

Kate Bonnet

The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter



By FRANK R. STOCKTON

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CHAPTER XXVII CAPTAIN ICHABOD.

KATE BONNET was indeed in a sad case. She had sailed from Kingston with high hopes and a gay heart, and before she had written to Master Newcombe to express her joy that her father had given up his unlawful calling and to say how she was going to sail after him, find him in her forgiving arms, and bring him back to Jamaica, where she and her uncle would see to it that his past sins were forgiven on account of his irresponsible mind, and where, for the rest of his life, he would tread the paths of peace and probity. In this letter she had not yielded to the earnest entreaty which was really the object and soul of Master Newcombe's epistle. Many kind things she said to so kind a friend, but to his offer to make her the queen of his life she made no answer. She knew she was very young, but she would not yet consent to be invested with the royal robes and with the crown.

And when she had reached Belize, how proudly happy she had been! She had seen her father, no longer an outlaw, honest though in mean condition, earning his bread by honorable labor. Then, with a still greater pride, she had seen him clad as a noble gentleman and bearing himself with dignity and high complacency. What a figure he would have made among the fine folks who were her uncle's friends in Kingston and in Spanish Town!

But all this was over now. With his own hand he had told her that once again she was a pirate's daughter. She went below to her cabin, where, with wet cheeks, Dame Charter attended her.

Mr. Delaplaine was angry, intensely angry. Such a shameful, wicked trick had never before been played upon a loving daughter. There were no words in which to express his most justifiable wrath. Again he went to the town to learn more, but there was nothing more to learn except that some people said they had reason to believe that Bonnet had gone to follow Blackbeard. From things they had heard they supposed that the vessel which had sailed away in the night had gone to offer herself as a consort to the Revenge; to rob and burn in the company of that notorious ship.

There was no satisfaction in this news for the heart of the good merchant, and when he returned to the brig and sought his niece's cabin he had no words with which to cheer her. All he could do was to tell her the little he had learned and to listen to her supplications.

Mr. Delaplaine sat brooding on the deck. The righteous anger kindled by the conduct of his brother-in-law, and his grief for the poor stricken woman, mingling in the cabin, combined together to throw him into a most dolorous state of mind, which was aggravated by the knowledge that he could do nothing except to wait until the Belinda sailed back to Jamaica and to go to Jamaica in her.

As the unhappy merchant sat thus, his face buried in his hands, a small boat came alongside and a passenger roared to the deck. This person, after asking a few questions, approached Mr. Delaplaine.

"I have come, sir, to see you," he said. "I am Capt. Ichabod of the sloop Restless."

Mr. Delaplaine looked up in surprise. "That is a pirate ship," he said.

"Yes," said the other, "I'm a pirate." The newcomer was a tall young man, long, dark hair and with well-made features and a certain diffidence in his manner which did not befit his calling.

Mr. Delaplaine rose. This was his first private interview with a professional sea-robber, and he did not know exactly how to demean himself; but as his visitor's manner was quiet, and as he came on board alone, it was not to be supposed that his intentions were offensive.

"And you wish to see me, sir?" said he.

"Yes," said Capt. Ichabod, "I thought I'd come over and talk to you. I don't know you, but I know all about you, and I saw you and your family when you came to town to visit that old bed, that sugar-planter that Capt. Blackbeard used to call Sir Nightcap. Not a bad joke, either, bedad. I have heard of a good many dirty, mean things that people in my line of business have done, but bedad, I never did hear of any captain who was fine people, too, who came out to do the right thing by him, after he had been cleaned out, bedad, by one of his 'brothers of the Coast.' A rare sort of bedad, don't you say so?"

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Delaplaine, "in what you say of the wild conduct of my brother-in-law Bonnet. It pleases me, sir, to know that you condemn it."

starting out on a cruise, and a cruise with me means anywhere. And my opinion is, sir, that if you want to come up with that crack-brained sugar-planter, you'd better follow Blackbeard; and the best place to find him will be on the Carolina coast; that's his favorite hunting-ground, bedad, and I expect the sugar-planter is with him by this time."

