

THE KENTUCKIAN WAS PLEASED

HE SECURED A GOOD HALF-SECTION IN CENTRAL CANADA.

It is not only from Kentucky, but from thirteen to forty different States that there comes the expression of satisfaction from those who have taken up lands in Central Canada as a free homestead or have purchased lands.

Mr. E. K. Bell, of Frankfort, Kentucky, writes to a Canadian Government Official, and says: "I have just returned from Alberta, overjoyed with my trip. Your literature was very flattering, but not half what I found. I bought a half section between Calgary and Edmonton, one mile from railroad, near a good town. This is the best country I ever saw or ever expect to see. I will go in the spring and get to work on my place. I think it is the coming Country of the World." Some of the papers describe the setting of the Canadian West as "becoming a fever with a great many people. The lure of its golden promises is creeping into their hearts and many are they who are answering the call of that unsettled territory." This paper editorially cautions its readers to exercise care and thought before moving to a distant country. This would be a wise precaution, and is exactly what the Canadian officials ask.

The statement of the settler who has made Canada his home for years is the best evidence that can be offered. And of the large number of Americans who have made their homes in Canada, very few have returned. All are satisfied.

What the Doctor Did. Gustave Ulyatt has a little daughter who hasn't been well recently. The other day a physician was called to the Ulyatt home to see her. He examined the child with the aid of a stethoscope. When her father came home that evening he asked what the doctor had said.

"Nothing," replied the little girl. "What did he do?" asked Mr. Ulyatt.

"He just telephoned me all over," was the child's reply.—Denver Post.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased membrane, the only way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment, is by the use of Serravallo's Tonic.

What is that you say, Celeste? "What is that you say, Celeste?" he cried, shrinking back. "Non, non; it is an homage stranger." "What is that you say, Celeste?" he cried, shrinking back. "Non, non; it is an homage stranger." "What is that you say, Celeste?" he cried, shrinking back. "Non, non; it is an homage stranger."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO SALT. It cures colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

Let one of your brothers in a way be himself would dislike to be read.—Mohammedan.

THE face that lights up in conversation is not necessarily lantern jawed. WHEN YOU ARE AS BROAD AS A CROW, you are not necessarily a crowd. It is not necessarily a crowd.

Some local celebrities are famous and some are notorious. READ THE NEWS. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

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"See Here, Mr. Tuttle, Kindly Explain What You Are Driving At."

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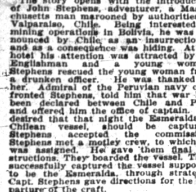
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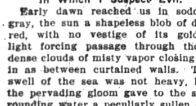
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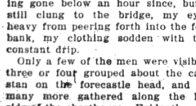
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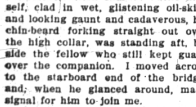
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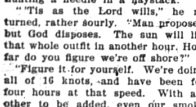
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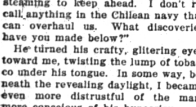
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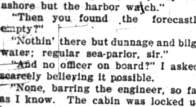
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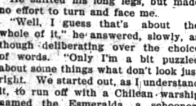
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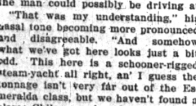
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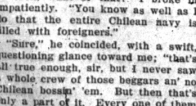
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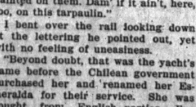
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CHAPTER VII.

In Which I Suspect Evil.

Early dawn reached us in golden gray, the sun a shapeless ball of dull red, with no vestige of its golden light forcing passage through those dense clouds of mist. I was looking in as between curtains walls. The swell of the sea was not heavy, but the pervading gloom gave to the surrounding water a peculiarly stark appearance, through which my store, recklessness of accident, at full speed. A new hand was at the wheel, Jovial, having gone below an hour since, but I still clung to the bridge, my eyes heavy from peering forth into the fog bank, my clothing sodden with the constant drip.

Only a few of the men were visible, three or four grouped about the captain on the forecastle head, and as many more gathered along the lee side of the charthouse. Evidently regular watches were already being turned in a portion of the crew had been turned in for their trick below. Tuttle himself, clad in wet, glistening oilskins and looking gaunt and cadaverous, his chin-beard forking straight out over the high collar, was standing aft, beside the fellow who still kept guard over the companion. I moved, taking us to the starboard end of the bridge, and, when he glanced around, made signal for him to join me.

"Not very much chance of any one overhauling us in this fog, Mr. Tuttle," I said, pleasantly. "It would be like hunting a needle in a haystack." "Tis as the Lord wills," he returned, rather sourly. "Man proposes, God disposes. The sun will lift before the fog lifts, and you'll see how far you figure we're off shore."

"Figure it for yourself. We're doing all 15 knots and have been doing so for four hours at that speed. With an other to be added, even our smoke ought to be below the horizon. We've seen them the ally all along. How far now on it's merely a question of steaming to keep ahead. I don't recollect anything in the Chilean navy that can overtake us. What discoveries have you made below?"

He turned his craft, glittering eyes toward me, twisting the jump of tobacco under his tongue. In some way beneath the revealing daylight, I became even more distrustful of the man, more conscious of his hypocrisy. "Not a great deal," his mouth at tempting a grin; "except that we've got the crew caged. Everybody but the harbor guard is below."

"Then you found the forecastle empty?" "Nothing" there but dunnage and bilge water; regular sea-parlor; "—And no officer on board?" I asked, scarcely believing it possible.

