

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By Joseph C. Lincoln

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Humph! She does, hey? I want to know! Look here, Jim! Have you and she?"

He got no further, for Pearson broke away and, with a hurried "Good night," strode up the platform to meet the city-bound train. Captain Elisha entered the house by the back door, a remnant of South Denboro habit, and saw his niece, a shadowy figure, seated by the window. He crossed to her side.

"Well, Caroline," he said cheerfully, "I'm home again. Dearie, I just met Jim Pearson. He tells me he's decided not to go on this cape cruise of ours. He said you agreed with him 'twas best he shouldn't go. Do you mind tellin' me why? Have you and he had a fallin' out?"

Still she was silent. He sighed. "Well," he observed, "I see you have, and I don't blame you for not wantin' to talk about it. I'm awful sorry. I'd begun to hope that— However, we'll change the subject."

"Uncle," she said, "you know I always want to talk to you. Mr. Pearson and I have not quarreled, but I think—I think it best that I should not see him again. It would only make it harder for him, and it's of no use."

Captain Elisha sighed again. "I guess I understand, Caroline. I presume likely I do. He—he asked some-



"And yet you sent him away. Why?"

thin' of you, and you couldn't say yes to him. That was it, I suppose. Needn't tell me unless you really want to, you understand," he added hastily.

"But I do. I ought to tell you. Uncle Elisha, Mr. Pearson asked me to be his wife."

The captain gave no evidence of surprise.

"Yes," he replied gravely; "I judged that was it. And you told him you couldn't, I suppose. Well, dearie, that's a question nobody ought to answer but the one. You didn't care for him enough, I suppose. Caroline, you don't care for anybody else, do you? You don't still care for that other feller, that?"

"Uncle," she sprang up, hurt and indignant, "how can you?" she cried. "How could you ask that? What must you think of me?"

"Please, Caroline," he protested; "please don't. I beg your pardon. I was a fool. I knew better. Don't go. Tell me the real reason. Now tell me. Was it that you couldn't care for Jim enough?"

"I—I like Mr. Pearson very much. I respect and admire him."

"But you don't love him. I see. Well," sadly, "there's another one of my dreams gone to smash. However, you did just right, dearie. Feelin' that way, you couldn't marry him, of course."

"That was not the reason," she said in a low tone.

"Hey?" He bent toward her. "What?" he cried. "That wa'n't the reason, you say? You do care for him?"

She was silent.

"Do you?" he repeated gently. "And yet you sent him away. Why?"

She faltered, tried to speak and then turned away. He put his arm about her and stroked her hair.

"Don't you cry, dearie," he begged. "I won't bother you any more. You can tell me some other time—if you want to. Or you needn't tell me at all. It's all right; only don't cry."

"I mustn't be so silly," she said. "I had made up my mind to tell you everything and I shall. My not caring for Mr. Pearson was not my reason for refusing him. He would marry me, poor as I am. And perhaps I—perhaps I should say yes if things were different. I know I should say yes and be very, very happy. But I can't and I won't! I won't! I suppose you think I have been perfectly satisfied to let you take care of me and of my brother and give us a home and all that we needed and more, but I have not been contented with that, nor has Steve. He and I have made our plans, and we shall carry them out. He will leave college in two years and go to work in earnest. Before that time I shall be ready to teach. I have been studying with just that idea in view. I haven't told you before, uncle, but one of the domestic science teachers at the university is a girl I used to know slightly. She is going to be married next year, and if all goes well I may be

appointed to her position when she leaves. Steve and I have planned it all. His salary at first will be small, and so will mine, but together we can earn enough to live somehow, and later on when he earns more perhaps we may be able to repay a little of all that you have given us. We shall try. I shall insist upon it."

"Caroline Warren, is that the reason you sent Jim away? Did you tell him that? Did you tell him you wouldn't marry him on account of me?"

"No, of course I did not!" indignantly. "I told him—I said I must not think of marriage; it was impossible. And it is. You know it is, Uncle Elisha."

"I don't know any such thing. If you want to make me happy, Caroline, you couldn't find a better way than to be Jim Pearson's wife. And you would be happy, too; you said so."

"But I am not thinking of happiness. It is my duty—to you and to my own self respect. And not only that, but to Steve. Some one must provide a home for him."

