

DOV

By FRANK...

Ralph Curtis... phone, smiled as...



GRADUALLY THEY CAME INTO SHALLOWER WATERS.

Don't call me 'dear' any more. After this please call me Miss Wellman.

Ralph started to speak, but the party at the other end of the line had rung off.

"Hum," he mused, scratching his head in perplexity. "She'll never speak to me again, but I'm to call her Miss Wellman hereafter."

Dark, discolored, filled with branches of trees and other light material caught in its flood, the river raced sullenly onward like an unclean thing.

"It's going to rise a lot more before it goes down," he muttered.

From the river his glance sought the distant shore. Dimly he could discern pale lights through the gloom.

"Gee!" Ralph cried suddenly as he realized how much the river had risen in the past hour.

He strode to the telephone. As he placed the receiver to his ear he caught a sharp crack and rending sound; then the wire went dead.

Again Ralph strode to the window. As he looked down at the angry water it seemed to him that the river had risen materially in the moment that he had been at the phone.

The thought galvanized him into sudden action. He jumped from the window and tore out of the room into the pelting rain toward his automobile shed.

Here he quickly stripped his huge car of its gigantic searchlight and gas tank and with the apparatus rushed back to the room.

With care he raised the window and projected the light through the opening toward the opposite shore. The powerful light cleaved a way through the dark and rain, showing in outlines clear enough for his vision the opposite shore.

Ralph gasped at what he saw. The water was at the second story of the Wellman home. He had not before realized how much lower the Wellman home was than his.

Ralph strained his eyes. Surely it was Clare and alone. Where were the others? Then he remembered that Clare's father and mother had left that morning for town and had undoubtedly been prevented from returning by the flood.

Ralph advanced in the window and waved his arms reassuringly to the girl. She responded. Suddenly he turned off the light. Gathering up the apparatus in his arms, he hurried from

the... to... en... ga... Now... ter... the... well...

In the... and then... the swollen stream. The little craft was... the waves and time and again... water as Ralph sturdily headed for the opposite shore.

The searchlight disclosed the Wellman home with the water now a little above the second story. In the window stood the girl, waving her hands encouragingly.

At length Ralph managed to catch hold of the window. Inside the room the girl stood nearly waist deep in the water.

"Quick!" cried Ralph. "Get into the boat!"

Silently the girl obeyed. Just as she was safely seated Ralph's grasp was broken. The water dashed them furiously away and then against the house. Something snapped. With a muttered ejaculation Ralph looked to his engine.

"The propeller shaft is broken," he announced in a voice that strove to be calm. "We'll have to float down with the current and try to land somewhere."

The girl was startled, but also tried to appear unconcerned.

"That's too bad," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I was never going to talk to you again, but I suppose I'll have to now."

"Oh, I'll not force you to!" growled Ralph as he pattered over the machine.

"Do you know," went on the girl, "I think your horrid old cows are the cause of all this? It was only after they trampled over my garden that the river came up. I know I can never forgive them."

"And incidentally never forgive me, I suppose," mumbled the man.

The girl said nothing. Then suddenly she lifted up her feet with an expression of dismay.

"Gracious, the boat's full of water!" she cried. "I'm so wet, anyway, that I didn't notice it before."

"Yep," replied the man shortly. "She's sprung a leak. We've got to make a landing, sure."

With the powerful searchlight, which still burned undimmed, he swept the waters.

"Look!" he cried. "If those aren't cattle I'll eat my hat!"

Ahead of them the light revealed some three or four heads rising out of the water and steadily moving from the center of the stream.

"They're walking!" cried Ralph. "They can take us ashore!"

He sprang to the steering wheel and skillfully maneuvered the boat so that it passed near the beasts. The girl saw his intention, and as they passed both jumped, landing safe on the sturdy animals.

Almost undisturbed and unswayed by the pushing waters, the cattle plowed steadily onward. Gradually they came into shallower water, and thankfully Ralph and the girl slid from the beasts' backs.

"Why, they're mine!" he cried. That's Bess, and there's Doll! Why, Clare, dear, do you realize that the cattle you thought had ceased it all have saved us?"

"Oh!" cried the girl and turned to him.

"And look there!" cried Ralph, pointing ahead. "See what they've brought us to. See, that's the Rev. Sturgis' home on the road to your house, and look there—he's opening the door. Look, look, dear, your father and mother are with him!"

