The Fire and the Farm.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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The quartermaster knocked smartly and came into the charthouse, and Captain Kettle's eyes snapped open from deep sleep to complete wakefulness.

"There's some sort of vessel on fire, sir, to loo'ard, about five miles off."

The shipmaster glanced up at the tell-tale compass above his head. "Officer of the watch has changed the course I see. We're heading for it, eh?"

"Yes, sir. The second mate told me to say so."

"Quite right. Pass the word for the carpenter, and tell him to get port and starboard lifeboats ready for lowering in case they're wanted. I'll be on the bridge in a minute."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the quartermaster, and withdrew into the darkness outside.

Kettle soon emerged attired in high rubber thigh boots and leather-bound black oilskins.

The night was black and thick with a drizzle of rain, and a heavy breeze snored through the Flamingo's scanty rigging. The first mate and the third had already turned out, and were on the boatskids helping the carpenter. On that part of the horizon against which the Flamingo's bows sawed with great swooping dives, was a streaky, flickering yellow glow.

Kettle went on to an end of the bridge and peered ahead through the bridge binoculars. "A steamer," he commented, "and a big one, too, and she's finely ablaze. Not much help we shall be able to give. It will be a case of taking off the crew, if they aren't already cooked before we get there." He looked over the side at the eddy of water that clung to the ship's flank. "I see you're shoving her along," he said to the second mate.

"I sent word down to the engine room to give her all they knew the moment we raised the glow. I thought you wouldn't grudge the coal, sir."

"No; quite right. Hope there aren't too many of them to be picked off, or we shall make a tight fit on board here."

"Funny we should be carrying the biggest cargo the old boat ever had packed into her. They won't mind much where they stow as long as they're picked up out of the wet. Ber-rh!" shivered the second mate: "I shouldn't much fancy open-boat cruising in the western ocean this weather."

Captain Kettle stared on through the shiny brass binoculars: "Call all hands," he said, quickly. "That's a big ship ahead of us. God send she's only an old tramp. At those lifeboats, there!" he shouted. "Swing the davits outboard, and pass your painters forward. Hump yourselves, now."

"There's a lot of ice here, sir," came a grumbling voice out of the darkness, "and the boats are frozen onto the chocks. We've got to hammer it away before they'll hoist"——

"You call yourself a mate and hold a master's ticket, and want to get a ship of your own"—Kettle vaulted over the rail on to the top of the fiddley, and made for his second in command—"Here, my man, if your delicate fingers can't do this bit of a job, give me that marlinspike. By James! Do you hear me? Give up the marlinspike. Dod you never see a boat iced up before? Now then, carpenter. Are you worth your salt? Or am I to clear both ends in this boat myself?"

So, by example and tongue, Captain Kettle got his boats swung outboard, and the Flamingo, with her engines working at an unusual strain, surged rapidly nearer and nearer to the blaze.

Wind, cold and breakdowns of machinery the sailor accepts with dull indifference; shipwrecks, strandings and disease he looks forward to as part of an inevitable fate, but fire goes nearer to cowing him than all other disasters put together, and arouses in him the warmest sympathy and the full of his resourcefulness.

But meanwhile, as the Flamingo made her way up-wind against the changing seas, a fear was beginning to grip the little shipmaster that was deep enough to cause him a physical nausea. The burning steamer was on fire forward, and she lay almost head-on towards them, keeping her stern to the seas, so that the wind could have no help in driving the flames aft. As her size became more apparent, someone guessed her as a big cargo tramp from New Orleans, with cotton that had overheated and fired, and Kettle took comfort from the suggestion and tried to believe that it might come true.

But as they closed with her, and came within earshot of her syren, which was sending frightened, useless blares across the churning waters, there was no being blind to the true facts any longer. This was no cargo boat, but a passenger liner, outward bound, too, and populous. And as they came still nearer, they saw her after decks black and wriggling with people, and Kettle got a glimpse of her structure and recognized the vessel herself.

"The Grosser Carl," he muttered, "out of Hamburg for New York. Next to first-class, and she cuts rates for third and gets the bulk of the German emigrant traffic. She'll have 600 on her this minute, and 100 of a crew. And there's hell waiting for them over yonder, and getting worse every minute. Oh, great James, I wonder what's going to be done. I couldn't pack seventy of them on the old Flam here if I filled her to busting."

He clapped the binoculars to his eyes again and stared diligently around the rim of the night. If only he could catch a glimpse of some other liner hurrying along her route, then these people could be saved easily. He could drop his boats to take them till the other passenger ship came up. But the Flamingo and the Grosser Carl had the stage severely to themselves, and between them they had the making of an intolerable weight of destiny.

The second mate broke in upon his commander's brooding: "Shall I be getting derricks rigged and the hatch-covers off?"

Kettle turned on him with a sudden fierceness. "Do you know you're asking me to ruin myself?"

"But if we jettison cargo to make room for these poor beggars, sir, the insurance will pay."

