

Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

Chapter IV.—Cont.

"You will find him a nice-spoken, easy gentleman to sail with, but you had better let him have his way in anything outside the navigation of the ship," Nathan had said on handing the letter, and then he had emphasized the words by adding significantly, "Them's instructions, remember."

As there still remained nearly a week before the date of departure, no signs of bustle or activity were as yet apparent on the steamer, which lay alongside the wharf with her gang-plank out, and only one or two men visible on deck engaged in polishing and painting. Nathan had told me that the main portion of the crew would not be shipped till two days before sailing, and that I should only find on board the officers and a few permanent hands who were retained to keep things ship-shape. Even the business of taking in the stores had not yet commenced.

Having satisfied myself with a general view of the vessel, I picked my way towards her across the lumber-strewn quay, and was about to step on to the gang-plank when for the third time the uneasy feeling that had moved me in the office of Nathan & Co. took hold of me. Instinctively raising my eyes, I saw that a man was leaning over the rails of the gangway, watching my progress with quiet interest. He wore a gold-braided cap with a peak and from this and his dark-blue brass-buttoned frock coat I judged him to be one of the officers. That, however, was not the cause of the thrill that ran through me. Rather was it that the face was the face of the man who had turned and looked at me outside the Flower offices in Leadenhall street, and that the eyes were the eyes which had been so vividly recalled the mysterious slits in Nathan's chart of the Black Sea.

But the strange part of this last meeting—whether it was really the second or the third I could not say—was that, as his eyes met mine and I returned look for look, the uneasy feeling left me at once, and I wondered at myself for ever having entertained it. He began beaming at me with a genial smile of good fellowship that promised the most friendly relations, and almost immediately sang out,—

"Step aboard, sir. Welcome to the Queen of Night."

Quickly crossing the plank I found him waiting at the other end to receive me, when he added,—

"A passenger to view the ship?" I was dressed in plain clothes, so that the question was a perfectly natural one—provided that I had been mistaken about the eyes in the map, and that his presence outside the Flower offices had been accidental. There was certainly nothing in his demeanor to show that he had ever seen me before, or that he was not thoroughly above board.

"No," I said. "My name of Forrester—Captain Forrester. I have been appointed to command the ship. I have a letter here for Dr. Zaverthal."

"My dear Captain, I am delighted to be the first to receive you," he said, shaking me warmly by the hand. "I am Dr. Zaverthal. Come into my den and refresh yourself; or perhaps you would prefer to make your tour of inspection first?"

I told him that I should be very glad to begin with a chat, and he led the way to his deck-cabin amidships, glancing at Nathan's open letter of introduction on the way. The combination of surgery and study into which he showed me was, like every other portion of the steamer, luxuriously furnished and softly upholstered. The walls were match-boarded with some costly polished wood, and the floor was thickly carpeted. On the two seaward sides were plate-glass windows instead of the usual circular lights. At the fore end were fixed shelves for drugs and medical appliances, while right across the after part of the cabin hung a gorgeous curtain shutting off the doctor's sleeping apartments. A canary and a couple of gaudy parakeets twittered in gilded cages, and there were bright flowers everywhere.

"Snug quarters, Doctor," I said, coming to an anchor in a huge club armchair, while he busied himself with glasses and decanters.

"Yes; it's not a bad crib for a struggling medico, is it?" he assented jovially. "You see my department is the health happiness and comfort of the passengers. I couldn't keep them healthy, happy, and comfortable if I wasn't all that myself—so I do myself well."

"I can understand that you have your hands full," I replied. "The doctor on a regular liner hasn't too soft a time of it: on a ship full of health-seekers you must almost need an assistant."

A wink seemed now quite natural to those smiling eyes which had struck me with such a queer chill at first, and Doctor Zaverthal winked as he said, "Oh, don't run away with that idea, Captain. They're not so sick as all that. Only about ten per cent. each voyage are what you might call invalids, and of them not more than half are bad cases. This is a very gay ship, I can tell you. Nathan will have said as much?"

"Yes; he seemed to set as much store on social qualities in his skipper as on seamanship," I replied.

