# The Bride's Name;

## Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd).

"I don't want any of your preaching, Jack," said the skipper, briskly; "and, what's more, I won't have it. I deserve more pity than blame."

"You'll want all you can get," said Fraser, ominously. "And does the other girl know of any of the others?"

"Of either of the others—no," corrected Flower. "Of course, none of them know. You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

"Who is number three?" inquired the mate, suddenly.

"Poppy Tyrell," replied the other.

"Oh," said Fraser, trying to speak unconcernedly; "the girl who came here last evening."

Flower nodded. "She's the one I'm going to marry," he said, coloring. "I'd sooner marry her than command a liner. I'll marry her if I lose every penny I'm going to have, but I'm not going to lose the money if I can help it. I want both."

The mate baled out his cup with a spoon and put the contents into the saucer.

"I'm a sort of guardian to her," said Flower. "Her father, Captain Tyrell, died about a year ago, and I promised him I'd look after her and marry her. It's a sacred promise."

"Besides, you want to," said Fraser, by no means in the mood to allow his superior any credit in the matter, "else you wouldn't do it."

"You don't know me, Jack," said the skipper, more in sorrow than in anger.

"No, I didn't think you were quite so bad," said the mate, slowly. "Is—Miss Tyrell—fond of you?"

"Of course she is," said Flower, indignantly; "they all are, that's the worst of it. You were never much of a favorite with the sex, Jack, were you?"

Fraser shook his head, and, the saucer being full, spooned the contents slowly back into the cup again.

"Captain Tyrell leave any money?" he inquired.

"Other way about," replied Flower. "I lent him altogether, close on a hundred pounds. He was a man of very good position, but he took to drink and lost his ship and his self-respect, and all he left behind was his debts and his daughter."

"Well, you're in a tight place," said Fraser, "and I don't see how you're going to get out of it. Miss Tipping's got a bit of a clue to you now, and if she once discovers you, you're done. Besides, suppose Miss Tyrell finds anything out?"

"It's all excitement," said Flower, cheerfully. "I've been in worse scrapes than this and always got out of 'em, I don't like a quiet life. I never worry about things, Jack, because I've noticed that the things people worry about never happen."

"Well, if I were you, then," said the other, emphasising his point with the spoon, "I should just worry as much as I could about it. I'd get up worrying and I'd go to bed worrying. I'd worry about it in my sleep."

"I shall come out of it all right," said Flower. "I rather enjoy it. There's Gibson would marry Elizabeth like a shot if she'd have him; but of course, she won't look at him while I'm above ground. I have thought of getting somebody to tell Elizabeth a lot of lies about me."

"Why, wouldn't the truth do?" inquired the mate, artlessly.

The skipper turned a deaf ear. "But she wouldn't believe a word against me," he said, with mournful pride, as he rose and went on deck. "She trusts me too much."

From his knitted brows, as he steered, it was evident, despite his confidence, that this amiable weakness on the part of Miss Banks was causing him some anxiety, a condition which was not lessened by the considerate behaviour of the mate, who, when any fresh complication suggested itself to him, dutifully submitted it to his commander.

"I shall be all right," said Flower, confidently, as they entered the river the following afternoon and sailed slowly along the narrow channel which wound its sluggish way through an expanse of mudbanks to Seabridge.

The mate, who was suffering from symptoms hitherto unknown to him, made no reply. His gaze wandered idly from the sloping uplands, stretching away into the dim country on the starborad side, to the little church-crowned town ahead, with its outlying malt-houses and neglected, grass-grown quay. A couple of moribund ship's boats lay rotting in the mud, and the skeleton of a fishing-boat completed the picture. For the first time perhaps in his life, the landscape struck him as dull and dreary.

Two men of soft and restful movements appeared on the quay as they approached, and with the slowness characteristic of the best work, helped to make them fast in front of the red-tiled barn which served as a warehouse. Then Captain Flower, after descending to the cabin to make the brief shore-going toilet necessary for Seabridge society, turned to give a word last to the mate.

"I'm not one to care much what's said about me, Jack," he began, by way of preface.

