You Know This!

"SALADA" TEA

207

Anyone can sell poorer tea cheaper.

CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, becomes the slave of Colonel Bishop on the island of Barbados, having been sent there after an unjust conviction on a charge of treason against King James of England. He is permitted unusual freedom because of his knowledge of medicine and thus is enabled to become the leader in a plot to escape from the island. One of his fellow conspirators is Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster. An interesting friendship develops between Blood and Arabella, niece and ward of the surly Colonel.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Sitting close they talked in whispers for an hour or more. They would need to recruit others into their enterprise, a half-dozen at least, a half-score if possible, but no more than that. They must pick the best out of that score of survivors of the Monmouth men that Colonel Bishop had acquired. Men who understood the sea were desirable. But of these there were only two in that unfortunate gang, and their knowledge was none too full. They were Hagthorpe, a gentleman who had served in the Royal Navy, and Nicholas Dyke, who had been a petty officer in the late king's time, and there was another who had been a gunner, a man named Ogle.

"Caution above everything," was Blood's last recommendation to him at parting.

Coming next morning to the wharf, Blood found Dr. Whacker in a generous mood.

"It's not money I'll require," said he, "but the boat itself. For who will be selling me a boat and incurring the penalties in Governor Steed's proclamation? Ye'll have read it, no doubt?"

Dr. Whacker smiled a little with tight lips. "I've thought of it. You will see that the man who buys the boat must be one of those who goes with you—so that he is not here to answer questions afterward."

"But who is to go with me save men in my own case? What I cannot do, they cannot."

There are others detained on the island besides slaves. There are several who are here for debt, and would be glad enough to spread their wings. There's a fellow Nuttall, now, who follows the trade of a shipwright, whom I happen to know would welcome such a chance as you might afford him."

"But how should a debtor come with money to buy a boat? The question will be asked?"

"To be sure it will. But if you contrive shrewdly, you'll all be gone before that happens."

So well did Blood take him that within an hour he contrived to see Nuttall, and found the fellow as disposed to the business as Dr. Whacker had predicted. When he left the shipwright, it was agreed that Nuttall should seek the boat required, for which Blood would at once produce the money.

At the end of some three weeks, Nuttall informed him that he had found a serviceable wherry, and that its owner was disposed to sell it for twenty-two pounds. That evening, on the beach, Peter Blood handed the sum to his new associate, and Nuttall went off with instructions to complete the purchase late on the following day and then bring the boat to the wharf, where under cover of night Blood and his fellow-convicts would join him and make off.

At sunset Pete Blood was hailed by Colonel Bishop. "There's the Governor, with an attack of gout, screaming like a wounded horse. Be off, man—away with you at speed to the Government House! Best lend him a horse, Kent, or the lout'll be all night getting there."

They bustled him away, choking almost from a reluctance that he dared not show. The thing was unfortunate; but after all not beyond remedy. The escape was set for midnight, and he should easily be back by then.

He mounted the horse that Kent procured him, intending to make all haste.

"How shall I re-enter the stockade, sir?" he inquired at parting.

"You'll not re-enter it," said Bishop. "When they've done with you at Government House they may find a kennel for you there until the morning."

Peter Blood went off in a state of mind bordering on despair. A postponement of the escape at least until to-morrow night was necessary now, and postponement must mean the discovery of Nuttall's transaction and the asking of questions it would be difficult to answer.

THEY MET AT THE GATE OF THE LUXURIANT GARDEN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Not until the early hours of the morning did Peter Blood succeed in making a temporary escape from Government House on the ground that he required certain medicaments which he must, himself, procure from the apothecary.

On that pretext, he made an excursion into the awakening town, and went straight to Nuttall.

"It will be for to-night instead," he said, with more assurance than he felt, "if I have to bleed the Governor to death. Be ready as last night."

"But if there are questions meanwhile?" bleated Nuttall.

"Answer as best you can. Use your wits man. I can stay no longer." And Peter went off to the apothecary for his drugs.

Within an hour of his going came an officer of the Secretary's to Nuttall's miserable hovel. The seller of the boat had duly reported the sale at the Secretary's office.

"We are informed that you have bought a wherry from Mr. Robert Farrell," said the officer.

"That is so," said Nuttall, who conceived that for him this was the end of the world.

"You are in no haste, it seems, to declare the same at the Secretary's office." The emissary had a proper bureaucratic haughtiness.

Nuttall's weak eyes blinked at a redoubled rate.

"To . . . declare it?"

"Ye know it's the law."

"I . . . I didn't, may it please you."

"But it's in the proclamation published last January."

"I . . . I can't read, sir. I . . . I didn't know."

"Faugh!" The messenger withered him with his disdain. "Well, now you're informed. See to it that you are at the Secretary's office before noon with the ten pounds surety into which you are obliged to enter."

