

# THE CAPTAIN OF the KANSAS

By LOUIS TRACY,

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY EDWARD J. CLODE

With his hands grasping the taut and in one sense irresponsible mechanism of a steering wheel governed by steam a sailor can "feel" the movement of his ship, a seaworthy vessel being a living thing, obedient as a docile horse to the least touch of the rein. But in the unlikely event of fortune favoring Courtenay to the extent of giving him an opportunity to see the coming danger it was essential that the ship should have a certain radius of action apart from the direction and force of the ocean stream. The two sails were helpful, and it was to assure himself of their efficiency that he put the helm to starboard. The Kansas obeyed with an answering roll to port, showing clearly that she was traveling a little faster than the rushing tide would take her unaided. He brought her head back to northeast again and glanced over his shoulder at the ship's chronometer. It was a quarter to 1. Two hours must pass before he would discern the first faint streaks of light. At any rate, if he were spared to greet the dawn it would be right ahead, and, as a few seconds might then be of utmost value, that was a small point in his favor. Yet, two hours! Could he dare to hope for so long a respite? How could the ship escape the unnumbered fangs which a storm torn land thrust far into the Pacific for its own protection?

He was quite sheltered from the wind and spray in the chart house, and all at once he became aware of a burning thirst. There was water in a decanter close at hand, so he indulged in a long drink. That was wonderfully vivifying. Then his mind turned longingly to tobacco. For the first time in his life he broke the strict rule of the service in which he had been trained and smoked a cigar while on duty.

Now and again he spoke cheerily to the dog:

"Well, Joey, here we are; still got a bark in us?" or "You and I must have our names on the admiralty chart, Joey—Channel surveyed by Captain Courtenay and pup; details uncertain." How does that sound, old chap?" And again: "I suppose your friend, Miss Maxwell, is asleep by this time. If she calls you Joey, do you call her Elsie? I rather fancy Elsie as a name. What do you think?" To all of which the dog, who had found a dry corner, would respond with a smile and a tail wag.

The long wait in the darkness would have broken many a man's nerve, but Courtenay was not cast in a mold to be either bent or broken by fear. When his cigar was not in his mouth he whistled, he hummed snatches of songs and delivered short lectures to Joey on the absurdity of things in general and the special ridiculousness of such a mighty combination of circumstances centering on one poor ship as had forgotten to crush the Kansas. Ever since he was aroused from sleep by the stopping of the screw his mind had dwelt on the unprecedented nature of the breakdown. Even before he discovered its cause he was wondering what evil chance had contrived to cripple the engine at such a moment—in the worst possible place on the map.

"Joey," he said suddenly, his thoughts reverting to a chance remark made to him in Valparaiso by Isobel's father, "what did Mr. Baring mean by saying there was a difficulty about the insurance?"

Joey gave it up, but he cocked his ears and looked toward the door. Christobal entered.

"Boyle will recover," he said when he had wiped the spray off his face. "He had a narrow escape. The knife just grazed the spinal cord. The shock to the dorsal nerves induced temporary paralysis, and that rather misled me. He is much better now. Un-ordinary conditions he would be able to get about in a few days. As it is, he will probably live as long as any of us."

Christobal waved a hand toward the external void. He was not sailor enough to realize the change in the weather.

"That is good news," said Courtenay. "I thought you would like to know. How are things up here?"

"Better. The barometer has risen an inch in less than two hours. Possibly nearness to the land has some effect, but wind and sea are subsiding."

"You surprise me, yet that is nothing. I have had several surprises to-night. What is the position? Of course we must hit the South American continent sooner or later. Can you fix an approximate time?"

"We are making about six knots, I fancy. If we are lucky and avoid any stray rocks we should see daylight before we reach the coast. That is our sole hope. The ship is in a powerful tidal current, and it is high water at 5:30 a. m. At a rough estimate Hanover Island is twenty knots distant. Now you know all. The outcome is mere guesswork."

"Why did the furnaces blow up?"

"I was cross examining Joey on that point when you came in. He reserved his opinion. My own view is that, by accident or design, some explosive substance found its way into the coal."

"Shem, Ham and Japheth! Explosive substance! Do you mean dynamite or gunpowder or that sort of thing?"

