about him, Dick thought.

called Worsley then."

took much account of."

fortable and as well paid."

tinctly into his mind.

at the last moment."

with an affable grin.

navy ship."

barrassed.

"I'm your passenger," Dick said, "and

I ought to have reported myself last

night, but they told me you were busy,

and I was too tired to wait. My name

is Estcourt, captain of her majesty's

"Ay, ay," replied the other; "I was

"Indeed!" said Dick, and stopped, em-

The captain was apparently troubled

"I was broke for a trifle," he said;

"a young man's folly. But I don't know

that I've been much the worse. It's a

hard service—the king's; you make no

money in it, and glory's a thing I never

"Where shall I breakfast?" he asked.

"With me," said the captain. "You'll

find me pretty snug below, and that's

the main thing in the world, eh? I

don't care how many trips I make in

the Speedwell, if I'm always as com-

Dick could hardly say that he hoped

never to make another voyage in the

brig, or that he already wished this one

was over; but both thoughts came dis-

"It was a stroke o' luck," continued

his garrulous companion; "just a stroke

o' luck. I'd nothing to do for long

and then suddenly my lords find them-

selves short of a hand, and come run-

ning to me, cap off, and money down on

to me," said Dick; "they were in a hur-

ry and the man before me failed them

"Ay, ay," replied the captain; "they

must have been in a hurry too, or

they'd never have come down on an old

dog like me and such a ramshackle

crew to carry his majesty's stores, let

alone his majesty's officers," he added,

"Oh!" said Dick, "what sort of fel-

"All sorts," answered the captain,

"and more than that. There's English

Jacks and French Johnnies, and a cou-

ple o' Spaniards and a nigger; I never

saw such a first-to-hand lot in my life.

They're willing enough, you know, but

it's the rummest crew to be working a

"The brig hernelf looks to be fast and

"Oh, she's well enough," replied the

captain, carelessly; "there's better and

there's worse, no doubt. Let's go down

to breakfast." And he led the way

So the days went by for the most part

in cheerful content; only now and then

his brow clouded when they spoke a

passing ship, and answered the cheers

and waving signals of English men and

Sometimes he was even happy for an

Nour, for the water he sailed was no

obscure or unknown sea. From Cor-

unna to Cadiz there are names and

memories upon its shore that might

have stirred the very ship herself, as

she swept past them with the flag of

On the ninth day they passed St. Vin-

cent. The sun was setting, and the

crags of the cape were sharply relieved

against the opposite horizon, all aglow

with answering fire. Far beyond them,

lost in the vast glimmering distance

toward the east, lay a yet more famous

headland, and Dick, as he leaned over

the bulwarks, and vainly strained his

eyes toward Trafalgar, felt his breath

quicken with a great inspiration and his

hands clench with the fighting instinct

But now the Speedwell left the coasts

of Europe, and passed on southward in-

to the region of the Islands. The ordi-

nary route to the cape lies outside these

groups, the Azores being the only stop-

ping point on the voyage for most Eng-

lish vessels. Estcourt, seeing that the

brig stood in to the east and took a

more direct line, concluded at once that

she was to touch at Madeira or the

"No," said the captain, when he

could put into Funchal or Santa Cruz,

they're both pleasant places, when

you've a day or two to spare; but my

orders are to sail straight for Boavista

in the Cape Verd Islands. There's some

"Passengers!" cried Dick, in astonish-

"Oh, they won't trouble us long," said

the captain: "they go off again at As-

cension. I suppose they're going about

in these parts. When we're rid of them,

Dick felt by no means so anxious

about their departure. He was pleased

to think that he would, for some days

at any rate, have the monotony of his

voyage, enlivened by new companions

and he began to look forward eagerly

to the moment when he would no longer

be alone at every meal with old Worsley

and his flow of demoralized conversa-

passed through the Canaries, between

Teneriffe and Grand Canary, and on

April 15th came at last in sight of

Boavista, and dropped anchor toward

Within a quarter of a mile of them

evening in the roads on the northwest

few days more and Madeira was

we shall have a clear run to the Cape:

passengers to come aboard there."

hazarded this confecters: "I wish

Canary Isles.

empire rippling at her mast-head.

women, homeward bound.

well found," said Dick, with an approv-

lows have you on board, then?"