"But you won't have to leave him. Steve's future's all fixed. I've provided for Steve."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say." The captain was very much excited and for once completely out of his guard. "I've had plans for Steve all along. He's don't fust rate in that broker's office, learnin' the trade. When he's out of college I'm goin' to turn over your dad's seat on the stock exchange to him. Not give it to him, you know—not right off—but let him try, and then, if he makes a good fist at it, he'll have it permanent. I ain't told him, and I don't want you to, but it's what I've planned for him, and—"

"Wait! Wait, uncle, please! The Stock Exchange seat? Father's seat? I don't see—I don't understand."

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "your pa's seat. I've meant it for Steve. There's been chances enough to sell it, but I wouldn't do that. 'Twas for him, Caroline, and he's goin' to have it."

"But I don't see how—why, I thought—"

By the light from the doorway he saw that she was gazing at him with a strange expression. She looked as if she was about to ask another question. He waited, but she did not ask it.

The Stock Exchange seat had been a part of her father's estate, a part of her own and Steve's inheritance. How could Captain Warren have retained such a costly part of the forfeited estate in his possession? For it was in his possession; he was going to give it to her brother when the latter left college. Who was this mysterious man her father had defrauded? She had never wished to know before; now she did. And the more she pondered the more plausible her suspicion became.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Stock Exchange Seat.

NOVEMBER weather on Cape Cod is what Captain Elisha described as "considerable chancey."

"The feller that can guess it two days ahead of time," he declared, "is wastin' his talents. He could make a livin' prophesin' most anything, even the market price of cranberries." When Caroline, Sylvester and the captain reached South Denboro after what seemed, to the two unused to the leisurely winter schedule of the railroad, an interminable journey from Fall River, the girl thought she had never seen a more gloomy sky or a more forbidding scene.

But she kept her feelings hidden on her uncle's account. The captain was probably the happiest individual in the state of Massachusetts that morning. He hailed the train's approach to Sandwich as the entrance to Ostabek county, the promised land, and from that station on excitedly pointed out familiar landmarks and bits of scenery and buildings with the gusto and enthusiasm of a schoolboy.

At Denboro he pointed out Pete Shattuck's livery stable, where the horse and buggy came from which had been the means of transporting Graves and himself to South Denboro.

"See!" he cried. "See that feller holdin' up the corner of the depot with his back, the one that's so broad in the beam he has to draw in his breath afore he can button his coat. That's Pete. You'd think he was too sleepy to care whether 'twas today or next week, wouldn't you? Well, if you was a summer boarder and wanted to hire a team you'd find Pete was awake and got up early. If a ten cent piece fell off the shelf in the middle of the night he'd hear it, though I've known him to sleep while the minister's barn burned down. The parson had been preachin' against horse tradin'. Maybe that sermon was responsible for some of the morphine influence."

Sylvester was enjoying himself hugely. Captain Elisha's exuberant comments were great fun for him. "This is what I came for," he confided to Caroline. "I don't care if it rains or snows. I could sit and listen to your uncle for a year and never tire. He's a wonder."

Dan, the captain's hired man, met them with the carriage at the station, and Miss Baker met them at the door of the Warren home. The exterior of

the big, old fashioned, rambling house was inviting and homelike in spite of the gloomy weather, and Caroline cheered up a bit when they turned in at the gate. Five minutes of Miss Abigail's society and all gloom disappeared. One could not be gloomy where Miss Abbie was. Her smile of welcome was so broad that, as her employer said, "it took in all outdoor and some of Punkhorn Neck," a place which, he hastened to add, "was forgot durin' creation and has sort of happened of itself since."

Abbie conducted Caroline to her room—old fashioned, like the rest of the house, but cozy, warm and cheery—and, after helping in the removal of her wraps, seized her by both hands and took a long look at her face.

"You'll excuse my bein' so familiar on short acquaintance, dearie," she said, "but I've heard so much about you that I feel's if I knew you like own folks. And you are own folks, ain't you? Course you are! Every one of Lisha's letters have had four pages of you to one of anything else. I begun to think New York was nothin' but you and a whole lot of ten story houses. I declare, you're almost prettier than he said. May I kiss you? I'd like to." She did, and they were friends at once.

The house and buildings were spotless in paint and whitewash; the yard was raked clean of every dead leaf and twig; the whole establishment was so neat that Caroline remarked upon it.

"It looks as if it had been scoured," she said.

"Um-hm," observed her uncle, with a gratified nod; "that's Abbie. She hates dirt worse than she does laziness, and that ain't sayin' a little. I tell her she'd sandpaper the weather vane if she could climb up to it. As 'tis, she stays below and superintends Dan while he does it."