"You've got a lot to learn, my lad, before you're fit to take charge of a ship, if you don't know any more than that about the responsibility for cargo."

"By jove, that's awkward. Birds would look pretty blue if the bill was handed in to them."

"Birds!" said Kettle, with contempt. "They aren't liable for sixpence. Supposing you were traveling by train, and there was somebody else's portmanteau in the carriage, and you flung it out of the window into a river, who do you suppose would have to stand the racket?"

"Why, me. But then, sir, this is different."

"Not a bit. If we start it to jettison cargo, it means I'm a ruined man."

"We can't leave these poor devils!" said the second mate, awkwardly.

"Oh, no, of course we can't. They're an unclean pack; we should think ourselves too good to brush against them if we met them in the street, but sentiment demands that we stay and pull them out of their mess, and cold necessity leaves me to foot the bill. You're young and not married, my lad. I'm neither. I've worked like a horse all my life, mostly with bad luck, and only lately luck's turned a bit."

"Perhaps somebody else will pay for the cargo we have to put over the side, sir."

"It's pretty thin comfort when you've got a 'perhaps' of that size, and no mortal other stop between you and the workhouse. It's all very well doing these things in hot blood; but the reckoning's paid when you're cold, and they're cold, and with the board of trade standing by, like the devil in the background, all ready to give you a kick when there's a spare place for a fresh foot."

He slammed down the handle of the bridge telegraph and rang off the Flamingo's engines. He had been measuring distances all this time with his eye. "But, of course, there's the blessed cause of humanity to be looked after—humanity to these blessed emigrants that their own country doesn't want, and every other country would rather be without. Humanity to my poor old missus and the kids doesn't count. I shall get a sludgy paragraph in the papers for the Grosser heart, headed 'Gallant Rescue,' with all the facts put upside down, and twelve months later there'll be another paragraph about a 'case of pitiful destitution.' 'Birds see me through?' Birds sent me to work up a connection in the Mexican gulf, and I've done it, after four years' service. I jettison the customers' cargo. Customers will get mad, and give their business to other lines, which don't run foul of blazing emigrant packets."

"I'm awful sorry, skipper. If there's anything I can do, sir"——

Captain Kettle sighed and looked drearily out at the blazing ship. But he felt that he had been showing weakness and pulled himself together again smartly. "Yes, there is, my lad. I'm a disappointed man, and I've been talking a lot more than's dignified. You'll do me a real kindness if you'll forget all that's been said. Away with you on to the main deck, and get hatches off, and whip the top tier of that cargo over the side as fast as you can make the winches travel. If the old Flamingo is going to serve out free hospitality, by James, she shall do it full weight. I'd give the beggars champagne and spring mattresses, if I'd got them."

Meanwhile those on the German emigrant steamer had seen the coming of the shabby little English trader with bumping hearts. Till then the crew had fought the fire with diligence, but when the nearness of a potential rescuer was reported, they discovered that the fire was beyond control, and made at once for the boats, overbowering passengers and officers who happened to come between them and their desires. Away screamed out the davit tackles as the boats were lowered full of madly frightened deck hands and grimy handlers of coal. Panic had sapped every trace of their manhood. They had concern only for their own skins. One boat, chiefly manned by the coal interest, swamped alongside before it could be shoved clear; the forward davit fell off, another jammed, and let it dangle vertical up and down when the after fall overhauled, and only one boat got away clear.

The reception which this small cargo of worthies met with surprised them. They pulled with terrified haste to the Flamingo, got under her lee, and clung desperately to the line which was thrown to them. But to the rail above them came the man who expected to be ruined by this night's work. Captain Kettle, being human, had greatly needed some one during the last half hour to ease his feelings on, and the boat came neatly to supply his want. It was long enough since he had found occasion for such an outburst. Every biting insult in his vocabulary, every lashing word that is used upon the seas, every gibe, national, personal or professional, that a lifetime of hard language could teach, he poured out on that shivering boat's crew then. He had, of course, many a time sailed with a forecastle filled with Germans, and had acquired the special art of adapting his abuse to the "Dutchman's" sensibilities. And, as a wind up, after having made them writhe sufficiently, he ordered them to go back whence they came, and take a share in rescuing their fellows.

"But we shall drown!" shouted back one speaker, from the wildly jumping boat.

"Then drown and be hanged to you," shouted Kettle. "I'm not going to have cowards like you dirtying my deck planks." He cast off the line to which their boat rode. "You go and do your whack at getting the people off that packet or none of you shall ever see your happy Dutchland again."

Meanwhile, so the irony of the fates ordered it, the two mates, each in charge of one of the Flamingo's lifeboats, were commanding crews made up entirely of Germans and Scandinavians, and pluckier and more careful sailormen could not have been wished for. A heavy sea ran, and from its crests a spindrift blew which cut the face like whips and numbed with its chill. The boats were tossed about like playthings, and required constant baiting. But Kettle had brought the Flamingo to windward of the Grosser Carl, and each boat carried a line, so that the steam winches could help her with the return trips.

