THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE LA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Bob Hampton of Placer," Etc.

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Caught Lady Darlington More Closely to me, Helping Her Climb the Inverted Stairs.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a brass-chusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her lady-ship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1752. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal, De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanches' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"They've had enough," I said, breathing hard. "Go back on the bridge, De Nova. Now, you lads, get busy. If one of you soldiers, or talks back to me again, he'll go to his bunk for the rest of this voyage. Get up, Anderson, and stop that growling! You fellows may as well learn first as last that I am commanding the Sea Queen, and that we are homeward bound."

Within the space of five minutes I had the whole gang at it, a profane, shuffling crew enough, yet carrying out my orders after a fashion, and sufficiently cowed to be obedient. At last I dispatched the starboard watch below, and, leaving De Nova in charge of the bridge, started back to the companion. To my surprise Lady Darlington, muffled to the eyes, still stood, half protected, in the open door of the chart-house.

"What in the world are you doing here in all this snow and blow?" I questioned.

"Waiting for you," she explained, her eyes glowing. "I could not go to the cabin until I knew you had really won. Is it true that we are homeward bound?"

"Yes," I answered, not altogether happy over her evident pleasure. "The Sea Queen has attained her farthest southing. Are you glad?"

"Glad!" Her gloved hands sought mine. "In all my life I was never happier."

These impulsive words, natural as they were, nevertheless hurt me, and perhaps my face exhibited it. Her eyes fell.

"You cannot know how much I have suffered on this voyage," she said, regretfully. "Only a woman could. My heart cries out for relief, but it is not because I wish to lose any friendship formed on board."

"Yet that is what being homeward bound must inevitably mean."

Her long lashes were uplifted, disclosing the depths of those gray eyes.

"Not with me, Mr. Stephens; I am not a woman to forget."

CHAPTER XX.

In Which the Yacht Meets Disaster.

I have been endeavoring to recall in sequence the occurrences of the three days and nights following our turning northward, but it is all chaos, vague, confused—an expanse of sleepless hours, raging seas, snow, sleet, and ice, in the midst of which we battled for life in as desperately terrific a fight as men ever waged against nature. I can see and feel it all clearly enough, yet the incidents are so commingled that the separate days and nights appear one continuous event, without beginning or end. I hear the ceaseless howl of the wind, the growl of grinding ice, the smiting of tons of water, the threshing of loosened canvas, the rattle of blocks aloft, the thousand noises emitted by the struggling fabric under foot. I see the swirl of snow; the crested seas, hurling in madness; the gleam of pursuing icefields; the towering pinnacles of giant bergs overhanging our mast-heads; the flying clouds, and the settling down about us of the ghostly frost fog. I feel the wild plunge down into the hollow; the sickening, staggering effort to climb up; the dizzy balancing upon the crest, and that awful drop again into the hell below!

No man on board will ever know how we made it; how we ever found passage through those wind-lashed channels; how we ever kept upright under the pounding of that sea; how the Sea Queen ever shook her trembling decks free from the tons of ice and water, and rose staggering to the crest. Once our engines broke, and for two hours we rolled helplessly, while McKnight and the Chilean tinkered at the damaged machinery, and the great waves buried us, and smashed the charthouse into fragments. Once the rudder-chains became fouled with ice, and we swung into the trough of the sea hurled over until our lower yards trailed in the water and half the yacht shivered beneath the smother, we hanging on for our lives, drenched and buffeted by the waves. The jib-boom snapped like a pipestem, and a huge, ugly hole was ripped out of the forward bulwarks. Up to the deck in icy water we chopped away the raffle, and flung it overboard. Gustafson, shrieking wildly for help, went with the litter, while his mates bore Symes below groaning from a broken leg.

