

Story of the Troubles That Came from Fascination

HOW THE LOVE OF A CASTAWAY LADY CAUSED A HEAP OF TROUBLE THAT ENDED HAPPILY— A YARN WORTH READING.

(By J. C. Lincoln.)

This is the story as told by Capt. Eri. "Love," says he "is a queer disease, anyway." "Ain't it, now?" "Would take you and me to figger out what in thunders girls see to like in the critter. It must be a dreadful responsible thing to be so fascinating. I never felt that responsibility but once—except when I got married, of course—and that was a good many years ago, when I was going to sea on long voyages, and was cruising around the East Indies, in the latitude of our new troubles, the Philippines.

"I put in about three months on one of them little coral islands off that way once. Hottest corner in the Lord's creation, I call 'em, and the laziest and sleepest hole ever I struck. All a feller feels like doing in them islands is just to lay on his back under a palm tree all day and eat custard-apples and such truck.

"Way I come to be there was like this. I was fo'mast hand on a Boston hooker bound to Singapore after rice. The skipper's name was Perkins, Malachi C. Perkins, and he was the meanest man that ever wore a sou'-wester. I've had the pleasure of telling him so sense—'twas in Surinam long in '72. Well, anyhow, Perkins fed us on spiled salt junk and wormy hard-tack all the way out, and if a feller dast to hint that the same warn't precisely what you'd call Parker House fare, why the skipper would knock him down with a marine-spike and the first mate would kick him up and down the deck. It wan't a pretty performance to look at, but it beat the world for taking the craving for fancy cooking out of a man.

"Well, when I got to Singapore I was nothing but skin and bone, and considerable of the skin had been knocked off by the marine-spike and the mate's boots. I'd shipped for the voyage out an' back, but the first night in port I slipped over the side, swum ashore, and never set eyes on old Perkins again till that time in Surinam, years afterward.

"I knocked round them Singapore docks for much as a month, hoping to get a berth on some other ship, but 'twan't no go. I fell in with a Britisher named Hammond, 'Ammond, he called it, and as he was on the same hunt that I was, we kept each other company. We done odd jobs now 'n' again, and slept in sailors' lodging houses when we had the price, and under bridges or on hemp bales when we hadn't. I was too proud to write home for money, and Hammond didn't have no home to write to, I call 'em.

"But luck 'll turn if you give it time enough. One night Hammond came hurrying round to my sleeping-room—that is to say, my hemp bale—and gives me a shake, and says he:

"Turn out you mud 'ead, I've got you a berth."

"Aw, go westw'!" says I, and turned over to go to sleep again. But he pulled me off the bale by the leg, and that woke me up so I sensed what he was saying. Seems he's found a feller that wanted to ship a couple o' fo'mast hands on a little trading schooner for a trip over to the Java Sea.

"Well to make a long story short, we shipped with this feller, whose name was Lazarus. I call 'em if the Lazarus in Scripture had been up to as many tricks and come as nigh being a thief as our Lazarus was, he wouldn't have been so poor. Ourn was a shrewd rascal and nothing more or less than a pearl poacher. He didn't tell us that till after we set sail, but we was so desperate I don't know as 'twould have made much difference if he had.

"We cruised round for a spell sort of prospecting, and then we landed at a little one-horse coral island, where there wasn't no inhabitants, but where we were pretty dead sartin there was pearl oyster banks in the lagoon. There was five of us on the schooner, a Dutchman named Rhinelander, a Coolie cook and Lazarus and Hammond and me. We put up a

slab shanty on shore and went to work pearl fishing, keeping one eye out for Dutch gunboats, and always have a sago palm ready to split open so, if we got caught, we could say we was after sago.

"Well, we done fairly good at the pearl fishing; got together quite a likely mess of pearls, and, as 'twas part of the agreement that the crew had a certain share in the stake, why, Hammond and me was figgering that we was going to make enough to more'n pay us for our long spell of starving at Singapore. Lazarus was feeling purty middling chipper, the cook was feeding us high, and everything looked lovely.

