



CHAPTER XIV. EASTWARD HO!

Mr. McAdam of the firm of McAdam & Squire was a highly polished man who dwelt behind a highly polished table in the nearest and suggest of offices. He was white haired and amiable, with a deep lined aquiline face, was addicted to low bows and indeed always seemed to carry himself at half cock, as though just descending into one or just recovering himself. He wore a high buckled stock, took snuff and adorned his conversation with little scraps from the classics.

stop forward with upturned hand, but in an instant down came cut No. 1 upon his wrist and cut No. 2 across his thigh and cut No. 3 full in the center of his rabbit skin cap. It was not a heavy stick, but it was strong enough to leave a good red welt wherever it fell. The rough yelled with pain and rushed in, hitting with both hands and kicking with his ironshod boots, but the admiral had still a quick foot and a true eye, so that he bounded backward and sideways, still raining a shower of blows upon his savage antagonist. Suddenly, however, a pair of arms closed round his neck, and glancing backward he caught a glimpse of the black, coarse fringe of the woman whom he had befriended. "I've got him!" she shrieked. "I'll 'old 'im! Now, Bill, knock the tripe out of him!" Her grip was as strong as a man's, and her wrist pressed like an iron bar upon the admiral's throat. He made a desperate effort to disengage himself, but the most that he could do was to swing her around so as to place her between his adversary and himself. As it proved it was the very best thing that he could have done. The rough, half blinded and maddened by the blows which he had received, struck out with all his ungainly strength just as his partner's head swung around in front of him.



"You infernal villain!" cried the admiral, his waistcoat. The chain was hanging down in front, and the watch gone. He passed his hand over his forehead.

"That's the doctor was a rogue too. I didn't like the look of him at the time." "Armed and dangerous. But now we must see what we can do for you. Of course what Metaxa said was perfectly right. The pension is in itself no security at all unless it were accompanied by a life assurance which would be an income in itself. It is no good whatever." His clients' faces fell. "But there is the second alternative. You might sell the pension right out. Speculative investors occasionally deal in such things. I have one client, a sporting man, who would be very likely to take it up if we could agree upon terms. Of course I must follow Metaxa's example by sending for a doctor." For the second time the admiral punched and tapped and listened to. This time, however, there could be no question of the qualifications of the doctor, a well known fellow of the College of Surgeons, and his report was as favorable as the other's had been adverse. "He has the heart and chest of a man of 40," said he. "I can recommend his life as one of the best of his age that I have ever examined."

"What's well," said Mr. McAdam, making a note of the doctor's remarks, while the admiral disbursed a second guinea. "Your price, I understand, is £5,000. I can communicate with Mr. Elberry, my client, and let you know whether he cares to touch the matter. Meanwhile you can leave your pension papers here, and I will give you a receipt for them." "Very well. I should like the money soon." "That is why I am retaining the papers. If I can see Mr. Elberry today, we may let you have a check tomorrow. Try another pinch. No? Well, goodbye. I am very happy to have been of service." Mr. McAdam bowed them out, for he was a very busy man, and they found themselves in the street once more with lighter hearts than when they had left it. "Well, Westmacott, I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said the admiral. "You have stood by me when I was the better for a little help, for I'm clean out of my soundings among these city sharks. But I've something to do now which is more in my own line, and I need not trouble you any more."

downs, rope and paint sellers and slop shops with long rows of oilskins hanging from hooks all proclaimed the neighborhood of the docks. The admiral quickened his pace and straightened his figure as his surroundings became more nautical, until at last, peeping between two high dingy wharfs, he caught a glimpse of the mud colored waters of the Thames and of the bristle of masts and funnels which rose from its broad bosom. To the right lay a quiet street, with many brass plates upon either side and wire blinds on all of the windows. The admiral walked slowly down it until "The St. Lawrence Shipping Company" caught his eye. He crossed the road, pushed open the door and found himself in a low ceilinged office, with a long counter at one end and a great number of wooden sections of ships stuck upon boards and plastered all over the walls. "Is Mr. Henry in?" asked the admiral. "No, sir," answered an elderly man from a high seat in the corner. "He has not come into town today. I can manage any business you may wish seen to."

"You don't happen to have a first or second officer's place vacant, do you?" The manager looked with a dubious eye at this singular applicant. "Do you hold certificates?" he asked. "I hold every nautical certificate there is."

more." "No compunction! Surely there are some sacrifices which a son should not allow his parents to make." "Sacrifices! What do you mean?" "Is it possible that you do not know how this money has been obtained?" "I give you my word, Dr. Walker, that I have no idea. I asked my father, but he refused to tell me."



She sprang to her feet at the sight of him.

"No good gracious! What do you mean?" "It is only right that you should know. That money represents the commutation of your father's pension. He has reduced himself to poverty and intends to go to sea again to earn a living."

"To sea again! Impossible!" "It is the truth. Charles Westmacott has told me. He was with him in the city when he took his pension about from dealer to dealer trying to sell it. He succeeded at last, and hence the money."

"He has sold his pension," cried Harold with his hands to his face. "My dear old dad had sold his pension." He rushed from the room and burst wildly into the presence of his parents once more. "I cannot take it, father," he cried. "Better bankruptcy than that. Oh, if I had only known your plan. We must have back the pension. Oh, mother, mother, how could you think me capable of such selfishness? Give me the check, dad, and I will see this man tonight, for I would sooner die like a dog in the ditch than touch a penny of this money."

"A TALE OF TRICHINE. A Victim Tells How It Feels to Be Inhabited by Parasites." Walter Nagel, William Hultus and Otto Nagel were successfully treated for trichinosis at the German hospital in San Francisco recently. To an Examiner reporter Mr. Nagel thus describes his experience with the parasites:

"The way we came to get the terrible disease was this: You see, all of our dogs died, and on the 11th of February we bought one at the slaughter house and took it home and killed it. We made some sausage, and all three of us tasted it frequently during the process that we might season it just right. I also ate one or four small pieces of the raw meat, which probably accounts for the fact that my case was the worst of the three."

"After some treatment the swelling in my head began to disappear, but was replaced by a similar swelling of the feet. I was now given to understand that my whole system was impregnated with the parasites; that they had reached the extremities of my limbs, my fingers, my toes—in fact, that there was no muscle in my entire body, however small, that was not the abiding place of the horrible worm. From the pain that the smallest movement gave me and the agony which racked my limbs, my whole body, I could well believe that such was the case."

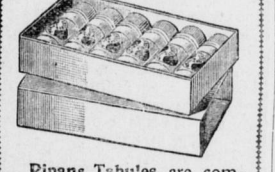
"Then I became extremely weak. I hung between life and death for several days, but after awhile my appetite began to improve, the torturing pains began to cease, and the muscular pains and swellings began to abate. Yet the improvement was very slow. In the course of time, however, we all grew better and were discharged."

"A plague of caterpillars has invaded the neighborhood of Clarkton, N. C. Engineers of the Carolina Central railroad state that the caterpillars are two inches deep on the track for a distance of 10 miles."

A swarm of fleas has taken absolute possession of a farmhouse near Hinkleton, Pa., and driven the occupants from their home. The house will probably be destroyed to get rid of them.

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