"That's a good job for you," said Fraser, slowly.

"Same time let the hands know I wish 'em to keep their mouths shut," pursued the skipper; "just tell them it was a girl that you knew, and I don't want it talked about for fear of getting you into trouble. Keep me out of it; that's all I ask."

"If cheek will pull you through," said Fraser, with a slight display of emotion, "you'll do. Perhaps I'd better say that Miss Tyrell came to see me, too. How would you like that?"

"Ah, it would be as well," said Flower, heartily. "I never thought of it."

He stepped ashore, and at an easy pace walked along the steep road which led to the houses above. The afternoon was merging into evening, and a pleasant stillness was in the air. Menfolk working in their cottage gardens saluted him as he passed, and the occasional whiteness of a face at the back of a window indicated an interest in his affairs on the part of the fairer citizens of Seabridge. At the gate of the first of an ancient row of cottages, conveniently situated within hail of "The Grapes," "The Thorn," and "The Swan," he paused, and walking up the trim-kept garden path, knocked at the door.

It was opened by a stranger—a woman of early middle age, dressed in a style to which the inhabitants of the row had long been unaccustomed. The practised eye of the skipper at once classed her as "rather good-looking."

"Captain Barber is in the garden," she said, smiling. "He wasn't expecting you'd be up just yet."

The skipper followed her in silence, and, after shaking hands with the short, red-faced man with the grey beard and shaven lip, who sat with a paper on his knee, stood watching in blank astonishment as the stranger carefully filled the old man's pipe and gave him a light. Their eyes meeting, the uncle winked solemnly at the nephew.

"This is Mrs. Church," he said, slowly; "this is my nevy, Cap'n Fred Flower."

"I should have known him anywhere," declared Mrs. Chusch; "the likeness is wonderful."

Captain Barber chuckled.

"Me and Mrs. Chu.ch have been watering the flowers," he said. "Give 'em a good watering, we have."

"I never really knew before what a lot there was in watering," admitted Mrs. Church.

"There's a right way and a wrong way in doing everything," said Captain Barber, severely; "most people chooses the wrong. If it wasn't so, those of us who have got on, wouldn't have go on."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Church, shaking her head.

"And them as haven't got on would have got on," said the philosopher, following up his train of thought. "If you would just go out and get them things I spoke to you about, Mrs. Church, we shall be all right."

"Who is it?" inquired the nephew, as soon as she had gone.

Captain Barber looked stealthily round, and, for the second time that evening, winked at his nephew.

"A visitor?" said Flower.

Captain Barber winked again, and then laughed into his pipe until it gurgled.

"It's a little plan o' mine," he said, when he had become a little more composed. "She's my housekeeper."

"Housekeeper?" repeated the astonished Flower.

"Bein' all alone here," said Uncle Barber, "I think a lot, I sit an' think until I get an idea. It comes quite sudden like, and I wonder I never thought of it before."

"But what did you want a housekeeper for?" inquired his nephew. "Where's Lizzie?"

"I got rid of her," said Captain Barber. "I got a housekeeper because I thought it was time you got married. Now do you see?"

"No," said Flower, shortly.

Captain Barber laughed softly, and, relighting his pipe, which had gone out, leaned back in his chair and again winked at his indignant nephew.

"Mrs. Banks," he said, suggestively.

His nephew gazed at him blankly.

Captain Barber, sighing good-naturedly at his dulness, turned his chair a bit, and explained the situation.

"Mrs. Banks won't let you and Elizabeth marry till she's gone," said he.

His nephew nodded.

"I've been at her ever so long," said the other, "but she's firm. Now I'm trying artfulness. I've got a good-looking housekeeper—she's the pick o' seventeen what all come here Wednesday morning—and I'm making love to her."

"Making love to her," shouted his nephew, gazing wildly at the venerable head, with the smoking-cap resting on one huge ear.

"Making love to her," repeated Captain Barber, with a satisfied air. "What'll happen? Mrs. Banks, to prevent me getting married, as she thinks, will give her consent to you an' Elizabeth getting tied up."