Getting a cargo was, however, the chief difficulty. All vestige of order was swamped in unutterable panic. If a boat had been brought alongside, they would have tumbled into her like sheep, till their numbers swamped her. They cursed the flames, cursed the sea, cursed their own brothers and sisters who jostled them. They were the sweepings from half-fed middle Europe born with raw nerves, and under the sudden stress of danger, and in the absence of some strong man to thrust discipline on them, they became practically maniacs.

Now, the Flamingo's boats were officered by two cool, profane mates, who had no nerves themselves, and did not see the use of nerves in other people. Neither of them spoke German, but presuming that some of those who listened would understand English they made proclamation in their own tongue to the effect that the women were to be taken off first.

"And if any of you rats of men shove your way down here," said the chief mate, "before all the skirts is ferried across, you'll just get knocked on the head, that's all. Now, then, get some bow lines and sway out the ladies."

As well might the order have been addressed to a flock of sheep. Then each poor soul there stretched out his arms or her, and clamored to be saved—and—never mind the rest. And meanwhile the flames bit deeper and deeper into the fabric of the steamer, and the breath of them grew more searching.

"You ruddy Dutchmen," shouted the second mate, "it would serve you blooming well right if you were left to be frizzled. However, we'll see if kindness can't tame you a bit yet." He waited till the swirl of a sea swung his boat under one of the dangling davit falls, caught it and climbed nimbly on board. Then he proceeded to clear a space by crashing his fist into every face within reach.

"Now, then," he shouted, "if there are any sailormen here worth their salt, let them come and help. Am I to break up the whole of this ship's company by myself?"

Gradually by ones and twos the Grosser Carl's remaining officers and deckhands came shamefacedly toward this new nucleus of authority and order, and then the real work began. Like cattle the emigrants were herded and handled, and their women and young cut out from the general mob. These last were got into the swaying, dancing boats as tenderly as might be, and the men were bidden to wait their turn. When they grew restive, as the searching fire grew more near, they were beaten savagely.

Meanwhile the two lifeboats took one risky journey after another, being drawn up to their own ship by a chattering winch, and then laboring back under oars for another. The light of the burning steamer turned a great sphere of night into day, and the heat from her made the sweat pour down the faces of the men, though the gale still roared, and the icy spindrift still whipped and stung. On the Flamingo Captain Kettle cast into the sea with a free hand what represented the savings of a lifetime, provision for his wife and children, and an old age pension for himself.

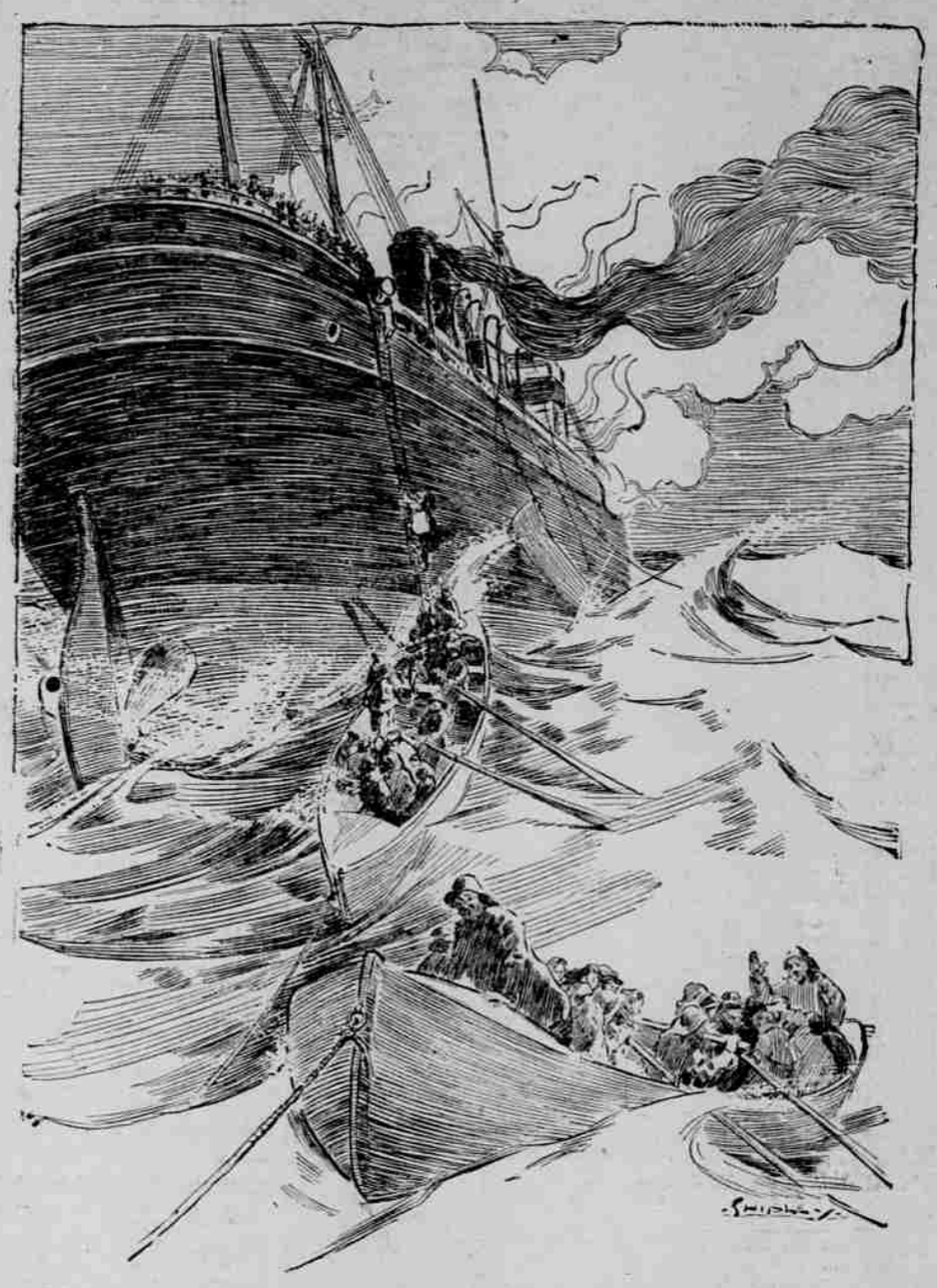
The Grosser Carl had carried thirty first-class passengers, and these he crammed into the Flamingo's slender cabin, filling it to overflowing. The emigrants—Austrians, Bohemians, wild Poles, filthy, crowling Russian Jews, bestial Armenians, human debris which even soldier-coveting middle Europe rejected—these were herded down into the holds, as rich cargo was dug out and given to the thankless sea to make space for them.