"Something of the kind. That is

only a supposition, but when I whispered it to Walker he agreed."

"Walker! Is he the man who speaks so queerly?"

"If you ever go to Newcastle, don't put it that way. I told him to take Miss Maxwell to her cabin. Did he do so?"

"Yes. I have not seen her since, so I assume that the bromide plus the wine was effective. Well, I must return to my patients. Can I get you anything? I am storekeeper, you know."

"No, thanks."

"Nothing to eat or drink?"

"Nothing. I shall be ready for a square meal when I am able to come below, not before."

Christobal smiled. Though he was a brave man, he thought such persistent optimism was out of place. Nevertheless he could emulate Courtenay's coolness.

"Let me know when you are ready. I am an excellent cook," he said.

Then the captain of the Kansas resumed his smoking and humming, with occasional glances at the clock and the compass and the barometer. At 2 o'clock he felt the ship slipping from under the wheel. The compass showed that she was heading a couple of points eastward. He helped her and telephoned instantly to Walker:

"Go forward and try if you can make out anything. Report to me here."

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the reply, and anon Walker appeared.

"It's main thick ahead, sir, but I think we-aw passin' an island to port," said he.

"I thought so. You had better remain here, Walker. We have not long to wait now for the dawn, and four eyes are better than two."

Walker imagined that the skipper was ready for a chat.

"Things are in a dreadful mess below, sir. I can't make head or tail of the smash."

"Well, that must wait. Don't talk. Keep a sharp lookout."

The engineer could not guess that the captain's pulse was beating a trifle more rapidly with a certain elation. They were undoubtedly passing White Horse Island. It revealed its presence by deflecting the tremendous sea river which ferried the Kansas onward at such a rate. In fifteen or twenty minutes Courtenay expected to find indications of a more northerly set of the tide, and he watched the compass intently for the first sign of this return to the former course. If the ship crossed the current one way or the other she would certainly be driven ashore on some outlying spur of the island or detached sunken reef; hence he must actually guess his way, with something of the acquired sense of the blind, because the slight chance of ultimate escape for the ship and her occupants rested wholly on the assumption that some ocean byway was leading her to a deep water inlet, where it might be possible to drop the anchor.

In eighteen minutes or thereabouts the needle moved slightly. Courtenay once more assisted the ship with the helm. She steadied herself, and the compass pointed due northeast again.

Walker, though an engineer, knew enough of navigation to recognize the apparent impossibility of the captain being able to steer with any real knowledge of his surroundings. The wheel twisting therefore savored of magic. But his orders were to look ahead, and he obeyed.

Soon he thought he could discern an irregular pink crescent, with the concave side downward, somewhere in the blackness beyond the bows. Speedily it was joined by two others equally irregular and somewhat lower.

"Captain, d'ye see you?" he asked in a voice tremulous with awe.

"Yes. That is the sun just catching the summits of snow topped hills. It not only foretells the dawn, but is a sign of fine weather. There are no clouds over the land or we should not see the peaks."

Ere long a silver gray light began to dispel the gloom. The two silent watchers first saw it overhead, and the vast dome of day swiftly widened over the vexed sea. The aftermath of the storm spread a low, dense cloak of vapor all round. The wind had fallen so greatly that they could hear the song of the rigging. Soon they could distinguish the outlines of the heavy rollers near at hand, and Courtenay believed that the ship in her passage encountered in the water several narrow bands of a bright red color. If this were so, he knew that the phenomenon was caused by the prawn-like crustacean which sailors call "whale food," a sure sign of deep water close to land and, further, an indication that the current was still flowing strongly, while the force of the sea must have been broken many miles to westward.

Suddenly he turned to Walker.

"Do you think you could shin up to the masthead?" he asked.

"I used to be able to climb a bit, sir."

"Well, try the foremast. Up there I am fairly certain you can see over this bank of mist. Don't get into trouble. Come back if you feel you can't manage it. If you succeed, take the best observations possible and report."

Courtenay was becoming anxious now. If he dared let go the wheel he would have climbed the mast himself. Walker set about his mission in a businesslike manner. He threw off his thick coat and boots and went forward. Halfway up the mast there was a rope ladder for the use of the sailors when adjusting pulleys.

