

Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER VIII.—Cont.

It was quickly shown that Aline's companion was indeed the cause and object of the dipsomaniac's singular demonstration. Pushing up to her, he commenced a flood of incoherent abuse, from which, before Waldo and I laid hands on him, it was only possible to gather that he meant to imply that she was his divorced wife. Realizing that the wretched creature was not master of his actions, we handled him gently, and, taking an arm each, led him to the garden gates. There I gave him to understand that he would be handed over to the police if he returned to annoy the ladies, further adding that his baggage and his manservant would be sent ashore the moment I got back to the ship, as it was impossible that I could risk a repetition of his outrageous conduct by permitting him to continue the voyage. I was worked up into a fine white heat, and did not stop to consider whether the owners would approve a course which would entail their refunding the price of his ticket.

Orlebar went cursing away toward the town, and Waldo and I walked back to the others. We had collared the drunken man so promptly that we had had no time to note how the victim of his diatribes received them, and it was reassuring to find that, though still very pale, Mrs. Brinkworth was quite composed. Aline, with generous vigor, had taken up the cudgels on her companion's behalf, and was explaining to the other ladies that, far from Orlebar having divorced his wife, she had in truth divorced him for gross cruelty and misconduct.

"Ella has shown me copies of the Times containing the report of the trial," the fair young champion was saying as we resumed our seats. "She has nothing to be ashamed of or to conceal."

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had let it be known that my late husband was on board," said the injured woman, sadly, "but I was aware that he had married again, and I thought that he would have been the first to want to keep our former relations secret."

"And so he would, I guess, if he could have controlled himself," said Waldo. "It is the condition he is in that we have to thank for today's outbreak. I can't think what our usually astute doctor is up to, leaving him on the rampage about the town."

The ladies of the party, as indeed all throughout the ship, were already prejudiced against Orlebar, and Aline's advocacy effectually nipped in the bud any tendency they might have had to look askance at Ella Brinkworth because of the unpleasant occurrence. In fact they treated her with the greatest sympathy, and when the poor thing began to explain that the name she was known by was really her maiden name, they begged her not to distress herself by referring further to the matter.

We had arranged to return to the ship for dinner, and the scene in the public gardens, having rather damped our ardour, I do not think that any one was sorry when it was time to go down to the boats. In taking a short cut to the landing place I piloted the party through one of the narrow streets in the lower town where every other house was a sailors' drinking-den, either under

the pretentious title of wine-shop or as an avowed cabaret, and we had nearly reached the end of the not very reputable thoroughfare, when a man hurrying out of an open doorway almost ran against me. His apologies were cut short at the very commencement by mutual recognition. It was Doctor Zavertal, and I had a pretty good inkling of what he was up to.

"Pray don't think that I am on the spree, ladies," he laughed, in response to the looks of astonishment cast at him. "I must hope to be able to clear myself later, but—just a word with you, Captain," and he drew me aside, while the others, in obedience to my gesture, went slowly towards the landing-place.

"You are looking for Orlebar?" I said.

"Yes," he replied. "I fully expected to find him at Saccone's, but he must have got among the less respectable boozing dens. I am sure to unearth him somewhere hereaway, though."

"I shouldn't waste time on him," I replied; and then I briefly recounted what had happened, concluding with my determination to send Orlebar's luggage ashore, together with his valet, and to leave the lot behind. Zavertal listened with every appearance of genuine annoyance to the story of the wretched man's behaviour, but the moment I mentioned the course I was going to take I felt that he disapproved of it, though his face expressed nothing more than respectful concern.

"You have quite made up your mind that this will be best, Captain Forrester?" he said, and I fancied that his eyes hardened as he spoke.

"Certainly," I replied. "We can't have a drunken blackguard on board insulting people with reckless lies. What other 'best,' as you call it, can there be?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, before answering—not as if in any doubt as to his purpose, but rather with a cold, measuring glance that strove to fathom the lengths, to which he could safely go with me. So at least it seemed to me, and the prying scrutiny galled me into impatience.

"Come," I said, looking significantly up the street to the corner round which Aline and the rest had now disappeared, "have you any objection, Doctor Zavertal?"

He came a step nearer and spoke so straight that once again a budding suspicion, ridiculous in its vagueness and born of what then looked like merest trifles, faded into the background.