"But will not that be dangerous, sir?" asked Mr. Delaplaine.

"Oh, yes, I know," said the other, "the young fellow Blackbeard took away with him. Clapped a cocked hat on him, bedad! That was a good joke! I will bring him, too. One old man, one young man—I'll fetch 'em both. Then I'll take you all where you want to go. That is, as near as I can get to you. Now, you can't go to the Indies, but this, and I'll be ready to sail almost any time to-morrow."

"But look you, sir," exclaimed Mr. Delaplaine, "this is a very important matter, and cannot be decided so quickly."

"Oh, don't mention it, don't mention it," said Capt. Ichabod; "just you tell your ladies all about it, and I'll be ready to sail almost any time to-morrow."

"But, sir—" cried the merchant.

"Very good," said the pirate captain, "you talk it over. I'm going to the town now and I'll row out to you this afternoon and get your instructions."

And with this he got over the side. Mr. Delaplaine said nothing of this visit, but waited on deck until the captain came on board, and then many were the questions he asked about the pirate Ichabod.

"Well, well!" the captain exclaimed, "that's just like him, he's a rare one. Ichabod is not his name, of course, and I'm told he belongs to a good English family—a younger son, and having taken his inheritance, he invested it in a sloop and turned pirate. He has had some pretty good fortune, I hear, in that line, but it hasn't profited him much, for he is a terrible gambler, and all that he makes by his prizes he loses at cards, so he is nearly always poor. Blackbeard sometimes helps him, so I have heard—which he ought to do, for the old pirate has won bags of money from him, but he is known as a good fellow, and to be trusted. I have heard of his sailing a long way back to Belize to pay a gambling debt he owed, he having captured a merchantman in the meantime."

"Very honorable, indeed," remarked Mr. Delaplaine.

"As pirates go, a white crow," said the merchant, "now, sir, if you and your ladies want to go to Blackbeard, and



"I HAVE COME, SIR, TO SEE YOU," HE SAID; "I AM CAPTAIN ICHABOD OF THE SLOOP RESTLESS."

a rare desire is that, I swear, you cannot do better than let Capt. Ichabod take you. You will be safe, and I am sure of that, and there is every reason to think he will find his man."

"When Mr. Delaplaine went below with his extraordinary visitor, Dame Charter turned pale and screamed.

"Sail in a pirate ship!" she cried. "I've seen the men belonging to one of them, and as to going on board and sailing with them, I'd rather die just where I am."

To the good dame's astonishment and that of Mr. Delaplaine, Kate spoke up very promptly. "But you cannot do that, Dame Charter; and if you ever want to see your son again you have got to go to him. Which is also the case with me and my father. And, as there is no other way for us to go, I say, let us accept this man's offer if he be what my uncle thinks he is. After all, it might be as safe for us on board his ship as to be on a merchantman and be captured by pirates, which would be likely enough in those regions where we are obliged to go; and so I say let us see the man, and if he don't frighten us too much let us sail with him and get my father and Dickory."

"It would be a terrible danger, a terrible danger," said Mr. Delaplaine.

"But, uncle," urged Kate, "everything is a terrible danger in the search we're upon; let us then choose a danger that we know something about, and which may serve our needs, rather than one of which we're ignorant and which cannot possibly be of any good to us."

It was actually the fact that the little party in the cabin had not finished talking over this most momentous subject before they were informed that Capt. Ichabod was on deck. Up they went, Dame Charter ready to faint. But she did not do so. When she saw the visitor she thought it could not be the pirate captain, but some one whom he had sent in his place. He was more soberly dressed than when he first came on board, and his manners were even milder. The mind of Kate Bonnet was so worked up by the trouble that had come upon her that she felt very much as she did when she hung over the side of her father's vessel at Bridgetown, ready to drop into the darkness and the water when the signal should sound. She had an object now, as she had had then, and again she must risk everything. On her second look at Capt. Ichabod, which embarrassed him very much, she was ready to trust him.

