

# Black Adventure.

## DYING, HE SAVED HIS SHIP.

THE good ship Gantock Rock rides at her moorings off Melgus wharf, San Francisco, swinging with the ebb and flow of the tide, but the chains groan wearily in the hawser holes, the orders of the mates are for once low toned, and the men move about the decks with softer tread, for in his cabin is the cold form of Captain Laurie, the weighty responsibility of the master mariner lifted from his shoulders by the hand of death.

It had been a rather uneventful passage from Iquique, whence the vessel cleared with 600 tons of nitrates, eighty-nine days ago. Honolulu was mentioned in the charter as a port of call, and it was sixteen days ago that a departure was taken from Koko Head, the paradise of the Pacific dipped below the horizon and the course of the sturdy British ship was laid for the Golden Gate.

For once the captain's eye failed to brighten as the spread of canvas swelled with the wind which drove his craft on toward its destination. He was indifferent to the record of the log, and often when working out his reckoning he would drop his pencil and clutch his breast in a spasm of pain. Stubbornly he fought against the physical weakness, but at length it conquered him, and long before the Farallones were sighted he lay groaning on his bunk. The simple remedies carried in the medicine chest of a sailing vessel he knew would be of no service to him, and the only hope for relief lay in reaching port and medical aid.

The ship was in sympathy with her master, a factor in speed which the first mate, on whom the responsibility of command fell, had not realized; she had cheated the log, and when the fog rolled thick yesterday afternoon the mate felt sure that he was safely off soundings, for sixteen days was a short passage from port to port.

The wind was stiff, but shifty, and its very uncertainty seemed to communicate itself to the mate and urge him to caution. He had just given the order to stand by to heave the lead, that eye of the seaman which tells him of the approach of a lee shore, when a sailor lounging idly on the forecastle head sent a thrill of horror through his shipmates by calling out as he strained his eyes through the thickness "Breakers ahead!" It was the shore seven miles south of Cliff House.

There were hurried orders, as hurriedly obeyed, but the wind did not serve, and to bring the craft about seemed an impossibility. The dying captain was consulted, and his orders obeyed. Signals for assistance were hoisted, and the tug Relief, which was returning to port, headed to the rescue. Just then the manoeuvre which the mate had been attempting was favored by a shift of the breeze, and the Gantock Rock turned on her heel and surged away from the threatening coast and into deep water.

After a hurried consultation with the captain, who had been aroused by the bustle on deck, the mate negotiated with the Relief's captain for a tow into port, and the quarantine ground was reached just before 8 o'clock.

Here Dr. Whiteman, of the Marine Hospital service, boarded the ship, and found that the cabin contained all that demanded his attention. But even here his services were useless, the sturdy Glasgow captain was past human aid. He was dying with heart disease, and as the anchors sank to their holding ground he, too, ended his voyage.

## ETHAN ALLEN'S EXPLOIT.

Ethan Allen will always be remembered as the man who took Fort Ticonderoga, though he did other notable things during the Revolution. Professor Justin H. Smith, in an article in the Century Magazine, "The Prologue of the American Revolution," tells of a less familiar adventure of Allen's.

Ethan Allen was a large specimen of a man, with a big heart. He was a patriot, a fighter, rash, given to swagger, but very far indeed from witless. After the Ticonderoga affair he was ousted from his command by his enemies, and was therefore eager to make good his brilliant reputation.

He planned an attack on Montreal in the fall of 1775. Through the failure of his fellow plotters to come to his assistance Allen and his handful of men were captured after a daring but futile resistance, and led before General Prescott in the barrack yard at Montreal.

It was an extraordinary scene. On one side stood a British officer, handsomely uniformed, sword at side. On the other was Allen, a son of the forest, in deerskin jacket, cowhide boots, a red woolen cap on his unruly hair, all stained with mire and smoke.

"Who are you?" demanded Prescott, in a tone to make the most courageous quail.

"My name is Allen."