"As you ask me the direct question, sir," he said, "it is my duty to say that I have the very gravest objection to leaving Mr. Orlebar behind. He has been entrusted to me by his relatives, as a patient in serious danger of his life. How can I reconcile myself to leaving him stranded here, where he will probably do himself to death in a week? What shall I say to his people on my return—and what of my professional reputation? I do not see how you can expect me to endorse your decision, and I trust sincerely that you will reconsider it. And surely, sir, the credit of the ship as a safe resort for invalids should weigh with you."

From his point of view I quite saw the force of his argument. His appeal, too, was couched so strongly and yet so modestly, that almost

before I knew it I was debating whether I could yield to his wishes without loss of dignity. I remembered Nathan's instruction to defer to him in all matters affecting the passengers, and I was the more ready to do so as he had made no attempt to avail himself of an authority which he doubtless knew he possessed. Moreover, if I held out and he cabled home to the owners for confirmation of his wishes, I should look a good deal more foolish than if I gave in now, in the very probable event of their backing him up.

"We appear to be both working to the same end, Doctor—the welfare of the passengers," I said. "Supposing that I cancel the arrangement to oblige you, can you give me any sort of assurance that the man shall not repeat his conduct?"

"You shall have my personal guarantee that nothing of the sort shall happen again," was the reply. "I cannot engage to cure the fellow, either of his disease or of his propensities, but you shall have my entire co-operation in putting any restraint upon him, that may be necessary. I don't care so long as I have him on the ship for treatment, and between you and me, sir, I think that death will relieve us of his presence before long."

"So, let it be then," I said; and, leaving him to continue the search I hurried down to the boat, to find the others embarked, and waiting for me in some curiosity as to the cause of my delay. I said nothing, however, during the pull out to the boat, out of consideration for Mrs. Brinkworth, but confided the change of plan to Waldo as soon as we were on-board and the ladies had gone to their cabins. To my satisfaction he abstained from chaffing me on my being overruled by the doctor, and he even assented that "second thoughts were often best."

Orlebar was brought on board by Zavertal while dinner was on in the saloon, and, being taken straight to his state-room to bed, he gave rise to no further uneasiness that night.

We weighed anchor the next morning at ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards he appeared on deck, to the surprise of everybody, seeming better rather than worse for the escapade lounge placed in its usual position under the lee of the smoking-room; but, instead of perpetually sending to the bar for "pegs" according to his habit, he amused himself quietly with a novel. Aline and Mrs. Brinkworth naturally gave him a wide berth, but he gave no signs of noticing his former wife's presence on deck.

There was a good deal of shipping about in the Straits, and, in consequence, for several hours after leaving the Rock I remained upon the bridge, whence I had a clear view of all that went on below. Eight bells had just announced noon, when I saw Aline and Mrs. Brinkworth gather up their books and work and go down the saloon stairs. A few moments later Doctor Zavertal, who had been paying great attention to Orlebar all the morning, came out of the surgery, and, going aft, felt his patient's pulse, carefully timing the result with his chronometer. He came away immediately, his face very grave, and then he too disappeared down the saloon stairs, after stopping on the way to answer some remark which General Waldo, whom he met, made in passing. After parting from the doctor, Waldo went on and chatted for a moment or two with Orlebar somewhat to my surprise, considering the man's conduct of the day previous—and then joined a group of passengers further aft.

At the end of five minutes Enriquez, the stowaway, now serving as an assistant steward, came on deck with a tray on which was a glass of dark liquid that looked like port wine. He took it to Orlebar, who drank it at a gulp and replaced the glass on the tray. Enriquez then started to return below, but as he was nearing the companion-way he tripped and fell, dropping the tray on the deck with such violence that the empty glass was smashed into half a dozen pieces. Regaining his feet in an instant, he collected the bits of broken glass and tossed them overboard, after which he proceeded on his way and disappeared down the stairs.

During the next few minutes I was occupied with the navigation of the vessel, and paid no attention to what was happening on deck. When I again turned my eyes that way I saw that there was a commotion in the neighborhood of Orlebar's lounge. Zavertal was pushing his way through a number of male passengers who had gathered round it, while the ladies were all looking that way with frightened faces.