The pompous officer departed, leaving Nuttall in a cold perspiration despite the heat of the morning. He thought it very likely that the whole plot would be discovered, and that he would probably be hanged, at at least branded and sold into slavery like those other damned rebel-convicts, with whom he had been so mad as to associate himself.

Nuttall snatched up his hat, and went out in quest of Peter Blood. But where look for him?

Finally he determined to go up to Colonel Bishop's plantation. Probably Blood would be there. If he were not, Nuttall would find Pitt, and leave a message with him. He was acquainted with Pitt and knew of Pitt's share in this business. His pretext for seeking Blood must be that he needed medical assistance.

And at the same time that he set out, Blood was setting out from Government House at last, having so far eased the Governor's condition as to be permitted to depart. Being mounted, he would, but for an unexpected delay, have reached the stockade ahead of Nuttall, in which case several unhappy events might have been averted. The unexpected delay was occasioned by Miss Arabella Bishop.

They met at the gate of the luxuriant garden of Government House, and Miss Bishop, herself mounted, stared to see Peter Blood on horseback.

"Good morning, sir," she hailed him pleasantly. "It's close upon a month since last I saw you."

"Twenty-one days to the hour," said he. "I've counted them."

If he would wait a moment they would ride back together. She had but come to inquire of the Governor's health at her uncle's request.

So he waited and so they rode back to Colonel Bishop's house. They rode oblivious of all others in the world that morning. He was telling her the story of his early turbulent days.

CHAPTER VII.

PIRATES.

Mr. James Nuttall made all speed, regardless of the heat, in his journey from Bridgetown to Colonel Bishop's plantation, where he learned that Dr. Blood was not at home. A man of sense might have sat down and waited, judging that to be the quickest and surest way in the end. But Nuttall had no sense. He blundered to the end of the avenue, and round the corner of it, and there ran into Pitt, alone, toiling with a wooden spade upon an irrigation channel. Pitt started at him, and the shipwright poured out his dismal news in a dismal tone.

Round the block of cane came a big man in biscuit-colored taffetas followed by two negroes in cotton drawers who were armed with cutlasses.

Mr. Nuttall looked wildly this way and that a moment, then bolted like a rabbit for the woods. Pitt groaned and stood still, leaning upon his spade.

"Hi, there! Stop!" bawled Colonel Bishop after the fugitive.

But the fugitive never so much as turned his head.

He turned now upon the slave a countenance that was inflamed by heat internal and external.

"Who was that runagate?" he asked with terrible suavity.

Leaning over on his spade, Jeremy Pitt hung his head a little, and shifted uncomfortably on his bare feet.

The planter's bamboo cane fell on the lad's naked shoulders with stinging force.

Jeremy looked at the burly planter out of sullen, almost defiant eyes.

"I don't know," he said, and in his voice there was a faint note at least of defiance.

(To be continued.)

"Yes," said the old salt to his admiring audience. "I have sailed round the world seventy times. But the worst voyage of all was the last one. At the Equator the heat was so strong that we had to take it in turn to go down into the stoke hole to get cool."

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

ISSUE No. 30—'27.

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Slick Job.

"Got a slick job in the machine shop now have ye? What 'tis?"

"Oiling the machines."

An Ill Wind.

There had been a blowout and the father of the family was perspiringly and profanely changing tires.

"I don't see why you have to talk that way," said his wife, reproachfully. "You act as if it were a total loss. You never see the good in things."

"Well, what good is there in this?"

"Why, it tickled the baby so. He laughed right out loud when it went bang."

THE DOMINION DAY ODE

The dramatic reading by Miss Margaret Anglin, noted actress, (who was born in the old Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, while her father was speaker), was written by Bliss Carmen especially for the occasion of Canada's Diamond Jubilee.

From Grand Pre with its brimming tides
And orchards on every hand,
To our western gate on Georgia Strait,
Where wondrous mountains stand,
Whether bred to the sea or the hills or the plains,
We are born to one sacred land.

Our freedom we brought from Runnymede,
Our blood from Senlac Hill.
The heritage of our fathers' faith,
Good heart, and steadfast will
To receive and uphold the living Word—
These are our watchwords still.

The din of nations on the march
Resounds. We wait the Voice
That shall to every living soul
Proclaim the mightier choice—
The reign of brotherhood wherein
The man-god may rejoice.

FIRST AID IN THE WOODS

Knowledge That Every Man Going Into the Woods Should Possess

"Anyone who will use his head and remain cool will be able to care for almost any accident that may befall one in the woods," writes Dr. Charles F. Harris in the July issue of "Field and Stream Magazine.'

Strangely enough perhaps the chief thing to remember when injuries are to be treated in camp, according to Dr. Harris, is to do as little, consistent with good first aid, as possible. He writers, "Nature, if given an opportunity and perhaps slight assistance, is a great healer of wounds. Do not do more to a broken bone than is absolutely necessary. Unless a wound is obviously dirty, it should be considered as clean. In other words, do not enhance the possibility of infecting a wound by doing too much for the patient."

