

DARING SAILOR IS CROSSING THE SEA IN AN OPEN DORY

"What about Capt. Eisenbraun, and his little dory Constitution—has anything been heard of them?"

"Anything I heard of them? Why, we hear frequently that they have been sighted by ocean liners. They will reach the other side as sure as you're born."

One of the old sea captains who was seen at the Mariners' House at Boston a day or two ago was interviewed on the latest attempt to cross the Atlantic in an open boat.

"Isn't there danger of an accident?" "Danger! I'll tell you, sir, there's no more danger to him in that seventeen-foot craft in mid-ocean than there is to you sitting in that chair. She's the staunchest little boat that was ever put together in this section, and is capable of weathering the worst of storms."

"How about the risk of being run down by ocean liners?"

"Leave it to Ludwig Eisenbraun to look out for that. He knows his business. He hasn't been following the sea for the past twenty-four years without knowing something about navigation. He has laid out his plans to avert any mishaps of that kind."

Somewhere on the big, wide ocean the little ship is now sailing, and tidings of her whereabouts are eagerly sought after by the old salts. Capt. Eisenbraun is well known along the coast, and everyone is interested in his welfare. She left before a good breeze, and just twenty-four hours later she was sighted 185 miles out to sea. According to schedule she should

doubt of the success of my venture and have no fear of an accident. The great trouble with those in the past who have failed in their endeavors to cross the Atlantic in an open boat is that their craft was not of the right selection. The boat in which I intend making the trip will be safer than a sloop or tugboat."

The management of the boat during sleeping time, he said, was an easy matter. "From two to three hours' sleep in twenty-four will be sufficient on the voyage," he said. "During that time, I shall drop out a sea anchor, which will assist in keeping the boat always with her head to the waves. This is a most important feature of a trip of this kind. In my opinion, Andrea and others who have had much larger boats than the Constitution have met their end by turning broadside when they were sleeping, and capsizing."

"L. Cheinstein, who was a playmate of Eisenbraun's in Kruhnach, Germany, where he was born, is putting up the capital for the undertaking. So far he has spent about \$500, and the expenses will be considerably larger before the completion of the trip. He is just as enthusiastic and as confident of the success of the venture as Capt. Eisenbraun, and is ready to post a wager that his friend will make the trip safely."

"We have been working on the project for the past eighteen months," he said. "The boat, which is what is known as a Swampscott dory, was built especially for the trip."