Merciful heavens, how that ice came down, pursuing us like the very Fiend! Once it pressed so closely against our quarter that the sea, rebounding from off its front, boarded us, sweeping aft in a vast wall. It caught Dade opening the companion door, hurled him smothering backward and flooded the cabin a foot deep in icy water. Yet we held to it, our eyes aching, our limbs frozen, our oilskins stiff with ice, the exposed flesh of our faces one festering frostbite, bruised by the shocks, half dead from fatigue, dizzy from the battle. But it was no seamanship which saved us; it was a merciful Providence, for at times the smother was so thick we ran into it blindly, not daring to broach to with all that lived snatches of sleep, I caught were on the divan in the cabin, my icy clothes drying on my body. I saw nothing of the women; there was no time, no opportunity. I doubt if either could have kept upright amid the awful pitching of the yacht, for I was obliged myself to creep from one hand-grasp to another. So I saw nothing of the ladies, but Dade succeeded in taking them food—cold provender, for the galley was wave-lashed, the cook driven below—although how the lad ever managed it is a mystery, and he reported that Celeste clung to her bunk, sick and frightened, but that Lady Darlington was about and dressed whenever he went in.

Some time during the third day the wind had blown itself out, or else we had been driven beyond the sweep of it. Anyhow, it died down into faint puffs, but the sea remained heavy, the fog thickening as the gale ceased. This curtain, coupled with the sparse light there was, left the decks so dark that we attempted little clearing up, merely pointing the yacht's nose more directly northward at half-speed, trusting the Almighty to furnish us with clear water. Indeed, there was nothing else to do with that ice-pack back of us, and the fierce seas pounding out our poop. Besides, I had come to the end of my endurance, and when De Nova came tottering forward, hanging to the life-line, to take his watch, I crept below more dead than alive, and clawed my way across the cabin, Lady Darlington stood braced in her doorway, yet for the life of me I could not speak, although I tried—my head nodded on my shoulders, and I fell forward across my bunk, asleep before I even struck the mattress. Dade said she made him pull off my boots and loosen my muffler, standing over him until it was done.

It was not sleep—it was more like death, for I never stirred or knew anything. I lay exactly as I fell, utterly insensible to either noise or motion. It was Dade's vigorous shaking that finally aroused me, nor did he desist until he had me sitting up in the bunk, my eyes wide open.

"What time is it, Dade?"

"Two o'clock, sir."

"Morning?"

"No, sir, afternoon; but the fog is that thick outside you can't see your own nose."

"Then I've been asleep for six hours. Why didn't you call me earlier?"

"Mr. De Nova told me to let you lie, sir; I guess the lady asked him to do it."

I had pulled on my boots, and was standing up, gazing out through the door into the cabin, where Dade still remained, watching to see that I did not go back to sleep again. Suddenly there came a tremendous shock which sent me sprawling forward, and flung Dade headlong against the wall. As I struck the deck a thunderous crash and roar sounded forward; the stern of the vessel seemed to spring upward into the air, sliding us both down against the front of the cabin. Instantly there followed two muffled reports, accompanied by a further uptilting of the stern. Everything loose came tumbling down upon us, and, as I pulled myself to my knees, I found the deck slanting upward like the steep side of a hill.

"Oh, Lord, sir, what's been done?"

"We've hit something hard; Ice, likely. Jump, now, and help me get out the women."

The awful, sickening poise of the stricken boat, swinging stern-up to the motion of the waves, was enough to shatter the courage of any man, and I could read speechless terror in Dade's face. Yet the lad stayed with me, and together we clambered up the incline of the deck, gripping at the table to help us. The door of the after-cabin was either locked or had become stuck; I did not wait to learn which, but burst it open with a swift, heavy kick. The light streamed in upon a scene of chaos—overturned furniture and broken glass. Celeste lay in one corner screaming hysterically; Lady Darlington was upon her knees, holding herself partially erect by clasping the brass rail of the bed.

"Quick!" I cried, before either could speak. "Gather up all the warm clothing you can reach. We must get on deck. Here, let me help you!"

We were scarcely a minute at the task; and the four of us, laden with apparel, slid and scrambled down the slope of cabin floor to the companionsteps. Here I caught Lady Darlington more closely to me, helping her climb the inverted stairs. Her face was pale, her eyes fearless.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I hardly know myself; only that we have hit something and are badly damaged."

