

TALES OF LAKE AND LONG SHORE

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF SOME FRESH-WATER SALTS

BY GEORGE TICKELL

THE DUPINGOF POLLY



"Is He Sick?"

"THEN you'll do it, Bill, for the sake of old times?" queried Capt. Brundage anxiously.

"Yes," said the mate, "for old times' sake and the 25 bucks you promised. Partiklerly for the 25 bucks."

The captain eyed him disdainfully.

"If 'twas me," he commented, "I'd be glad to help out a pal, even if I didn't get a cent. That's the kind of man I am."

"An' that's the kind I ain't," rejoined the mate tartly. "So maybe you'll stow this here moralistin' business 'an' hand over the coin, so as everything 'll be accordin' to agreement."

The skipper of the steamer Arkham muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, but producing a bulky pocketbook extracted several bills therefrom and passed them to the mate, who thrust them into his pocket and faced his superior with a satisfied smirk.

"Now that's settled, let's run over your scheme again, so as I can get my right bearin'," he said pleasantly.

"When we get to Buffalo you fix yourself up with a phony beard 'n' wig, an' if Miss Antrim comes askin' for you I'm to tell her Capt. Brundage died werry sudden in Chicago, an' there's a new skipper in charge."

"Don't forget as I'm supposed to be deaf an' dumb," warned the captain.

"If she once heard my voice it 'ud queer the whole game."

"Oh, aw right," responded the mate. "Only she must be a bigger fat-head than she looks if she swallows that. Who'd ever believe as a company 'ud hire a deaf dummy for captain of a big steam freighter?"

"She's got to believe it," returned the captain. "Anyway, if she sees me at all, it'll be only for a few minutes, and the news of my death 'll upset her so that she won't stop to figure out them little details."

"It wouldn't upset me," retorted the mate. "Seems like she oughter be joyful to hear it, if she's got any sense."

"That'll be all from you," growled Brundage in high dudgeon. "Just hold your jaw and do as you're told." Shortly after the Arkham tied up at the Buffalo docks she was boarded by a buxom young damsel with a determined chin and a pair of snappy black eyes. The watchful mate greeted her at the gang plank, and she acknowledged the salutation with a gracious smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Prout," she said. "Is Capt. Brundage around?"

The mate twisted his features into a becoming semblance of grief.

"I'm sorry to say that I've got bad news for you, Miss Antrim," was the response. He hesitated and shook his head sadly.

"What's the trouble?" inquired the girl, her face a shade paler at the sight of the mate's dolorous visage.

"Is he sick?"

"Worse than that, miss," returned the mate in a hoarse whisper. "He's werry bad—that is, I mean he ain't now. He's gone, miss, gone for ever."

The girl drew a sharp breath. "What! she gasped, "you don't mean to say—"

"That he's dead, miss; yes, that's it, an' sorry I am to tell you."

Miss Antrim dabbed a handkerchief hastily across her eyes. "How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, he— he was all right when he left here on his last voyage."

"Step into the cabin," requested the wily Mr. Prout, "an' I'll tell you all about it."

The girl followed him, and seating herself, prepared to listen to the mate's doleful narrative.

In accordance with the instructions of his chief, Mr. William Prout gave a very affecting sketch of the incidents relative to the former's sudden demise, due, as he declared, to a chill followed by an attack of pneumonia which had carried off the victim in record time.

Miss Polly Antrim listened with an odd gleam in her intelligent eyes.

"Wasn't there—that is, didn't he leave a message or anything of that kind for me?" she demanded, when the mate had finished his melancholy recital.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Prout hurriedly. "The poor chap sent you his love, an'—an' hoped you'd meet him in heaven—" he concluded in a burst of inspiration.

Polly Antrim glanced at the mate with tightened lips. "Very nice of him," she commented coolly. "Who did you say took his place?"

"Capt. Chester," returned Prout. "Nothing like poor Brundage, though, he ain't."

"I should like to see him," said Miss Antrim. "Perhaps he could tell me something more about Jim."