"Kindly walk up," said Kettle, with bitter hospitality as fresh flocks of them were heaved up over the bulwarks. "We're most pleased to strike our cargo to provide you with an elegant parlor, and what's left, I'm sure you'll be able to sit on and spoil. O, you filthy, long-haired cattle! Did none of you ever wash?"

Fiercely the Grosser Carl burned to the fanning of the gale, and like furies worked the men in the boats. The Grosser Carl's own boat joined the other two, once the ferrying was well under way. She had hung alongside after Kettle cast off her line, with her people madly clamoring to be taken on board, but as all they received for their pains was abuse and coal lumps, they were presently driven to help in the saving work through sheer scare at being left behind to drown.

The Flamingo's chief mate oversaw the dangerous ferrying, and though every soul that was transshipped might be said to have had ten narrow escapes in transit over that piece of tossing water, luck and good seamanship carried the day, and none were lost. And on the Grosser Carl the second mate, a stronger man, brazenly took entire command. "I don't care a red what your official post was on this ship before I came," said the second mate to several indignant officers. "You should have held onto it when you had it. I'm skipper here now by sheer right of conquest, and I'm going to stay on at that till the bloomin' old ship's burned out. Turn to there and pase another batch of those passengers into the boats. Don't you spill any of them overboard, either, or, by the Big Mischief, I'll just step down and teach you handiness."

The second mate was almost fainting with the heat before he left the Grosser Carl, but he insisted on being the last man on board, and then guyed the whole performance with caustic gaiety when he was dragged out of the water, into which he had been forced to jump, and was set to drain on the floor gratings of a boat.



"The light of the burning steamer turned a great sphere of night into day."

The Grosser Carl had fallen away before the wind, and was spouting flame from sternhead to poopstaff by the time the last of the rescuers and the rescued were put on the Flamingo's deck, and on that travelworn steamboat were some 650 visitors that somehow or other had to be provided for. They were still five days' steam away from port, and their official provision supply was only calculated to last the Flamingos themselves for a little over that time. So there was no sentimental waiting to see the Grosser Carl finally burn out and sink. The boats were cast adrift, as the crews were too exhausted to hoist them in, and the Flamingo's nose was turned toward Liverpool. Pratt, the chief engineer, figured out to half a ton what coal he had remaining, and set the pace so as to run in with empty bunkers. They were cold now, all hands, and the prospect of semi-starvation made them regard their visitors less than ever in the light of men and brothers.

But, as it chanced, toward the evening of next day a hurrying ocean greyhound overtook them in her race from New York toward the east, and the bunting talked out loud sentences in the commercial code from the wire span between the Flamingo's masts. When the liner drew up alongside and stopped with reversed propellers, she had a loaded boat ready swung out in davits, which dropped in the water the moment she had lost her way. The bunting had told the pith of the tale.

When the two steamer's bridges were level, the liner's captain touched his cap, and a crowd of well-dressed passengers below his listened wonderingly.

"'Afternoon, captain. Got 'em all?"

"'Afternoon, captain. Oh, we didn't lose any. But a few drowned their silly selves before we started to shepherd them."

"What ship was it?"

"The old Grosser Karl. She was astern of her time. Much obliged to you for the grub, captain. We'd have been pretty hard pushed if we hadn't met you. I'm sending you a payment order."

