

## A STOLEN SWEETHEART.

It was flood time along the Sacramento. The river, breaking through its levees, sprawled far and wide over tule marsh, over wheat farm and orchard, through the forest and far away to the very feet of the Marysville Buttes.

The levee held at Juba Landing, but there was hot work there to keep the river back.

The stern-wheel steamboat Fay Fuller lay at the landing. Frank Yates stood on the deck of her, where he belonged for he was her captain. Yates was as bony as a racing wheelman, but his face though brown and drawn as that of many another over-active young Californian, was striking.

He had a fine, strong chin, and eyes of intense black—eyes that made weak people as nervous as if a camera were pointed their way; but the chin was more to be feared than the eyes, for the eyes were kindly enough though keen of gaze, while the chin always gave a suggestion of power that might be uncomfortable if wielded against you. Many a warehouseman up and down the river had reason to dread that chin.

Beside Frank Yates stood such a short, large-waisted man as generally owns the electric light works, or the lumber yard or the ice factory in a California town. In this case it was the lumber yard.

"Captain," said the stout man, "I think you'll have no trouble about the job. You'll find the house there, and all you'll have to do will be to roll her aboard the barge and tow her down here."

"That's all right, Mr. Pritchard," said Yates; "but what is the good of doing the job in the night-time? We might just as well do it in daylight. The house is yours and what is yours you can remove to any place you see fit, on land or water. Why not take to-morrow morning for it?"

"There'll be no moon to-night, and it will be as dark as tar. There's no occasion to be so very secret about the matter, is there?"

Pritchard turned suddenly, faced him squarely, and said:

"I might as well tell you. It's a bit of strategy. The cottage is claimed by another man. You see, six years ago a relation of mine that I don't claim very strong—a cheap sort of chap—with a poor little wife, and I don't know how many children—asked me to do something for him. So I leased from another man the ranch up there, stocked it, built the cottage, and had the orchard planted for him—cost me quite a heap, too. Then my man made the discovery that there was work on a fruit ranch, and that you had to cultivate your trees in beastly hot weather. So up jumps my gentleman, and flies the country, taking his wife and children along with him. The lease has expired, and now the owner of the land claims the house. I hate to break a rule I've made about never going to law unless forced to, and so I just want you to go up there quietly and when nobody's looking, run off with the house."

"All right," said Yates, satisfied. "There's no one living in it, is there?"

"Not a soul. You know the place, Frank? Just around the bend from King's Ferry—about a quarter of a mile from this river at low water," said Pritchard. "It stands on pretty high ground, but the water must be nearly up to the front doorstep now."

"A white house on the right hand bank, going up."

"Yes; low, two-story, with terra-cotta chimneys. Easy enough to move if you tow up a big barge and carry along plenty of men."

"Well, I'd rather take daytime for it than night," said Frank, "but I'll do it; and the house shall be here on the river lot by day-break to-morrow morning."

Pritchard smiled, and as he walked along to his office he went a little out of his way to look at the barren lot where in the morning the house should stand. As he viewed the lot he rubbed his hands together in large satisfaction.

It was forty miles to King's Ferry, which was up the Feather River, a tributary to the Sacramento, and a stream Yates had not navigated for several years. He could recall the sinuosities of it at low water, but the bars had changed of course. Still there was no need to know the channel, for it was anywhere now, and there was plenty of sailing room.

Long before the Feather was reached it came on very dark. Yates, from the pilot house, watched carefully the turns of the river, and felt by the action of the craft rather than by visual impression that the Feather had been reached. This, being a swift stream, was harder to stem and slower of navigation.

After going a few turns up the Feather, Yates saw that the levees had given way everywhere, and that the stream had

stretched away into unknown territory. It was hard work keeping clear of the forest, into which the current set strongly. The barge which the Fuller was towing was madly intent upon ramming a sturdy oak now and then, and the wheel worked badly.

The steamer swung around a great bend, and in the distance Yates perceived a white object on the right bank.