"Not him," responded the mate, hastily. "He didn't know Jim Brundage, an', anyways," he added as an afterthought, "this here Chester's deaf an' dumb; can't speak a word."

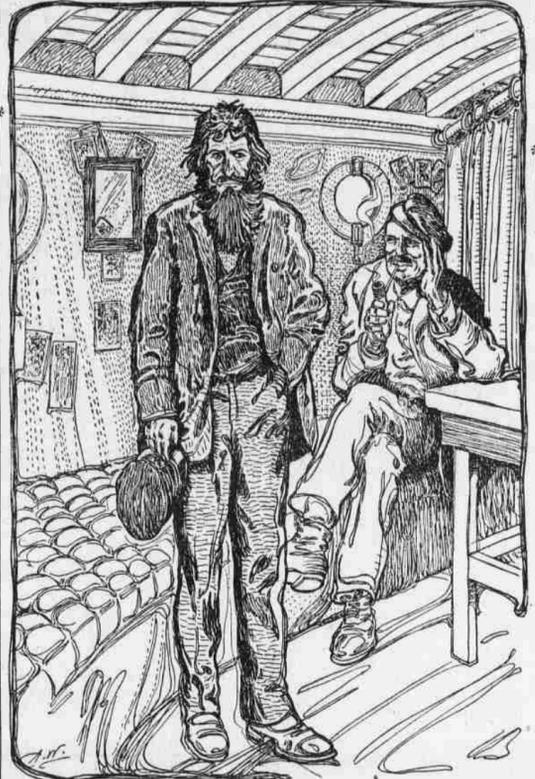
A look of intense surprise deepened on his hearer's countenance.

"Deaf and dumb!" she repeated. "Why, good gracious! how can a deaf mute be captain of a steamer?"

The mate's face flushed. "It's this way," he explained. "His uncle's the main guy of the Sherlock Navigation Company, an' he gave Chester the

self as sole passenger on the Arkham, and the mate proceeded to map out a long and difficult course of deception for what promised to be a memorable voyage.

Capt. Brundage, in the role of the silent Chester, passed muster before the girl's eyes in highly creditable fashion. She made no sign of recognition, and he reflected that the stage must have lost a shining light through his failing to perceive that nature had clearly intended him for an actor. To Mr. Prout fell the agreeable task of entertaining the fair passenger, who exhibited a liveliness of spirit not wholly in keeping with the sorrow of a maiden whom death had deprived of a lover. In fact, the mate, being a single man in the early thirties, found



"She'll Never Know Me in This Rig."

job. He ain't much of a sailor, an' all the work falls on me."

The girl eyed him steadily. "All the same," she remarked calmly, "I'm bound to see him, for I've made up my mind to go to Chicago on the Arkham."

Mr. Prout uttered a horrified exclamation.

"Back on the Arkham!" he repeated. "What for?"

"To visit Jim's grave," responded the artless Miss Antrim.

"It's the least I can do under the circumstances. And it'll be a sort of consolation to sail on the boat he used to command, poor fellow."

"Well, Capt. Chester's ashore just now," declared the mate, desperately.

"That doesn't matter, I'll see him later," she said, airily. "I'm going home now to pack my things and get ready."

Much aghast at this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel, Mr. Prout sought the presence of his chief, who had prudently remained in seclusion during Miss Antrim's visit. Capt. Brundage, resplendent in a false beard and wig of inky blackness, assumed to deceive his lady love's penetrating optics in case she insisted upon a personal interview, received his officer's tidings with a violent explosion of highly ornamental profanity.

"You've bungled the whole business, you nigger-headed swab!" he said, heatedly. "What the blue blazes are we to do now? If that girl ever lands in Chicago and finds out I'm alive and have a wife and four kids, there'll be the devil to pay."

"Tain't my fault," protested the mate, sullenly. "What business had you to make love to her? Might have known there'd be trouble."