The cases of food were trans-shipped with frantic haste, and the boat returned. The greyhound leaped out into her stride again the moment she had hooked on, and shot ahead.

The voyage home was not one of oppressive gaiety. The first-class passengers, who were crammed into the narrow cabin, found the quarters uncomfortable, and the little shipmaster's manner repellant. The riff-raff in the hold plotted mischief amongst themselves, stole when the opportunity came to them, and, when they gave the matter any consideration at all, decided that this fierce little captain, with the red torpedo beard, had taken them on board merely to fulfill some selfish purpose of his own.

The Flamingo picked up the landmarks of the southern Irish coast, and made her number to Lloyd's station on Brow Head, stood across for the Tuskar and so on up St. George's channel for Holyhead. She flew a pilot jack there, and off Point Lynus picked up a pilot.

"Well, pilot, what's the news?" said Kettle, as the man of narrow waters swung himself upon the bridge.

"You are," said the pilot. "The papers are just full of you, captain, all of them, from the Shipping Telegraph to the London Times. The Cunard boat brought in the yarn. A pilot out of my schooner took her up."

"How do they spell the name? Cuttle?"

"Well, I think it's 'Kattle' mostly, though one paper has it 'Kelly.'"

"Curse their cheek!" said the little sailor, flushing.

"Starboard a point," said the pilot, and turned to Kettle with some amusement. "They don't seem to have done you much harm this journey, captain. They've made the country just ring with you and this old packet. Why, they're getting up subscriptions for you all round."

Iament was not sitting, and there had been no newspaper sensation for a week, and as a natural consequence the papers came out next morning with accounts of the rescue, varying from two columns to a page in length. But let the frillings in this case be fact or fiction, there was no doubt that Kettle and his crew had saved a shipload of panic-stricken foreign emigrants. The pride of race bubbled through the British daily press in prosaic long primer and double-leaded bourgeois. There was no saying aloud, "We rejoice that an Englishman has done this thing, after having it proved to us that it was above the foreigner's strength." The newspaper man does not rhapsodize. But the sentiment was there all the same.

"I'm not a blessed mendicant," said Kettle, stiffly. He walked to the other end of the bridge, and stood there chewing savagely at the butt of his cigar.

"Rum bloke," commented the pilot to himself, though aloud he offered no comment. Still the pilot was right in saying that England was ringing with the news of Kettle's feat. The passengers of the Cunarder, with nothing much else to interest them, had come home thrilled and tingling with it. A smart New Yorker had got a "scoop" by slipping ashore at Queenstown and cabling a lavish account to the American press, so that the first news reached London from the states. Par-

The Flamingo was worked into dock and a cheering crowd surged aboard of her in unrestrainable thousands. Strangers came up and wrung Kettle's unwilling hand and dropped tears on his coatsleeve; and when he swore at them, they only wept the more and smiled through the drops. It was magnificent, splendid, gorgeous. Here was a man! Who said that England would never lose her proud place amongst the nations when she could still find men like Oliver Kelly—or Kettle—or Cuttle, or whatever this man was called, amongst her obscure merchant captains?

Even Mr. Isaac Bird caught some of the general enthusiasm, and withheld for the present the unpleasant remarks which occurred to him as suitable, touching Kettle's neglect of the firm's interest, in favor of a parcel of bankrupt foreigners. But Kettle himself had the subject well in mind, and whilst the crowd was cheering him, he was figuring out the value of the jettisoned cargo, and whilst pompous Mr. Isaac was shaking him by the hand and making a neat speech for the ear of casual reporters, poor Kettle was conjuring up visions of the workhouse and pauper corduroy.

But the fates were moving now in a manner which was beyond his experience. The public, which had ignored his bare existence before for all of a lifetime, suddenly discovered that he was a hero, and that, too, without knowing half the facts. The press, with its finger on the public's pulse, published Kettle literature in lavish columns. It gave twenty different "eye-witnesses' accounts" of the rescue. And finally it took all the little man's affairs under its consideration, and settled them with a lordly hand.

"Who pays for the cargo Captain Kuttle threw overboard?" one paper headed an article, while another wrote fervidly about "Cattle ruined for his bravery." Here was a new and striking side issue. Should the week's hero pay the bill himself out of his miserable savings? Certainly not. The owners of the Grosser Carl were the benefiting parties, and it was only just that they should take up the expense. So the entire press wired off to the German firm, and next morning were able to publish a positive assurance that, of course these grateful foreigners would reimburse all possible outlay.

The subject of finance once broached, it was naturally discovered that the hero toiled for a very meagre pittance; that he was getting on in years, and had a wife and family depending on him—and—promptly there opened out the subscription lists. People were stirred, and the lists totaled up to £2,400, which to some people, of course, is gilded affluence.

Now Captain Kettle had endured all this publicity with a good deal of restiveness, and had used language to one or two interviewers who managed to ferret him out, which fairly startled them; but this last move for a public subscription made him furious.