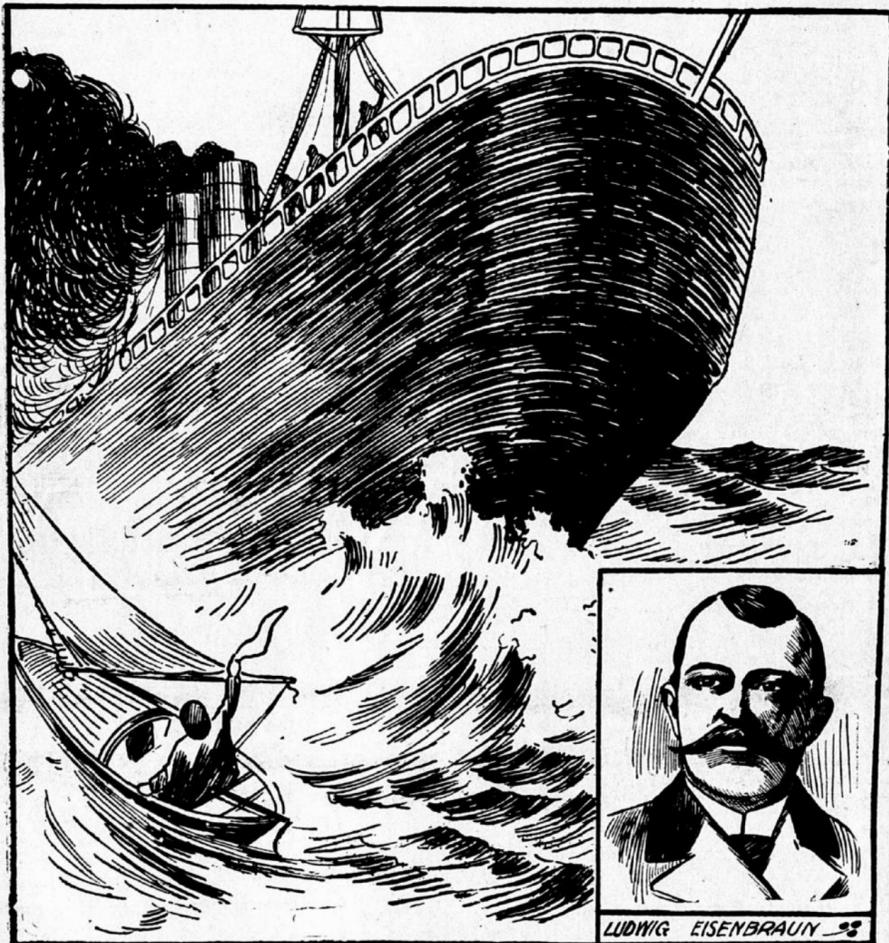
"Capt. Eisenbraun comes from a

Shortly after his marriage last year he and his wife left one of the seashore resorts in a small boat for the purpose of going to England. Neither of them have been heard from since, and no trace of their boat has been found.

Capt. Blackburn of Gloucester and Capt. Perry of Swampscott have made the trip across the Atlantic, but they used much larger boats than the one in which Capt. Eisenbraun is sailing.—Boston Journal.

Indian Postal Humors.

Comment, says the London Telegraph is made by the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore on the public inconvenience of the custom house regulation by which letters sent to India containing dutiable articles undelivered must be opened by the addressee, possibly in some remote up-country station, in presence of the local postmaster, and then reported to Bombay or Karachi for assessment of duty before final delivery. The public, says our contemporary, are irritated at the delay, and at times take vigorous action by way of protest—like the peppery up-country colonel who, receiving a back set of false teeth sent home for repair, for lack of which he had been living a retired life, clapped them into his mouth on being told they must go back to Karachi for assessment of duty, and defied all the departments to take them away while he drew breath. Another case is that of a lady who received a fine ostrich feather by post and duly opened it in the presence of the native postmaster



LUDWIG EISENBRÄUN

now be in the gulf stream, well on her way to the other side. It is expected that the trip of 3,000 miles will be made in 35 days, and with favorable weather, the doughty skipper can cover the distance in much less time. No man on the Atlantic coast is better fitted to make such a hazardous trip than Capt. Eisenbraun. He has demonstrated his ability as a sailor in two navies. He was born in Germany thirty-four years ago, and when a mere lad took to the sea. When but nineteen years of age he was commissioned as an officer in the naval service of the Kaiser, and for six years he made a fine record. He thought, however, that a brighter future awaited him in America, so he resigned his position in order that he might become a citizen of the Republic.

Coming to Boston nine years ago, he went into the merchant marine service, and soon demonstrated to the Yankee tars that he was a man to be reckoned with. He demonstrated his ability as a navigator on two or three stormy cruises, and on one occasion saved the lives of a ship's crew during a storm off the African coast.

For a number of seasons past Capt. Eisenbraun has been an officer on one or another of the racing yachts, and he is thoroughly familiar with most of the craft on the New England coast. He was second mate on the yacht Marline, and last year was first mate on the Constitution. He had an offer to go out again this year, but declined in order that he might take the European trip.

"This is no plan of a fanatic," he said, when speaking of his proposed trip a short time before his departure. "I have had the plan in my head for years, and have only been waiting to secure financial backing. I have no

seafaring family, although he was born in the middle part of Germany. His father, Jacob Eisenbraun, who died a year ago, was an admiral in the German navy, and he also had a brother who was in the navy. Ludwig went into the navy when quite young, and remained there until he was twenty-five. Then he came to this country, and did not return home again until the death of his father, a year ago. He is a naturalized American citizen, and makes his home in Boston when he is not on the water.

"When he started I presented him with a beautiful American flag and told him to hoist it at whatever port he might touch. He is fond of his adopted country and knows that his allegiance to Old Glory will be appreciated. His first stop will be made at Queenstown, from where he will go to London. He will also go to Hamburg and Berlin, and will undoubtedly be royally received by the people of his native land. He will also visit Paris and probably other points in Europe. The return trip will be made in an ocean liner."

"At least a score of daring navigators have left these shores to cross the Atlantic in small boats during the past ten or fifteen years. Some of them have given up the task after getting out on the ocean a short distance and have made their way to some other seacoast town than the one from which they started. Still there are some few who have accomplished the feat. Some years ago Capt. Crepo of New Bedford made the trip with his wife in a double-ender, something like a whaleboat. Later he became master of a vessel and was drowned in the West Indies."