"Dame Charter," she whispered, "we must do it or never see them again."

"So, when they had talked about it for a quarter of an hour, it was agreed that they would sail with Capt. Ichabod.

When the sloop Restless made ready to sail the next day there was a fine flurry in the harbor. Nothing of the kind had ever before happened there. Two ladies and a most respectable old gentleman sailing away under the skull and cross-bones! That was altogether new in the Caribbean sea. To those who talked to him about his quixotic expedition, Capt. Ichabod swore—and at times, as many men knew, he was a great hand at being in earnest—that if he carried not his passengers through their troubles and to a place of safety, the Restless, and all on board of her, should mount to the skies in a thousand bits. Although this alternative would not have been very comforting to said passengers if they had known of it, it came from Capt. Ichabod's heart, and showed what sort of a man he was.

The anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted and, amid shouts and cheers from a dozen small boats containing some of the most terrible and blood-thirsty sea-robbers who had ever infested the face of the waters, the Restless sailed away—the only pirate ship which had, perhaps, ever left port followed by blessings and goodwill; goodwill, although the words which expressed it were curses, and the men who waved their hats were blasphemers and cut-throats.

Away sailed our gentle and most respectable party, with the Jolly Roger floating boldly high above them. Kate, looking skyward, noticed this token of courage to bewail the fact to Capt. Ichabod.

He smiled. "While we're in sight of my Brethren of the Coast," he said, "our skull and bones must wave, but when we're well out at sea we will run up an English flag, if it please you."

CHAPTER XXVIII A PROPOSED PIRACY.

CAPT. ICHABOD was in high feather. He whistled, he sang, and he kept his men cleaning rifles. All he could do for the comfort of his passengers he did, even going so far as to drop as many of his "bedads" as possible. Whenever he had an opportunity, and these came frequently, he talked to Mr. Delaplaine, addressing a word or two to Kate if he thought she looked gracious. For the first time or two Dame Charter kept below. She was afraid of the men, and did not even want to look at them if she could help it.

"But the good woman's all wrong," said Capt. Ichabod to Mr. Delaplaine; "my men would not hurt her. They're not the most tremendous kind of pirates, any way, for I could not afford that. I had often thought that I could make more profitable voyages if I had a savager lot of men. I'll tell you, sir, we once tried to board a big Spanish galleon, and the beastly foreigners beat us off, bedad, and we had a hard time of it getting away. There are five or four good fellows in the crew, though old rasnals who came with the sloop when I bought her, but most of my men are but poor knaves, and not to be afraid of."

"That afternoon Capt. Ichabod found Kate by herself on deck, and he made bold to sit down by her; and before he knew what he was about, he was telling her his whole story. She listened to him with a certain diffidence. He touched her lightly upon his wickedness, although they were plain enough to any listener of sense, and bemoaned his fearful passion for gambling, which was sure to bring him to misery one day or another.

"When I have staked my vessel and have lost it," said he, "then there will be an end of me!"

"But why don't you sell your vessel before you lose it," said Kate, "and become a farmer?"

His eyes brightened. "I never thought of that," said he. "Bedad—excuse me, Miss—some day when I've got a little together and can pay my men I'll sell this sloop and buy a farm, bedad—I beg your pardon, Miss—I'll buy a farm."

Kate smiled, but it was easy to see that Capt. Ichabod was in earnest.

The next day Capt. Ichabod came to Mr. Delaplaine and took him to one side. "I want to speak to you," he said, "about a bit of business."

"You may have noticed, sir, that we are somewhat short of provisions, and the way of it is this. The night before we sailed, hoping to make a bold stroke at the card-table and thereby fit out my vessel in a manner suitable to the entertainment of a gentleman and ladies, I lost every penny I had. I did hope that our provisions would last us a few days longer, but I am disappointed, sir. That cook of mine, who is a soft-hearted fellow, his neck always ready for the heel of a woman, has thrown overboard even the few stores we had left for you, the good Dame Charter having told her she were not fit to eat, and more, sir, even my men are grumbling. So I thought I would speak to you and explain that it would be necessary for us to overhaul a merchantman and replenish our food supply. It can be done very quietly, sir, and I don't think that even the ladies need be disturbed."