"Rhinelander and the Coolie and the skipper used to sleep aboard the boat, but Hammond and me liked to sleep ashore in the shanty. For one thing, the bunks on the schooner wa'n't none too clean, and the Coolie snored so that he'd shake the whole cabin, and start me dreaming about cyclones, and cannons firing, and lions roaring, and all kind of foolishness. I always did hate a snorer.

"One morning me and Hammond come out of the shanty, and lo and behold you! their wa'n't no schooner to be seen. That everlasting Lazarus had put up a job on us, and had sneaked off in the night with the cook and the Dutchman, and took our share of the pearls with him. I s'pose he'd 'calculated to do it from the very first. Anyway, there we was, marooned on that two-for-a-cent island.

"The first day we didn't do much but cuss Lazarus up and down dale. Hammond was the best at that kin dof business ever I see. He invented more'n four hunder new kind of names for the gang on the schooner, and every one of 'em was brimstone blue. We had fish lines in the shanty, and there was plenty of water on the island, so we knew we would not starve to death nor die of thirst anyhow.

"I've mentioned that 'twos hot in them parts? Well, that island was the hottest of 'em all. Whew! Dont talk! And more'n that, the weather was the kind that makes you feel it was a barrel of work to live. First day we fished and slep. Next day we fished less and slep more. Third day 'twos too everlasting hot even to sleep, so we set round in the shade and fought flies and jawed each other. Main trouble was who was goin' to git the meals. Land how we did miss that Coolie cook!

"W'y don't yer ger to work and cook something fit ter eat?" says Hammond. "Ere I broke my bloomin' back 'auling in the fish, and you doin' nothing but 'angling around and lettin' 'em dry hup in the 'eat. Get to work and cook. Blimed if I ain't sick of these 'ere custard apples!" "Go and cook yourself," says I. "I didn't sign articles to cook for no Johnny Bull!"

"Well, we yawed back and forth for an hour, maybe more. Two or three times we got up to have it out, but 'twas too hot to fight, so we set down again. Finally we eat some supper, custard-apples and water, and turned in. "But 'twas too hot to sleep much, and I got up about three o'clock in the morning and went out and set down on the beach in the moonlight. Pretty soon out comes Hammond and sets down alongside and begin to give the weather a general overhauling, callin' it everything he could lay his tongue to. Pretty soon he breaks off in the middle of a nine-breaked swear word and sings out:

"Am I goin' crazy or is that a schooner?" "I looked out into the moonlight, and there, sure enough, was a schooner about a mile off the island, and coming dead on. First off we thought 'twas Lazarus coming back, but pretty soon we see 'twas a considerable smaller boat than his. "We forgot all about how hot it was and hustled out on the reef right at the mouth of the lagoon. I had a coat on a stick, and I waved it for a signal, and Ham-

mond set to work building a bonfire. He got a noble one blazing and then him and me stood and watched the skooner.

"She was acting dreadful queer. First she's go ahead on one tack and then give a heave over and come about with a bang, sails flapping and everything of a shake; then she'd give another slat and go off another way; but mainly she kept right on toward the island.

"What's the matter aboard there?" says Hammond. "Is hall 'ands drunk?" "She's abandoned," says I. "That's what's the matter. There ain't nobody aboard her."

"Then we both says, 'Salvage!' and shook hands. "The schooner came nearer and nearer. It begun to look as if she'd smash against the rocks in front of us, but she didn't. When she got opposite the mouth of the lagoon she heeled over on a new tack and sailed in between the rocks as pretty as anything ever you see. Then she run aground on the beach just about a quarter of a mile from the shanty.

"'Twas early morning when we climbed aboard of her. I thought Lazarus' schooner was dirty, but this one was nothing but dirt. Dirty sails, all patches, dirty deck, dirty everything.

"Won't get much salvage on this bally tub," says Hammond; 'she's one of them nigger fish boats, that's w'at she is.' "I was kind of skittish about going below, 'fraid there might be some dead folks, but Hammond went in. In a minute or so up he comes, looking scary.

"There's something mighty queer down there," says he; 'kind of w'eezing like a puffing pig.' "Weezing your grandmother!" says I, but I went and listened at the hatch. 'Twas a funny noise I heard, but I knew what it was in a minute; I'd heard too much of it lately to forget it right away.