"I wasn't all to blame, Bill," asserted the captain. "It beats all the shine so many of these girls take to me. Can't understand why they do it."

"Neither can I," agreed the mate, savagely. "It ain't your beauty, I'll swear. Mebbe it's the lies you tell 'em. Some women go daffy over a slack-mouthed liar."

"That's not the point," returned Brundage, sourly. "There's only one way to square it. We don't carry passengers as a rule, and she'll likely be the only one aboard. What you've got to do now is pass the word to the crew to keep their mouths shut, and I'll keep up this deaf and dumb racket. She'll never know me in this rig, especially if I only show up after dark."

"And who's to stand your watches?" demanded the mate. "Think I'm a blasted horse to be doing the work of two men? Anyhow, she'll be put wise when she reaches Chicago."

"Well, it'll give me time to think the matter over," said Brundage, hopefully. "You can stand the day watches, and I'll come on at night."

Mr. Prout entered a vigorous protest, but in the end his superior's argument prevailed, and he hastened to give the necessary instructions to the members of the crew. True to her word, Miss Polly Antrim installed her-

net fate had thrown around him, looked up in surprise as Miss Polly entered and closed the door behind her with an emphatic slam. That done, she sat down and surveyed her quondam suitor with malicious eyes. Brundage stared back with a sickly smile, wondering inwardly what her visit might portend. He was not left long in doubt.

She suddenly stretched forth a slim, white hand, and tore the black beard from his face. Then she set her little foot upon it and spoke with much uncton.

"What an awful silly you are, Jim Brundage, to think that you could pull the wool over my eyes."

The captain wagged his head dismally.

"All right, Polly," he said, "you've got me beat. What do you reckon to do?"

"If I was a man," said the girl, scornfully, "I'd thrash you well, but I suppose I must get satisfaction another way. What hurts me most isn't your falseness, but the idea that you considered me such a fool. I've found out all about you, and unless you want your wife to know everything, you'll do as I say."

"When you passed yourself off as a single man you showed me your bankbook and calculated that \$500 would start us nicely in housekeeping. Now, when we reach Chicago, Jimmy dear, you'll go straight to the bank, draw \$250, and hand it over to me. Then I'll say good-by and you can thank your stars for getting off so easily."

The unmasked conspirator swore bitterly and protested fervently, but Miss Polly was adamant and he finally agreed to her terms. His disclosure to Mr. Prout of the conditions upon which he had surrendered was received by that unfeeling seaman with a hoarse laugh, which was distinctly aggravating to his commander's troubled mind.

The Arkham lay at the Clark street dock with Miss Antrim seated in the captain's cabin placidly awaiting his return from the bank. Beside her laughed Mr. William Prout, smoking the pipe of peace. Brundage entered with a look of intense gloom overshadowing his countenance, and signalled the mate to retire. Miss Polly waved her hand in dissent.

"Stay where you are," she said, genially. "Count out the money, Jim, and hurry up."

The mate grinned broadly as his skipper lugged out the well-known pocketbook, and, sighing deeply, handed \$250 in United States currency to his female Nemesis. Polly beamed graciously upon the uncheerful giver.

"That's a good boy, Jim," she said, sweetly, "and now we'll go ashore happy. By the way, it may interest you to know that Mr. Prout and I mean to set up housekeeping on the strength of your kind gift."

The captain's emotion was too deep for mere words to express. He rose to his feet, still staring helplessly, as Miss Antrim, leaning on the arm of the gratified mate, tripped merrily along the gang plank to the wharf. (Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)



"That Done—"

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IS 100 YEARS OLD

REV. MOYNIHAN, PRIEST IN CHICAGO, TURNS CENTURY MARK.

Refuses to Disclose His Exact Age—Is Still Very Active and Reads With-out the Aid of Glasses—Was Born in Ireland.

Almost a century in the service of his church, 70 years of which have elapsed since he was ordained a priest, and yet to be able to celebrate mass before an altar constructed in his own room, is the proud record of Very Rev. Canon Jeremiah Moynihan, who now makes his home with friends at 133 Thirty-third street.