Capt. Andrea is one of those who started to make the trip, and from whom nothing has ever been heard.

leaving it to him to settle if it was dutiable or not. After anxious turning over of leaves to find correct classification that official decided: "Madam, it is rags and bones; it is not liable for customs."

Warfield an Original Humorist.

David Warfield, the actor, was a very promising scholar as a lad when he attended the public schools of San Francisco.

"I remember an examination," said he, "which was the hardest thing I ever had to get through. The teacher, I understand, has kept some of my answers, which she says are much more humorous than edifying. Among a bunch that she sent me recently was my answer to the query, 'What is a synonym?' It ran:

"A synonym is a word we use in place of one we don't know how to spell."

"Clever, wasn't it? Yet a lot of fellows have appropriated that as their own, and Belasco says other fellows were just as bright as I was, years before I was born. Isn't that discouraging to a budding genius?"—New York Times.

Nye Knew the Place.

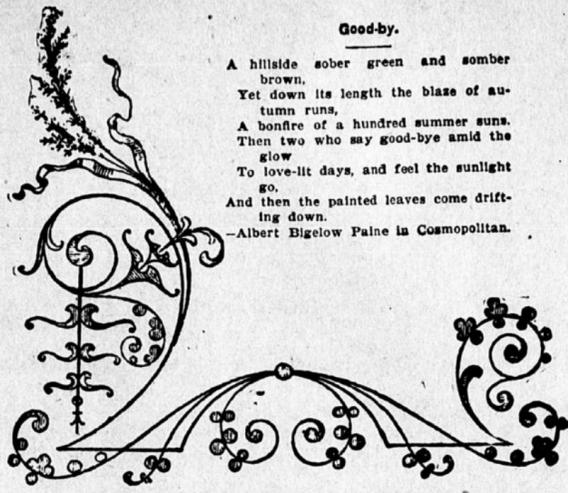
State Senator Shirley of Maine was reminded the other day of his first meeting with the late "Bill" Nye. The conversation naturally turning to the State of Maine, Nye remarked that he was born at the town of Shirley, in the Senator's state, adding that doubtless the town had been named for one of the senator's ancestors.

"I replied," said the senator, "that I didn't know that there was such a town in Maine as Shirley."

"I didn't know it either," said Nye, "until I was born there."—New York Times.

Good-by.

A hillside sober green and somber brown,
Yet down its length the blaze of autumn runs,
A bonfire of a hundred summer suns.
Then two who say good-bye amid the glow
To love-lit days, and feel the sunlight go,
And then the painted leaves come drifting down.
—Albert Bigelow Paine in Cosmopolitan.



Pasquale's Strategy

Julia Morelli lived on the top floor of the three-storied rickety old building in the rear of the four-storied rickety old building that looked out on Mulberry street. The four-storied building had a little air and sunlight to give to its hundreds of men, women and children.

In the winter the building in the rear was comfortable as a home, but in the summer it was fearfully hot, and everybody had to sleep on the roof. Here little Julia, for she was only fourteen years old and small for her age, could lie awake at night and look up at the stars and dream of Pasquale.

He was her neighbor. He lived in the front house. He was eighteen, and he was tall and brave, and gave her the peanuts and apples that he could not sell, so that she loved him and he loved her.

Julia's father was a shoemaker, and had but little liking for Pasquale. All of the Bucios had been ne'er-do-wells, he declared; the father had died and left his only son nothing but a pushcart and a barrel of apples and a bag of peanuts. Pasquale had worked hard, he admitted, but he was not in a good position, and his trade did not pay well, for the policeman ate half his stock in trade on some days, and on other days waited until he had sold three dollars' worth of apples and peanuts, and then arrested him and took him off to court, where he was fined all that he had made. No, Pasquale was not the man for Julia, her father declared, for she was extravagant and used to every comfort, such as shoes in the summer time and new shawls when the patriotic sons of Italy had their picnics in Lion Park. So Julia was told never to think of Pasquale again.

Julia was sure that she loved Pasquale, and she knew that he loved her, too. So that it was all soon arranged.

Pasquale said that he would make a formal offer of his heart and hand, and then, if her father would not let them get married, why they would do so anyhow and ask his consent afterward. Then he went away.

The next morning when her mother went out to market she was ready. She crept down the stairs and then through the alley to Mulberry street and then down to the Bowery. Pasquale was waiting for her. They got on the elevated and went away up-town.