"Haven't you ever heard of breach of promise cases?" asked his nephew, aghast.

"There's no fear o' that," said Captain Barber, confidently. "It's all right with Mrs. Chuch; she's a widder. A widder ain't like a young girl; she knows you don't mean anything."

It was useless to argue with such stupendous folly; Captain Flower tried another tack.

"And suppose Mrs. Church gets fond of you," he said, gravely. "It doesn't seem right to trifle with a woman's affections like that."

"I won't go too far," said the lady-killer in the smoking-cap, reassuringly.

"Elizabeth and her mother are still away, I suppose?" said Flower, after a pause.

His uncle nodded.

"So, of course, you needn't do much love-making till they come back," said his nephew; "it's a waste of time, isn't it?"

"I'll just keep my hand in," said Captain Barber, thoughtfully. "I can't say as I find it disagreeable. I was always one to take a little notice of the sects."

He got up to go indoors. "Never mind about them," he said, as his nephew was about to follow with the chair and his tobacco-jar; "Mrs. Church likes to do that herself, and she'd be disappointed if anybody else did it."

His nephew followed him to the house in silence, listening later on with a gloomy feeling of alarm to the conversation at the supper-table. The role of gooseberry was new to him, and when Mrs. Church got up from the table for the sole purpose of proving her contention that Captain Barber looked better in his black velvet smoking-cap than the one he was wearing, he was almost on the point of exceeding his duties.

He took the mate into his confidence the next day, and asked him what he thought of it. Fraser said that it was evidently in the blood, and, being pressed with some heat for an explanation, said that he meant Captain Barber's blood.

"It's bad, any way I look at it," said Flower; "it may bring matters between me and Elizabeth to a head, or it may end in my uncle marrying the woman."

(To be continued).

## THE VICTORIA CROSS AWARD.

### The Coveted Honor Is Never Conferred Conspicuously.

It is a pathetic circumstance that two of the three Victoria Crosses bestowed in the award to men of the fleet, as an outcome of the Jutland battle, pass to the families of men who did not live to receive the decoration in person. What gives the Victoria Cross its peculiar distinction among military honors is that nothing short of an absolute disregard of the risk of life establishes a title to it. It is never conferred promiscuously, and it runs no risk of being exhibited for sale with cheap jewelry in a shop window. The only price is sacrifice, and with most of the men who have won the coveted distinction it is scarcely possible that in the hour of glorious performance they gave a single thought to the reward. Nelson's heroism is hardly the less sublime if he exclaimed "Westminster Abbey or a victory!" on the eve of a battle. But there is a type of man with whom the thought of glory and the instant impulse to obey the voice of Duty are strangers to each other. The vast majority of the roster of heroes who have worn the emblem of Crimean cannan-metal, with its royal crest, crowned lion, and the words "For Valour!" have incontestably belonged to the order of "the noble living and the noble dead."

### To Help Restore Louvain.

A committee of leading Russian scholars and professors has been established to assist the French commission to restore the world-renowned library of Louvain, in Belgium, which was burned by the Germans in the early days of the war. The Grand Duke Nicolas Miohajlovich is chairman of the committee.

### Heartless Dad.

"You shall not marry the cub, and that settles it."

"But he loves me father. Vows he would die for me."

"I have no objection to that. Tell him to insure his life in your favor and go ahead."

### A Wish.

I wish I was a landlord gay,
My life would be content,
For no one knows an easier way
To go and raise the rent.

Celery is a good cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

Na Pooh

TOMMY: "Shut up, Alf! Can't yer see the blighter dont understand English? and its a blinkin' shame to waste all that good bad language on 'im."—London Bystander.

# PRACTICAL FARMING

### Weeding-Time in the Dairy.

Feed being higher in price, and the cows demanding more of it, as well as more comfortable quarters, greater care and attention the winter season should be the one in which the farmer detects and weeds out the undesirable members of the dairy herd.

The old cow that has rendered good service but now consumes more feed than she pays for, should be promptly weeded out by turning her over to the markets. To say nothing of her being unprofitable the old and infirm are liable to sudden death any day—a total loss!

