

John Topp, Pirate.

By Weatherby Chesney
and Allick Munro.

Copyright, 1900, by Weatherby Chesney and Allick Munro.

(Continued.)

And thus in the space of a few minutes we had made ourselves masters of the galley and had not lost a man in the doing of it.

"Get her baled clear, Jack," cried Alec, "and then come aft to me!"

"Aye, aye, captain! And the Spanish galley slaves? Shall I set them adrift from their moorings?"

"Will they join their countrymen, think you? Remember there are scarcely two dozen of us all told."

"Not they. They've suffered too much to want their heels in the bilboes again."

"Well, knock the irons off them and set them to bale. We must have shipped a fearful weight of water to make us float so deep. See they don't get hold of any arms, though," he added anxiously. "Where's the old man?"

"On guard over the forecutter. He's like a fury, gnashing his teeth with rage against the prisoners and cursing them with a pretty assortment of the finest Castilian oaths. He wants to beave the whole lot overboard."

"Aye, captain," bawled Pengony, who was standing near, "an he says them Spaniards is like Jonases an' we'll be cast away afore day if we keep 'em high us."

"Does he say that?" I exclaimed in dismay.

"What if he does?" said Alec carelessly. "Never heed what the old man says. They distorted his mind, Jan, when they crippled his body."

"The old man prophesied true once," growled Jan in his deep ocean voice; "telled that we should be at liberty, which we are, an' after a scuffle with them bounds, which we had."

"And," said Alec, with a laugh, "I might have prophesied as much, and yet you would not call me a wizard."

"Aye, captain, but he telled me my name, me, Jan Pengony, as he'd never seen afore. These baint' idle words he's speaking now. An' Master Topp there thinks as I do, captain, I warrant."

"Why, yes," said I. "I think it would be safest to strike the cargo overboard."

"It would be sheer murder," said Alec warmly.

I laughed. "Would it?" said I. "Then I'll do it, and never expect my conf-

TOO MUCH

Exercise is as bad as too little for the growing girl. It is very easy for her to overdo, and this is especially dangerous at that critical period of a young girl's life when she crosses the line of womanhood. It is not an uncommon thing to lay the foundation for years of after misery by neglect of necessary precautions at the first "change of life."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes regularity, but it gives health to the entire womanly organism. It is the best medicine for diseases peculiar to women because it cures the causes of disease completely and permanently.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor any other narcotic. It cannot disagree with the most delicate constitution.

"For a number of months I suffered with female trouble," writes Miss Agnes McGowne, of 1212 Bank Street, Washington, D. C. "I tried various remedies, but none seemed to do me any permanent good. The doctors said it was the worst case of internal trouble they ever had. I decided to write to you for help. I received a very encouraging reply and commenced treatment at once. I had not used your 'Favorite Prescription' a week before I began to feel better, and, as I continued, my health gradually improved, and is improving every day."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of postage and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



science to trouble me for it after. They are only Spaniards, after all."

"Only Spaniards!" cried Alec fiercely. "They're men, and to kill men in cold blood is murder, I tell you. Mark me, Jack Topp, I've killed half a score of the breed in fair fight, and, God willing, shall serve my country by killing several score more before old King Death gets to windward of me. But this—never! So to your duty, Master Topp, and I to mine."

Jan Pengony looked after him as he walked away along the gangway, and then, turning his weather beaten face to mine, growled out:

"Captain's heart's an honor to him, Master Topp, but it'll work him ill yet. His father was so afore him; spared the Spaniards when he could ha' crushed 'em, so I've heard tell, an' they forgot it an' crushed him instead when their turn came. Mark me, Master Topp, the fewer Spaniards there be cumbering the seas the safer be they for English mariners."

And I believed he was right, but said nothing and went to see to the baling of the galley.

We got her dry after much hard labor, and leaving the balers at their work, for every now and then a big sea would come overboard. I went aft to the poop. Alec was at the tiller himself.

"Whereabouts are we, Alec?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," he replied anxiously. "None of those dolts in the coach knows in the slightest. They are all soldier officers and far too fine hidalgos to trouble themselves about a ship's reckoning. The pilot busied himself with that, and he's with the sharks now."

"Ah, well," said I, "it's blowing too hard to last. We shall get a glimpse at the stars soon."

"Yes, I expect to be able to get our latitude soon, but we'll have to guess at longitude. The lubbers have let the glass run down."

"How are we by the Windward islands?"

"Can't say. There's no chart on board of anything east of Margherita, but I know that the reefs in these narrow seas are as thick as pickpockets in the London streets. So get you forward, Jack, with your best eye well skinned, and if we seem likely to pick any of them up let me hear a good north country hail. There's a dead line in the binnacle there. Take it forward with you and put a hand in the chains to try for a sounding occasionally."

I went forward. "Here, Pengony and Trehallion," I cried, "take the deep sea lead to the chains. Don't let it go too deep while we're scudding at this rate."

