



A CASE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

YOU never cut off three-quarters of a new cake of soap and throw it away! Yet you pay twice the price of Ivory Soap for a cake of "tinted" toilet soap less than half as large.

The Ship's Adventure.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Copyright, 1899, by S. S. McClure Co.)

Chapter XIX.—The Lonely Voyager.

For two days after this the ship's company of three had their hands full. It came on to blow a strong breeze right ahead; they managed to brace up, and went staggering away to the west and north.

open boats," exclaimed Julia. "Lucky for you," replied Hardy, drily. "I do not know what the girl means. There is nothing healthy yonder. I have had one nightmare, I do not want more."

They had abundance of cabin provisions of excellent quality; there was plenty of fresh water, likewise spirits and beer and some poultry. And above all was the supporting and inspiring hope of a fortune to be realized on arrival.

"I don't think it's a case of distress," murmured Hardy. "What is it, then?" said Julia. "I don't know what it is," he answered, looking again, "but it's certain that that thing in the bows is a dog, and that that thing in the stern is a man who is a dog."

"I heartily forgive these two young people for desiring to make their fortune, and greatly admire their strenuous efforts and the spirit which fortified them against the peril and hardship."

Hardy by a maneuver of the helm helped the boat to draw alongside, and when the little fabric was close under the bow the man stood up and yelled: "Heave us the end of a line!"

"The ship had driven about forty miles to the westward of her course. Hardy knew this and trimmed for it, and the course he brought her to was a little to the eastward of northeast. This brought the wind abeam, and the ship was flogged the masts with the weary roll of the ship."

"Shut up, you old brute!" said Hardy, thrusting his hand to the deck as a hint. The picture a little way past the quarter was curious and novel. The boat presented the appearance of a lifeboat; she was decked by an airframe of some sort, and her sides were garlanded with life lines; a good piece of her forward was decked; abaft were two thwarts, a pump, a mast, and at the stern a little platform for the cabin.

"I wish you would write a story," said she, "that you could write a story." "I should be very sorry to try. I should be very sorry to be criticized," said Julia. "I am quite well," answered Hardy, "and you are all that I could wish you to be."

"I can read what ship you are," shouted the man in the boat. "Where's your crew?" "What boat are you?" answered Hardy. "The Betsy, from New York to London town," the man replied. "I was born in Norway," was the reply.

Hardy carefully inspected the boat, then went the bow-ken, which was untipped by the meagrest platoon. "This ship seems doomed to fall in with Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

"I wish I could see the boat," exclaimed Julia peevishly at the wheel. "He was made in America," answered the man. "You don't want to buy him, do you?" and through the grin he gave as he spoke Hardy could see that his mouth was a cemetery of old fangs; memorial stones of the beef, pork and biscuit of the forecastle.

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"What in blue ruin," shouted Hardy, "are you doing down there in that lonely boat?" "I am making a one-man voyage from New York to London, and am now 103 days out."

"What's your object?" "Money," answered the man. "Who's going to pay you for making a fool of yourself?" "Your country is full of fools," was the answer, "and they will pay me and pay me well, to look at me and my dog and my ship."

"Yes," shouted Hardy. "I see that you are naturalized. You understand your naturalized country very well." "Oh, do let me look at him?" cried Julia. Hardy took the wheel and Julia peered over the quarter.

"He is a very lady," cried the man, lifting his fez-shaped headgear. "What a brave man you must be," exclaimed Julia, bowing to him, "to sail alone in an open boat across the Atlantic!" "A damned fool!" muttered Hardy at the wheel. "What's the good of such things?"

"I sometimes feel as if I were alone," answered Jacob from the boat, "but my dog is good company." "How do you manage to get sleep?" "I do not know," he answered. "I fall asleep, and then I wake and I am still at sea."

"Never more at sea, I should think," muttered Hardy, whose keen ear easily caught the man's words; indeed, the boat was towing close under the quarter, the breeze of the sea was like the beating of Jacob's voice, and he spoke in strong, sharp accents.

"What do you do when you meet with a storm?" asked Julia. "I have a good sea anchor," he pointed to his little forecastle—"and we rise and fall like a duck. It is when it does not sleep, m'm."

"Do you intend to exhibit your boat?" asked Julia. "That is my intention," answered the man. "Will you not come on board and partake of some refreshment?" "I won't have him. I may have to chuck him out of it," exclaimed Hardy swiftly, in a temper.

"I would most gladly obey your commands, m'm," answered Jacob, whose voice grew dignified with a note of chivalrous courtesy, "but I have made oath not to leave this boat until I step ashore in England."

respect that follow, but on reflection I thought better of it." "They must often lose their lives," said Julia. "They are not so numerous as all that," answered Hardy, "but some, I daresay, are never more heard of, and what matters it? He hangs himself in his play he may only have killed a cock. Keep another job. If that ten-year man yonder out there was influenced by some Columbus dream of a continent I might call him mad, but I don't see why you should cross the Atlantic merely to exhibit himself and his boat and his dog for a few coppers! There is no heroism, romance, no sentiment, no good in it."

"I wonder he can support his loneliness," said Julia. "How tremendous must be the night in his solitary state! All the stars looking at him, and he whispering to him, voices in the air muttering to him! That's the sort of comfort that would drive me mad. The night would be a hell of a place. I should leap overboard like Capt. Layard, courted to death by some fantasy of sea fire."

"Do you suppose that Dutchman thinks for you?" exclaimed Hardy, and she hallow laugh. "The heave of the swell threw his yawning mouth sufficiently wide to show his naked eye, and its contents were a redness of weevils, pork and greens. He made up of weevils, pork and greens. He looks at the stars he pleases himself with the fancy that they are money, and for stunts them as he would cash. The voices in the air are creatures, and their interpretations are so commonplace that he does not attend to them. It is phosphorus, and it is in the air, and it is not strong enough to furl it. Let it lie; we must crawl home as best we may, and shall neither of us be sorry to get home, Julia."

"What do you think has come into my head whilst I've been listening to you?" said the girl. "But what is sweet and good," he answered. "It is my birthday," she exclaimed. "Could anything be sweeter or better?" said Hardy. "How old are you?" "Perhaps a little younger than you," said she with an expression of arch defiance.

"The stood beside the binnacle stand confiding him as he did not have fresh her hands were on her hips, her wheel; her hat on it, was a little cocked; she was in that incomparable posture of convey but in vain. "Let us make a good meal at 1 o'clock," said Hardy. "I select this sort of man," answered Hardy. "There is always a man of this sort making a lonely voyage. He is always coming from America. He is nearly always a foreigner. If he isn't drowned he is sent to leeward like a Ramagee boatman with a two-shilling fore sea sick to windward. He also distinguished a something that looked like a dog upon the half-deck in the bows. These features the less acquainted him with, also that the side of the boat was fenced with a bulwous line which might prove cork or something buoyant, from which dangled several loops of line for a man to catch hold of in the water the same as a life-boat."

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Secretary Randall, of the state fair management, expects a flood of race entries this week. Next Saturday is the day for closing the lists. The offer of \$2,000 in purses will bring to the Hamilton track many of the speediest horses of the country and guarantees a track programme unequalled in the West.

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