"That's our house," he said; "low, white, two stories, though I don't see any terra-cotta chimneys yet. Suppose they'll show up later."

He headed the Fay Fuller for the right bank and signaled for the engine to slow down. The little steamer cautiously poked her bow toward the house. There was a deep water clear up to the bank, and was determined by the men with the lead, and soon the barge was made fast to a cotton wood tree and lay close in. Her starboard side almost grazing the shore and her deck slightly below it.

"Now quietly, men," directed Yates; "and don't show too many lights."

He sprang ashore with his mate, and while he looked about the place the crew ran out their heavy gangplanks, atop of which were placed some long, square timbers to give additional stiffness to the roll way they were preparing.

"She sits on mud sills," said Yates to the mate, speaking of the house as if it were another Fay Fuller; "and she isn't heavy."

"No; and there's no brick chimneys, Cap'n. Them two stone pipes don't count. We ought to get her out o' here and aboard the barge in a few hours, with all that gang."

Bidden ashore by Yates, the men now gathered about the cottage, with great jackscrews, handspikes, rollers and planks. The work went swiftly, and in two hours from the time the men began their task the house stood upon rollers that lay upon a plankway running aboard the barge. Then ten men with handspikes turned the rollers slowly and the structure began to move gently along the timber bed.

There was hardly a creak or a crack, and so little or other disturbance that it seemed as if nothing would mar the safe stowage of the great cargo. Yet Yates was all diligence for the quiet performance of the work. He was afraid that there would be a sudden starting of the house when the steeper part of the runway was reached, particularly as the barge was settling, and this made the run steeper than ever. But the men, among whom were several experienced house-movers, were exceedingly careful.

Soon the little front porch protruded over the side of the barge, and in half an hour the house was safely aboard.

Then, with just steam enough to keep her helm working well, the Fay Fuller swung out into the Feather with her barge and house in tow. When the Sacramento was reached the sun was well up. Yates saw another stern wheeler steaming down stream. She seemed bent on getting in his path, though she had no tow.

"What's the matter with that fellow?" exclaimed Yates, running to the pilot-house where the mate stood at the wheel.

"I don't know. Guess I'll give him a blast," the mate pulled the whistle cord, and Fay's awful voice rent the silence of the morning. The other steamer replied, and drew out of the way. As Yates turned from the pilot house he chanced to turn his eyes toward the barge. He stared in amazement, for as he looked at the house he saw the upper front window sash slowly let down from the top, and framed by the casement he saw the classic face of a young woman, with great eyes gazing about in sweet bewilderment. And all in a moment he was full of wonder and worship.

For never on the river nor anywhere had he seen such a face. The pilot-house, near which he stood, was almost on a level with the window of the cottage, which was not more than twenty feet from him. There was a sash curtain in the window so that the lower half of it was screened. The girl was in her nightgown, and her hair was in fine disarray. Suddenly her eyes were turned upon him, and though they were gentle, and beautiful as they were gentle, they had a smiting effect upon his susceptibilities. He became of a sudden extremely self-conscious and altogether uncomfortable. He fully expected to hear a scream. What he heard was a mild inquiry, delivered in a tone of confidence, as though his presence and manner had soothed any alarm that his newly discovered passenger might have felt.

"Where are you taking me—and the house?" It was a voice dulcified by culture, and low as the voices of women of quality.

"Just down the river a little way—to Juba Landing," replied Yates, still startled.

"Yes; but how do you know I want to go to Juba Landing? And what do you think my uncle will say?"

"Oh, we're not stealing the house. It's all right. It's just being moved—that's all."

"Just being moved? But nobody wants it moved. I'm sure my uncle doesn't, and he didn't know anything about it."

"Of course he didn't," said Yates, venturing a smile.

That smile was a surplussage of chivalry. It did not fit into the situation. It reminded the young woman at the window that she was conversing with a live man while clothed in a very unconventional costume. With an "Oh!" and quickly, she pulled up the sash and disappeared.