The rest of the journey was not difficult for an athletic man, and Walker was quickly an indistinct figure in the fog. He gained the truck all right and instantly yelled something. Courtenay fancied he said:

"My God, we-ah on the rocks!"

Whatever it was, Walker did not wait, but slid downward with such speed that it was fortunate the rigging barred his progress.

And then, even while Courtenay was shouting some explanation, a great black wall rose out of the deep on the port bow. It was a pinnacle rock high as the ship's masts, but only a few feet wide at sea level, and the Kansas sped past this ugly monitor as though it were a buoy in a well marked channel.

Courtenay heard the sea breaking against it. The ship could not have been more than sixty feet distant, a

little more than her own beam, and he fully expected that she would grind against some outlier in the next instant. But the Kansas had a charmed life. She ran on unscathed and seemed to be traveling in smoother water after this escape.

Walker's dark skin was the color of parchment when he reached the chart house.

"Captain," he said weakly, "I'll do owt w' engines, but I'm no good at this game. That thing fairly banged me. Did ye see it?"

"Did you see land?" demanded Courtenay imperatively. His spirits rose with each of these thrills. He felt that it was ordained that his ship should live.

"Yes, sir. The-aw's hills, and big ones, a long way ahead, but I'm no goin' up that mast again. It would be suicide. I'm done. I'll nev-ah forget you stone ghost—no, not if I live to be ninety."

CHAPTER VIII.

FORTUNE has her cycles, whether for good or ill. The Kansas, having run the gantlet of many dangers, seemed to have earned an approving smile from the fickle goddess. A slight but perceptible veering of the wind, combined with the increasing power of the sun's rays, swept the ocean clear of its storm wraths. Soon after passing the pillar rock Courtenay thought he could make out the unwavering outline of mountainous land amid the gray mists. A few minutes later the waves racing alongside changed their leaden hue to a steely glitter which told him the fog was dispersing. The nearer blue of the ocean carpet spread an ever widening circle until it merged into vivid green. Then, with startling suddenness, the curtain was drawn aside on a panorama at once magnificent and amazing.

Almost without warning the ship was found to be entering the estuary of a narrow fiord. Gaunt headlands carved on a titanic scale out of the solid rock guarded the entrance and already shut out the more distant coast line. Behind these first massive walls, everywhere unscalable and rising in separate promontories to altitudes of perhaps 400 feet, an inner fortification of precipitous mountains flung its glacier clad peaks heavenward to immense heights—heights which in that region soared far above the snow line.

But if the crests of peak upon peak were clothed in white their bases wore a garment of different texture. Save on the seaward terraces of stark rock, with their tide marked base of weed covered boulders, the densest vegetation known to mankind imposed everywhere a first barrier to human progress far more unconquerable than the awesome regions beyond. Pine forests of extraordinary density crammed each available yard of space until the tree growth yielded perforce to hardier Alpine moss and lichens. This lower belt of deepest green ranged from 500 to 1,000 feet in height, as conditions were adverse or favorable, and waterfalls abounded.

Courtenay, after an astounded glance at the magnitude and solemn grandeur of the spectacle, had eyes for naught save the conformation of the channel. The change in the wind was caused, he found, by the northerly headland thrusting its giant mass a mile or more westward of its twin, but he quickly

discovered from the conformation of the land that the latter was really the protecting cape of the inner waterway. He reasoned, therefore, that the deep water channel flowed close to the northern shore until it was flung off by the relentless rocks to seek the easier inlet behind the opposite point.

He did not know yet whether the ship was entering some unknown strait or the mouth of a narrow landlocked bay. If the latter, the presence of the distant glaciers and the nearer torrents warned him of a possible bar on which the Kansas might be lost within sight of safe anchorage. Not inspired guesswork now, but the skill of the pilot, was needed. This crossing the bar in broad daylight was as great a trial of nerve in its way as the earlier onward rush in the dark.

Wind and sea had abated so sensibly that the Pacific rollers raced on unbroken, and it was no longer a superhuman task to make one's voice heard along the deck.

So the captain aroused Walker with a sharp order:

"Go and see if the donkey boiler has a good head of steam. We may have to drop the stream anchor quick and both bowers as well. If Tollemache is doing his work properly, go forward and keep a sharp lookout for broken water. Clear off the tarpaulins, and be ready to lower away the instant I sing out."