"That's pretty much what happened

Dick had nothing to say to this,

by no such feeling, and went on.

in the service myself once; but I wasn't

CHAPTER IX. - (CONTINUED). The letter was written in a formal elerk's hand, dated from the Admiralty, ship Niobe, when you bring me to her." and signed with a hieroglyph which was no doubt the autograph of some high official. It ran as follows:

NTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

RAND MSNALLY & CO.

BY PERMISSION OF

"Dear Sir: The Volunteer has mought intelligence that his majesty's hip Niobe, seventy-four, has put into he Cape of Good Hope to refit. She has lost her captain and first lieutenant everboard in a stale, and is reported severely damaged and short of all stores. The brig Speedwell has been loaded with the necessary material, and will take out an officer to bring the Niobe nome. Captain Truscott, to whom this commission was offered, is at the last moment unable to sail. If you are in position to take his place you will be cod enough to start immediately for Mount's Bay, where the Speedwell was to put in on Thursday pext. You will be carried as a free pasesnger to the Cape, where you will take over command of the Niobe; and for this purpose the present letter shall be a good and sufficient authority to the officer in charge to hand her over to you.

In the event of your being unavoidbly prevented from accepting you will good enough to re-address and forward this letter to Captain Anderson | enough, and was getting a bit down; of Portsmouth without delay."

Dick rend without understanding anything beyond the general purport of the letter, but he grasped clearly the nail." sugh that Camilla was lost to him many months at least.

He roused himself to consider ways and means at once, and his eye fell upthe valine, which the messenger was

gill holding in his hand. To his surprise he recognized it as his

"Where did you get this?" he asked. "From your house, sir," replied the man. "There's a uniform' and a few dage in it his lordship thought you light want, as you wouldn't have time a go back to town."

"His lordship? "It was Lord Glamorgan, sir, that

maye me the letter." "Ah that explains it," exclaimed Dick. But how did Lord Glamorgan or you

ow where I had gone?" It's lordship sent me to you house, and they sent me on to No. 23 Bedrd square."

"And they told you there?" "Yes, sir; they said you'd gone off aftar a wagon on the road to Guildford." "Very well," said Dick; "now you had tter go and bait your horse. Come

in me in the parlor when you're ready to go back, and I'll give you an answer for Lord Glamorgan." Half an hour afterward the man mocked at the door of the room where Dick was writing his acceptance to the

Admiralty and his thanks to his patron for this second piece of cruel kindness. He handed them to the messenger with a liberal pourboire, and rang the bell arrangements for continuing his own journey. While he was talking to the host a latter of hoofs was heard outside the

There goes my man," thought Dick; he's a bot rider, it seems. I wish to

newed he had broken his neck on the

CHAPTER X.



eccordingly for starting in good time on the following morning. He also tried once more to find out from the driver of the wagon where the De Montauts' baggage e delivered; but the man,

assured that Dick himself had er the time to follow him, stoutd to give any further answer, daybreak next morning he had eared, wagon and all, without

and was setting as Dick left Hel or the last stage of his journey. he came in sight of Mount's bay was but one golden bar left in ters sky. Gradually this too and a gray, misty twilight began over the bay. St. Michael's med in sight, weird as the encastles of fairyland. In the turret glimmered a single light, the mist more drear and the more desolate.

tte shore was wrapped in but on the broad water benkled here and there tiny arks that Dick knew for the the ships at anchor. One sombtless was the fate that he Will-o'-the-wisp or guidre it gleamed among the dim, shivering night

> e streets of Pensance, om his reverie. He inedwell, and found

out for a passenger by the coach

lay a large merchant-vessel with English colors at the top, and Dick was not long in getting a boat lowered and row-ing off to visit her. She turned out to be the Hamilton, from Southampton to Bahla. Her captain greeted Dick cor-dially, but he was almost alone on

of the island.

board, all the passengers having gone ashore for the day, and half the crew being away in search of water. "I hear," said Dick, "that you've some

passengers for us. Who are they?" "Madame Schultz and M. Frochard," replied the captain, "They're Swiss colonists for Ascension-brother and sister; and there's a Spanish seaman, named Gildez, who's working out his passage to the Cape."

"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Dick. "I had hoped for one or two fellow-countrymen to talk to. We're deadly dull on the brig." "Oh!" said the captain of the Hamil-

ton, laughing, "you'll be lively enough now. Frochard is a first-rate fellow for stories, and speaks English capitally: and his sister's a real beauty, if only she wouldn't keep to herself so much." The boats were now seen putting off from the shore. When they came near

and steered for the Speedwell.