[To Be Continued.]

In Turkestan. Capt. Hambro, while traveling among the Kazaks of Turkestan, discovered a curious way of taking a heavily laden boat across a broad river. The method consisted in piling up the boat as full as it would hold, without sinking, of all the persons and all their baggage that was desired to take across. Then the boat was launched. There were no oars, no sails. The motive power was supplied by the horses, the cattle, the sheep and the goats of the nomadic and pastoral people swimming in front and alongside, and so by degrees, that were far more slow than they were sure, towed the boat to the other side. In one instance which Capt. Hambro mentions the river that a party crossed in this manner was 200 yards wide.

GEN. WILMON W. BLACKMAR.



He was elected at the recent Grand Army encampment as the commander-in-chief of that organization. He is a resident of Massachusetts.

LAST STAND OF CUSTER.

Cool and Resolute Conduct of the Famous Fighter and His Brave Men.

The Indians attacked at once. Riding at full gallop along the front of the line from their ponies, they poured a heavy fire from their long-range rifles upon the soldiers, to which the latter made a brave, steady, but not very effective reply with their inferior carbines, writes Cyrus Townsend Brady, in "The Last of Custer," in Pearson's.

The force menacing them was so great that Custer dared not leave his position on the hills. To retreat was hopeless, to advance impossible. They must stand on the defensive and pray that the advance of Reno's command up the valley, which they probably hoped that Benteen would reinforce, would compel the withdrawal of the Indians from their front. They fought on, therefore, coolly and resolutely, husbanding their ammunition and endeavoring to make every shot tell in their gallant, yelling foe.

The Indians, in their accounts, speak of the cool, deliberate courage of numbers of the officers and men, whom they singled out for their bravery. Yet the troopers suffered great loss as the afternoon wore on. Their ammunition began to run low, and the contracting, whirling circle of Indians drove them closer and closer together. The horses were at last stampeded, and with them went some of the reserve ammunition.

It appears that at this time Custer must have endeavored to send a message to Reno, for the body of a solitary soldier, Sergt. Butler, was found after the battle at a point half way between Custer and Reno's command. A little heap of cartridge shells lay near his lifeless body.

It was evident to all on the hill as the afternoon drew to its close that they were doomed. It was hardly possible that a counter attack by Reno would save them now, and there were no evidences that he was anywhere in the vicinity. "Where, in God's name," they must have asked themselves in their despair, "could Reno be?"

One of the Crow scouts has said—although his account is generally disbelieved—that he went at last to Custer, as yet unharmed, and told him that he thought he could get him away, and that Custer refused to leave the field. The Crow altered his appearance to look as much like a Sioux as possible, and in the confusion of the fight got away safely. He is the only man survivor of the field. What occurred after is a matter of conjecture, based upon the contradictory and inadequate testimony of the Indians themselves.

BESSIE PLAYED BARBER.

And When She Got Through with the Boys They Were Perfect Frights.

Bessie is the six-year-old daughter of Chubb's, who owns a fine house on the eastern side of Central park, just off Millionaire's row, relates the New York Press. Bobby is the four-year-old darling of Blubb's, who lives a block away. Harry is the curly-haired gem of Hubbs. The three families are mutual friends. The children are sent to the park under the charge of one nursemaid. This estimable person takes her sewing with her and sits on a bench while the three children wander off to play.

One afternoon the nurse espied a friend. She dropped her scissors on a bench and hurried off to see her. She was gone ten minutes, according to her own account. Meanwhile Bessie had discovered the scissors.

"Let's play barber," she said, "and I'm the barber."

So far as Bobby and Harry are concerned Bessie is usually anything she wants to be. When the nurse returned she almost fainted. The six long, golden curls that had adorned Harry's head when he entered the park were hanging gracefully over the back of the bench. Bobby's own "clubbed" hair—cut straight across the back, with a bang in front—looked like a well-worn feather duster.