"Are you the Allen who took Ticonderoga?"

"The very man."

At this Prescott "put himself in a great fury," as Allen said afterward, brandished his cane over the prisoner's head, and loaded him with hard names.

Allen shook his mighty fist at him. "Offer to strike and that's the beetle of immortality for you! I'm not used to being camed!"

Prescott turned his eye upon the captured soldiers and ordered a guard to bayonet them.

Stepping between his men and the British, Allen tore open his waistcoat and shirt and cried to Prescott, "I am the one to blame, not they! Thrust

your bayonet into my breast, if anybody's. They would have done nothing but for me."

The commandant hesitated, but finally told the prisoners he would let them live to grace the halter at Tyburn.

Allen's courage saved both his own life and that of his men. It won the admiration even of Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor of Quebec.

## LIFE-SAVERS' HEROISM.

Two thousand visitors and residents of Atlantic City, N. J., recently saw the Government life-savers nobly persevere, though beaten back by the wind and tide, until they reached the stranded schooner A. L. Lee and rescued the crew. The vessel belonged at Somers' Point, and had grounded on the bar as she was trying to make the Inlet with a cargo of brick from New York. The schooner rocked in the sea, broke in two parts, and she was in danger of sinking from sight any moment. The crew of four men were driven into the rigging, to which they lashed themselves.

When the schooner struck on the bar the Government crew had launched their boat with eight men at the oars. They could not make any headway, although they pulled with all their might. The great crowd saw with dismay the lifeboat come ashore and then saw it reloaded on the truck. They thought the crew aboard the wreck had been abandoned to their fate. The life-savers, however, after reloading the boat rushed it down the beach to a point opposite the St. Charles Hotel.

A second time the brave men pulled through the breakers, the icy seas time and again sweeping into their boat. But for the fact that the boat was a self-bailer, the life-savers would have gone to the bottom themselves.

The wreck was about 200 yards off Helms' Pier, but nearly an hour passed before they reached its leeward side. The crew aboard, consisting of Captain Gaskill, of Steelmanville, Atlantic County; Mate Charles Creamer, of Tuckahoe, and D. Andrews and N. F. Bowen, of Atlantic City, had to jump for their lives, as the lifeboat could not be drawn up close to the wreck. It was brought as near as safety would permit, and as she rose on the crest of a wave the seamen aboard the wreck leaped into the boat. Benumbed and exhausted, as they were, it was a dangerous undertaking, but all were finally landed on the beach and cheered by the crowd.

Captain Gaskill had made the mistake of taking the second buoy marking the Inlet channel for his range, instead of the first buoy, which had been washed away by recent storms, and his vessel struck on the outer bar. Hundreds of views were made by camera owners of the thrilling work of the life-savers.

The schooner was owned by J. G. Scull, of Scullville, was twenty years old and 150 tons burden.

## WALKING THROUGH FIRE.

Compared with the volcanoes in the Hawaiian Islands, those in the West Indies are larger, and exhibit the phenomena of nature on a grander scale. The one of Kilauea, in Hawaii, holds a lake of melted rock the outlets of which are rivers of lava which gleam like molten silver. In "Fire Mountains" Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming describes her descent into the outer crater.

"We took a circuitous route to avoid the fiery breath of the sulphur cracks. Some of the cones are dome-shaped; others are more open, like witches' caldrons, and curiosity compelled me to snatch a glimpse of the fiery broth within, although I knew that such stolen peeps were dangerous, as at any moment the wrathful spirits might drive away the intruder with a shower of molten rock.

"So numerous were the streams which intersected the bed of the crater on this side that it was necessary for the guide to keep ceaseless watch to guard against the possibility of our retreat being cut off.

"We took our stand on an elevated hummock of lava, and were thus raised to the level of the lake, which had very capriciously selected the highest portion of the crater, so that all the rivers flowed down over the steep bank.

"Dr. Coan told me he had seen lava flowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, rushing down-hill through forests on its seaward way. I confess I watched this small, comparatively safe river with some trepidation.

