to be effective; but when the weather was extremely wet—the ideal weather for this pest—the oil of lemon was not effective.