"If they call a meeting to give me anything," said he, "I'll chuck the money in their faces, and let them know straight what I think. By James, do they suppose I've got no pride? Why can't they let me alone? If the Grosser Carl people pay up for that cargo that's all I want."

But the eternal healer, time, soothed matters down wonderfully. By the time the subscription list had closed and been brought together, the Flamingo had sailed for the Mexican gulf, and when her captain returned to find a curt, formal letter, from a firm of bankers, stating that £2,400 had been placed to his credit in their establishment, he would have been more than human if he had refused it. And, as a point of fact, after consulting with madam, his wife, he transformed it into houses in that terrace of narrow dwellings in Birkenhead which represented the rest of his savings.

This house property was alleged by a sanguine agent to produce at the rate of £15 per annum apiece, and there were thirty-six houses. The "trade connection" in the Mexican gulf had been very seriously damaged. As was somewhat natural, the commercial gentry preferred to send what they had by boats which did not contrive to meet burning emigrant liners. And then the second part of the prophecy evolved itself naturally. Messrs. Bird relieved Captain Kettle from the command, handed him their check for wages due—there was no commission to be added for such an unsatisfactory voyage as this last—and presented him their best wishes for his future welfare.

Kettle had thought of telling the truth in print. But the mysterious law of libel, which it is written that all mariners should dread and never understand, prevented. So he just went and gave his views to Mr. Isaac Bird personally and privately, threw the ink bottle through the office window, pitched the box of business cigars into the fire, and generally pointed his remarks in a way that went straight to Mr. Bird's heart, and then prepared peacefully to take his departure.

"I shall not prosecute you for this," said Mr. Isaac.

"I wish you dare. It would suit me finely to get into a police court and be able to talk. I'd willingly pay my 'forty shillings and' for the chance. They'd give me the option fast enough."

"I say I shall not prosecute you, because I have no time to bother with law. But I shall send your name round among shipowners, and with my word against you you'll never get another command so long as the word stands."

"You knock-kneed little Jew!" said Kettle truculently, "do you think I'm giving myself the luxury of letting out at a shipowner after knuckling down to the breed through all of a weary life, unless I knew my ground? I've done with ships and the sea for always. I've taken a farm in Wharfdale, and I'm going to it this very week."

"Then," said Mr. Isaac, sardonically, "if you've taken a farm, don't let me wish you any further ill. Good morning."

But Kettle was not to be damped out of conceit with his life's desire by a few ill-natured words. He gave Mr. Isaac Bird his final blessing, commenting on his ancestors, his personal appearance, his prospects of final salvation, and then pleasantly took his leave.

The farm he had rented lay in the Wharfe valley above Skipton, and he hired a capable foreman as philosopher and guide. And here I may say that his hobby by no means ruined him, as might reasonably be expected. But though it is hard to confess that a man's ideal comes short of his expectations when put to the trial, I am free to confess that although he enjoyed it all, attending crops or his sheep, or haggling with his fellow farmers over fat beasts in Skipton market, he had gone back to one of his more practiced tastes—if one call it a taste—the cultivation of religion.

The farm stood bleak and lonely on the slope of a hillside, and on both flanks of the dale were other lonely farms as far as the eye could see. There was no village. The nearest place of worship was four miles away. But in the valley was a small gray stone chapel. Kettle got this into his control.

He was by no means a rich man. The row of houses in Birkenhead were for the most part tenanted by the wives of mercantile marine engineers and officers, who were chronically laggard with their rent, and whom esprit de corps forbade him to press; and so what with this deficit, and repairs, and taxes, and one thing and another, it was rarely that half his projected £500 a year found its way into his banking account. But a tithe of whatever accrued to him was scrupulously set aside for the maintenance of the chapel.

He imported there the grim, narrow creed he had learned in South Shields, and threw open the door for congregations. He was entirely in earnest over it all, and vastly serious. Failing another minister, he himself took the services, and though on occasion some other brother was induced to preach, it was he himself who usually mounted the pulpit beneath the sounding board. He purchased an American organ, and sent his eldest daughter in weekly to take lessons in Skipton till she could play it. And Mrs. Kettle herself led the singing.

Still further, the chapel has its own collection of hymns, specially written, printed and dedicated to its service. The book is Captain Kettle's first published effort. Heaven and its author alone know under what wild circumstances most of those hymns were written.

The chapel started its new span of life with a congregation that was meagre enough, but Sunday by Sunday the number grew. Some came once and were not seen again. Others came and returned. They felt that this was the loneliest of all modern creeds; indeed, Kettle preached as much; and one can take a melancholy pride in splendid isolation.

I am not sure that Captain Kettle does not find the restfulness of his present life a trifle too accentuated at times, though this is only inevitable for one who has been so much a man of action. But he never makes complaint. He is a strong man, and he governs himself, even as he governs his family and the chapel circle, with a strong, just hand. The farm is a model of neatness and order; paint is lavished in a way that makes dalesmen lift their eyebrows; and the routine of the household is as strict as that of a ship.