"There go your passengers," said the captain to Dick. "They said good-by to me before leaving this morning, and now all that remains is for you to take their baggage over in your boat, if

to the ships one of them left the rest

you'll be so good." "Certainly," replied Dick; "I'm ready as soon as it is loaded."

"Avast there!" said the captain; we're not so inhospitable as that. You must stay and meet the rest of our

company at supper." The remainder of the passengers were just coming on board. Estcourt was introduced to them all in turn, and they sat down to supper soon afterward. They were a very uninteresting lot; chiefly Portuguese and English men of business, voyaging for mercantile houses with a South American connection. But the crowded table, the hum of conversation, and the continual laughter were a change to Dick, and he delayed his departure till the last mo-

When he returned to his own ship he found that his new companions had already gone to their cabins. Their baggage was carried down to them, and finding that they were not likely to appear again that night Dick soon afterward turned in himself.

He was already drowsy, when he became slowly conscious that he was listening to a noise which seemed to have been going on for an indefinite length of time.

It was the sound of two voices, whether far off or near he could not tell; but the other seemed still like a voice in a dream, utterly remote from the real world, and yet in a way even more real to him than that which preceded and followed it.

Over and over again he thought himself on the point of remembrance, but he never gutte reached it, and in a short time the bland, soothing tones overcame him like a spell, and he fell Polly was half way home, running as into a dreamless sleep.

When he awoke next morning the mysterious noises of the night had passed entirely from his recollection. He hastened on deck, and found that he was the first to arrive there. It was a fresh, breezy morning, and the brig affair. Polly is proud of the English was cutting the waves gallantly as she blood in her veins, and resented the went southward in long tacks. Four or five miles away to starboard the Hamilton was winging her way to the westward, the courses of the two vessels diverging more and more with every minute. The islands lay like ting clouds upon the horizon behind them, and the long, low count-line of Africa was visible to larboard under a rainy ing eye on the white canvas bellying | sky.

Dick took a careful survey, and began to prophesy to himself about the

"Those who are expecting today to be the same as yesterday," he murmured, sententiously, "will be probably a good | chair when called upon, and was work-

As he spoke the words died away on his lips and the torpor of helpless astonishment seffed upon him. He could not turn his head, he could no. move; but he heard behind him a volve that shook the inmost fibers of his soul. Whether it came from the sky or the sea, if he were mad or sane, living or dead, he knew not, but there were the lovely tones in which Camilla spoke in the old times before he had to begin

The voice came nearer, and still he could not or dared not move. Then, suddenly, another voice answered-the strange familiar voice of the night before: he remembered it in a flash, and knew it for Colonel de Montaut's. He turned swiftly and was face to

face with them. The colonel came toward him at once with outstretched hand, and with a cordial smile upon his face; but Dick passed him and went forward to Camilla.

TO BE COSTINUED.

Singular Sulcide. A Paris working shoemaker named Chapeau committed suicide on July 23 for an extraordinary reason. He was found dead in his room, suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove. On the table was found a letter, in which he sald: "For ten years past I have been saving up to buy a really pretty china table service, which has cost me 115 francs. I had promised to inaugurate it by a dinner to my numerous friends in the neighborhood; but, as I have not the means of providing a good feed l have resolved to die. In order that my friends might not be wholly losers, however, I desire that the service may be distributed as here set down." Then follows a list of the friends among whom he wished the different parts to looking after the government colonies | be divided.

Chester's Climbing Rels. Quite a novel sight was seen at Jenning's lower factory in Chester Saturday, writes the piscatorial editor of the New York Sun. A large number of eels about three inches long were seen climbing up the perpendicular sides of the wooden flume with apparent ease. A little moisture assisted their speed, but when it was perfectly dry their movements were but slightly left on the starboard quarter; they impeded.-Ex.

Where Does the Cash Go? Several millions of dollars pass into the hands of the bookmakers during the racing season in this country. Of course, some of it comes back to the bettors, but, as few who bet come out ahead at the end of the season, and the bookmakers constantly complain that they are losing money, it would be interesting to know where all the cash

THISGIRL HAS NERVE

SHE RECENTLY TROD UPON THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The Daughter of Euglish Parents, Polly Biller, Became Exasperated at the Recent Outburst of Old Time American Patriotism.