"It's snoring," says I; 'somebody snoring.' "Evens!" says Hammond, 'you don't s'pose it's that Coolie come back?' "No, no!" says I. Where's your common sense? The co's snored bass; this critter's snoring suppraer, and mighty poor suppraer at that.

"Well," says he, 'ere goes to wake 'im hup!' And he commenced to holler, 'Ahoy!' and 'Belay there!' down the hatch. "First thing we heard was a kind of thump like somebody jumping outer bed. Then foot-steps, running like then up the hatchway comes a sight I shan't forget if I live to be a hundred.

"'Twas a woman, middling old, with a yeller face all wrinkles, and a chin and nose like Punch. She was dressed in a gaudy old calico gown, and had earrings in her ears. She give one look around the skooner and the island. Then she sees us and let out a whoop like a steam whistle.

"Mulligatawny Sacremento merlases!" she yells. 'Course that wa'n't what she said, but it sounded like that. Then, 'fore Hammond could stop her, she run for him and gave him a arousing big hug. He was the most surprised man ever you see, stood there like a wooden image. I commenced to laff, but the next minute the woman come for me and hugged me, too.

"Fectionate old gal," says Hammond, grinning. "The critter in the calico gown was going through the craziest patomime ever was; p'intin' off to sea and then down to deck and then up to the sails. I didn't catch on for a minute, but Hammond did. Says he:—

"Showing us where this 'ere palatial yacht came from. 'Ad a rough passage, it looks like!" "Then the old gal commenced to get excited. She p'inted over the side and made motions like rowing. Then she p'inted down the hatch and shut her eyes and pertended to snore. After that she rowed again, all the time getting madder and madder still, with her little black eyes a-snapping like fire coals and stomping her feet and shaking her fists. Finally she finished up with a regular howl, you might say, of rage.

"The crew took to the boat and left her asleep below," says Hammond. 'O'ly scissors; they're in for a lively time if old Nutcracker's 'ere ever catches 'em, 'ey?' "Well, we went over the schooner and examined everything, but there wa'n't nothing of any value nowhere. 'Twas a reg'lar

nigger fishing boat, with dirt and cockroaches by the paiful. At last we went ashore agin and up to the shanty taking the old lady with us. After eating some of them tiresome custard apples for breakfast, Hammond and me goes down to look over the schooner agin. We found she'd started a plank running aground on the beach, and that 'twould take us a week to get her afloat and water-tight.

"While we was doing this the woman come down and went aboard. Pretty soon we got her going back to the shanty with her arms full of bundles and truck. We didn't think anything of it then, but when we got home at noon, there was the best dinner ever you see ready for us. A little fried fish and some kind of beans cooked up with peppers, and tea—real store tea—and a lot more things. Land, how we did eat! We kept smackin' our lips and rubbin' gour vests to show we was enjoying everything, and the old lady kept bobbin' her head and grinning like one of them dummies you wind up with a key.

"Well," says Hammond, we have got a cook at last. Ain't we, old—old—Blimed if we've got a name for 'er yet! Here! says he, pointing to me. 'Looky here, missis! 'Edge! 'Edge! that's 'im! 'Ammond! 'Ammond! that's me. Now, 'oo are you? "She rattled off a name that had more double j'intins in it than an eel.

"Lordy!" says I; 'we never can larn that rigamarole. I tell you! She's for all the world like old A'n't Lobelia Fodick at home down on Cape Cod. Let's call her that.' "She looks to me like the mother of an oyster man I used to know in Liverpool. 'Is name was 'Atkins. Let's split the difference and call 'er Lobelia 'Ankins.'

"So we done it. "Well, Hammond and me pounded and patched away at the schooner for the next three or four days, taking plenty of time to sleep in, count of the heat, but getting along fairly well. "Lobelia 'Atkins cooked and washed dishes for us. She done some noble cooking, 'specially as we wa'n't partic'lar, but we could see she had a temper to beat the old scratch. If anything got burned, or if the kittle upset, she'd howl and stomp and scatter things worse than a cyclone.

