

Politicians Go to Church

The *Scio Gazette* (Chillicothe) draws attention to what is getting to be a common practice this spring for politicians to go to church meetings on Sunday and make speeches boasting themselves. This is a continental practice which has been introduced to the Socialists in America. Gov. Cox introduced the practice in his own party.

DISCOURTESY.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Stately.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed! What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. KETTLE

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA

BY G. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNNE

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The carpenter rapped smartly at the door, opened it, and waited to be spoken to.

"Yes," said Captain Kettle.

"I've rounded the Towers in every hold, sir. She's tight everywhere. So are all the compartments of the double bottom that I could get at."

"Very good," said Kettle, and the carpenter went out. "And what's your idea of her engines, Mac?"

"Well, I have no need to take a turn out of them, and there's no denying that ordinarily they're graceful. Any engines with sea water on them and three months' neglect would be that. But with three days' labor, and some good nursing, I don't see they would be any worse than many of the marine engines all over the seas. Gosh! there's that hoisy-minded starding ringer of the hell call a gong-for-supper. It would mean a bath at least for me if I was to come down, so 'gith' ben."

"I'll stay in comfort as I sit here, and have a snack on deck. And so, Captain, as I see you're aching to beautify yourself, I'll leave you."

"They had their after-dinner coffee out on deck under the wonderful African stars, and Captain Kettle found himself seated apart from the other men, but near Miss Violet Chesterman by that lady's skillful manipulation. Her face was pale and rather drawn, and there were heavy shadows under her eyes, all things that were easily accounted for by the recent distressing experiences she had undergone."

She talked compositely over recent events—her own departure from the Wancaroo, which she frankly stigmatized as foolish, the arrival at the fortress, and her unexpected treatment there.

"I believe Sidi Berghash really believed I would marry him, though to give him his due he never did put it in so many words. But there is no doubt that both my brother and I were in extreme danger, and the way you got us out of his clutches is a thing that never can be properly rewarded."

And she said much more, in the same strain. It was flattering, it was flattery, yet somehow without being able to find out any definite cause of offense, Kettle found that indiscretions in the past were indiscretions, and that she was the great lady, and he the hired mariner. All Captain Kettle's rebellious nature leaped into arms at the discovery—and as promptly came limp and submissive. She had made a mistake; he had made a mistake; and if this was her way of putting things straight, he ought not to be the one to complain.

"And now," said she, "I must speak to you on a more intimate matter, and that is about your attachment to my niece, Emily. My eyes have told me what your feelings are in the matter, and both my brother and I wish to see you comfortably settled down. So we have thought out what seems to us a suitable wedding present, and my brother—ah, here's George!"

"Yes, old lady! Having a talk with the skipper? Did you tell him our little scheme?"

"Well, Captain, it's this. In a moment of stress I told you I'd give everything I possessed, in the world to be married to you. Emily, my niece, here, said as you're the man who's done the magic trick, you are naturally entitled to the pay. Of course when it comes to the point I'm going to tell you I don't really mean what I said, and all the rest of it, and so will you kindly waive the whole claim, and accept the Norman

Towers, as she stands, in settlement?"

Oh, I tell you, Captain Kettle, she's a splendidly generous girl, but this is beyond all reason. Eight and a half per cent, in what you promised me, that'll take the wind out of me. But the whole, I couldn't. Why, ship and cargo together are worth two hundred thousand pounds."

The big man put his hands in the pockets of his loose shooting-coat, and made a mocking bow. "If I value my only sister at one hundred fifty thousand pounds, which really seems an impossibly low figure, that only leaves fifty thousand pounds for myself, and in justice to my constituents I couldn't put it at less. But, Skipper, I prefer not to look on it in that light. I owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude that I can never repay. You are, I trust, going to marry Miss Dubbs, who is a girl I have a great liking for, and it will give me great pleasure if you will accept from my sister and myself a wedding present which will, we believe, provide for you comfortably. You'll find papers in this envelope which will form an efficient transfer of the sum from myself as full owner to you."

And now, Violet, you're dead tired, and so am I. You'd much better go below and turn in. That's what I am going to do myself. We'll see Captain Kettle at breakfast tomorrow morning."