"Well, hardly that. It is a combination of the two that is indispensable in our line of business," said Zaverthal. "Old Nathan is a sharp man. If you'll allow me to say so, Captain Forrester, I think he's got the article he wants. At any rate, you look the part."

It crossed my mind that to "look the part" was about all that would be required of me in the character of a Master of the Ceremonies, if what the little Jew had told me was correct—that Zaverthal himself bore the brunt of the entertaining. That would suit me very well, for I was never a lady's man, and should much social philandering be expected of me, my appointment would not be likely to be a durable one.

"Well, Doctor," I said, "after all I'm here to sail the ship, and that must be my first care. I have no doubt that with you to do the social part I shall be able to look it all right."

He waved his hand deprecatingly, as though pleased that I had no intention of usurping functions which he had been in the habit of performing; and then, for the fraction of a second, his eyes hardened, and there came into them that peculiar glint which had startled me as he stood on the curb in the city street. It was as if he shot one keen glance to probe my honesty of purpose and

was satisfied, for the look passed and the eyes smiled again. Let me say here that though I was this man's nominal chief, and he treated me with proper deference, yet I felt from the first that his was the influence which, with the owners and passengers, if we ever came to a conflict, would prevail.

We smoked and chatted for half an hour, and then I asked him to show me over the ship and introduce me to the other officers. To the first proposition he agreed with alacrity; the second was out of his power, as the three mates were living on shore during the steamer's stay in port. The chief officer was expected next day, but as present the ship was in charge of the bo'sun. I made the acquaintance of this honest sailor-man, and was conducted by him from stem to stern, the result of the inspection being that never had I seen a better found and equipped vessel, with more generous owners honestly desirous of promoting the comfort of the passengers and crew. Doctor Zaverthal accompanied me through the after part of the ship, but after a while he left me with the bo'sun, who took advantage of his absence to fire off a volley of eloquence on the benefit of serving such a firm as Nathan & Co. in such a craft as the Queen of Night.

"Just a sea-goin' 'otel, she is," was the bo'sun's verdict. "Plenty of vittles, lib'ral prog, and every one to enjoy themselves—fore the mast and in the cabin. It may be kindness of 'art, or it may be the way the owners takes to make 'em forget the funerals. I don't say but what it ain't a bit of both, but it makes a live ship anyway."

"To forget the funerals! What on earth do you mean, my man?" I exclaimed.

"Well, you see, sir," said the bo'sun, hitching up his trousers, "there be some as come aboard the Queen in search of 'elth as finds the other thing. Bound to be above the average of sea-burials on a craft as is in a manner of speaking a 'elth resort as well as a big yacht. You may have observed, sir, that 'elth resorts is mostly the parry-disses of the on'elth."

My bo'sun was evidently a philosopher, and gruesome as was the idea, I could well understand that it might not be altogether groundless. There is nothing more depressing than a funeral at sea, and the owners would be quite likely to do their best to counteract the influence by infusing as much gaiety as possible into the life of the ship. But surely, I asked, the passengers were not in the habit of dying wholesale?

"Lor bless you, no Captain," was the reassuring reply. "Sometimes one, sometimes two, but never more than three or four a voyage. That's not bad out of three or four hundred, and it ain't always the sickest as snuffs it the quickest, neither."

We made our way aft again along the main deck, taking the engine-room with its lumbering "triple-expansion," "twin-screw" giants en route. In passing along I could not fail to be struck with the beautiful fittings of the state-rooms, with the electric light and electric bells everywhere, while the cooks' quarters with their shining copper utensils and cool marble slabs, the great ice-chambers, and the band-room, now empty save for rows of uniform coats and the bright brass instruments, claimed my admiration in turn. As for the grand saloon, music-room, and smoking-room, though I had sailed in many crack liners I had never seen anything to equal the lavish splendor of the decorations in white and gold, the costly pictures, and tasteful harmony of coloring that prevailed.