The girl looked, and then, sobbing piteously, she threw her arms around Ralph's neck.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "I forgive your cows, I forgive you, and," she added ungrammatically, but soulfully, as she clung to Ralph and he held her close, "I'm never not going to speak to you again!"

O thou eternal, restless, sounding sea! Vast symbol of Eternity and Power! Untamed, unchained, thou windest round the world.

To break in thunderous tumult on earth's shores, Or softly breathe along her silvery sands.

In murmuring whispers like great forest trees, Thus hiding all thy bitterness of heart.

Thy faithfulness, in sighs and rippling waves, Till men forget thy weird and awful might.

STORIES OF THE SEA.

Quenching a Blaze in a Hurry on Board a War Vessel.

FRANK OF A TRICKY MASCOT.

There Were Lively Times on Deck When the Big Monkey Got Himself Mixed Up With Hot Pitch and Gun Cotton and Took a Trip Aloft.

We were making passage from Norfolk, Va., to Lisbon, Portugal, in the United States steamship Alliance. It was shortly after 4 o'clock I had just gone to my room for a pipeful of tobacco when the sailmaker came to my door with a scared face.

"Got any water in your room, Mr. Du Bois?" he asked. "Yes; here's a pailful."

"For God's sake give it to me quick! The sail room's afire, but don't say anything! I'll have it out in a minute!"

I handed him the pail of water, but was not going to take any chances of a fire on a man-of-war with fifteen tons of powder not six feet away, so I ran to the ship's bell and rang the fire alarm as furiously as I could.

In less time than it takes you to read this hand grenades were being thrown and water was pouring into the now stifling mass of burning canvas. Men jumped in among the great bundles of furled sails and passed them out, and when one could not endure the smoke any longer another took his place.

At last the danger was over, and I began to look around and take stock of the affair.

I had often wondered what I would do in case of a fire on the ship. I would save my watch. A watch is never used at sea, so it hung from a hook over my desk. I would be sure to take along my best girl's picture, and there were a few other little belongings which must not be parted with.

Well, when the thing was over, what had I gathered together? Not my watch, not my best girl's picture, not anything that I had thought I would, but I had filled my pockets with extract of beef and nothing else. Dumb instinct, not a thought of anything but of something good to eat in dire extremity.

How did the fire start? The sailmaker, whose duty it is to keep the sails in good order, is privileged to go to the sail room at any time, but he is supposed to always carry a peculiar lantern, consisting of a common candle set in a globe of horn, sufficiently opaque to give enough light for his needs there.

The candle does away with any danger from oil that might be spilled and catch fire, and the globe, being of horn instead of glass, precludes a possibility of breakage. This time the sailmaker, desiring a little more light, had taken out the candle. It had dropped from his fingers away down into the light of a furled sail, and the cloth had caught fire.

There was a terrible mess of burned and smoky sails in there, and they were all hauled up on deck and spread out in the sun to dry and to find out just what the damage was.

In the bottom of the room on the floor one of the men found the stump of candle and put it in his pocket. The sailmaker was a favorite on board, and the officers never found out how the fire started. They thought they knew. The captain "broke" the sailmaker—that is, reduced him to the decks. But he couldn't prove anything. So after a week or so he restored him to his old rank.

We came near having another fire once, and while it might have been very serious, it was really funny.

We had several hundred pounds of gun cotton on board, and, fearing that it might have gathered dampness, the gunner's gang got up the cases from the magazine, pulled it all out and spread it on the warm decks far aft in the sun to dry.

Away forward the boatswain's mate and his gang were busy with tar pots and ropes putting some of their stuff in order.

We had on board a mascot in the shape of a monkey, one of the largest I have ever seen. He would stand quite three feet high, and he was the very Old Nick for mischief. He was a great nuisance, that monkey, and must always be doing what he saw any of the men doing.

Well, Mr. Monkey saw the men with the warm tar, and nothing would do but he must have a hand in the job literally, so he ran forward and dipped his hands into the pot and in a minute was all besmeared with the sticky stuff; then he bolted aft as fast as he could scamper and rolled in the gun cotton, got himself well covered with it and ran aloft into the rigging.

Sailors have a saying, "The devil to pay and no pitch hot," but the pitch was hot this time, and the condition was actually appalling. Some of the men ran after him, but it was impossible to catch him. He was too shrewd for that. The gunner's gang gathered up that gun cotton as men never did so fast in their lives before and put it back into the cans, for had that fool monkey dropped from aloft into it he would have blown the ship to kingdom come. They got it out of the way without disaster, but for several hours that creature sat up there picking gun cotton from himself and throwing it overboard.