An hour later Mr. Forster, the elderly second mate, knocked at the chart-house door and said:

"There's a ship's boat rowing in here from the entrance of the lagoon. She's manned by white men. The moonlight shows them clearly."

"Callers at this time of night?" said Captain Kettle, who felt within him he was conscious of a queer sinking feeling, and as he confessed afterward, a premonition of disaster. But to his officer he added in his usual brisk tones:

"Very good. You needn't report again unless the boat comes back, or till they come up alongside. Keep a bright lookout."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Surviving Parish.

WELL, having to be married in the Church of England," said the little sailor, "because that's the tightest way of getting the spiced mace, but after you Mrs. Kettle, I take it there'll be no more church for us, Miss Dubbs, dear."

"I suppose not, Captain darling. If you wish it," said that fine young woman rather wistfully. "But with this splendid fortune you've got, we could afford it, and there's no doubt about where the best people go to."

Some one knocked at the door. "What is it?" the second mate asked.

"It's that boat. She's alongside, and at the foot of the ladder. There's a party steering that looks like Noah's ark, as far as the number of his jibber-jabber, but the Norman Towers is his. Am I to let him and his people on deck? They're the raggedest looking crew of beach-combers I ever saw in all my going ashore. The men of the crew seem to have gone clean loony. His playing on the penny whistle. Spanish Ladies as the white. He looks as pleased as if it was Saturday night and he was sitting on his own private beach."

"Captain Kettle sighed heavily. "Miss Dubbs, dear, I've a bad feeling we've made those plans of ours too soon."

"So, I feel as if I pa, or an angel or somebody has only to utter a spell like 'Time, gentlemen, please,' and we'd all wake up, and the money would be back in Sir George's pocket."

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confidence men before all the loafers in the office till I'd be able to die of it. Oh, I tell you, Captain Kettle, he man, the life of a shipmaster when he's alive is a dog's life, but when he's officially supposed to be dead it's plain hell."

"Captain Kettle's mind flashed across to that comfortable woman in the burning satins who lived in Mercedes Terrace, Birkenhead. "And you've never reported that you were alive?"

"I never had the heart to say the word, or a postage stamp to send it with."

"Then mother will have drawn your insurance?"

"There's a none, Owen, me man. There's not a penny to draw. I got a bit irregular about my payments, being forgetful, owing to attacks of malaria, and the insurance has lapsed. I've been workhouse for the old woman and the girls, unless she's got a bit of washing, or unless the firm's done something for them, which isn't likely. He rubbed his seachapped hands together, and sniffed hungrily. "There's a rare tasty smell coming from below somewhere. Must be cook's putting up a bit of a snack for the steward and himself. They're turn in, you know. Owen, me man, an onlon's a fruit I haven't touched for six months, and for that matter I haven't seen meat half a dozen times since."

"Come away below, Captain. Mr. Forster, send the boat's crew forward, and see them well attended to and fed, and serve them out a good stiff tot of grog. Come away, below, Captain, at once."

The shaggy man sat at the end of the saloon table eating steadily, eating as man only can eat after he has lived for months on salted meat and Captain Kettle leaned elbows on the table on either side of him, and stared gloomily at one another and at him. Conversation came disjointedly, and between mouthfuls.

It appeared that when cargo shifted in the gale six months ago, and the Norman Towers lay helpless on her beam ends with the wind howling over her, Captain Farish decided that she would sink, but made up his mind to go down with her after the manner approved by his tribe. He was "old and useless." He would "never get another ship." He would be "far better off comfortably drowned." There were no provisions which "would help the widow of a shipmaster lost at sea," while "no institution on earth except the workhouse would assist the wife of a disgraced, out-of-work seacaptain."

But certain of the doubts impelled thereto by the musically-minded carpenter lugged him with them into the boat and once there his old trick of seamanship saved the lot of them. "We old sea-shells can handle open boats in heavy weather in a way that would surprise you brass-boned fellows of the newer school. Owen, me man!" They, too, saw the Norman Towers, instead of turning turtle, shake her cargo amidships, and blow off to the gale, and Farish tried desperately to follow, but lost her in the driving sea. "She was then and later bitten with the theory that she was either aloft somewhere, blowing about the seas, or neatly ashore, and offering her cargo for salvage."