"What shall I do?" shrieked the nurse, to a policeman who responded to her screams.

He was a deliberate policeman. He calmly surveyed the wreck and then observed: "Do? Why, take the kids home, and be thankful ye didn't bring a razor."

HOUSE HAD FAMOUS GUESTS.

Oldest Hotel in the United States West of the Allegheny Mountains.

The Girard hotel, of Brownsville, the oldest hotel in the United States west of the Allegheny mountains, and which has been in continuous service, furnishing entertainment for man beast for over 100 years, was lately sold by the sheriff of Fayette county to satisfy a mortgage, reports the Pittsburg Dispatch.

While not the first hotel built this side of the Alleghenies, the Girard is without doubt the oldest in point of service. It was built in 1800, and just four years ago this summer celebrated the centennial of its establishment. In the more than a century that has passed since it was first erected the hotel has been in constant service. It has changed hands frequently, but has always been a favorite place for travelers to stop.

In the old days of the National Pike it was a famous hostelry. Brownsville, from Washington and Baltimore to all the rest of the country, was reached through the Monongahela river valley was through Brownsville. At least that was the direct road, and one of the most traveled. Governors, senators, congressmen and travelers of every kind and description journeyed that way and made the old Girard house their stopping place.

Andrew Jackson was a guest there. So was Henry Clay. Gen. Lafayette was entertained at the Girard, and a host of others whose names are familiar in American history. Jackson was a frequent guest at the house, and always insisted on having the best Monongahela rye whiskey the valley could produce.

It is related of him that on one of his trips over the pike he suffered a sprained ankle and put up at the Girard for repairs. The Brownsville physician called to attend him undertook to bathe the injured ankle with whisky, to which "Old Hickory" vigorously objected. Although the medical man had his way, the hero of New Orleans insisted that the whisky remedy internally would do more good and save a sacrifice.

Of late years the management of the house has been so successful, and it may soon make way for modern improvements.

MAYOR JONES' IDEAL CITY.

The Way to Get It Is to "Produce Great Persons," the Rest Follows.

We need to understand that the city is merely a partnership of the people for the pursuit of happiness; that we do not need to organize the people as parties or as sects or cliques in a city, but that what we do need is to organize the city as a business corporation, for the transaction of the public business in the most orderly and businesslike way, says Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

We shall eventually learn that only when we work together for one common end can we produce a thing of real beauty. So we need not hope to develop the ideal city by getting more laws on our statute books, but rather as we outgrow our superstitious reverence for man-made laws and rules and, becoming more American, we learn to know and be obedient to the law of love, our cities will take on the beauty that is latent in our character.

In reality, all that is distressing, all that is base, ignoble and mean to look at or think of in the life of our cities to-day is, after all, but the reflex of our moral baseness, and we may hope to improve our cities esthetically, artistically and architecturally just in proportion as we—all of us—shall improve morally, for whatever our cities are, either governmentally or otherwise, they represent the average of the community that composes them.

The way to get the ideal city, then, is to follow the dictum of Walt Whitman, the greatest poet and prophet of American ideals that the world has ever known. It is stated in these words: "Produce great persons; the rest follows."

Bees in Court. In Nesho county a new courthouse has been built to take the place of the stone structure erected many years ago. Some years ago a swarm of bees took possession of a place under the eaves of the building. The colony rapidly multiplied into other colonies until the bees were busy at work under the eaves on every side of the building, and their incessant buzz can be heard in the courtroom when the occupants are noiseless, breathlessly waiting for some final decision from court or jury.—Chauntes (Kan.) Sun.

THREE HAPPY TRAVELERS.

Waited Patiently for Their Time of Enjoyment to Come, and It Came.