Just exactly how old this grand old priest remains a secret, which he guards as carefully as does a coy maiden who has passed that mystic birthday when women would rather remain silent than divulge their age. He admits that he was born in 1808, but says that he will not tell any man, woman or child the exact date of his birthday.

"They'd make a fuss about it," he says, "and that would be useless."

"Old Father Jerry," as he is familiarly known by thousands of admirers, says to live long and keep good health one must eat and sleep regularly, shun tobacco and liquors and banish worry. Canon Moynihan is active, he eats well, he sleeps well, he laughs—oh, so heartily—and he declares that he can place a man of 70 on his back in a twinkling. Were it not for his advanced age, he says he would have been a bishop, and very likely the archbishop of New Orleans. He is not at

all discouraged with life, but sees humor in everything possible. He to-day looks like a man of 70, and acts like one. When a baby the people of his home town of Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, were still talking of the sacrifice of Robert Emmet, and there was a whisper here and there of the "wearing of the green," but it had to be only a whisper. The rebellion of ten years previous still was on every Irish tongue. Canon Moynihan was born into an atmosphere of revolution. His baby lips learned the syllables of every Irish song that moves a Celt to action. The sight of a red coat was both a horror and an indignation from the moment his baby eyes learned to discriminate colors.

"I mind them still," said Canon Moynihan in an interview. "I mind the soldierly well. That's 90 years and more ago. I'll never forget them if I live 90 years more."

Canon Moynihan is rugged, deep-chested, and must have been of great physical strength in his day. He has plenty of gray hair about his temples, but the upper head is bald. With a hundred years of handicap, he sees the joke long before you do. When you knit your forehead to find out the fine point, you see him laughing at you under his shaggy brows.

"What place in Ireland did you come from?" he snapped out suddenly while being interviewed. "What's that—while you came from New York? Sure, it's the same thing. They used to call it the County Croker. I hear it's the County Murphy now."

"Spectacles? What's that? You want to insult a man who bears his 100 years with honor? Spectacles? What are the like for? I can see through you so easy I'd never need them. What's that? Ha, ha, ha! I never have used them, and thank God I know my breviary from end to end without needing them."

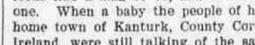
He made a trip to Ireland many years ago and brought back from Dublin five Sisters of Charity, who took up their labors in America.

Despite his great age, he celebrated mass at the Church of the Holy Angels two years ago. Before coming to Chicago he was rector of a parish at Bradford, Ill. For 50 years he lived in New Orleans, where he was made a canon. He speaks six languages.

Large Waterways to be Constructed. Russia is contemplating the construction of a huge new waterway across Siberia, nearly parallel with the course of the transiberian railway. It is proposed to connect five great Siberian rivers—the Tobol, Ishim, Irtysh, Ob and Yenissei—and other less important streams, by canals or light railways, and with a view of this the Russian government has ordered extensive surveys to be taken.

An Annoying Error. There was a very annoying typographical error that crept into the papers the other day, telling how a prominent society man had been held up by highwaymen and "robbed of his watch and other valuables." The editor has come out with an explanation that the last word was not vegetables, but valuables.—Judge.

Compromise Suggestion. Knicker—Do you think ships should be commanded by the line or the staff? Hocker—Why not have a man who excels in horsemanship?—Judge.



CANON J. C. MOYNIHAN

Wore Out Bobby's Patience. Bobby was on a visit to his uncle, a good old orthodox deacon, in the country. The two were the best of friends, and Bobby always sat at the deacon's right hand at table.

At dinner that day grace was long, and Bobby was very hungry. Finally, in the midst of it his patience gave out; he pounded on the table with his little fist. "Amen, now, Uncle Horace! Amen!"

The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and mind—Chas. Buxton.

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Gentleness is invincible.—Marcus Aurelius.

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to conquer all female diseases. Mrs. Norman R. Barnard, of Allentown, Pa., writes:

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