It was like night on deck, the enveloping fog so dense that a human form was indistinguishable five feet away. Fortunately but little wind stirred, and the sea had gone down. I could distinguish De Nova's voice as he sang out a sharp order. I hollowed my hands and hailed. A dim smudge leaned over the rail above, and peered down.

"Was zat you, monsieur?"

"Ay, with the women. What is it, De Nova, a total smash?"

"By gar, oui! Ze whole bow cave in; ze deck crush' to ze main-hatch; ze after-bulkhead was ze only sing w'at hold us up. Sacre, it not hold long."

I grasped the entire situation instantly, realizing the desperate need of haste, of cool, intelligent command.

"Send a man down here to help Dade tote up provisions. Jump lively, now; get biscuits and canned goods, my lads, and whatever blankets you can find. Hustle for your lives! Now, De Nova, reach over, and help the women up—easy; that's right."

I held tightly to my lady, clinging to the rail, as I crept across. The black, shapeless figures of several men, whose faces I could not distinguish in the gloom, were clambering about the longboat.

"Everything fitted?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What have you got?"

"Oars, mast, canvas, and fresh water."

I reached forward to assure myself that the rudder had been properly shipped, and the plugs securely driven in.

"All right; here comes the provisions. Dump them in anywhere, lads. Yes, go back for another load, but for God's sake hurry! De Nova, help me stow the women; gently, but quickly now. Stand by, all of you. Here is the rest of the provender. Now tumble in, lads, and let fall. Ease her off, ease her off, you fools!"

The black smudge dropped downward, and, leaning far over the slanting rail I could see it strike the water and ride free. The sodden, wrecked hull beneath me rose and fell with a heavy, sickening motion which brought the heart up into my throat.

"Are those all the living men left, Mr. De Nova?" I called down, for the first time realizing how few they were.

"Zey was all I know."

Another voice spoke, gruff from excitement.

"The fellows for'ard had no chance, sir; all alive are here."

I swung over the side, and shot down the line into the boat.

"Cast off, then. Oars, men! the yacht is going under."

With a single sweep of the hastily piled blades we were beyond sight of the plunging hull, yet we had not taken half a dozen strokes before we were tossed roughly by a sudden convulsion of the sea.

"My God, she's gone!" shouted a voice forward.

All I could distinguish within the boat were the two women next me at the stern—Celeste, with her face buried in her arms, and my lady staring into the icy fog.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Put Happy End to Quarrel

Tactful Act That Reconciled Old Friends Long Parted.

The passenger on the car looked slightly alarmed, investigation was proving that he had no smaller change than a five-dollar bill. He offered it to the conductor in vain.

"Can't make the change," said the autocrat, reaching for the bell rope.

The passenger started meekly for the door. A man in front of him stood up suddenly and said: "Let me pay your fare, John."

The other passengers looked relieved, but instead of accepting the happy offer, John scowled darkly at the speaker, to the great surprise of the observers, and evidently would have refused to accept the favor had not the other man insistently closed the deal with the conductor, in spite of John's protest, all the time keeping up a low conversation with John.

The scowl slowly melted from John's brow, and soon the two men were seated side by side, chatting congenially.

After John left the car, the stranger betook himself to the platform with his cigar, where he explained to the conductor.

"That man and I used to be good friends, but we had a quarrel and have not been on speaking terms for years. I have tried several times in various ways to make it up with him, but never before have succeeded. Even this time he was obdurate at first, but I didn't give him any chance to get away. He has promised to take lunch on with me to-day, and that will clinch the matter. Glad you didn't make the change."

Disraeli Among the Lords.

Disraeli was a past master of the art of flattery, but his audacity carried him out of danger. Soon after his elevation to the house of lords he was asked by a brother peer how he felt in his new surroundings. "Oh, don't ask me," he groaned; "dead and buried."

Then remembering that his questioner was of the company which he was contemning, he added, "and in the realm of the blest!"

UNVEILING OF GEN. CUSTER MONUMENT

DEDICATION AND UNVEILING OF THE GEN. CUSTER MONUMENT AT MONROE JUNE 4.

REUNION OF OLD MICHIGAN CUSTER CAVALRY BRIGADE AT SAME PLACE JUNE 3.