Mounting to the upper deck, Simmons, the bo'sun, showed me my own cabin, which was situated under the main-bridge, next the chart-room. It was a large, comfortably furnished apartment, having a bedstead, instead of a bunk, in a curtained alcove, and good enough for a lady's boudoir. I had never been berthed like that before, and as I looked at the cushioned couches and easy-chairs I remember feeling positively afraid lest I should grow "soft" amid so much luxury.

Outside my cabin I dismissed Simmons from further attendance, and went towards the surgery to take leave of Doctor Zaverthal before quitting the ship. Approaching his cabin from forward, I had to step on several coils of rope that had not yet been stowed, and these so deadened my footfall that I reached the door without giving any warning sound. Owing to this cause I overheard a few words of conversation which I now know were not intended for my ears.

"If this cursed American really means to go the trip, I should indeed be glad to have you with me," Dr. Zaverthal was saying. "But how about your schemes for the subsequent voyage?"

"They would have to go by the board for this once," came the reply, in a well-modulated, gentlemanly voice. "We have done so well that we can afford to lose our special profits on one trip. What we can't afford to do is to take risks." At this point I stepped into the cabin, and found the doctor with a tall, finely-built fellow, who had apparently not long arrived, for he stood just inside the door and was in the act of removing his gloves. Neither he nor the doctor showed any apprehension of having been overheard, but the latter said quickly:—

"Ah, so you have completed the round of the ship, Captain? This gentleman, Mr.—thank you, I did not quite catch the name—Mr. Vizard, is a possible passenger, and has come to have a look at our accommodation."

"I hope he will be as pleased with it as I have been," I replied, bowing to the stranger.

"This is Captain Forrester, who has just been appointed to the command," explained Zaverthal.

Mr. Vizard had been regarding me with a rather critical stare, but on the introduction being made mutual he smiled politely and remarked that he hoped to have a pleasant voyage in the Queen of Night under my auspices. I made the proper sort of reply, and having arranged to take up my abode on the steamer on the following day, I bade them both good-day, and went ashore.

"But why," I asked myself, as I passed through the dock gates, "did Zaverthal hesitate in giving Vizard's name—as though to convey the impression that it was unknown to him?"

The answer was beyond me, for I was ready to swear that they were not strangers to each other. Vizard was the man who had been with Zaverthal in Leadenhall street on the previous day. And who was "the cursed American," and what did "risks" and "special profits" mean? (To Be Continued.)

THAT OLD PAIN AGAIN.

Gnawing, Piercing Pains that Almost Make You Scream.

It is your old enemy, rheumatism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood, you may ease them by rubbing with liniments and outward lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rheumatism is caused by bad blood and the only certain way to drive it out of the system is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. There is no case of rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not cure if given a fair trial. By making new, rich red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance. Often I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried many remedies but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used altogether eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years before. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial." Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IF MARS HITS US.

Our world is spinning through space at a speed of over 1,000 miles a minute, says an astronomer. Should it come into collision with a globe of equal size going at the same rate of speed, what would be the result? The very best thinkers of the age tell us that heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform both of the colliding bodies into gigantic balls of vapor many times their present circumferences. Some have thought that, in case the center of the earth is composed of solid and colder matter than is the generally accepted belief, this might not be the case; but after searching all the leading authorities it must be admitted that there cannot be found a more appropriate "fnis" than the following, which is from an eminent scientist: Should such an unheard of event occur, the heat generated would be sufficient to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times the bulk of both the colliding worlds—in other words, an ice-planet 150,000 miles in diameter.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Soothe yourselves in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. One box, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto, Ont.

TRAINED CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes, like the old English yew trees, in the forms of peacocks, etc. In Tokyo there are gardens filled with life-sized figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent Court ladies, warriors, children, animals, one of the favorite characters being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress, and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into Reynard's head.

CUTTING TEETH.

A Trying Time to Both Baby and Mother.

There is no time when baby requires more attention than during the teething period. At that time the little one is always cross and fretful, subject to stomach disorders and sometimes convulsions. Often mothers are absolutely worn out caring for baby, and the whole household is in a condition of anxiety. This condition can be easily remedied by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, which cool the sour little stomach, allay the inflammation of the gums and give the little one healthy, natural sleep. A mother's word can always be depended upon where the health of her little ones is concerned, and thousands of mothers praise this medicine. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "In my estimation, Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for children. They are invaluable at the teething period, and I would not be without them as they keep my baby healthy and happy."