"It was the whistle that woke her up," said Yates, as he strode down to the lower deck. "Had it not been for that tool's smoke-box getting in the way we might have steamed clear down to the Landing before she awakened. She must be a sound sleeper, though, to go through all that moving process and never lift an eyelid!"

After waiting for a time in which he thought any young woman could have dressed herself twice, he went aboard the barge, trying to set aside as impersonal and irrelevant the broad smiles of the deck bands and house-movers. He walked up the front steps of the cottage and knocked at the front door. Nothing came of the knock, and he repeated it.

At last he heard light footsteps inside

and the key was turned in the lock. Before him, in a trim tailor suit, stood the young woman of the window. She had evidently taken her time to dress, for there was not a fold nor a plait that evidenced the slightest disarray. Her hair was carefully brushed, and her face was fresh from a free laving. The great eyes—Yates saw that they were very blue and as deep as the river itself—looked at him with a frank and not unfriendly gaze.

"I was afraid," said he, "that you would not come out unless I invited you, and that you would miss your breakfast. It's ready now on the steamer."

"Breakfast? I hadn't thought of that," she said with a pleasant smile. "There have been so many strange and diverting things to think of. But I suppose one must eat."

Yates conducted her aboard the steamer, the girl hesitating not at all to take the great step from gunwale to gunwale, and at breakfast she talked of her queer adventure.

"It was strange you were not disturbed by our work," said Yates.

"I did hear some noises. They seemed like slight shocks of earthquake. But we had some shocks only the other night, and I'm not much afraid of seismic outbreaks."

Surprising as it seemed, she did not appear so very reticent, and did not ask many questions. She told Yates she was from Sacramento, and that she had been visiting at the house with her uncle and aunt. He wondered how an uncle and aunt could be living in the house. The girl went on to say that on the previous afternoon her uncle had gone in a boat to look after some cattle which he had thought were in danger of drowning in the flood, and that her aunt had gone with him to see a sick friend of hers across the river.

"Weren't you afraid to stay there alone with the water so high?" asked Yates sympathetically.

"Oh, no; I've seen floods before. Besides I'm an optimist. I knew nothing very serious would happen."

"But something serious has happened, I should say," he remarked, helping her to a baked potato; "the house has floated off."

"Well, supposing that it should turn out that Uncle James should get a large sum for damages?"

"Damages?" repeated Yates. "What is your uncle's name?"

"James Brown," she answered.

"How long had he been living in that house?"

"Five or six years, I think."

"But he can't have lived there all the time," he said, the young woman's eyebrows lit with a show of resentment and challenge. There was a dangerous sparkle in them.

"I beg pardon," he went on, "but you know it's impossible. That is, it's—"

"Oh," she said quietly, and smiled. "Perhaps you are better informed than I am."

Still without light, Yates talked with the girl for a while on various subjects. They found themselves kindred spirits in many things. Yates' favorite novels were her favorites, too. The breakfast had extended itself unconsciously, but to the purpose that he had learned her name, Alice Rixley.

When they left the table he invited her to the main cabin, but she said that she preferred to "go aboard the house," and he escorted her there, giving her his hand for the ugly spring from the steamer to the barge. He was soon seated in the little parlor of the cottage, where he was surprised to find no bad paintings, and to see a genuine Bokhara and a genuine Cloisonne.

"Yes, Auntie is a woman of taste," she said, divining the look he gave at the rug and at the vase. "Uncle tells her she needs a thousand-acre ranch to go with her ideas of house decoration. The rug, though, was a present from a lady in San Francisco. They say it will last a hundred years with ordinary usage. She has had it five or six years."

"Five or six years in this house?"

"Yes. She'll be mightily glad her pet vase didn't get broken in the moving."

His eyes bent upon the rug. Pritchard's prodigal protégée certainly had no Bokhara. They would have pawned anything they had that was of pawn value as that. And the Cloisonne? They could have had none. Besides all that—and this came to him with a sudden flash at last and smitingly—Pritchard had said his people had gone away for good. Yates lifted his eyes from the rug.