They are going abroad—Miss Eliza, Miss Adeline and Miss Medora! All Hentley is stirred. Her citizens have enjoyed foreign travel before—wealthy people, young couples on their honeymoon, for German universities, or to acquire continental languages, or to study art or music. But one expects it of the younger generation, and of the moneyed, and of the money-makers; one does not expect it of Miss Eliza, Miss Adeline and Miss Medora, says Youth's Companion.

For 30 years they have been the pillars of the church, managers of local charities and tranquil owners of the many-gabled house, oldest on the village street. When they were young, they never expected to cross the ocean; nobody did so then, for pleasure, except the very rich, and—in the case of single ladies—the madly and reprehensibly adventurous. But times have changed and the sisters have received a little legacy, and they are really going to sail next week.

They are deeply happy at the prospect; one feels the happiness even though the unexcited, pleasant voices and the almost apologetic smiles; for at first they are a little shy at talking of the great plan. It is so tremendous a thing, so audacious, so novel, so breath-taking that they feel almost as if caught enjoying some sportive pastime unbefitting their years. But the shyness wears away, and the enthusiasm of their friends fast kindles their own.

Everybody offers to help. So many people look up dainties and make out itineraries that if the sisters followed them all, their trip would be as endless as that of the Wandering Jew. They have lists of lodgings, and of shops, and of points of view, and of things they must do whatever else they don't, ever else they do.

They have to promise to cable as soon as they arrive; and their letters are to pass from hand to hand in pre-arranged order; and they are to collect views for the magic lantern of the Sunday school, and buy Fra Angelico angels for the minister's parlor, and prepare pressed English wild flowers for the botany class, and gather souvenirs from literary shrines for the Book Club. They ask permission to do commissions for folks, it will keep them from being homesick. They will feel themselves in touch with Hentley all the time.

On the day they said a Hentley party of a score or more is there to see them off, and no cabin is fuller of flowers than theirs, and no gathering more replete with tempting packages and farewell letters, one for each day of the voyage and several over; and nobody's friends linger longer, or wave their farewells from the dock.

As the last scarlet glimmer of Deacon Smith's bandana fades finally from sight, and the three happy spinsters slip below to put their cabin in order and cry a little for pure joy, many strange eyes, friendly already, follow them as they go.

"Bless the sweet old dears!" murmurs one lady of many voyages, in tender envy, to her companion. "Isn't it beautiful to see people at the age that's beyond dreaming, with their dreams coming true?"

MAN'S SUMMER EXPENSES.

Third Larger Than in Winter, When He Is Entertained Without Cost to Him.

"I can't afford to stay in town in the summer," said a man on the Sandy Hook boat. "It costs too much—much more than in the winter time. A single man in the city has expenses in summer, but here he never has to meet in winter, says the New York Sun.

"In winter I'm likely to be asked out to dinner three nights a week anyhow. That, of course, costs nothing. A man is so welcome at dinners that he needs to be more than call his hostess or be polite to her daughters at dances. In summer there is no dining out, and there at one swoop comes the expense of three dinners a week.

"Then there are other outlays not necessary in winter. If I dine at the club, somebody always proposes to go to a roof garden or the theater. I usually go because I don't want to go home early.

"In this way I have already paid four times this summer to see one show which under ordinary circumstances I shouldn't think of seeing once at my own expense. I haven't a doubt that I should have been taken on some theater party during the winter, and that once would have been enough.

"Then when it is not the theater, it is a roof garden or billiards all the evening. That expense would not be necessary in winter, for I should certainly be invited somewhere every evening and would not be called upon to pay.

"The out-of-town visits at the weekend do not compensate for the amount spent during the week. Possibly if a man went for a long stay, it might be a saving, but as it is country house visiting is not economical.

"Men are likely to drink more in summer than in winter, and there is more expenditure there if one stays in town. Reckoning up the cost of summer expenses, it will be found that life in town costs a third more in summer than it does in the winter time."