"Aye, aye!" cried the men, and I went forward myself to the fore-castle head.

The galley was plunging desperately, ripping up the seas with her keen beak, dipping her stem into the green bulk and sending great masses of foaming water curling over the fore-castle deck. All our bulwarks had fortunately been torn away—else we must have foundered with the sheer weight of water they held—and I found it no easy work to keep my post. Standing was impossible, so I sat down on the streaming planks, holding on to the breaching of a gun, and, straining my eyes into the howling darkness ahead whenever the interval between the waves left my poll uncovered. Now I could feel that we were rushing up a

liquid hill, now tearing down into a raging valley; now the galley, bad sea boat that she was, would rip through a crest and settle down sluggishly, now she would shake herself clear and race forward afresh, but not a fathom in front could I see. We sped out of inky night astern into inky night ahead. The darkness of Acheron was on us. I must trust to my ears alone.

But it was a very Babel of sounds that filled the spume sown air—the groaning of timbers like to part with their straining, the fury of the wind among the rigging, the roar of the seas as they ground against one another like liquid millstones, the terror shrieks of the Spaniards, the duty bawls of the seamen, made up a din indescribable. I might just as well have been aft for all the good I could do, but while Alec stuck to his post at the tiller I would stick to mine at the bows.

Heavens, what a turmoil there was! The spirits of the storm were out and busy, taking vengeance on us for disregarding the old man's words when he bade us surrender the Spaniards to their grasp, and in their heavy anger they tossed our crazy bark about among the waves like a chip of wood in a sluice run. I feared much that Alec's chivalrous generosity would cost the lives of more than one of those under him.

But avast mooding! What is that? Surf? Breakers? A reef? A sea broke over me, and its crash drowned all more distant sounds. It cleared away. Yes, the shore is close aboard us!

I had just opened my mouth to hail when down plunged the galley's head again, and souse I went under in full cry.

The next minute, when that wave set me free, I yelled as I had never yelled before. Down went the helm as far as Alec dare press it, and over heeled the galley's lee gunwale till the wave heads came pouring in among the terrified slaves.

"Breakers still ahead! My God, they are all round us!"

All hands could hear them now. We saw their white, curling crests beckoning to us, and in a moment we were rolling among them.

There is one clear spot on the lee bow.

"Hard-a-larboard. Keep her way, Alec, for your life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

W. J. IRVINE, D.D.S.

And Special Practitioner
Certificate from

Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

Office upstairs in Chestnut Building
Opposite City Hall, Fredericton, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine Sample Rooms in connection, also a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats. mch 6, 1900—daw

Picture Business.

We are doing a larger business than ever before. Pictures in oils, water colors and prints, portrait enlarging in crayon, India ink or pastel, picture framing, portrait framing. Largest stock of made up portrait frames ever shown here.

GEO. W. ADAMS, Undertaker and Embalmer.

Almost opposite People's Bank.

Something New in Fall Suitings!!

Fancy Scotch and English Worsteds. Fancy Trouserings, Fancy Vestings and Fall Overcoatings, in Whipcords, Vicunas, Venetians, in the popular grey shades. First class work, fit and finish.

W. E. SEERY, 226 Queen Street.

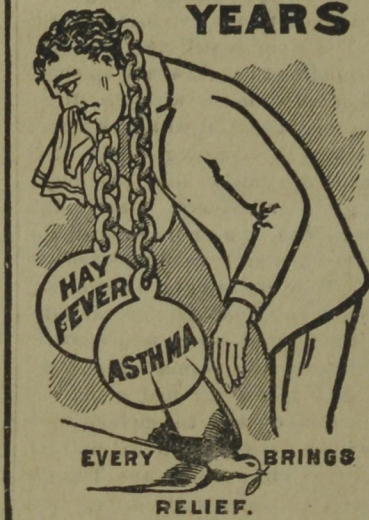
ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene brings instant relief and permanent cure in all cases.

Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS



EVERY BRINGS RELIEF.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The REV. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER

Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with paroxysmal asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHILLIPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Rivington Street.
S. RAPHAEL,
67 East 129th st., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 6th St., N. Y. City.

Sold by all Druggists.

Must Have Heat Now!

You cannot longer put off purchasing that hall or parlor stove. We have the greatest variety of heaters in the city. Everything from an oil stove to a furnace.

NEILL, Down Town Hardware Store.

It Will Rust, Sure!

Your bicycle will, if you put it away without a thorough cleaning. We'll call for your wheel, clean and repair it, put it in safe keeping for the winter and have it ready for you in the spring.

BARRETT'S Cycle Shop.

West End, Queen Street, Fredericton

ROYALTY DRANK RED ROSE TEA.

The Tea used by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York during their stay in St. John was Red Rose—the gold label. All grades of Red Rose have the same distinguishing characteristics, and whether it is the gold label or another, it is good Tea—better than any other Tea at the same price.

ARE YOU DRINKING RED ROSE TEA?