The house is unique, too, in Wharfedale, for the variety of its contents. Desperately poor though Kettle might be, on many of his returns from his unsuccessful ventures, he never came back to his wife without some present from a foreign clime as a tangible proof of his remembrance. But one might turn the house upside down without finding so carnal an instrument as a revolver, and when I suggested to Kettle once that we might go outside and have a little pistol practice, he glared at me, and I thought he would have sworn. He let me know, stiffly enough, that whatever circumstances might have made him at sea, he had always been a very different man ashore in England; and there the matter dropped.

But, speaking of mementoes, there is one link with the past that Mrs. Kettle, poor lady, never ceases to regret the loss of. "Such a beautiful gold watch," she says it was, too, "with the emperor's and the captain's names engraved together on the back, and just a nice mention of the Grosser Carl." As it happened, I saw the letter with which it was returned. Kettle returned it, refusing to accept a present from one he had talked about.

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The Rio Grande Western railway and its connections offers two fast through trains daily. Through Pullman Palace and ordinary sleeping cars. Perfect dining car service. Free reclining chair cars. Cool and comfortable ride. Magnificent scenery.

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON

Excursion June 6 and 7,

Via Oregon Short Line, as follows:

Portland and return, $21.50.

Spokane and return, $21.50.

San Francisco and return, via steamer, $51.50.

And to all points east.

Steamer trip includes meals and berth over 1,300 miles on Pacific ocean. Best summer excursion. All tickets good returning until Sept. 4. City ticket office, 100 West Second South street.

A DAY'S WORK

Or a Day's Pleasure

can be had in travel. It all depends on the transportation facilities and comforts afforded. No railway line in the west is so justly celebrated for its numerous attractive features as the Union Pacific, "The People's Favorite." It excels in completeness of equipment, condition of track, speed of trains and popularity with experienced travelers. Ticket office "Old Stand," 201 Main street.

BAND OF SHEEP DROWNED.

California Stream Overflows and Floods Country.

Redding, Cal., June 4.—As a result of a cloudburst in the southwestern part of Shasta county, Duckett creek, ordinarily a placid stream, was transformed into a raging torrent and overflowed its banks, submerging all the adjoining lowlands. The water flowed over many acres of land which had been under cultivation, ruining the growing crops and washing away outbuildings and fences.

An entire band of sheep was swept from a pasture field and drowned. Duckett creek, South Fork creek, Clear creek and other streams are now at the maximum height of the rainy season.

Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment

cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Allays inflammation, soothes inflamed surfaces and reduces swelling. No waiting for results. Relief comes at once and a cure promptly follows. Recommended by physicians because it is so safe, so sure, and is the only radical cure without operations. It contains the active principle of the buckeye, the newly discovered specific for piles, and is not an experiment, but a medical certainty. Price, 50 cents in bottles; 75 cents in tubes for handy application. Can be sent by mail.

Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

"This is truth the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

Isn't that what a woman thinks who finds herself practically laid aside in the heyday of life? A few years of marriage, a couple of children, and she is worn out.

And as she lies weak and suffering, she remembers the days, only such a little while behind, when she tiptoed along the top rail of the worm fence, as active and blithe as a squirrel.

But there's something wrong about this condition. One word expresses it—"unnatural." It's against nature to be in such a condition.

It is the unnatural drains, the irregularity, the ulcerations and inflammations which sap woman's strength. Cure these and health comes back with all its joys.

Diseases of the delicate womanly organs are positively and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Thousands of women are on record as living witnesses to the truth of that statement.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter without charge. Every letter is held as private and its story guarded as a sacred confidence. All answers are mailed in private envelopes bearing no printing upon them. Address Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. H. A. Alsbrook, of Austin, Lonoke Co., Ark., writes: "After five months of great suffering I write this for the benefit of other sufferers from the same affliction. I doctored with our family physician without any good results, so my husband urged me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines—which I did, with wonderful results. I am completely cured. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.'"

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

HOTEL GOSSIP.

F. C. Goist, the Union Pacific station agent at Park City, whose autograph adorned the Kenyon register last evening, is down for the purpose of making up a schedule for his wedding, which occurs this evening. Frank is one of the best-known railroaders in the west, and the boys will whoop it up for him when he returns.

R. P. Oliver, the well-known saddlery and harness man of Denver, has been in the city for a couple of days, a guest at the Knutsford. He says business in his line is remarkably good, and he noted the fact that during his visit here he had met a great many Colorado people who were becoming interested in Utah mines. He says their advent won't hurt Utah, for Colorado people are all rustlers.

T. B. Irwin, the prominent cattle-buyer of Gordon, Neb., is making his headquarters at the Cullen.

John Wiem, one of Park City's prominent business men, has been a guest at the Knutsford for the past day or two and will leave for home this evening. He reports a gradual revival of prosperous times in the Park. New business houses are going up all along the main street, and a better feeling prevails in all circles.

Contractor M. H. Pape is down from the Park, a guest at the Cullen. Mr. Pape has the contract for a new saloon building and also one for the Congregational church, and is now here for the purpose of figuring on the Aschheim Mercantile company's new store.