Thereafter his wanderings were worthy of Homeric verse. He was old, he was not too competent, he had no particular charm that I ever saw to attract men to him. He had a certain credit with which to buy provisions. Why the crew stuck by him is one of those things that seem to be in the teeth of all reason. One can only conclude that the crew were so fond of him that they loved the old man, and for that and no other possible cause they stuck to him.

It must have been the most hopeless kind of chase. He is ignorant about the more modern intricacies of currents, unsound on his trade-winds, hopelessly out of date on the theory of storms. His dull rule of thumb seemed not to ever for him, as there was to where they had drifted to. But from some obscure pricking of the thumbs he had faith that she was either aloft, or neatly ashore, but at any rate, waiting for him.

"I knew I should hit upon the old girl at last if only I could induce the hands to keep on long enough," said Captain Kettle. "Did you happen to find my old pipe in the chart house by any chance, or had the niggers scooped it? Chips lugged me away in such a hurry I hadn't time to slip it into my pocket. I should hate to lose that pipe. It's the one mother gave me the year I earned all my bonus."

"I have it in my own chart-room, on top. There was mother's photo, too. I took that also."

Captain Kettle swallowed hard. Mention of that unclean meerschaum always upset him.

"You're a good lad, Owen, me man, and I'm glad it's you that's met with luck. You're young, and you've all the world before you, and now you needn't work. I'm old, and I'm out of date, and nobody wants me. Eh, you know that. When I shall no longer be able to find my way out of the world, and I shall be a burden on you, I should have said so. Never, probably."

"Tomorrow, if you like," said Captain Kettle.

"That's a very good of you, Owen, me man. I suppose you'll give me a passage home. You'll find I'll not intrude. I am real glad that it's you that's picked up the Norman Towers, and I should have a fortune out of her, and—"

"And ruined you."

"Well, you didn't set out to do it,

and don't think I bear you malice, though it it had been any other else I should have been it to tear his throat out. It's not for myself I care. It's poor mother I'm thinking about. She's been the best possible wife to me—I did her best. I'm letting her have the balance of her days in comfort. The old man's unkempt gray beard dropped dejectedly on his chest."

The steward came up to Captain Kettle with a respectful whisper. "I've made ready for the captain the room the African ladies had, sir, trusting that's your wish."

"Very good," Kettle put a hand on his guest's shoulder, and shook him gently. "I think you had better turn in."

"Qu'it' my dear, out' it, mother. Has a most important business matter I attend. You may put down that Malacca in the hatstand. Really no offense, 'old lady, though unsuccessful I'm sorry to say. Future entirely hopeless. Help me to bed, mother."

"Here, let me help," said Miss Dubbs, with suspiciously shining eyes. "No, don't you bother, steward. The captain and I can manage."

Once more they were in the chart house, sitting side by side on the settee. Miss Dubbs stood on a sympathetic hand and gripped the Indian's fingers. "It's been very hard for him, poor old man, but we have to face these unfortunate."

"Yes," said Kettle, and drew his hand away.

"I suppose you'd like to do something for him?"

"Yes," said Kettle, and rested his torpedoes in the heel of his fist. "I would like a charity if you did."

"No," said the little sailor, and stood briskly by the side. "Miss," he said, "it'll be hard for you to understand, but that man's my old seadaddy. His wife was all the mother I ever knew. The pair of them brought me up, and a hard enough pinch it must have been, but when there wasn't enough to go round, they were the ones that went without. That happened more than once. There were times when employment was scarce, and they were nipped, miss, badly nipped; but there was always tucker for me, and clothes, and shoes, and everything, so that I'm remembering now. When first I came to sea, Mrs. Farish—I used to call her mother, 'y' know, miss—she said, 'You'll look after the old man, Owen, and I'll look after the little one.'"

"You see, miss, she was all the mother I've ever known, and anyway, I never went back on my word. I couldn't throw charity to Captain Farish, Miss Dubbs. He's got to have his ship back with all that's in her in the way of cargo, just as she was given to me by Sir George. And now, Miss Dubbs, dear, I know what you think, and you can say I presently leave it to you. I don't state I'm no man for a splendid lady like you to marry, and so I want you please to consider our engagement at an end."

"You throw me off, do you, Captain?"

"If you put it that way."