With an accurate milk-test so easily obtained, many farmers still are milking cows that give one-third more milk than that produced by others, when the cream test is so low on these larger quantities that the animals barely pay for their care and feed the year round. Let the Babcock test assist you in this weeding out.

The cow that eats twice as much as the average cow, must, in order to prove a profit maker, produce twice as much dairy products, yet many farmers unknowingly retain just such animals in the herd from year to year, simply because they do not take the time to look the matter up. Besides, such a gormand is almost sure to bring on digestive derangements which will render her useless as a milker, long before her allotted time, and thus add still another loss to her credit.

The severity of wintry weather seems to have a more deteriorating effect on some cows than others. They appear unable to withstand the rigors of winter, and fall off in both flesh and milk production to such an extent as soon as the severe weather sets in, that they just about pay for their feed and keep. Don't allow the thoughts of a profuse flow of milk for a few weeks during the summer to influence you in retaining such unprofitable members in the dairy herd. Weed them out, at once!

Then, there are other types of dairy cows that we cannot afford to keep around us. The cow that has short teats, or the one that is so difficult to milk, had just as well be in the market-place, when you can secure others equally as profitable with good-sized, easily milked teats. And these easy milkers are no more costly than the ones you fool away so much time and strength with at milking-time. The kicker, and the balky cow also come under this canner class, for, while they may give a goodly quantity of milk, the various points of undesirability are none the less—present—loss of time during the milking-hours; danger; damage to fences, crops, and the animals themselves.

But the greatest of all reasons for weeding out the undesirable members of the dairy herd, is the influence these would exert on the future of the entire herd, since they are at least a part of the foundation on which we shall build. No sane man can expect that the offspring of the above mentioned cows will show sufficient improvements to warrant one in keeping them as milkers. Indeed, there is a far greater possibility that there will be more of a retrograding in the strain, and that, within a few years' time, the herd will not only fail to prove a source of profit, but actually will return less dairy products to the farmer than the cost of their feed and the amount of time and labor expended in caring for them, while, with conservative weeding out of the undesirable members, and a judicious selection of the choicest offspring as breeding stock, the standard of the herd will be materially advanced—not only above the "average", but above those which rank as first class.

### Why We Built a Steel Barn.

Our barn had become so delapidated that it was necessary to fix it or it would soon fall down and the prices of building material were so high we did not know what kind to buy. Wooden siding sheathing and shingles had been steadily going up in price year after year, until they had reached the point that we almost feared we could not afford to buy them. The old barn had to be fixed, however, and we decided to make a complete job of it when we did do it, so got quotations on new siding and shingles for the whole building.

One evening about the time we were considering the prices and merits of the different materials there passed over our section of country a heavy thunderstorm. Some friends and ourselves had been away to a picnic and we were just returning when the storm came up. The lightning was very sharp and close by. We thought, however, that we could reach the shelter of a church shed before the storm reached its height. We did not reach this shelter before an usually close flash of lightning nearly blinded us and almost instantaneously with it a barn about 40 rods away seemed to burst out in flames. The barn was full of hay and was soon burned to the ground.

This occurrence set us thinking and we decided to protect our new barn as far as possible from lightning. At first we thought of putting on lightning rods; then we thought of the danger from fire from other causes, as sparks from the threshing engine, or accidental firing of the straw stack. The outcome was that we priced the galvanized iron siding and shingles manufactured by the different firms and found them to be so little higher in price than the wood that we bought enough for the barn.

We now have a building, the whole exterior of which is made of galvanized steel. Conducting wires run into the ground from the roof, making it lightning proof and we have practically nothing to fear from fire coming from an outside source. It cost us a little more, but we believe we get better value for the money spent in that it will last longer, our insurance is less and we have greater peace of mind.—Hiram Wheeler in Farm and Dairy.

### Nudges in the Right Direction.

Have an understanding with the company that insures your buildings before you get a gasoline engine. It may save a lot of trouble.