Miss Baker had planned that her young guest should sit in state, with folded hands, in the parlor. She seemed to consider that the proper conduct for a former member of New York's best society. But Caroline refused to sit in the parlor and be "company." She insisted upon helping. Miss Baker protested and declared there was nothing on earth to be done, but her guest insisted that if there was not she herself must sit. As Abbie would have as soon thought of attending church without wearing her jet earrings as she would of sitting down before dinner, she gave in after awhile and permitted Caroline to help in arranging the table.

"Why, you do fust rate!" she exclaimed in surprise. "You know where everything ought to go, just as if you'd been settin' table all your life. And you ain't, because Lisha wrote you used to keep hired help, two or three of 'em, all the time."

Caroline laughed.

"I've been studying housekeeping for almost a year," she said.

"And they teach that—at school?" she demanded. "And take money for it? And call it science? My land! I guess I was brought up in a scientific household, then. I was the only girl in the family, and mother died when I was ten years old."

After dinner she consented to sit for a time, though not until she had donned her Sunday best, earrings and all.



"And you are our own folks, ain't you?"

Captain Elisha and Sylvester sat with them, and the big fireplace in the sitting room blazed and roared as it had not since its owner left for his long sojourn in the city.

Caroline's mind was busy with the suspicion which her uncle's words concerning his future plans for Steve had aroused. She had thought of little else since she heard them. The captain did not mention the subject again. Possibly on reflection he decided that he had already said too much. And she asked no more questions. She determined not to question him—yet. She must think first and then ask some one else—Sylvester.

Her opportunity came the following morning, the day before Thanksgiving. After breakfast Captain Elisha went downtown to call on some acquaintances.

After the captain had gone Sylvester sat down before the fire in the sitting room to read a Boston newspaper. As he sat there Caroline entered and closed the door behind her. Miss Abigail was in the kitchen-busy with preparations for the morrow's plum pudding.

The girl took the chair next that occupied by the lawyer. He put down his paper and turned to her.

"Mr. Sylvester," she said, "I wish you would tell me something about the value of a seat on the stock exchange. What is the price of one?"

The lawyer looked at her in surprise. "The value of a seat on the stock exchange?" he repeated.

"Yes. What does it cost to buy one?"

He hesitated, wondering why she should be interested in that subject. Captain Elisha had not told him a word of the interview following Pearson's last visit.

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HAD ATMOSPHERE OF HOME

Ambassador Quick to See Attraction "Hostess House" Would Have for Americans in London.

It was an amusing incident that first made the need of the hostess house apparent in London. In 1917 certain American members of the American ambassador, but could come to him only on Sunday. Mr. Page suggested that they come to tea at his house. Six of them arrived, and Mrs. Page poured tea in the drawing-room. It was very cheery and cordial, but somehow the business hung over. They had to meet another Sunday.

This time there were ten Americans—and the business was not completed. Mr. Page suggested a third Sunday, and 20 Americans came to transact business with him on that day.

During the following week he suggested that the Americans in the Canadian unit who still wished to talk to him should come to his house a fourth Sunday and wind up affairs with him, and on the fourth Sunday the Page drawing room was packed with soldiers.

The ambassador told his associates about it, and one of them chaffed an American who had gone there to tea. "Ambassadors are popular with you Yanks!" he said.

"Oh, the ambassador's all right!" conceded the American. "But we didn't attach much importance to the business. It was Mrs. Page. She served us tea around an honest-to-goodness log fire, with a tea wagon and fixings. It was great!"

And there you are! Mindful of those Sundays, Mr. Page realized that with the advent of American forces in England a substitute home for them was an immediate necessity; so he was the moving spirit in the establishment by the Y. M. C. A. of the American Officers' Inn at 5 Cavendish square, London.

Slogans That Have Counted.

One of the big factors in arousing the people of the United States to the great patriotic service they could perform through war gardening was through the slogans sounded from time to time, writes Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the National War Garden commission, in an article in the Garden Magazine.

"Every garden a munition plant," is the slogan on the design drawn by James Montgomery Flagg. "Can vegetables and fruit and can the kaiser, too," is the slogan of another striking poster.

"Grow food F. O. B. the kitchen door," is one of the forceful slogans coined and used by the commission. "Hohenrakes versus Hohenzollerns" is another of the phrases which has hit the reader between the eyes.

"Get into the garden trenches;" "The hoe is the machine gun of the garden;" "Food must follow the flag" are slogans that have done their bit.

"Keep the home soil turning" is a clever paraphrase of the title of a famous song. Other successful phrases used by the commission are: "Speed up and spade up;" "Tune up the spading fork."