"Miss Rixley," he said, rising of a sudden, "I begin to believe that a terrible

## Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennett, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."



**Truest Economy to Get the Best.**

A cheaply made sewing machine is dear at any price, because faulty in action, liable to break and difficult to operate. A labor-saving machine for woman's use should be the best; it is truest economy to get a sewing-machine bearing this time-tried trademark.

**EXPERIENCE PROVES A SINGER THE BEST.**

Sold on Instalments. You can try one Free. Old machines taken in exchange. MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

Just then the Fay Fuller gave a ponderous and prolonged shriek, and the Mate yelled, "Cap'n! Cap'n!"

Yates ran out to the front porch. "Cap'n, we're in!" shouted the mate.

"All right," was the response, and ex-cusing himself, Yates sprang aboard the steamer and took his place on the upper deck to direct the landing of his craft. On the wharf he saw Pritchard, on whose face was a look of confused wonder and consternation.

"By the eternal," he bellowed, when Yates came up to him, "you've gone and got the wrong house! Well, that's the worst I ever heard of! This is Jim Brown's house—not mine at all! How in the name of sense did you come to make such a mistake?"

"I don't know, Mr. Pritchard," said Yates. "I don't know, unless it's because this one tallies exactly with your description, and I'll swear it was the first house beyond the bend, precisely as you said."

"But this was the second house beyond the bend. Didn't you see the first one? An, how do do, Miss Rixley!" continued Pritchard, lifting his hat to the young woman who had stepped out upon the porch. "I want to beg ten thousand pardons. I never asked Captain Yates to tow your uncle's house down here. It was another one entirely."

"I thought there must have been some mistake," she trilled back blithely. "Mistake? I should say so!" fretted Pritchard.

On a toy of a steamboat that puffed and panted shortly and with much cheap dignity James Brown arrived from his ranch two hours later.

Yates and Pritchard explained the matter and offered to make amends. They would tow the house back at once and set it in its old place. But that would not do.

Brown proved the fighter that Miss Rixley had promised him to be. He wanted damages—heavy damages.

In the course of the wrangle they learned that the cottage Yates had gone up to bring down had been borne off upon the bosom of the flood three days before.

And so it came to pass that the celebrated case of Brown versus Pritchard was begun in the Superior Court, and lasted from high water to low water and back again. It was stipulated by Brown, and agreed to by Pritchard, that the house should remain on the barge at Juba Landing until the case was decided; and there, in what seemed to the Juba dwellers a strange and unseemly life, but to Alice Rixley a very idyllic existence, the Browns and their niece remained month after month, awaiting the termination of the legal matters.

Yates and Miss Rixley, being much in court as chief witnesses, saw each other very often, and were sometimes noticed in each other's society outside.

This was observed by the jury, which, as one of its members expressed it, "thought the business looked kinder amicable, an' as though no damages had been did." So the verdict, when it finally came, was in favor of Pritchard the defendant. Of course Brown gave notice of an appeal to a higher court.

Miss Rixley seemed in nowise dismayed. She and Yates came in from a row on the river the evening after the trial was ended. They looked very much satisfied with themselves, and with each other, and the world in general. Yates went over to where Brown was looking sullenly into the river's depths, as though he contemplated suicide. Then spoke the Captain:

"I think we can settle this matter without anymore going to law, Mr. Brown. I want to make you an offer for this house."

"I ain't for sale."

"I should think it would be. It couldn't be put back again now without spending three times as much as it's worth. It was removed from the bank on the highest water we've had for eight years. You might have to wait another eight years before you could put it on the old site. I'll give you \$2000 for it. That's a good deal more than it's worth, but I feel I should stand part of the expense you have incurred in this suit."

Brown reflected. He went in and talked with his wife. Then he came out and said: "I accept your offer. But what do you want of the house, Captain?"