As I said, the episode would have been comical had it not been fraught with so much danger. It might have been "another sea mystery," but it was not.—Stanley Du Bois in Los Angeles Times.

He bears misery best who hides it most.—Shakespeare.

TELLS YOU HOW.

To make the best remedy right at once at little cost.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion treatment," which is claimed to be relieving nearly every sufferer who uses it for backache, kidney complaint, sore weak bladder and rheumatism get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon and three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime.

Those who have tried it claim that it acts gently but thoroughly on the kidneys, relieving backache and kidney trouble and urinary difficulties before you realize it. Many cases of rheumatism are known to have been relieved within a few days, the pain and swelling diminishing with each dose.

This simple receipt is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system, the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble, whatever should not hesitate to make up this mixture as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after a while.

Bogus Antiques.

Old statuary is made in great quantities in Italy, Bohemia and Belgium furnish glass of the middle ages, and every European capital has its makers of antiques. Berlin and Vienna makers are kept busy with the home trade, but Paris, London, Brussels, Rome, Florence, Smyrna and Munich are commercial centers for this class of merchandise. The business has grown to such proportions that Nuremberg, Vienna and Livorno have museums where counterfeit works are exhibited and where their style of manufacture may be studied.—Berlin Post.

Chinese Flat Noses.

"The Chinese mother," the ethnologist explained, "carries her babe in a sack on her back. The babe's nose is pressed against her. Day in and day out, all through its babyhood, the little thing's soft and malleable nose is pressed against its mother's back. Hence it is no wonder, is it, that the Chinese are a flat nosed race?"

Skin Diseases.

A diseased or disfigured skin will always leave its stamp on the mind of the individual. Many people suffering from disfiguring skin diseases avoid society and lose all pride in their personal appearance. When the skin breaks out in eruptions and sores it is due entirely to an impure condition of the blood.

In all such cases Burdock Blood Bitters will quickly purify the blood and drive all the impurities out of the system.

ITCHING RASH CURED. Mrs. J. J. Magee, Jr., Kilmount, Ont., writes: "In the spring of 1906 I was troubled with a Rash that broke out all over me. It was the worst on my face and head, had a dry, scaly top, and when I would get warm it would become very itchy. I tried the doctor's medicine but it did me no good, so I then got one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and before it was all used the Rash was entirely gone."

SORES ON FACE. Mrs. Harvey Barkhouse, Gold River, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with Sores on my face and finally became so bad I had to go to the doctor about it, but he could do nothing to help me."

"I thought about Burdock Blood Bitters and decided to try a bottle. I cannot recommend B.B.B. enough, as I had not taken all the bottle before my face was cured." For sale by all druggists and dealers.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 26th March, 1909, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between MAUGERVILLE AND UPPER MAUGERVILLE, from the opening of Navigation, 1909.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Maugeville, Upper Maugeville and Centre Maugeville, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at St. John.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 4th February, 1909. 30 M.C.B.—100-8-5-68. Feb. 9, d lawk 3 wks.

Yes, Sir Eddy Fibrew... and you'll find Tightest, Most A Durable on the Market... Every Pail and Tub made here is a Solid, Hardened without a Hoop or Seam... Persist in getting Always, everywhere in Canada.

JOB PRINTING BILL HEAD, LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, BUSINESS CARDS. DO YOU NEED A SUPPLY? IF SO PLACE YOUR ORDER AT THE HERALD OFFICE

A GREAT SNAP I am showing in my window some suitings that I will sell at less than cost for cash to clear. Come early and get first choice W. E. SEEREY Merchaunt Tailor 550 Queen St.

MOTOR LAUNCH HULL FOR SALE (NEW) Full Torpedo Stern, Speed Model, Length 23 feet, Beam 4 feet 6 inch, Finished in Natural Oak. Keys W. C. BURTT BICYCLE STORAGE Queen St., F'ron., N. B.

G.T. WHELPLEY Walker Bros. he Tailors that have stood the Test or twenty-two years. The name of Walker Bros. is sufficient guarantee that you will get the most perfect fit and style that can be produced. We are showing the most complete lines of woollens ever offered to our customers. We ask you to call and examine before placing your orders elsewhere. Agents for the Semi-Ready Clothing. G. T. Whelpley 580 Queen St. Fredericton. Walker Bros. IMPORTING TAILORS