C. S. Reeves and W. E. Stern are two prominent tourists from Elkhart, Ind., who are taking in the points of interest here. They are Cullen guests.

Frank Klepetko, the well-known smelter man, registered at the Knutsford yesterday, from Great Falls, Mont.

Kenyon: W. L. W. Miller, J. W. Deming, Denver; F. V. Keesling, San Francisco; T. A. Twyman, Detroit; A. W. Kinnear, Chicago; Mrs. S. E. Hubour and child, Mrs. L. H. Giard, Montreal; A. J. Rand, St. Louis; A. C. Maynon, Denver; G. R. Cleaveland, Corinne; W. L. Fox, Utah; Frank Klepetko, Great Falls, Mont.; S. W. Zeimer, Richard Miller, New York; Miss Rose Ella Hewitt, Chicago; Louis W. Bruns, Chicago; Garrett Owens, Omaha; S. Weinheimer, St. Louis; E. S. Smith, Provo; Warren McCord, Denver; C. F. Goist, Park City; R. McCormack, Chicago; A. L. Carlton, Madison, Wis.; F. A. Uhland, Butte.

White House: W. Fraser, Ogden; J. Morgan, Bingham; R. N. Edwards, Seattle; Miss B. Wegener, Provo; E. Claves, Mercur; W. Frasier, Lake Charles; Paul Rodenhous, Silver City; W. Bracken, Mercur; S. H. Brown, Denver, Colo.; Mr. A. J. Kilbourn, Mrs. S. Gillard, Sam Gillard, E. A. Bowden, J. Thornton, Bingham; J. S. Mabee, A. Mabee, American Falls, Ida.; C. A. Edwards, Bingham; E. B. Arthur, St. John; R. B. Rogers, Bingham; L. P. Walters, A. A. Walters, Tooele; D. M. Martin, Park City; W. J. Borst, Thomas Levison, Carbondale, Pa.; A. S. Workman, Elsinore; Lewis Jacob, city; G. C. Zellweger, Leuling, Tex.; John A. Brown, Provo; A. H. Halthusen, A. S. Christie, Denver.

The Knutsford.—F. L. Orcutt, San Francisco; Charles T. Lee, H. N. McKinney, W. A. McKinney, Philadelphia; George R. Colby, H. S. Hallet, Boston; F. A. Falkenberg, Denver; George Forrest, New York; E. R. Hall, Chicago; Charles C. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.; Lewis Hall, Weiser, Ida.; G. B. Lindenberger, Louisville; F. S. Pyle and wife, Blackfoot; P. M. Brown and wife, Bangor, Me.; W. G. Alexander and wife, Kansas City; L. G. Wilkerson, P. & I. N. railway; J. E. Bradley, St. Louis; W. W. Atell, Baltimore; M. J. Hunt, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Riverside; O. Seils, Le Roy, O.; J. Hennessy, New York; T. Hansen, Minneapolis; T. A. McCool and wife, Denver; Mrs. R. W. Roberts, Mrs. W. L. Ellis, Quincy, Ills.; W. J. Miller, Chicago; T. H. Gilroy, Kansas City.

The Cullen.—William Glassman, Ogden; Frank Martin and wife, Boise; J. R. Bert, Portland; J. Ewing, Pioche; J. F. Gover, Nephi; C. Reeves, Elkhard, Ind.; W. E. Dern, Laporte; N. F. Swell and family, Lincoln; Edward Wilson, Harrisburg, Pa.; E. P. Lynch, San Francisco; Albert Finch, P. Dermott, Wells, Nev.; Edgar J. Shier, Reno; N. Gudmundson, Ogden.

The Walker.—F. L. Esmay, Fremont, Neb.; George F. Thompson, John H. Gilchrist, Aspen; W. R. Lawson, F. S. Bagley, Denver; J. G. Benedict, Ogden; W. O. Ash and wife, Mt. Pleasant.

Cadets For West Point.

West Point, N. Y., June 4.—Of the fifty-five candidates examined yesterday, physically, for admission to the military academy, only three were rejected. Martin of Indiana, Warwick of Alabama and Merritt, at large. Young Merritt is a nephew of General Wesley Merritt. He was refused on account of his eyes, but will probably be given another examination later on. There are about 175 candidates yet to be examined for their physical fitness.

Put a Stop to Pain.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other painful afflictions are now as easily cured as they were once hard to cure. Science has learned what pain is, and Ballard's Snow Liniment is the result. Cures Strains, Cuts, Bruises, Stiff Joints and Contracted Muscles. Penetrates to the very bone and relieves almost from the moment it touches. When a liniment is needed, you owe it to yourself to get the best. The dealer is authorized to guarantee this one. Price, 50 cents.

Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Department.

LE BRUN'S G&G CURE

FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package, by mail, $1.00. Sold only by

F. C. Schramm, prescription druggist, McCornick block, corner Main and First South streets, Salt Lake City.