"None, barring the harbor guard, so far as I know. The cabin was locked up by your orders, so I let that alone." "And that, then, is all you have discovered, is it, Mr. Tuttle?" He shifted his long legs, but made no effort to turn and face me.

"Well, I guess that's about the whole of it," he answered, though deliberating over the choice of words. "Only I'm a bit puzzled about some things, but I'll try to get it right. We started out, as I understood, to run off with a Chilean warship named the Esmeralda, a schooner-rigged steam yacht. That was the contract, wasn't it, sir?"

I nodded, gravely wondering what the man could possibly be driving at. "That was my understanding," he said, his nose becoming more pronounced and disagreeable. "And somehow we've got here looks just a bit queer. This here is a schooner-rigged steam-yacht all right, an' I guess the tonnage isn't very far off the Esmeralda class, but we haven't found a Chilean on board—two Swedes, a Dutchman, two Kanakas, an' a bloomin' English engineer."

"Well, what of that?" I broke in impatiently. "You know as well as I do that the entire Chilean navy is filled with foreigners."

"Sure," he conceded, with a swift, all true enough, air, but I never saw a whole crew of those boggans an' no Chilean boggans 'em. But then, these only a part of it. Every one of these small bloats down there, an' the life-preservers hangin' in front of the mizzenmast, an' the marine Sea Queen painted on them. Dan! I ain't here, too, on this tarpaulin."

"I don't see what you're looking down at the lettering he pointed out, yet with the feeling of uneasiness.

"Beyond doubt, that was the yacht's name before the Chilean government purchased her and renamed her Esmeralda for their service. She was bought from English parties. I've found probably the new crew's names down no opportunity to repeat the same."

Tuttle drew forth a red bandanna and blew his nose, his voice more and

ly insolent as he resumed speech. "Glad ye take it so cool, an' maybe ye're right. However, it looks damn odd to me."

"I glanced aside at the wheelerman apprehensively. The fellow was gaining straight ahead of him into the rapidly thinning fog. It was the manner of the mate more than his words that impressed me. "It was the manner of the mate more than his words that impressed me."

"See here, Mr. Tuttle," and I dropped my hand rather heavily on his sleeve, "kindly explain exactly what you are driving at. Do you intend to insinuate that we have made a mistake in the dark, and run off with the wrong vessel? Why, man, that is impossible. We are sailors, not landlubbers. Both of us have had chances to see the Esmeralda, and you certainly know where she was moored yesterday."

"Well, when I come to think it over, I don't feel quite so overestimatingly sure about that. The mind of man is mighty deceitful by itself, and I'm slow. You see, I never saw her any closer than maybe a mile, an' even then she was half hidden behind the ship's hull. Of course I took notice of her outline an' rig, but I didn't pay much attention to details. To-night we were all so excited, an' colors don't show up much in the dark! Now, her funnel is painted red, an' unless I'm a fool the Esmeralda's was black with a yellow stripe round the top. You see, Mr. Stephens, we kept in pretty close under cover all yesterday, an' maybe they headed the Esmeralda out to the government docks, and run another boat into her anchorage."

I laughed aloud, not in the least impressed with his argument. "That's a very likely story that there were two vessels in that harbor, so near alike as to deceive all of us; but she remained stubbornly silent, evidently unconvinced, plucking at his chin-beard."

"There is a certain way of settling the matter," I went on, decisively, "that is, by an examination of the papers in the cabin. Take charge of the bridge, and I'll run down and clear up this affair for you, but on your own responsibility. We may even have one of the ship's officers stowed away there, sleeping off his late celebration. If that was the case, he would be able to identify the vessel. Keep the yacht close as she is, and I'll be back directly."

"I was a bit puzzled, but I felt little interest in such surveillance. That we could have been guilty of so innocent a error as to suggest a possibility beyond possibility. Nevertheless, the mere suspicion was irritating, leaving me filled with a vague unrest. It was really true that I might have been deceived. I realized that, because I had enjoyed no opportunity to observe the Esmeralda in daylight, and no occasion to study her lines with care at any time. To me she had appeared merely as an extremely graceful vessel, interesting to the eye of a seaman. But Tuttle and his crew must have known the truth. If we were, indeed, on board the wrong vessel, it was from no innocent mistake of the darkness, but rather the result of deliberate plan, the full purpose of which was beyond my comprehension. I swore savagely under my breath, even as I laughed sarcastically at the vague suspicion, aroused largely, as I well realized, by my increasing dislike of the ex-whalerman. The wrong ship! Why, the very conception of such an accident was grotesque, ridiculous, beyond belief! It was the hallucination of a fool. One of the men assisted me to unbar the sliding doors of the companion, and, holding his hand by the ready for a hall, I started below, my fingers on the brass rail, my feet firm on the rubber-lined stairs."

These led into an handsome vesti-

parlor as ever I remember gazing upon. Everything was effective and in elaborate taste, evidencing an expenditure that made me stare about in amazement. So deeply did it impress me that I remained there grasping the rail, staring about in surprise, debating to press my investigations further. Yet this feeling was but momentary, for the very description and silence quickly convinced me that the cabin contained no occupants. The movement of the vessel, the tramping of men on the deck, and the ceaseless noise of the screw were more audible here than forward, and no passenger, however overloaded with liquor he might have been the night before, could have slept undisturbed through the hubbub and changes of the past few days.

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CHAPTER VIII.

In Which I Begin Discovery.

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