He continues, "A surgical kit that will contain everything that is obsolutely necessary for most of the injuries that are common, will contain packages of sterile gauze, bandages in widths of one to three inches, adhesive tape in two-inch width, iodine, and safety pins."

Dr. Harris point out that there are a few general things that should be remembered, no matter what the injury. Among these there are first, the danger of infection, which may come from without in cases where the skin is broken or may develop from within in cases of a severe bruise or where tissue has been torn apart but the skin has not been broken. Secondly, the danger from severe hemorrhage or bleeding. Thirdly, the danger from surgical shock in cases of crushing or internal injury and breaking of large bones. Lastly, the dangers of deformity from fractured or broken bones.

"In all cases where the skin is broken," emphsizes Dr. Harris, "such as cuts, scratches or "skinned' areas, puncture wounds, or compound fracture, the very first to do before even touching the wound is thoroughly to wash the hands, making them as clean as possible. Next., in case there should be dirt in the wound, remove it by wiping with sterile gauze or by picking it out with a knife point which has thoroughly been washed and cleaned. Then the would should be bathed in iodine solution, one half drug store strength, and bandaged. Should the wound show evidence of pus formation, or look red, inflammed and angry, then it is necessary to further the treatment with wet dressings, applied hot and changed often. Flat stones heated in the fire wrapped in old cloths or bits of blanket act admirably in place of hot-water bottles or electric pads for keeping these wet dressings hot.

"Severe hemorrhage or bleeding is best controlled in the woods by pressure. This may be applied over the cut in the form of a pad, held with a tightly applied bandage or, in very severe bleeding, by the familiar tourniquet.

"The treatment of shock or collapse consists of sustaining the body heat of the patient by means of hot blankets, hot water bottles, or hot stones wrapped in blankets and placed alongside and at the feet of the patient."

According to the writer in "Field and Stream" the main things to remember in handling a fracture of any type are: be gentle when manipulating; place the ends of bones as nearly in their normal position as you can, and splint them there. If a leg, place the patient in bed and keep him quiet until such time as he may be moved to the care of a physician. In applying the splints do not put them on too tightly or the circulation will be shut off. Watch the fingers and toes for blanching, and if this occurs loosen the splint. Always have the splint long enough to reach at least above and below the joint adjacent to the break, and always have them well padded. Splints may be made from sticks, pieces of bark from trees, lengths of trailing vines, gun barrels and the like. Two sticks rolled in a blanket to form a trough form a very useful splint, particularly for broken legs."

English Can Walk Anyway

Even if English sport is not the unique and supreme affair that once it was, England has at least the credit for the invention of the now international word. And the English are still unique in possessing cricket; they have more golf links per square mile of territory than any other people in the world; their football and racing crowds are more numerous than those of any other European nation; and all the world records for walking, from eleven to twenty-five miles, are held by British walkers. It is still just possible to be an Englishman and proud of the fact.—Vanity Fair.

It was thei first quarrel ,and he was getting the worst of it. "Men are fools to marry," he said, bitterly. "Of course they are," she answered "But what are the women to do? There's nothing else they can marry."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

GILLEX

FOR THE LAUNDRY AND ALL CLEANING

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Fourth of July Reflections by the Sage of Beverly Hills

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Beverley Hills, Cal, July 4.

Well, this is the Fourth of July and my kids popping these giant crackers haven't been any great patriotic solace to my old battle scarred tummy.

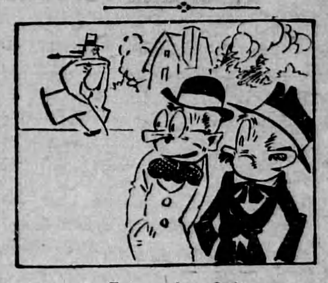
This is Coolidge's and Georgie Cohan's birthday Georgie writes his countrys songs and Calvin writes its speeches. Georgie started out waving a flag and Cal the ballot. Shows you which one will get you the farthest.

I was born on Nov. 4, which is election day, and if it hadn't been for election day there would have been no Coolidge in the Black Hills. My birthday has made more men and sent more back to honest work than any other days in the year.

At that, I wish both of them well. They are both good kids, even if they do both talk with a whine.

Yours,
WILL ROGERS.

Minard's Liniment for earache.



Expensive Suit.

"That chap recently paid five hundred dollars for a suit."

"I can't believe it—he's a miser."

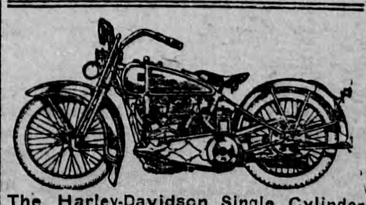
"But this was a law suit, you know."

Too Frank.

"Why, pa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Willie at dinner one evening when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course; what of that?" said his father.

"Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring an old muttonhead home for dinner this evening."



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