The Tablets relieve all the minor ailments of little ones; are guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff," and may be given with absolute safety to a new born babe. Sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists, or sent post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schneckstadt, N. Y.

STORIES OF WELLINGTON.

Some Characteristics of the Hero of Waterloo.

It is never too late to learn new things about a great man. The Duke of Wellington has been dead many years, yet the recently published "Autobiography of Alexander Grant," friend and physician of the Marquis of Dalhousie, once Governor-General of India, contains a number of new stories of the simplicity, characteristic plain-speaking and indomitable mental courage of the hero of Waterloo.

When the news of the bloody battle of Ferozeshah reached England there was great consternation in the ministry. At best it was a drawn battle, and Sir Robert Peel was much depressed.

"You must lose officers and men if you have great battles," said the Duke of Wellington. "At Assaye I lost a third of my force."

When the council continued to consider the battle a crushing reverse, Wellington lighted up suddenly. "Make it a victory!" said he. "Fire a salute and ring the bells." And so it was ordered and done; and the immediate heartening of the people proved the soundness of the old soldier's policy.

When Lord Dalhousie was about to go to India he begged the Duke to recommend for the personal staff any young officer in whom he felt an interest. He stoutly refused. "I would as soon recommend a wife for a man as A. D. C.," said he.

In 1824 the Cabinet, when it found itself committed to war with the King of Burma, asked the Duke of Wellington for his advice. He replied at once, bluntly, "Send Lord Combermere."

"But we have always understood that your grace thought Lord Combermere a fool."

"So he is a fool—an utter fool; but he can take Rangoon."

When the Duke of Wellington was warden of the Cinque Ports the queen went to Walmer Castle for change of air. The clerk of the works preceded Her Majesty and made some tawdry repairs, at which the Duke was greatly displeased. When the Queen went to Strathfield-saye the same clerk of works preceded her. But here, in his own home, the Duke was beforehand with him, and ordered him off.

No alterations were made. The Duke said, "I just got a few tables and a harpsichord, and I asked the neighbors to meet her."

This was so much out of the routine of grand preparations and grand guests that Her Majesty was much pleased.

DEVICES OF FISHERMEN.

Dutch fishermen have made some remarkable catches by means of a very simple expedient. They put a number of live worms and insects into a bottle partly filled with water, which is then securely corked. The bottle is dropped into the water, and the fisherman sinks his line alongside. It appears that the wriggling contents of the bottle so tempt the fish that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

AN ANT'S GREAT STRENGTH.

Mr. A. R. Miller recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds pulling a load of four and a half tons, or a horse of 1,200 pounds a load of 36 tons.

SCENTED CLOTH.

Scented cloth, designed for ladies' dresses, is the latest novelty from Paris. The fabric retains its fragrance so long as there is a fragment of the material left; you may tear, drench with rain, or fling aside the perfumed gown, but its particular fragrance will cling to it still.

Dreadful Pains and Swollen Ankles

Kidney Disease Developed Into Dropsy—After Fifteen Years of Suffering Cure Was Effected by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Dropsy is a natural result of neglected kidney disease. When the kidneys become deranged uric acid is left in the blood, and the blood becomes watery and vitiated. Flesh and weight gradually decrease and strength is slowly exhausted. Swollen ankles and legs are among the first indications of dropsy, and this symptom arises from the fact that the system is filled with water that should pass off by way of the kidneys.

There is probably no ailment which leads to such dreadfully painful and fatal diseases as derangement of the kidneys, and consequently the good which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills do in checking kidney disorders and preventing dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, etc., can never be estimated. Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton Co., N.B., writes:—"My

wife was a great sufferer from kidney disease for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, was gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains and her ankles would swell up so that we were afraid of dropsy. We had a book of Dr. Chase's in the house, and reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief soon came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or EDMONDSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.