President Taft Will be Present and Deliver an Address—Other Notable Personages Will be Present.

The state of Michigan will present the magnificent bronze statue of General G. A. Custer to the city of Monroe on June 4 next with impressive and befitting ceremonies. The city of Monroe, one of the most attractive cities in the middle west, is making suitable arrangements to do its part in this matter, and will be prepared to welcome the immense throng of people who are expected to visit the city on that day.

President Taft will be present and deliver an address, arriving in Monroe at 8:15 a. m.

The details of the program and of the military pageant have been completed by the commission appointed by the state legislature, which will be carried out in the following order:

Hon. Otto Kirchner, of Detroit, president of the day.

Invocation, Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit.

History and description of the Custer monument, Col. Geo. L. Briggs, of Grand Rapids, president of the Custer Memorial association.

Unveiling of statue by Mrs. General Custer. Music by military band. Salute of seventeen guns by the First Battery of Field Artillery, M. N. G.

Address by President Taft.

Oration, Wm. Alden Smith, U. S. S.

Address on behalf of Custer Cavalry Brigade by Gen. D. McM. Gregg, of Reading, Pa.

Address, Gen. E. W. Whittaker, former chief of Custer's staff, of Washington, D. C.

Memorial poem, read by the author, Will Carlton, Michigan.

Presentation of the statue to the city of Monroe, by Governor Warner.

Acceptance and response, Mayor Jacob Martin, of Monroe.

"America," Monroe Cornet band.

Placing of laurel wreath at the base of statue, Col. W. O. Lee, of Port Huron, accompanied by a grand chorus by 100 ladies, "The Old Brigade," with full band and orchestra.

Benediction, Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, bishop of Michigan.

The military parade will take place before the ceremonies at the monument, forming at 9 a. m. sharp, and will be an imposing pageant. The survivors of the old Michigan Custer Cavalry Brigade, which number some 250 men, accompanied by a fine military band, will have the post of honor in the parade. Four or five companies of Michigan National Guard, with band; First Battery of Artillery, Troop B, M. N. G., who will act as bodyguard to the president; Grand Army companies of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of U. S. Infantry, with their superb band of forty pieces; visiting military organizations, including those from Michigan and Ohio, will be assigned positions; the M. A. C. Military Cadets, of Lansing, with their fine band of thirty-six pieces. The G. A. R. posts of Michigan have announced that they would send large delegations. This being strictly a military demonstration, no civic bodies will take part in the parade.

From all that can be learned at this time, this event will overshadow in its significance and brilliant features any former one in Michigan. Custer's brilliant war record, while the youngest general in the service, coupled with the tragic end of his exploits in the western Indian wars, should and will be potent reasons for an immense assemblage of people. The stirring strains of Custer's favorite and famous charging tune, "Garry Owen," will again be heard to delight the veterans who once fought to its inspiring notes. The early hour of the parade, starting at 9 a. m. and concluding at 10 a. m., necessitates prompt movements of all troops. The parade will be under the direction of General McGurrin, commanding officer of the Michigan militia.

Weston Finishes 3,600-Mile Jaunt.

Edward Payson Weston, when he gave to the mayor of New York a letter from the mayor of Los Angeles, had finished his little 3,600-mile jaunt inside of 77 days. That was a lively feat for a man of 70, as everyone remarked to everyone else in the jam of people in City Hall park, but a moment later the long distance letter carrier had done what some declared to be a more remarkable thing for a man of any age to do. Weston made the mayor smile, then laugh a hearty, outright laugh.

The Cuban house of representatives passed a bill postponing the municipal elections from July to December, when they will be held concurrently with the congressional elections. A bill also was passed denying recognition to political parties based on racial lines. President Gomez signed both bills.

Receipts of eggs at New York in April were the largest in several years, and the average prices were the highest on record for the same month. The large receipts predicted a drop in prices in a few days. The month's receipts were 1,800,000 cases, or 650,000,000 eggs. The total a year ago was a third less.