"I've bought that river lot from Mr. Pritchard, and I'll need a cottage on it."

"What for?"

"Because I'm going to marry your niece."

"No!"

"Yes," said Alice, looking down at the barge's deck very modestly. "He said he stole me with the house, and he wants to keep both it and me."

Is Pitch a Solid or a Liquid.

An interesting question called forth an opinion from the courts in Trinidad as to whether pitch is a solid or a liquid. The stratum of pitch in that island is usually from four to seven feet below the surface and when dug through the pitch melts and

oozes out. So if a man dug down near his neighbor's lot he would be able to collect pitch coming from under his neighbour's land. The plan was described by one of the witnesses as 'the plan adopted when you want to dig your neighbour's pitch.' 'It bulges out,' he explained, 'and you shave it off each morning.'

But a suit was brought by one outraged neighbour whose pitch had thus been shaved off in adjoining land. The defense was that an underground stratum of pitch was so much like water, no man's property till appropriated. But the court held that pitch was material and that one had no more right to abstract it from a neighbour by the oozing process than one would have to tap his deposit of iron or silver.—Manufacturer.

## A CHILD CAN USE THEM.

**Easy to Dye With Diamond Dyes—No Disappointments or Failures—Colors are Fast to Sun Soap and Washing.**

Do not for a moment imagine that it is a difficult matter to do your own dyeing. It is true the work will be hazardous and disappointing if you use the imitation and crude package dyes sold by some dealers, but when Diamond Dyes are used it is but little more trouble to get fast and lovely colors than to wash and rinse the goods. Do not allow your dealer to sell you imitations of the Diamond Dyes, on which he makes large profits, but insist every time on having the true reliable and genuine Diamond Dyes that have stood the test of long years in our Canadian homes.

East and West.

When one of the regiments of volunteers from the Pacific coast was lately at San Francisco being mustered out after a year's service in the Philippines, a lady who belonged to a volunteer's aid association engaged one of the soldiers in conversation. She asked him:

"Were you well treated while you were in the East?"

"East, ma'am? I've never been East," he answered. "I was born in California, and I've never been farther East than Salt Lake City."

"But I mean the far East," she said.

"Well, ma'am, Salt Lake's 'far East' to me. Never been farther."

"But you've been in Manila, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"But we call that the East, you know."

"Manila east? Well, I reckon it's a heap west of here. We started here and sailed straight west all the time till we got there."

"Yes, I know; but you can east by sailing west, you know."

"Well, ma'am," answered the soldier, "I've been wantin' to go East all my life, but I've got to go that way to get there. I'm going to stay right here all my life! I've got enough of goin' East that way."

When a Man and Woman

Are married, romance ceases and history begins. When you get Catarrh and use it your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or Hay Fever disappears, and health begins. Catarrh will cure—absolutely cure—Catarrh. There is no danger or risk in using this pleasant and effective remedy. It cures by the inhalation of medicated air, which is sent by the air you breathe to the minutest cells and passages of the lungs and bronchial tubes. It cures because it cannot fail to reach the right spot. You breathe; it does the rest. \$1.00 at all druggists, or direct by mail. Send 10c in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. POLSON & CO. Manuf'g chemists, Kingston, Ont.

Topers in many of the towns of the Argentine Republic are shamed into reformation by being compelled to sweep the streets for eight days for each offence. Respectability is no excuse, and men in dress suits may often be seen toiling with ragged tramps.

Crete's new autonomous flag has a white cross on a blue field, with a white star on a red field in the upper corner.

**Pullets EGGS Wanted NOW.**

For the next four months the demand will be large. Get your pullets to laying by October. A well-filled egg basket now is what makes poultry pay. You can obtain these much desired results by good care, proper foods, and the use as directed in the morning mash of

**Sheridan's Powder.**

It causes perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs in the winter.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack, 25 cts; five, \$1. Large can, \$1.20; six, \$5. Exp. paid. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

**CANCER** And Tumors cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.