"Now we are safe," said Pasquale; "they will never seek for us up this far, and I have bought a shoeblack stand up here and we will soon be rich—and so happy."

"When are we to be married?" asked Julia, her heart beating violently at the mere prospect of so much happiness.

"You will trust me, won't you, my

After three days Julia said that she wanted some clothes, for she had left everything at home. Pasquale volunteered to go and get them for her. She was afraid her father would kill him. But he said he was not afraid, and so she let him go.

The next day Pasquale went again to Mulberry street. He watched the old woman leave the house, then went in.

Suddenly Pasquale heard the door open. Julia's mother came in. She had the little red shawl about her shoulders. She had her basket on her arm. Pasquale could see the carrots



"Oh, never mind," said Pasquale, coolly.

and the onions and the beets. She saw Pasquale. Her surprise gave him an opportunity and Pasquale dashed past her. He seized the little red shawl as he ran and dragged it from her.

"Thieves!" cried the old woman. Pasquale was down the steps in a minute. The old woman ran after him.

"Thieves! Stop him!" she shrieked, and the carrots and onions and beets fell out of her basket all over the sidewalk.

Pasquale dashed into the Bowery. A policeman tripped him up and he fell, but still he held on to the little red shawl and the bundle of Julia's clothing.

The policeman sat on Pasquale's chest until the old woman came up. She said that he had robbed her.

Pasquale was taken to the station house. He sent for Julia to come down and see him at once. She arrived just as he was being taken to the Tombs. He told her to go to the Tombs and take a seat in the rear of the court so that nobody could see her. Julia pulled her shawl down over her eyes and was in her seat when Pasquale was brought in.

Julia's father was there. She could see that he was very angry.

Pasquale and Julia's father talked. "Where is my daughter?" cried the old man.

"Oh, never mind," said Pasquale, coolly.

The old man ground his teeth and clenched his fist.

"You have taken her from me. You have stolen her. You are not married to her, are you, eh—eh, I say, are you?"

"Oh, never mind," answered Pasquale, in whose scheme this question—which he had fully expected—played a paramount part.

The old man was livid with rage.

"You shall marry her," he cried.

"Oh, never mind," said Pasquale.

The old man was furious. He stormed and raved.

Then Julia came forward at a signal from Pasquale, and with tears and kisses they all left the court.

At the city hall they were married. Julia wore her red shawl, and as she and her husband walked out arm in arm to get into the carriage which her father had ordered, Pasquale said:

"What do you think of my scheme now, eh?"

Julia pressed his hand and looked up into his eyes and smiled.—Warren McVeigh in Boston Journal.

View Feminine.
"Man wants but little here below," sighed the aimless man with the baggy trousers.

"What man wants," said the square-jawed mother-in-law of the party aforesaid, "is a woman to set him an example in the art of getting a move on himself."

IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE.

People in every walk of life have had backs. Kidneys go wrong and the back begins to ache. Cure sick kidneys and backache quickly disappears. Read this testimony and learn how it can be done.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I was unfit for anything. Mrs. Boyce noticed Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a sure cure for just such conditions, and one day when in Trenton she brought a box home from Chas. A. Foster's drug store. I followed the directions carefully when taking them and I must say I was more than surprised and much more gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Boyce will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Cholly's Reparte.

"Cholly is so clever at repartee!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Isn't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?"

"A great, howlid bwute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this state,' and Cholly answered wight off: 'I don't agree with you.'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

PATENTS.

List of Patents Issued Last Week to Northwestern Inventors.

George Briggs, Fargo, N. D., bundle loader; William Haussermann, Crookston, Minn., candlestick; Frank Pohl, St. Cloud, Minn., job printing press; Charles Sawyer, Minneapolis, Minn., wheel scraper; Edwin Staudt, Minneapolis, Minn., pasting and folding machine for box blanks; Max Toltz, St. Paul, Minn., gas distributing system; Henry Weisinger, Duluth, Minn., bearing sleeve for expansion pipe joint; Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

Woman's Best Friend.

Patience—Woman is woman's best friend, after all.

Patrice—I guess you're right.

"Certainly I'm right. Even when she is getting married doesn't a man give her away and her maid of honor stand up for her?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Do not treat your dearest friends like a cobblerstone here and then give them a marble shaft when dead.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c.

Some people don't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to them.

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