Artesian Water a Fertilizer. Investigations carried on during the last year by Mr. S. W. McCalle, assistant state geologist of Georgia, acting in cooperation with the United States geological survey, have revealed the presence of interesting and perhaps valuable properties in some of the artesian waters in the Coastal Plain of that state. Water taken from a deep well at Baxley showed on analysis 5.5 parts per 1,000,000 of phosphoric acid, which would indicate that it might be used for fertilizing as well as for irrigating barren fields. In other words, it may be acceptable to the desert land as both food and drink. It is estimated that layer of this phosphoric acid-bearing water 12 inches deep over one acre of land would exert a fertilizing effect equal to that of 200 pounds of commercial fertilizer.

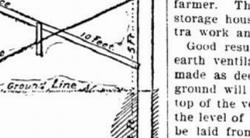
AGRICULTURAL HINTS

A SUGGESTION FROM OHIO

Durability and Usefulness of a Wire Fence Depend on the Bracing of End Posts.

The matter of putting in end posts is a very important factor in the construction of wire fences. On passing along different farms in Ohio, one notices fences, as a general rule, you will see by the drawing of the fence, or are leaning. I present a plan which I have used and find it to be very satisfactory.

The posts that I have used have been white oak or walnut, having secured them from the farm. Posts are about ten inches in diameter. The main post, as will be seen by cut, is placed in the ground four and one-half feet and two two-by-fours spiked across the bottom. I then fill with



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A NEW USE FOR DYNAMITE

Eastern Orchardists Uses the Explosive for Digging Holes for Trees.

The use of dynamite to lift trees and stumps out of the ground is quite common, but here is a man who uses it in the planting of his trees, claiming that it not only saves much labor, but improves the condition of the soil as well. Writing in the Rural New Yorker he says:

"Get your trees in time, and heel them in, never leaving the roots exposed to sun or wind. When ready to set (having trees heeled in), first dig the holes, and if the soil is stiff clay or hard pan, I would use dynamite to make the holes. As it thoroughly loosens up the soil and makes a fine bed for the roots, to use dynamite, take one-fourth stick of 50 to 60 per cent, with cap and fuse. Take crowbar and make hole about 16 inches deep. Drop in the one-fourth cartridge with fuse, and kick dirt tight around fuse at top of ground. Light the fuse and 'light out.' It will cost only four or five cents each for digging in this way.

"The soil will be in the root hole, and it is played instead of hard work. When holes are ready, take one tree at a time. Trim the roots where they are mangled, and cut off enough of the top to balance. Set tree in and work around the roots. As you fill up, tramp the soil, so that when you are done the tree will be as solid as a post."

Neglect of Milk Utensils.

It is no wonder that some of our milkmen continually have trouble with their milk, judging from the way the cans and other milk-holding vessels are neglected. One item of this neglect is the taking home from cheese-factories of whey, in the same cans that brought the milk and leaving the whey in the cans almost to the time when the cans are wanted again. Cans should not be used carrying whey at all, but, if so used, they should be emptied as soon as received at the farm house and thoroughly washed at once.—Farmers' Review.

Arsenate of Lead Solution.

Arsenate of lead, now being used as a substitute for Paris green, and which has proved to be less destructive to the foliage and to possess superior adhesive qualities, is prepared as follows: Dissolve 11 ounces of acetate of lead (sugar of lead) in four quarts of warm soft water in a wooden pail, and four ounces of arsenate of soda (50 per cent purity) in two quarts of water in another wooden pail. These solutions are sufficient for 150 gallons of water in fighting the codling-moth.—Farm and Fireside.

Despite all attempts, the gamblers cannot create a successful egg trust.

Too liberal feeding of cooked vegetables will produce bowel complaint.

STORING FRUIT IN CAVES.

Apples Can Be Kept There with Less Average Loss Than in Cold Storage Houses.

Some years ago fruit growers thought that the introduction of cold storage would revolutionize the business and about to do away with ordinary cellar storage. They believed that early apples could be kept in cold storage throughout the fall season, and thus come into competition with the winter apples. While great success has been had with refrigeration, the average farmer will still have no cause to change from the old-fashioned cellar method, if he uses common sense and care in preserving his