A minute later a messenger came to me from the doctor to say that Mr. Orlebar was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

The stir caused by Desmond Orlebar's death soon quieted down, hardly lasting, in fact, longer than the end of luncheon, which was luckily announced shortly after the occurrence. Zavertal saw to all the necessary arrangements for the funeral, which, he advised, for excellent reasons, should take place the same afternoon; and as he professed himself able to certify the death as due to natural causes, it was not for me to put obstacles in the way. I myself conducted the short ceremony with which the body was

committed to the sea from the fo'c'sle—well away from the passengers, very few of whom knew what was going on forward.

Orlebar's habits had made him so unpopular on board, that the only sentiments which I heard expressed about his decease were of the "serve-him-right" order. All the sympathy evoked was reserved for the unfortunate woman who, by a strange coincidence, had found herself brought face to face with the miserable creature whom she might reasonably have expected to have gone out of her life for ever. Mrs. Brinkworth kept to her state-room for the rest of the day, but Aline, who was constant in her kindness, told me that she did not pretend to feel regret for a man who had ceased to be anything to her but a shameful memory.

A musical entertainment had been arranged for in the saloon that evening, and, true to the policy which our philosophic bo'sun had suggested, the event of the morning was regarded by Zavertal as a reason for holding rather than postponing it. Find that he was backed in his opinion by a great majority of passengers, I offered no objection, though to me, who had never sailed in a pleasure-cruiser before, it seemed a little callous. However, as the affair was to come off, I thought it would be foolish to excite controversy by absenting myself, and I confess that, apart from the absence of Aline, who was sitting with Mrs. Brinkworth in her cabin, I passed a very festive evening.

After the improvised curtain had fallen on the last "turn," I spent an hour or two on the bridge. When at length I went to my room to turn in, the passengers had all retired for the night, and, save for the throbbing of the engines, the ship was as quiet as a church. The electric arc in my cabin had been switched off as usual the last thing by my steward, and such light as there was came from an oil lamp which I kept burning all night in case I was suddenly called. My table stood almost beyond the reach of the lamp's feeble rays, and, therefore, it was not till I had partially undressed that I noticed a sealed letter lying on the top of my blotting-pad. The envelope itself was enough to pique curiosity, being addressed to me in large printed capitals, that suggested a desire for disguise. Tearing it open, this is what I read, written in the same obviously unnatural hand:—

"To Captain Forrester,

"Dear sir,—I am not one who believes in anonymous letters except in exceptional circumstances. It is because that the circumstances in which I write are very exceptional that I adopt a mode of communication that I ordinarily despise. I the more readily do so, since in a few days I may have the pleasure of confiding in you personally.

"At present my object is to warn you against the man Enriquez who was found hidden on board on the third day of the voyage. I can give no reasons for my warning as yet, but in all sincerity I say that in my belief you will have serious cause for regret if you disregard it. If a certain theory which has been forced upon me turns out to be correct, this man's presence on board may mean the difference between life and death to some of those entrusted to your charge. The next port of call in the programme of trio is Genoa. I would suggest that en route you should suddenly make some excuse for running into Barcelona, and there put Enriquez ashore without first giving him any hint of your intention. In order to secure the full advantage of my proposal, it is also imperative that you preserve absolute silence with regard to this letter and its subject, trusting in no one, however worthy to be consulted on such a matter any one may appear. One of my reasons for not speaking to you in person about it is the necessity—the vital necessity—of my interference being kept secret from certain persons on the ship, and that end would be defeated if we were seen putting our heads together. There are sharp eyes and ears on the Queen of Night.

"In conclusion, you will see that if I am wrong in my theory—hunting a mare's nest, in fact—no harm will have been done by landing a stowaway in the country to which he professed to be anxious to go. If his account of himself is true he will be the first to thank you. On the other hand, if my conjectures are correct, you will have at least thrown obstacles in the way of cruel and designing men."

(To Be Continued.)

LIFE'S LITTLE ILLS.

Are the Ones Which Cause the Greatest Amount of Suffering.

It is every day ill that suffers most—those which seize you suddenly and make you irritable, impatient and fault-finding. The root of these troubles lies in the blood and nerves, and you cannot get rid of them until the blood has been made rich and pure, and the nerves strengthened and soothed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this, and will do it more speedily and with more lasting results than any other medicine. In proof of this Mrs. James Patterson, Chilliwack, B.C., says:—"My daughter was in poor health, and her system badly run down. She was pale, suffered from severe headaches, and very nervous. We decided to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes, she is a strong, healthy girl. I gladly recommend the pills in similar cases."

