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ASK YOUR DEALER

TWO WORDS OF CARGO

By MICHAEL WHITE.

The Tonquin was an ocean tramp, and she looked it. As she lay in Port Durban, there was nothing of the spick-and-span smartness of the regular mail liner about her. She was a snub-nosed, tub-shaped, ungainly vessel, with engines so far aft that she sat the water in a kind of down-at-heel fashion.

Captains of men-at-war cast a single glance at the loose ends of her running gear, or the splashes of rust where fresh paint ought to have glistened, and passed on without exchanging seafaring compliments.

In the present instance she had shambled into Port Durban on the chance of selling a cargo of coal. She arrived just in time to witness three up-to-date colliers briskly unloading. An unlucky ship was the Tonquin! So vowed her master, who also asserted he had been abandoned by good fortune.

Aforetime Captain Bunce had worn the gold braid and brass buttons of a regular liner, but after losing two ships through misadventure, he ought to have considered himself lucky to obtain command of the Tonquin.

As to her two mates and the rest of the crew, speaking nautically, there was no salvation in them. They came out of sailor boarding-houses at diverse ports, and they went back to what that means whenever they could lay hands on a few pounds, dollars, rupees, or such medium of currency as might survive advances of pay or other deductions.

In all that unlucky down-and-out crew, only James Mackenzie, the Scotch engineer, was a man who could go ashore and walk with his head erect along the waterfront. Why he stood by the Tonquin was a mystery. It was believed he had a share in her, but in any case, engineers are prone to become attached to a particular set of pistons, rods, etc., and will exert all their ingenuity to keep worn-out machinery going. Thus it was with huge delight Mackenzie drove the old Tonquin ten knots an hour under the most favorable conditions, and was proud of six with a bit of a head sea on. It was Mackenzie who greeted the captain when he climbed aboard after a vain trip to dispose of his cargo of coal.

"We can't do anything here," announced the captain. "There'll be another collier in at noon, with contracts all closed for three months."

"Have ye got any cable orders?" questioned Mackenzie.

"Use your own judgment," replied the captain gloomily. "We'd have to dig into our cargo to cross the Indian Ocean, and I'm told the supply is ample at Bombay and Colombo. Next port north, Delagoa Bay, is full up. Don't see where to go.

Mackenzie rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"We'll just have to walk up the coast," he said at last. "There's nothing before Zanzibar, but the agent of the American firm building the railroad there is a Mackenzie—a cousin of some kind, I'm thinking. It's likely he'll recognize the kinship. So we might unload or pick up something yonder."

"They bring out all their own coal from New York." Bunce shook his head at the suggestion. "Luck is dead against us. I doubt—"

"Man," put in Mackenzie austerely, "ye've got to go somewhere, and it may just as well be Zanzibar as any other port. Ye're always talking of the Tonquin's bad luck, but worse luck always follows the saying of it. If she's no millionaire's yacht, she has a broad beam and other good points, as ye might have noticed when we crossed the Atlantic in yon storm last winter. She's no' fast, I'll admit, but she squares her shoulders well to a head sea. She just wants a man with a might of faith in her."

Bunce did not reprove his engineer's frankness. Perhaps it was recognition of Mackenzie's reputed share in the Tonquin, but as likely evidence of his own lack of self-esteem since his seafaring downfall. He depended a good deal on Mackenzie in emergencies, and therefore in the present one yielded.

"All right," he nodded. "Then we'll make for Zanzibar. Anyway, the market can't be worse there than at other points on the coast."

"And might be better if the old man would forget his liner days," Mackenzie muttered as he climbed down the iron ladder leading to the engine room.

So the Tonquin clanked and shuffled out of Port Durban, to crawl northward up the East African coast. It was the hot season of the year, but every twenty-four-hour-run she had made seemed to bring her into a more sultry and stifling latitude. The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky, to be reflected on the smooth surface of a sea which looked as if flooded with oil. A following heavy under-swell helped the Tonquin along, but it gave her an uncomfortable forward pitching motion—as if jerked now and then by a monster unseen hand.