Companions on Service Flag.

A thirteen-star service flag has just been raised in Baltimore. It represents thirteen inseparable companions. One star is golden and honors the memory of Louis Cohen, a boatswain's mate on the United States steamer Manley, who made the supreme sacrifice when his ship and a British vessel collided somewhere in the Atlantic.

The other twelve stars represent his mourning companions, who are now preparing to go "over there." Four are in the navy, one at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., and another at Camp Meade, Md. The flag hangs from the window of a store kept by H. Mankowitz, at 1430 Baltimore street, where the "crowd of thirteen" used to meet before being called to the colors. Cohen was a son of Louis Cohen, living at 13 Ridger place, New York. The Manley collision occurred March 19 last. A depth charge aboard the ship was exploded by the impact, killing one officer and three enlisted men and injuring a number of others.

Fresher Symbolism.

Symbolism has a more direct relation to our conduct than we are always ready to grant. The old conventions of burial and of grief overemphasized the importance of physical and individual loss, and so were in themselves an obscuration of the new light we are seeking upon the marble face of death. The growing practice of wearing white rather than black for mourning, or of continuing the habitual colors of one's dress; the movement for placing upon the service flag a gold star in memory of a soldier killed, are attempts toward a fresher and truer symbolism expressing our growing protest against the depression and paralysis too often resultant upon the passage of a loved one from the known world to the unknown—Winifred Kirkland, in Atlantic Monthly.

Magnesia Cure for Cancer.

The theory that cancer is not of microbic origin, but is due to the excessive elimination of certain substances normally contained in the blood, is supported by a report of the researchers of Professor Dubard, just published by the French Academy of Medicine.

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EXPERT'S TRIBUTE TO WESTERN CANADA SOIL

That there is good reason for the wonderful crops of grain grown in Western Canada, which have made thousands of former residents of the United States wealthy, is not always given the thought that it deserves its quite apparent. But that there must be a reason is quite evident. Probably more than one—but the one that requires emphasis—is that the soil is of the nature that will produce good crops. It was not long since that the farmer selected his land in the most haphazard way. He need not do so today. He will select it on the soil analysis plan. Soil from Western Canada was submitted to Prof. Stevens, soil physicist of the State College of Washington, at Pullman, Wash. His report should no doubt further encourage settlement in Western Canada. It reads as follows:

"We have analyzed this sample and find that it runs high in lime, very high in potash, phosphorus and in nitrogen; that it has a splendid supply of organic matter and is in the best of physical condition. There is nothing wrong with this soil from the standpoint of crop production, and I am satisfied that it will give splendid results wherever put under cultivation."

It is soil like this properly worked, and on scientific lines, as is the rule today, that gives the opportunity to quote the experiences of farmers who have increased their incomes from \$500 to \$30,000 in two seasons, and whose story would read as follows:

"I have threshed altogether 7,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from 200 acres, which went from 24 to 56 per acre—so breaking 24, spring plowing 38, back setting 56 bushels—the average being 35 bushels per acre."

The newspaper giving an account of this man's experience says: "When he disposed of his 1,600 acres from north of Brooks, Alta., to four Oak Harbor men, he was worth \$30,000. Two years ago he came here with \$500 and a few horses."

It is the soil of Western Canada, and the knowledge of what it will do that brings to Canada the hundreds of settlers that are daily arriving at the border. A growing enthusiasm for the fertile prairie lands of Western Canada is spreading all over the continent. This enthusiasm is the recognition of the fact that sufficient food could be produced on these prairie lands to feed the world. From the south, east and west, hundreds of men, too old for military service, are pouring into Western Canada to take up land or to work on the farms. A great many of the incoming settlers have arrived at such central points as Calgary, Edmonton, and Lethbridge, Alberta, and at Regina, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Judging from the bulk of their household effects, the number of their horses and cattle, and the quantity of implements they are bringing with them, most of the new arrivals also seem well blessed with the world's goods.

Reports from North Portal, Saskatchewan; Coutts, Alberta, and Kingsgate, British Columbia—the principal gateways into Western Canada from the United States—indicate that the present influx of farmers is in such volume as has not been witnessed for many years. From Vancouver, British Columbia, people are going to the prairies for summer farm work, many with the intention of taking up land themselves at the end of the summer.

The influence of this tide of farmer settlers on greater food production will be more readily appreciated when it is considered that the average settler takes up at least twice as much land as he has hitherto been farming—and land which, acre for acre, produces better and larger crops.—Advertisement.

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