"Then look here, young man, I'll sue you for breach of promise if I see you as sure as my name is Miss Dubbs. After all the trouble I've had to get the man I wanted, I don't lose him like that."

"I'm just a pauper, and I don't think I'll ever be anything more. I'll be work for mine all the days of my natural."

"Which is precisely what I looked forward to when I first permitted you to pay me attention at the Massacre Arm. I didn't make you for a back manager in disguise, although you may have thought so."

The sailor clasped an enthusiastic arm round the lady's waist. "Miss Dubbs, my dearest, how splendid you are!"

"So that's all right," was her murmured reply. "You're mine, Captain! I'll die with you, and don't you forget it. But it's my own upset for Sir George's plans."

"If you don't mind, I'll not tell Sir George. He doesn't know Captain Farish, you see, and I should hate to have him think I was—well, you know what I mean. Time enough to transfer to the old man when we get home and the ore's realized on, and the Norman Towers is sold."

"It's—By James, how dare you poke your unpleasant head in at my port-hole, McTodd?"

"Three o'clock in the morning and the skipper courting his girl. 'Oh, silver moon and Africa's stars, you're much to answer for, my friend. I know what I mean, and I have thought it one of my finest poems. But, flirring like this is a terrible example to some of the ship's company. Me, for instance."

"We're engaged," snapped Kettle. Mr. McTodd rubbed his chin, and shut one eye. "Are ye telling me that as news?"

"It's the latest."

"Oh, a rare humorous," said McTodd. "Pair young things, they're just discovered what this sea world of a shipboard kenneh since the day we first left the Fairhead. I like you hand to eye, and after I've been below to drink your health out of the chief engineer's whisky bottle, which is under his bunk, I'll tell you my chest, and all my plans."

"That's a wedding present. But what I came to tell is this. That blue-eyed saint has swung off to the shore. Do ye think that straight, or just a bit African?"

"When is he going to take delivery of those Winchester rifles he's ready paid for?"

THE END.

UMBRELLA HOLDER.

Leaves Both Hands Free to Attend to Other Things.

One of the things that has helped the popularity of the raincoat is the universal objection to carrying an um-



Handy for Letter Carriers.

Indeed, people in some occupations find it impossible to carry umbrellas, and they will rejoice in the support designed by an Indian man. Particularly will letter carriers find it a convenience, as it will hold an umbrella over their heads and leave both hands free to get mail from the bag and carry it to the doorbell. The holder is attached to the user's coat and has a groove in it and hooks to engage whatever enters the grooves. The handle of the umbrella is placed in the groove and clamped fast, holding the rain protector firmly above the owner's head. If the rain stops the umbrella can be closed and carried in the holder ferrule, down, thus preventing it from being an encumbrance even then. Any person who has business to carry should find one of these devices useful.

Artificial Lace.

Mechanism and chemistry combined have furnished France with a new product—artificial lace. The general public has heard little about it, but the lace manufacturers of Lyons, Calais and Caudey have for some time past been much perturbed over this unexpected competition to which they will have to submit.

Artificial lace is in effect a manufacture of a very simple nature, says the Daily Consular and Trade Reports. There is no weaving employed in its production. The machine consists in its essential parts of a receptacle containing a colloidal solution of cellulose, a metallic cylinder upon which is engraved the negative of the design and a conical valve.

A rotary motion is given to the cylinder, over which flows the solution which, entering the interstices of the engraved pattern, rises immediately in the conical liquid, out of which emerges the texture ready to be dyed and dressed.

Artificial lace has a beautiful appearance. It is homogeneous and unobtrusive, even though the design is less combustible than ordinary lace. Water does not affect it. And desired pattern can be obtained by engraving a new cylinder.

Starts Kitchen Fire.

An automatic device for lighting the fire in the kitchen range before anyone comes downstairs has been invented by an Indian man. On a support running out from the bottom of the stove an arm, holding a bunch of matches in an end, is set up so that the matches are held close to the paper under the kindling, the door of the stove being open. A trigger arrangement sets the matches alight and they in turn ignite the kindling, and by that time the apparatus has run down so that the match-holding arm is sprung back out of the way and the stove door closes automatically. This leaves the fire burning merrily with the proper draught on so that by the time the cook or housewife arrives in the kitchen the range will be ready for use.