On the day she steamed into Zanzibar harbor, the signs of atmospherical disturbance became more ominous. The sky took on a leaden hue, shot through with streamers of fiery light. A breeze which shifted to all four quarters bore upon it strange moaning sounds, and tossed the black smoke from the Tonquin's funnel in all directions. Therefore it was with relief that Bunce anchored off the gray walls of the sultan's old fort. Seaward the ocean swell was breaking with an angry snarl over the outside reef, its white foam gleaming savagely against a sinister purple cloud bank.

Mackenzie went ashore to see what could be done with his American kinsman, and when he returned it was through a turmoil of the harbor waters. He came over the side drenched, wringing the spray from his garments—bearer of scant hope that the Tonquin could dispose of her cargo of coal in Zanzibar.

"I had a talk with yon Mackenzie, and he was real friendly, recognizing that we were kind o' related. But they've just contracted for all the coal needed for their railroad. He said, though, if we waited awhile, he would try and do something for us with the French line. By the look of things, I'm thinking we'll have no choice about waiting, and find a use for a good part of our cargo. Do ye note that lighting down on the horizon? It's got a blue tone to it. The wind and sea outside are getting up every minute."

Captain Bunce swept his eyes seaward and gravely nodded.

"We're in for dirty weather," he responded. "If the wind shifts a few points and brings a hurricane sea over the reef, we'll follow our usual luck and be caught in a trap. Anyway, you'd better keep steam up, while I have the anchor cable ready to slip."

Mackenzie went below to dry himself off, and see to it that his beloved pistons and rods were in easy running order. Meanwhile Bunce got into rough weather togs, and hustled the crew around making loose objects fast. Things generally were secured none too soon before the first blast of the onrushing hurricane struck the island. It came up on the wings of a bombarding fury, hurling darkness upon the scene, which seemed blacker in contrast to the violent electrical discharges. For sound, all the elements crashed together in mad explosions, or rioted in long-sustained volumes of wind and thunder.

Three feet from the Tonquin's side there was nothing, for the human world had suddenly gone out, and she was alone upon the waters. And such waters! What Bunce had feared came to pass. The gale shifted to the danger point, and brought the tempest over the reef right into the harbor. Bunce had slipped his cable at the first onset and climbed to the bridge house. He first rang for slow ahead, then half speed, but shortly the Tonquin's engines were making every possible revolution.

"Can you keep it up, Mackenzie?" he shouted down the speaking-tube to the engine room.

(Concluded next week.)

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

No Instructions.

Little Willie was given a garden of his very own, and he was allowed to look after it all himself.

And very well he had done it, too! All was now complete, and every row had its seed envelope fastened on a stick, picturing here a radish, there an onion, etc.

But, alas! a heavy shower of rain fell during the night, and when Willie went out, as soon as it was dry enough in the morning for him to be allowed out, he found the envelopes had been washed away.

Willie was on the verge of tears.

"Oh, daddy," he cried, "the little pictures have all been washed away! How will the tiny seeds know what to grow up into?"

One for the Foreman.

An Irish youth was in search of a situation, so he went to the gasworks. As he was proceeding down the yard he was met by the foreman.

"What do you want?" he was asked.

"Work," answered Micky.

"What can you do?" he was next demanded.

"Almost anything."

"Well," said the foreman, bent on having a joke with the youth, "you seem to be a very smart fellow, but could you wheel a barrow of smoke?"

"Yes, certainly!" replied Mick. "I could easily do that if you would fill it for me first."

The foreman was a sport, and he took the youngster on for his smartness.

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Besides taking care of the lighting problem, the farm electric plant provides our house and barn with power for running washing machine, ironer, vacuum cleaner, water-supply pump, separator, churn, grinders, clipping machine, etc. This power is ready to use at a moment's notice.

Is the individual electric plant expensive? Yes and no. The initial cost of a good plant is considerable, but the upkeep cost is very low, amounting to only a few cents an hour. Money put into a home light plant is an investment, not an expense. It is an investment from which all members of the family will receive benefit. Too many of us plan improvements for outside the house only. Time and labor-saving machines for the shop and field are necessary, but is it good business to provide them at the expense of the home, the inside partner, and the kids?