An average increase of about 6 per cent was granted 6,000 workmen of the Youngstown, O., Sheet & Tube Co. and 5,000 at the plants of the Republic Iron & Steel Co. Common labor is advanced 10 cents per day, and other advances are being worked out.

To the memory of that famous pioneer Daniel Boone, civilizer of the North Carolina and Kentucky wilderness, founder of Boonesborough, Ky., and central figure and hero in the many boyhood stories of Indian fighting and hunting tales, memorials were ceremoniously dedicated at Holman's Ford, near Salisbury, N. C.

The irrigation by private enterprises of 5,611 acres of public lands in the Blackfoot land district of Idaho has been approved by the interior department. The area thus to be reclaimed was selected by the state as desert land, in accordance with the provisions of the Carey act.

Belgians Greet Col. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel Roosevelt and Kermit arrived at Brussels from Paris at noon. They welcome officially and from a popular standpoint the most cordial.

There was a great throng in the station when the train drew in and while the crowd cheered and a brass band played Mr. Roosevelt was greeted by American Minister Charlemagne Page Bryan and others of the legation, and officially welcomed to Brussels by Burgomaster Max and Baron de Moor, aide de camp to King Albert.

An automobile was waiting and escorted by a platoon of mounted police the Roosevelts were driven to the hotel Flandres in the place Royal. Soon afterward they were taken in the American legation, where a sister of Mr. Bryan gave a luncheon in their honor.

White Slaves Bring $20 Each.

That $20 a head is the price in the New York market for "white slaves" was revealed after the special grand jury, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is foreman, had returned indictments against Belle Moore, a Negro woman, Alec Anderson, a Negro, and Harry Levison, charging them with the sale for immoral purposes of four girls.

It was disclosed that George A. Miller, a secret agent of the district attorney, paid $40 for Ida Greenberg and Gussie Ehlrich, whom he procured from Harry Levinson, and $120 for Alice Milton and Belle Woods, two girls said to be under 18 years old, whom he purchased for Belle Moore. Alec Anderson is said to have had part in the second transaction.

Nord Alexis is Dead.

Nord Alexis, formerly president of Hayti, died at Kingston, Jamaica, of senile decay. He was 94 years old.

He was elected in 1902 but was pardoned by President Simon two months ago and was preparing to return to Hayti. The body will be sent to Hayti for burial beside that of his wife. Gen. Alexis is reputed to have died enormously rich.

Gen. Nord Alexis, one time president of the republic of Hayti, was born at Cape Haytien in 1820 and was a son of "Baronet" De Nord Alexis a member of the court of Henri Christophe, King Christophe called himself King Henry I, after the death of Dessalines, who liberated Hayti from the French in 1804.

WIRE BULLETINS.

The rural delivery service and the star route service of the postoffice department are to be consolidated and the combined service is to be known as the division of rural service.

Major-General J. P. S. Gobin, Pennsylvania National guard, retired, prominent in Pennsylvania affairs for more than a quarter of a century and a former commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, died after a long illness.

The biennial convention of the United Irish League will be held in Buffalo September 26-28, according to the decision made by the national officers. It is expected that John E. Redmond, M. P., and his colleagues, T. P. O'Connor and Joseph Devlin, will attend.

Sir Douglas J. Neame, of England, whose tour of the United States was interrupted by a sick spell in Chicago, has left for New York. The nobleman is still weak from the siege, and it is said he will return to England at once, abandoning his original plan of inspecting far western railroads.

The ideal weather conditions of the past few days have brought about such a phenomenal recovery of the fruit buds injured by the frost of last week, St. Joseph growers say, that it is believed now there will be at least half a crop of peaches, pears and apples, and almost a full crop of blackberries and strawberries. The grape crop is regarded as a total loss.

THE MARKETS

DETROIT.—Cattle—Market steady. Choice steers, $7.25@7.50; good, choice butcher steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $6.75@7.25; light steers and yearlings, and heifers, 700 to 900 lbs., $5.75@6.75; mixed butcher's fat cows, $4@4.25; canners, $2.50@3.50; choice cows, $5.50@6.25; good stockers' bulls, $5.50@6.25; canners, $2.50@3.