These pills cure all blood and nerve troubles, such as anaemia, neuralgia, indigestion, heart trouble, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, kidney troubles and the weaknesses which afflict women. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around the box. In doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed, post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

ONE WAY TO COMPROMISE.

Mr. Potter was giving his son a few words of fatherly counsel as to his treatment of his young wife.

"Now, when you have any little differences of opinion," said Mr. Potter, in his most judicial manner, "if you can't persuade Margaret that you are in the right, you must compromise, my boy—compromise with a good grace."

"I'll try to," said the son, respectfully.

"I will remember a little experience I had with your mother the summer after we were married," continued Mr. Potter. "I wanted to spend six weeks at Monte Carlo, and your mother preferred to spend the time in Paris. It's thirty odd years ago, but I well remember the arguments we had before I compromised."

"How did you do it?" asked the son.

"We spent five weeks and a half in Paris," said Mr. Potter, "and from Friday night till Monday morning in Monte Carlo."

TAKE A MOTHER'S WORD.

Thousands of mothers in all parts of Canada have written to say that Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine they have ever used for the cure of the little ill that afflict all children. It is impossible to publish all these letters, for they would more than fill a newspaper, but the following extracts are a fair sample of what all mothers say about this medicine:

- Mrs. Jas. Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont. — "The Tablets are a blessing to both mother and child."
- Mrs. John Dobbie, St. Andrew's East, Que. — "I consider it my duty to recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all my friends who have children."
- Mrs. A. Burns, Minotons, Man. — "I have found Baby's Own Tablets do all you claim for them."
- Mrs. F. J. Como, New Brandon N. B. — "The Tablets are just the thing for children; they make them well, cheerful and happy."
- Mrs. H. H. Pitts, Ashnola, B. C. — "I have found the Tablets a most satisfactory medicine for children. I always keep them in the house."
- Mrs. A. W. Higgins, North River N. S. — "I cannot praise the Tablets too much. They are the best medicine for children I have ever used."

You can take the words of these mothers with every confidence, and you have a positive guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. No other medicine gives a similar guarantee. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUFFICIENT PUNISHMENT.

A very subdued-looking boy of about thirteen years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in a rural board school and handed her a note before taking his seat, and became deeply absorbed in his book.

The note read as follows:—"Miss B.—Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played troant, but you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they checked caught him an' licked him, and the driver of a va they hung on to licked him allso. Then his father licked him, an' I had to give him another for cheekin' me for telling his father, so you need not lick him until next time. I think he feels he'd better keep in school hereafter."

Backlotz — "You don't mean to say this is the first you've heard of it?" Subbubs — "Yes." Backlotz — "Why, it's the talv of the neighborhood." Subbubs — "Yes; but my wife is away on a visit."

A Trying Time On Feeble Persons

All Who Are in Low Vitality Have Reason to Dread the Coming Weeks—Fortify Your System by Using

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

If you watch the newspapers for the next few weeks you will find that the death record is a large one, and made up largely of persons in advanced years and of weak constitutions.

Vitality seems to be at low ebb at this time of year, and the sudden changes of temperature and humid atmosphere are more than a weakened system can withstand. A little over-exertion, a little unusual exposure, a little neglect of the body, and health is undermined, physical break-down inevitable.

If you could but realize the reconstructive and upbuilding influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, it would be easy to convince you of the wisdom of using this preparation at this season of the year. When the blood is thin, weak and

watery, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food enriches it by increasing the number of red corpuscles. When the nerves are exhausted, energy gone and strength declining, this great food cure builds up the system, restores and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells and rekindles the spark of life.

No physician can give you a better restorative than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it is prepared in accordance with the most modern and most scientific principles, and contains in condensed form the most potent restoratives known to medical science. By noting the increase of weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove for a certainty that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body. Fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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. Get testimonials 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. 50c a box, at all dealers or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

A London man twenty years old may expect to live 39 years, but a Glasgow resident of the same age can only anticipate 36 years 11 months, and a Manchester man less than 35 years.

It takes nearly 40,000 horse-power to drive a 20,000-ton vessel at 24 knots an hour; 14,000 enables the "Cedric," the biggest vessel afloat, to travel at 17 knots.