"I reckon 'twas about the third day that I noticed she was getting sweet on Hammond. She was giving him the best of all the vittles and used to set at the table and look at him, sofer 'n and sweeter'n a bucket of molasses. Used to walk 'longside of him, too and look up in his face and smile. I could see that he noticed it and that it was worrying him a heap. One day he says to me:

"Edge," says he, 'I b'lieve that 'ere chromo of a Lobelia Atkins is getting soft on me.' "Course she is," says I; 'I see that a long spell ago.' "But what'll I do?" says he. "A woman like 'er is a desp'rate character. If we hever git hasher she might be for lugging me to the church and marrying me by main force."

"Then you'll have to marry her, for all I see, says I. 'You shouldn't be so fascinating.' "That made him mad and he went off jawing to himself. "The next day we got the schooner patched up and off the shoal and 'longside Lazarus' old landing wharf by the shanty. There was little more tinkering to be done 'fore she was ready for sea, and we cal'lated to do it that afternoon.

"After dinner Hammond went down to the spring after some water and Lobelia 'Ankins went with him. I laid down in the shade for a snooze, but I hadn't much more'n settled myself comfortably when I heard a yell and somebody running. I jumped up just in time to see Hammond come busting through the bushes, likety smash, with Lobelia after him, yelling like an injun. Hammond wasn't yelling; he was savaging his breath for running.

"They wa'n't in sight more'n a minute, but went smashing and cracking into the woods in the distance. 'Twas too hot to run after them, so I waited a spell and then loafed off in a direction toward where I see 'em go. After I'd walked pretty nigh a mile I

heard Hammond whistle. I looked but didn't see him nowhere. Then he whistled agin, and I see his head sticking out of the top of a palm tree.

"Is she gone?" says he. "Yes, long ago," says I. 'Come down.'

"It took some coaxing to git him down, but he come after a spell, an' he was the scarest man ever I see. I asked him what the matter was.

"Edge," says he, 'I'm a lost an. That 'ere 'orrible 'Ankins outrage is either going to marry me or kill me. 'Edge,' he says, 'awful solmen, 'she tried to kiss me! S'elp me, she did.' "Well, I set back and laughed. 'Is that why you ran away?' I says.

"No," says he. 'When I refused to let 'er she hups with a rock as big as my 'ead and goes for me. There was murder in 'er eyes, 'Edge; I see it.' "Then I laughed more than ever and told him to come back to the shanty but he wouldn't. He swore he'd never come back agin with Lobelia 'Ankins there.

"That's it," says he, 'larf at a feller critter's sufferings. I honly wish she'd try to kiss you once, that's all! "Well, I couldn't make him budge, so I decided to go back to the shanty and get the lay of the land. Lobelia was busy inside when I got there, and looking as black as a thundercloud, so I judged 'twan't best to say nothin' to her, and I went down and finished the job on the schooner. At night when I come in to supper, she met me at the door. She had a big stick in her hand and looked savage. I was a little nervous.

"Now, Lobelia 'Ankins," says I, 'put down that and be sociable, there's a good girl.' "Course I knew she wouldn't understand me, but I was whistling to keep my courage up, as the saying is.

"Amond!" says she, louder, and shaking the stick. "Now, Lobelia," says I, smiling smooth as butter, do put down that club!" "Ammond!" she fairly hollers. Then she went through the most blood-curdling pantomime ever was. I reckon. First she comes up to me and taps me on the chest and says, 'Edge.' Then she goes creeping round the room on tip-toe, p'inting out of the winder all the time as much as to say she was pretending to walk through the woods. Then she p'int to one of the stumps we used for chairs and screeches "Ammond!" and fetches the stump an awful bang with the club. Then she comes over to me and kinder snuggles up and smiles, and says "Edge," and tried to put the club in my hand.

"My topnut riz up on my head. 'Good Lord!' thinks I, 'she's trying to make love to me so's to get me to take the club and go and thump Hammond with it! "I was scared stiff, but Lobelia was between me and the door, so I kept smiling and backing away.