If you have not basins for your cows to drink out of in the barn, you can get a small heater for the watering trough outside. This will take the chill off so that the cattle will come back feeling comfortable and good inside.

Have seen cows stand for a long time at the watering trough in cold weather, as if dreading to take in the ice-cold drink set before them. Have seen those cows, too, go away from the trough all humped up and shivering with the cold. It takes a lot of animal vitality to warm up a cow after she has been chilled that way.

Clean out your stables three or four times a day. Begin the first thing in the morning. Do the work before milking. Then again about the time you let your cows out to drink. Follow this up still later before milking at night. Care in this particular may mean health and safety to your herd and to those who use your farm product. Worth while, isn't it?

Moving away to some other part of the country never gave a man good neighbors. To have good neighbors, one must himself be a good neighbor.

Your wife measures your love for her by the little things you do. She can't help it. No use talking love and then letting her dig the wood out of the snowbank.

Kindlings in the oven will burn all right, and often they burn the house up with them before morning. Don't put them there.

Hogs are not fools. They know when they are warm, dry and comfortable. They will put on fat faster if you see to it that they have all the things on their side.

If you have a farm so poor that it will not raise white beans, make it do it will. You can do it. The soil is not to blame, neither are the beans. It is your part to build the old farm and make it blossom like the rose.

Two really good sheep will stock a whole farm. A thousand poor ones never will do it as it ought to be done.

If you want good lambs in spring, keep the ewes well in the winter.

The best sheep in the world may be spoiled by a poor fence.

Holes in the fence around the sheep lot mean a tired man for the sheep will find them as sure as you are born.

Some roosters have a wicked way of tackling every rival that may pop up his head in the yard. Put a stop to it by taking the fighter out and giving the rest peace.

Spraying the houses is not all there is to keeping them clean. Scrape up the droppings before you do the spraying. That counts.

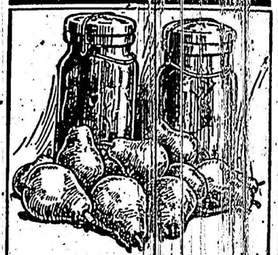
The boy that tickles the colt needs tickling with a good switch off the peach tree. He would get it too if he were my boy.

Any maples on your farm? Make a lick of syrup to go along with the pancakes. Licking good!

### Solomonic Decision.

Two brothers inherited a farm and quarrelled violently as to its division. Now there lived in the village a certain shrewd and wise old man, not for the soundness of his advice, the brothers determined to appoint arbitrator. Whatever he said they would abide by. They laid the matter before him. For a long while he thought, then delivered his judgment: "You," said he, pointing to the elder, "shall divide the farm as you think fair. And you," he continued, pointing to the younger, "shall have the first choice."

The River Orinoco, in South America, is over three miles broad for nearly half its course, while during floods the width, even at places far from the sea, is often a hundred miles

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Bids to provide food for the [illegible] indicate an increase of between [illegible] ty and forty per cent. in the cost of staple articles.

In a statement made public here Ford announced that, although [illegible] a Republican," he would cast his vote for President Wilson.

Francisco Villa is in control of State of Chihuahua and has [illegible] a "dangerous factor" [illegible] American [illegible]

The American and Mexican Commissioners report that [illegible] progress [illegible] for a final [illegible] agreement [illegible] the Mexican [illegible]

Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, has [illegible] several authorities [illegible] motor [illegible] yet been [illegible]

The [illegible] Didn't Ran[illegible] is the father [illegible] in Brooklyn [illegible] willing for [illegible]

New [illegible] costing [illegible] commodate [illegible] have been [illegible] since the [illegible] term.

The [illegible] Joseph [illegible] proves [illegible] of Chicago [illegible] player.

Investigation [illegible] plot [illegible] Iowa man [illegible] by the [illegible] dicate [illegible] eral of [illegible]

The [illegible] Mo., [illegible] captain [illegible] married [illegible] at auction [illegible] lach for $4.5[illegible]

Merger [illegible] ship Company [illegible] and the [illegible] Company [illegible] pany, to [illegible] Steamship [illegible] at Seattle, Wash.

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