Chocolate Pudding.

The materials required for this delicious chocolate pudding are one-half cupful of butter, one cupful each of sugar and milk, two eggs, well beaten, two spoonfuls of baking powder sifted with two cupfuls of flour. It should be about the stiffness of pound cake, and the ingredients require a little more than different brands vary in their thickening qualities. Dissolve one-half cake of chocolate over the teakettle, mix all together, pour into a mold and steam for two hours.

Sauce for the chocolate pudding—Beat together one whole egg and two yolks, adding one-half cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and a half cupful of any preferred fruit juice; cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until creamed.

When cold add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a half cupful of whipped cream and set on the ice until ready to serve.

Bread of Veal Stuffed.

Obtain a breast of veal, boned and opened; all the breast loosely with a good bread stuffing, sew up the open end and braise in a pan with vegetables, as for roasting only keep your pan covered; cook well done, make sauce in pan as for roast beef.

Ribbon flowers are both fashionable and beautiful. The rosette spray is very pretty. Cut the ribbon three inches wide of cotton or any soft, pliable fabric; satin is the best. Make a fold which will be one and a half inches wide. Fasten thread and run winding around. Cut the ribbon on the outside until you have your rose of the desired size. For hair wreaths, which are so pretty, attach green rose foliage, which can be bought for a small amount. Forget-me-nots are made by cutting narrow ribbon into five inch lengths; make a tight knot in the center of each length, leaving a little yellow in the center. Bunches of these flowers are very pretty on children's hats.

Self-pulling corkcorks cost 25, 40 and 50 cents. As these are screwed down into the cork a round lead contrivance fits the top of the bottle and the cork comes out of itself.

From Leather to Boots.

A piece of leather can now be transformed into a pair of boots in 30 minutes, passing through the hands of 63 people and through 15 machines.

Few Personal Cablegrams.

Only 1 per cent. of the cablegrams sent overseas are concerned with family or personal matters. The rest are commercial, journalistic or official.

Operated by Alarm Clock.

for use, thereby saving so much time. The whole device is operated by means of an alarm clock, which can be set to start the fire at any hour desired.

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POVERTY NO EXCUSE FOR DISLOYAL WIFE

"When poverty come in at the door, Love goes out by the window."

SO runs the old quotation and its truth is exemplified almost every day in the records of the divorce courts of any city, or in the pleas of "non-support" entered by wives who are living with their parents because they say that their husbands cannot support them as they are accustomed to live.

Now, however, Justice Newburger of New York has come out boldly and declared that the wife who leaves her husband when he is poor has no right to seek legal freedom or support from him, that poverty is no ground for complaint of any kind, and that it is the wife's place to help her husband and not to leave him.

The decision of the justice is applauded by scores of men and women both, and is really a plea to the women of today to put the thought of "home" before the question of themselves.

To keep together a home should be, according to these men and women, of greater importance than any personal comfort, and the woman who has the real home instinct, without unreasonableness is worthy of note, is she who sacrifices herself for the sake of others, and if necessary goes out into the world and adds her earnings to her husband's rather than lose the home where they have brought their mutual loves and penates.

After all, what has a man's income to do with a wife's loyalty?

Why should she feel herself bound to stay with him, to love and honor him, only so long as his income is such that she may live on it in comfort?

She does not stipulate any such thing when she marries, does she? Yet half of the wretched homes are brought about because the wife constantly broods about having to work so hard.

Because she allows self pity to creep up into her heart to make the distasteful house work tasks doubly hard, because she reproaches the harassed man with the cry that "she didn't have to do such things at home," and so strikes the note that makes their home a hell.

There is no woman employed in its men, merely a transient place and sets up her parents' home as the real "home."

To the woman worth while poverty is the transient thing. She will always look forward to better days and will make her husband feel that he is going to succeed, but even if he doesn't at first she will do her best, and so spur him on with the courage born of love that he will in time succeed and the shadow of want be lifted.

For poverty is no excuse for disloyalty, and the woman who leaves her husband to seek shelter with her parents, even though she keeps up a semblance of affection for him, is really disloyal, for the wife's place is to make a home for her husband, no matter what his circumstances.

Don't you think so?

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