HEN THE EXcitement consequent on President Cleveland's Venezuelan message was at its height an incident occurred in Belleville. N. J., which is still causing much discussion. Attending the high school there is a bright girl named

Polly Biller. Her parents are English, and some of the more mischievous beys took delight in teasing Polly about the way in which the Americans would once more whip the British should the scare eventuate in war. Polly took all with reasonable good nature, but when one of the boys during lunch hour waved the stars and stripes in her face her British blood rose in rebellion. Snatching the flag from the boy's hand, she tore it to pieces, dashed the remnants to the ground and



POLLY BILLER.

stamped on them. The boys were so much astonished that they did not resent the extraordinary conduct and fast as she could, before they recovered themselves. Old G. A. R. men even now shake their heads when talking over the matter, but the citizens of Belleville generally laugh at the whole tweaking her schoolmates gave to the tail of the British lion when the Venexuelan question was discussed. Her father, Lawyer George Biller, of Newark, is jocular over the incident in school, and her mother regrets the notoriety which has been brought upon her daughter's name. The boys of the school are still expressing their approval of the pluck of Miss Polly, but the girls are sarcastic in their criticisms of her display of spunk.

Miss Polly was snuggled up in a big ing away upon some fancy dress costume, all covered with spangles and tinsel. Her intense patriotism for the country under whose flag she was born only flashes out upon intense provocation. Otherwise she loves this country in which she has been reared and evinces no inclination toward growing up into a "new woman," who will shout from a rostrum and make "grand stand plays" at the world at large. She is a modest girl, the idol of a happy home, and very popular in the select society of Belleville and upper Newark. She laughed gayly when spoken to on the subject of the flag episode, and declared that folks took the matter too seriously, and that anyhow it wasn't right for her classmates to wave the stars and stripes in her face when everybody was excited with war talk.

"Anyhow, I hope people will let it drop, now. I'm tired of hearing about it," she said. "It is not nice for girls to be talked about so much. Don't you think so?"

Richard Franklin Pettigrew.

The accompanying portrait is that of Richard Franklin Pettigrew, senator from South Dakota. He belongs to the silver wing of the Republican party.

Guarded Against Cyclenes A farmer in the Kansas cyclone district was building a stone wall. He was putting it there to stay, building it five feet across the base and four feet high. A stranger came riding by, and seeing the care the farmer was taking said to him: "You seem to be mightty careful about that wall." "Yep," replied the farmer, "I'm er building her to stay." "T'ain't no use," replied the stranger: "it'll blow over just the same." "Wall, let her blow over, she'll be a foot higher if she does," replied the farmer, gontinuing his work.

God hates hypocrisy, both in the church and out of it.—Ram's Horn.

His Presence of Mind.

Once upon a time Col. A. T. Van Tas-

sel, of the west side, was colonel of a

regiment of soldiers. One evening, be-

fore he had committed his book of

military tactics to memory, he gave an

exhibition drill on Detroit street. The

colonel and his little band of soldiers

made quite a display marching down

the thoroughfare. They were greatly

admired by a large number of specta-

tors, who formed in line on each side

of the street. It is claimed that not

a single error was made by either the

colonel or the soldiers until an attempt

was made to turn around in the street.

It was the colonel's fault, too. He

forgot the command necessary to turn

the faces of the soldiers. The situa-

tion was becoming upendurable when

a happy thought came into the colonel's

mind. He glanced upon his little band

of soldiers and yelled: "Break ranks

and charge on Blanchard's saloon."-

A Pennsylvania Farmer.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew

last season over 207 bushels Salzer's

Silver Mine Oats from one measured

acre! How is that for old Pennsyl-

vania? Over 30,000 farmers are going

to try and beat this in 1896 and win

\$200 in gold! Then think of 116 bus.

barley from one acre and 1,200 big full

bushels of potatoes and 230 bushels of

spurry and fifty other rare things? Well

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ceive their mammoth catalogue and ten

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in Arizona this year. One man near

Phoenix had a crop of 300 sacks. The

first load of peanuts ever shipped out

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure

prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy

Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 13, '95.

way belonging to her husband.

of Phoenix left there last week.

Peanuts have been successfully raised

sceds in America. Freights cheap.

What's teosinte, and sand vetch and

Cleveland Press.

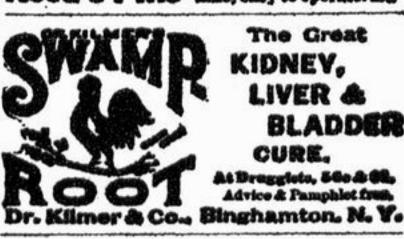
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