"So rapidly does lava cool that when we had gained sufficient confidence to follow our experienced guide, we were able to walk across many of the streams which only a few hours before had been liquid fire. We were walking on a cool crust. As the streams of red fluid rock met the air they seemed to become coated over with a thin, gleaming, silvery film, like that which forms on molten metal. It was gruesome to think what would befall us if the thin crust gave way beneath us. But I reflected that for love of wife and child our guide doubtless counted his own life precious, and so would not lead us into real danger.

"It is strange how quickly one gets accustomed to new circumstances. When luncheon-time came it seemed most natural to sit on the brink of a fire river, on a hummock of lava, and enjoy our sandwiches while we watched the heaving, rushing lava roll and break into half-cooled cakes, to be swallowed and melted afresh in the fire stream which flowed within ten feet of us."

## Bibles Sold a Year.

It is stated that the sale of Oxford Bibles has lately averaged 1,000,000 copies a year.

Many a man has acquired a reputation for popularity simply by keeping his troubles to himself.



THE HAUNTED WEATHER PROPHECY.  
"I hear strange voices in the wind,  
I hear low whispers in the rain.  
No matter where I turn I find  
It darkly mutters—"Guess again."  
—Washington Star.

USEFUL QUOTATION.  
He—"Pity is akin to love, you know."  
She—"Yes, isn't it a pity you can't afford that love of a hat for me?"  
—New York Sun.

DEFINED AND DESCRIBED.  
Teacher—"What is a farm?"  
Bright Little Girl—"A piece of land entirely covered by a mortgage."  
—Detroit Free Press.



Mrs. Henpeck—"What makes you think he lost his mind when his first wife died?"  
Henpeck—"He married again."  
—New York Press.

NOTHING DOING.  
Canvasser—"I've a book here I'd like to show you."  
Busy Man—"I've a bulldog in the next room I'd like to show you."  
—Boston Transcript.

THE INCOME PARADOX.  
Beryl—"Do the Smythes live within their income?"  
Sibly—"They don't live within it, yet they couldn't live without it."  
—Baltimore Herald.

CONSIDER THE COST!  
He—"That a waterfall! And you made us pay fifty cents to see that!"  
Guide—"Ah, but you must remember it cost us \$400 to make it."  
—Pitt Journal pour Rire.

READY TO MAKE CONCESSIONS.  
Friend—"It is hard to realize one's ideals."  
Artist—"Yes, indeed! I wish I could compromise with my ideals at fifty cents on the dollar!"  
—Puck.

LITERALLY SO.  
Editor—"Was Longwynde's sermon exhaustive?"  
Reporter—"Exhaustive? You never saw an audience so nearly worn out in your life."  
—Los Angeles Herald.

VERY STRANGE.  
Tourist—"I must move. I couldn't get a wink of sleep all night on account of a baby in the next room that cried all night."  
Walter—"I don't understand that. The parents sleep in the same room and they never heard it."  
—Nordiske Blade.

## A MATRIMONIAL VICTIM.



Husband—"Now, dear, directly you arrive you must wire me."  
Wife—"All right. How much shall I telegraph for?"  
—Illustrated Bits.

DARWIN'S WASTED TIME.  
Darwin was in a state of great excitement.  
"At last," he cried, "after years of work I have traced man to the oyster."  
"How foolish," interrupted one of his friends, "when you could have let woman walk there in five minutes."  
Realizing the time he had wasted, the great scientist immediately worked himself into a stew.  
—New York Herald.

IT MAY COME TO THIS.  
"I think," said the multi-billionaire, "that it's about time for me to found a few public libraries."  
"I wouldn't," interrupted one of the wife of his bosom.  
"Why not? I still have more money than I can possibly spend."  
"Oh, yes; I know that; but I have just been reading the census report, and I find that nine-tenths of the people of this country are librarians, while the rest are so busy paying taxes that they have no time to read."  
—New York Herald.

# SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently;  
Acts Pleasantly;  
Acts Beneficially;  
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.  
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

## LADY ON EDITORIAL STAFF OF LEADING RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

Sends the Following Grand Testimonial to the Merits of Cuticura Remedies in the Treatment of Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp.

"I wish to give my testimony to the efficacy of the Cuticura Remedies in what seems to me two somewhat remarkable cases. I had a number of skin tumours—small ones—on my arms which had never given me serious trouble; but about two years ago one came on my throat. At first it was only about as large as a pinhead, but, as it was in a position where my collar, if not just right, would irritate it, it soon became very sensitive and began to grow rapidly. Last spring it was as large, if not larger, than a bean. A little unusual irritation of my collar started it to swelling, and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed, and was at a loss to determine whether it was a carbuncle or a malignant tumor.

tended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well.

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience. She had two large lumps come under her right arm, the result of a sprain. They grew rapidly, and our physician wanted to cut them out. I would not listen to it, and she tried the Cuticura Remedies (as I did a few months ago) with magical effect. In six weeks' time the lumps had entirely disappeared, and have never returned.

"I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies, and I believe they might be as efficacious in similar cases with other people, and thus save much suffering, and perhaps life. I have derived so much benefit from the use of them myself that I am constantly advising others to use them. Recently I recommended them to an office boy for his father, who was disabled with salt rheum. The man's feet were swollen to an enormous size, and he had not worked for six weeks. Two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment worked a perfect cure. You never saw a more grateful man in your life.

"I am very much interested in another case where I have recommended Cuticura just now. My housemaid's mother has a goitre which had reached a very dangerous point. The doctors told her that nothing could be done; that she could live only two or three weeks, and that she would die of strangulation. She was confined to her bed, and was unable to speak, when her daughter, at my suggestion, tried the effect of the Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. Strange to say, she was shortly relieved of the most distressing symptoms. The swelling seemed to be exterminated, and she is now able to be around her house, and can talk as well as ever.

"It seems to me that I have pretty good grounds for believing that Cuticura Remedies will prove successful in the most distressing forms of blood and skin humours, and if you wish to use my testimonial as herein indicated, I am willing that you should do so, with the further privilege of revealing my name and address to such persons as may wish to substantiate the above statements by personal letter to me."

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1903.



## A Novel Clock.

In Geneva a very novel and useful clock has just been constructed. Its principal feature is a phonograph, which will reproduce to-morrow and at precisely the same hour any words that may be spoken into it to-day. The usefulness of such a timepiece is manifest. Suppose, for example, you have an important appointment for to-morrow at 5 o'clock in the evening and do not wish to forget it, all that is necessary for you to do is to take the phonograph attached to the clock and say into it: "I have an appointment to-day with — at 5 o'clock." If you utter these words at 3 o'clock to-day they will be produced at 3 o'clock to-morrow, and thus you will have ample time to keep your appointment. As an aid to memory a knot in one's handkerchief has hitherto proved of much service, but it is certainly not as useful as this phonograph clock.

**Mind This.**  
It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory

**Rheumatism**  
of the muscles or joints

**St. Jacobs Oil**  
cures and cures promptly.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

**GREEN RAPE 25 CENTS per TON**

Greatest, Cheapest Food on Earth for Sheep, Swine, Cattle, etc.

Will be worth \$100 to you to read what Billions of Dollars Grass will positively make you rich! 15 tons of hay and less of pasture per acre, also Bromus, Pennut, Spitz, Macaroni wheat for sale. See analysis of this Green Rape for sale. 250 tons per acre and 1000 tons per acre. Green Rape for sale.

For this notice and 10c. we will send you a copy of our Green Rape, N. Y. City, N. Y.

**JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.**

**Cascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC

ALL DRUGGISTS

Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

**DR. H. W. T. JENNER, WASH.**  
Drops of best medicine and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. W. T. JENNER'S HOME, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

**PATENTS**  
If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water