Too many expensive monuments are to be seen in country churchyards, erected to women who were denied labor-saving household equipment. Too many farm girls and boys are in the cities to-day because life in the country was one eternal chore.

That's one viewpoint, and here's another.

Isn't it worth a whole lot to be able to go to the barn at any hour of the night and flood it with a bright, safe light? Lanterns, hay, and straw are a mighty dangerous combination.

Unless you can connect direct with a reliable municipal electric power plant, it is usually best to have your own private plant. Many of the small-town plants are entirely too small for the service their owners try to get out of them. It is far better to have too much power than not enough, for an overworked plant is a short-lived plant, and for that reason an expensive one.

It is well to remember that the number of lights almost any plant is supposed to supply is based on 20-watt bulbs, and that in many places about the house and barn a 20-watt light is not strong enough. For halls, bedrooms, closets, and porches the 25-watt light is sufficient, while for the library, kitchen, or living-room the 40-watt is much better, and if you wish a brilliant light you will be pleased with the 100-watt.

At the barn you will want a number of 25-watt bulbs, and one or two 75's. And by all means have a 20-foot extension or "trouble" cord equipped with plug, and a guard-protected 75 or 100-watt bulb kept in a place where you can easily find it in place of accident. Attached to any socket, it will give you an ideal light right where you need it.

Of course, a 40-watt light requires twice the energy of a 20-watt light, and a 100-watt bulb requires five times the amount necessary for a 20-watt; so bear this in mind when figuring the needs of your lighting plant. While the nitrogen-gas-filled lamps cost almost twice as much as tungsten lamps, we find that they are worth the difference, for they produce a brilliant white light.

When wiring a house already finished and in use, it is a good idea to use metallic-armored cable, as it is much easier to install in difficult places, and it has the advantage of being absolutely rat and mouse-proof. A good, dry basement or cellar is an ideal location for the farm light system, as it will give more protection from both heat and cold. Extreme cold will freeze and render useless a weak storage battery, and extreme heat will cause rapid evaporation.

Independence is the greatest thing in the world, and electricity makes us independent as far as light and power are concerned.

Health and Your Hair.

Let your hair tell you how you are. Do you know it keeps in close touch with your general health and reflects it unerringly? If your stomach is out of order, if your liver is not working right, if your nerves are at the straining point, take it from me, your hair will tell the tale.

If you want to keep looking your best, watch out for your hair. It always needs care, no matter what sort of hair you have—healthy, dry, or oily. There is just one general rule that can be applied to all hair, no matter what its condition: keep it clean.

Shampoo it often and brush it more often. If your hair is normal, shampoo it every three weeks. Oily hair needs a shampoo every ten days; starved, dry hair can get along with a washing once a month—that is, if it's nourished well betweentimes.

When shampooing, remember to rinse many times. Warm water is best for this purpose, as it keeps the hair soft. Cold water makes it harsh.

For shampooing the hair, there are many preparations that are decidedly worth using. The shampoo soaps are specially convenient, and those with pine tar as their principal ingredients are cleansing and have many tonic properties. They will remove from the scalp all waste material and dandruff scales, and they will so act on the gland cells that they give a new, beautiful gloss to the hair.

Then there is the shampoo soap with olive oil as its base, which is specially good for dry hair, and the regular standby, castile soap, the cleansing qualities of which we all know about.

As for the tonic, there seems to be one to help every head of hair. If your hair is oily, if it's filled with dandruff, if it's poorly nourished; if it's faded and tired-looking, you can get a special tonic for your special need. But let me whisper that half the good result of the tonic depends upon the way it is applied. It is the massage that brings results, for this rubbing stimulates the scalp, and in this way helps the hair to grow. Be careful in applying tonic to get it on the scalp, not on the hair. It should be put on with either a piece of absorbent cotton, a soft tooth brush, or a medicine dropper, after the hair has been divided.

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One morning little Willie was telling his mother and his little sister Dora about a wonderful dream he had dreamt the night before.

The dream interested his mother, but his little sister looked puzzled.

"What is a dream, Willie?" she asked.

"Oh, don't you know what a dream is?" replied Willie scornfully. "Why, it's moving pictures in one's sleep!"

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