"Now, Lobelia," says I, 'don't be—' "Ammond!" says she. "Now, Miss 'Ankins, d-o-n't be hasty, I—' "Ammond!" "Well, I backed faster and faster, and she followed be right up till at last I begun to run. Round and round the place we went, me scared for my life and she fairly bursting through the door and put for the woods at a rate that beat Hammond's going all holler. I never stopped till I got close to the palm tree. Then I whistled and Hammond answered.

"When I told him about the rumpus, he set and laughed like an idiot. "Ow do like Miss Ankin's love-making?" he says. "You'll like it less'n I do," I says, 'if she gets up here with that club!'" "That kind of sobered him down agin, and we got to planning. After a spell, we decided that our only chance lay in getting back to the boat unbeknownst to Lobelia and getting off and leaving her on the island alone. We wait till Lobelia gets tired and we see her go into the shanty. We waits a little while and then Hammond and I sneaks down to the boats which was ready for a fair voyage now. We hoisted sail and was soon away from the island and Lobelia.

Out on the sea with sight of land fading away Hammond says: I'm so gald we've got away from that 'orrible creature than I

could dance fer joy. Oh but hits glorious to be free." "We was making good time just then and soon we sighted another island. On this place there seemed to be some sorter gathering, and the natives were signalling us like all get out.

"Don't notice them," says Hammond, "there may be a second Lobelia in the crowd." "Pretty soon, however, they got in a leaky-looking boat and started to make for our schooner. We saw there was nothing but men in the bunch and natives at that—dirty Malays that were half Spaniard. We picks 'em up and there was a great howdydo.

"Senior, boat, mi boat," says the leader who sported a big crop of loose jointed whiskers, "si, boat, mi boat, ooman? ooman?" says he. "After a while we tumbled. We had picked up the original captain of the boat and his crew. "Make yerself at 'ome," says Hammond, "eaven knows yer welcome!" "O man! Ooman!" says the Spanish Malay captain, "Ooman! Ooman!"

"Pretty soon we tumbled to this too. "Ooman" was "woman" and the woman was Lobelia 'Ankins. The foxy old gent had accidentally forsaken the boat when the old girl was asleep, and let it accidentally drift off. Knowing Lobelia, we didn't blame him for this.

After a heap of trouble we managed to make the old man understand that Lobelia was away on our island and likely to stay there. "Well, sir, you ought to have seen that Malay gang's faces light up! They all bust out a grinning and laffing and Whiskers fairly hugged me and then Hammond. Then he made one of the Malays take the wheel instead of me, and sent another one into the fo'castle after something.

"But I was curious, and I says, 'p'inting toward Lobelia's island: "Ooman your wife?" "No," says whiskers. "About then the fellow came back with a big jug. Where he got it is a mystery. As the good stuff passed along, Hammond says, "To the 'ealth of Lobelia—ooman, ooman. All drink." The words was hardly out when he dropped the jug down smash. His eyes was a fixed on the companionway. Our eyes a following his turned to see to our horror—Lobelia as large as life and twice as savage.

With a shriek she was at us. Some runs up the rigging, some makes for the hold, but none of these was good enough for the captain. Whiskers tried to do a special stunt. He tripped and fell and Lobelia was after him and had him pinned down before he knew. Then, of all the hair pulling, scratching, biting, kicking and shrieking. Well, I pitied that poor Malay. She gave it to 'im good and plenty.

Hammond and me thought it was about time for us to move on. The old lady might take another fancy to us after Whiskers had been attended to. So Hammond and me dropped off into the sea and swam around till we came to the niggers' small boat that was towing behind the schooner. Into this we pikes and put for the open sea. Last we heard was the thumps of Lobelia and the cries of poor old Whiskers.

Next day we was picked up by a Dutch trading vessel and we made the home port all right after a while. We spent considerable time though arguing about Lobelia. She wasn't the wife of old Whiskers because he said so. She wasn't his daughter, being too young for that and she wasn't his mother because she didn't look like him. At last we tumbled. She was his mother-in-law. We ought to have thought of that before.

COL HUGHES, ADOLPH SMIFF AND SEWERAGE POLLUTION.