Veal calves—Market steady; best calves, $8.50@8.75; fair to good, $7.50@8.25; culls and common, $4@6.50. Milch cows and springers, $35@65.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady; best wool lambs, $9.50@9.75; best clipped lambs, $7.50@8.50; fair to good lambs, $7.50@8; light to common lambs, $5@6.50; fair to good clipped lambs, $6.25@7.10; culls and common, $3@4.25.

Hogs—Market steady, $9@15c higher. Range of prices: Light to good butchers, $9.55@9.65; pigs, $9.40; light yorkers, $9.15@9.50; stags, one-third off.

EAST BUFFALO.—Cattle slow.

Hogs—Strong; 10@15c higher; yorkers, $9.80@9.90; pigs, $9.80.

Sheep—20 cents higher; clipped lambs, $8.75@8.85; yearlings, $8@8.25; wethers, $7.75@8; ewes, $7@7.25.

Calves—$4@8.50.

Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, $1.07; May opened without change at $1.07⅞, declined 2c, and closed at $1.06⅞; July opened at $1.02⅜, declined to $1.01⅞ and advanced to $1.02⅛; September opened at $1.02⅞, declined to $1.01¼ and closed at $1.01⅜; No. 1 white, $1.07.

Corn—Cash No. 3, 46¾c; No. 3 yellow, 1 car at 47c, 2 at 47½c.

Oats—Standard, 44c; No. 3 white, 43½c.

Rye—Cash No. 1, 80c.

Beans—Cash, $2.03; May, $2.05; October, $2.00; prime alsike, $6.75.

Timothy seed—Prime spot, $1.85.

Feed—Bran, $26; coarse cornmeal, $32; fine middlings, $29; cracked corn and coarse cornmeal, $25; corn and oat chop, $24 per ton.

Flour—Best Michigan patent, $5.25; ordinary patent, $5.75; straight, $5.65; rye, $5.25; spring wheat patent, $5.80 per bbl in wood, jobbing lots.

Charlestown navy yard presented a gala appearance Monday with 24 naval vessels, the largest number of fighting vessels that has ever been in this yard at one time. The ships are of all classes, from the new North Dakota, of 20,000 tons displacement, down to submarine boats. Historically, also, the display of fighting craft is unusually significant, as it comprises a representative of nearly every period of naval construction, from the old frigate Constitution to the North Dakota.

Three hundred graduates of the University of Virginia, who are to spend their alma mater within a few months, will this summer make a tour of the United States. They will arrive in New York in June and will stay here for a week or ten days. After that they will visit Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities, making a study of American life.

Little Rock, Ark., was chosen as the reunion city for 1911 and New Orleans indorsed for the honor in 1915 by the United Confederate Veterans' association, which closed its business session with the election of officers.

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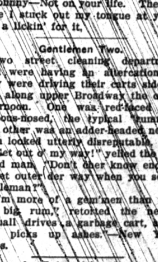
JOHNNY REMEMBERED.



Doctor—Now, Johnny, stick out your tongue and let me see it.
Johnny—Not on your life. The last time I stuck out my tongue at you I got a lickin' for it.

Gentlemen Two.
Two street cleaning department men were driving a sterculator when they were driving their carts side by side along upper Broadway the other afternoon. One was red-faced and bulbous-nosed, the typical "mummy." The other was an udder-headed negro. Both looked utterly disreputable.
"Get out of my way!" yelled the red-faced man. "Don't ther know enough to get outer der way when you see a gentleman?"
"I'm more of a gentleman than you, you big rum puncher," the negro. "Youall drives a garbage cart, an' I only picks up ashes."—New York Press.

An Enterprising Age.
"What are you sitting in these park benches?"
"We have the opera glass privilege. Drop in a nickel and see the comet."—Kansas City Journal.

Comfort and New Strength
Await the person who discovers that a long train of coffee ills can be thrown off by using
POSTUM
in place of Coffee
The comfort and strength come from a rebuilding of new nerve cells by the food elements in the roasted wheat used in making Postum.
And the relief from coffee ills come from the absence of *caffeine*—the natural drug in coffee.
Ten days trial will show any one
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