(Bobcaygeon Independent.) At first glance of the pamphlet entitled "A System of Sewerage Purification devised by Col. Sam Hughes," the wonder is what new plan of Senate reform the Colonel has hit upon, but the pamphlet is really in connection with Sewerage straight, and has no political reference. The Toronto papers state that on Tuesday morning, the Colonel called at the Mayor's office to find that he was in Ottawa, and then dropped in on City Clerk Littlejohn, armed with a bundle of pamphlets, entitled, "A System of Sewerage Purification." He would use chlorine gas, which, he says, is the most purifying agent known.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS

The utter collapse of his castle in Spain had sobered him. The gates of Portland were yawning open for him and the goodness of the man he had wronged had closed them in his face. Never again would he see their grim front if he could help it.

He readily gave every assistance in the brief investigation that followed. Mr. Abingdon looked on askance as he wrote checks for three thousand pounds and five thousand pounds on the York and Leeds banks respectively, but even Philip himself gave an astonished laugh when he saw his own signature written with quiet certainty and accuracy.

"Oh, that's nothing," cried Grenier, in momentary elation. I took in Mr. Abingdon, and sent a complete letter to the London bank. "You did not take me in," growled Abingdon. "You made one fatal mistake."

"And what was that, sir?" "You alluded to the annual report of the 'Home.' Everyone connected with that establishment, from the founder down to the latest office boy, invariably calls it the 'Mary Anson Home.' Mr. Anson would never write of it in other terms."

Grenier was abashed. "Have you any money in your pocket?" said Philip, when the forger had accounted for every farthing. "For one appreciable instant Grenier hesitated. Then he flushed. He had resisted temptation. "Yes," he said, "plenty. Langdon supplied me with funds."

"How much?" "Two hundred and fifty pounds. I have over seventy left." "I will arrange matters with him. Come to my West End office next Monday, and you will be given sufficient to keep you from poverty and crime until you find your feet in Canada. Remember, you sail on Wednesday."

"No fear of any failure on my part, sir. I can hardly credit my good—or, what I want to say is, I can never thank you sufficiently." "Pay Mason's fare to London. Better stay with him. His sons may have a good influence on you, too." Mason rose heavily. "I'll find him a job, sir. He can pack your bag."

The words recalled to Philip the knowledge of his incongruous attire. Soon he wore his own clothes. He refused to allow Grenier to divest himself of the garments he wore, but he was glad to see his old watch again. Dr. Scarth bade them farewell and returned to Scarsdale by the last train.

Philip and Abingdon arrived in London at 2.15 A.M. On the platform, accompanied by her mother, was Evelyn. She swept all the way to Mount Street, where Philip would be accommodated for the night. She cried again when she saw the poor, wounded head; but she laughed through her tears when she ran off to fetch a very small and very sleepy dog, with long blue hair falling in shaggy masses over his eyes and curling wonderfully over his tiny body.

Mr. James Crichton Langdon was imperatively summoned to London, and given such a lecture by Mr. Abingdon that he so far abandoned the error of his ways as to strive to forget that such a person as Evelyn Atherly existed. The ex-magistrate had sent him in Devonshire, and was so skeptical of Sir Philip and Lady Morland that he traveled direct to York, via Gloucester and Birmingham, to clear up with Philip in person a mystery rendered more dense by the curious telegram he received in London.

One day, in August, the Sea Maiden dropped anchor off the Yorkshire coast not far from the gaunt cliff on which stood Grange House. Dr. Scarth entertained Mr. and Mrs. Anson in his house for the night, and some of the men allowed ashore. They came back full of a story they had heard, how the "skipper" had met with a mishap on the big point to s'uth'ard, was rescued by three fishermen, and had bought each of them the freehold of the house in which they lived, besides presenting them jointly with a fine smack. "He's a rare good sort, there's no doubt about that," said the chief narrator, "an', of course, 'e can afford to do that sort of thing, bein' the King o' Diamonds."

FROM THE BINGVILLE CLARION. (Toronto News.)

"John Hawkins brought a turnip to this office on Saturday. Though of a fine size, it was not the largest we have ever seen. No. The prize turnip is on the shoulders of the urbane and gentlemanly editor of our esteemed contemporary."