Walker, who had been gazing spellbound at the majestic haven opening up before the ship, hurried on his errand. He found Tollemache seated on an upturned bucket, in which the tactician one had just washed his face and hands.

"Have you seen it?" demanded Walker gleefully, while his practiced eyes took in the state of the gauges as he overran a number of oil taps with nimble fingers.

"Seen what?" asked Tollemache without removing his pipe.

"The land, my bonny lad. We-ah wunnin' wight in now."

"We've been doing that for hours."

"Yes, but this is diff'ent. The-aw's a fine wiv-ah ahead. Have ye ev-ah seen the Tyne? Well, just shove South sheets an' Tynemouth a few hundred feet high-ah an' you've got it. Now, don't try to talk or you might cwack yo' face."

With this Partisan shaft of humor he vanished toward the forecastle, whence the ubiquitous donkey boiler through one of its long arms would shoot forth the stockless anchors at the touch of a lever. Tollemache, who had already glimpsed the coast, strolled out on deck and bent well over the side in order to look more directly ahead. He could see one-half only of the view, but that sufficed.

"A respite," he growled to himself—"penal servitude instead of sudden death."

And indeed this was the true aspect of things, as Courtenay discovered when he had successfully brought the ship past three ugly reefs and dropped anchor in the backwater of a small sheltered bay. He speedily abandoned the half formed hope that the Kansas might have run into an ocean waterway which communicated with Smyth channel. The rampart of snow clad hills had no break, while a hasty scrutiny of the chart showed him that the eastern coast of Hanover Island had been thoroughly surveyed. Yet it was not in human nature that he should not experience a rush of joy at the thought that by his own efforts he had saved his ship and some at least of the lives entrusted to his care. He was alone when the music of the chains in the hawse pipes sounded in his ears. The Kansas had plenty of room to swing, but he thought it best to moor her. Believing implicitly now that he would yet bring his vessel into the Thames, he allowed her to be carried round by the fast flowing tide until her nose pointed seaward and she lay in the comparatively still water inshore. Then he dropped the second anchor and stepped forth from

the chart house. His long vigil was ended. Some of the cloud of care lifted from his face, and he called cheerily to Joey.

"Come along, pup," he said. "Let us sample Dr. Christobal's cookery. You have shared my watch; now you shall my breakfast. We have both earned it."

It was in his mind to knock loudly on Elsie's door and awaken her. Therefore he was dimly conscious of a feeling of disappointment when he saw her in company with Christobal leaning over the rail of the promenade deck and evidently discussing the weird beauty of the scene spread before her wondering eyes. They heard Courtenay's approaching footsteps almost as soon as he gained the deck.

Instantly she ran toward him, with hands outstretched.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you!" she cried, her cheeks mantling with a rush of color and her lips quivering with excitement. "How wonderful of you to bring the ship through all those awful reefs and things! No; you must not say you have done nothing marvelous. Dr. Christobal has told me everything. Next to Providence, Captain Courtenay, we owe our lives to you."

Courtenay felt it would hurt her were he to smile at her earnestness. But he did say:

"Surely it is not so very remarkable that I should do my best to safeguard the ship and such of her passengers and crew as survive last night's ordeal."

"I shall never understand how I came to fall asleep," said Elsie. "I remember feeling very tired. I sat down for a moment, and that ended it. The next thing I heard was a rapping on my door and Dr. Christobal's voice bidding me hurry if I would see the entrance to the harbor."

The two men exchanged glances. Courtenay laughed so pleasantly that

it was good to hear.

"Yet there was I up aloft, manuvering the ship in the firm faith that Dr. Christobal was busy in the cook's galley," said he.

"Aa, we have news for you!" cried Elsie. "One of the poor fellows who was knocked on the head during that terrible fight for the boats was the master cook himself. He is better now, and breakfast can be ready in five minutes. I'll go and tell him."

She ran off, and Joey scampered by her side, for he knew quite well where the kitchen lay.

"Bromide is useful at times," murmured Christobal, watching Elsie until she had disappeared. Then he turned to Courtenay.

"I suppose you have seen nothing of the boats?"

"No sign whatever. And I could hardly have missed them if they were here. They may have escaped, but I doubt it. The sea ran very high for a time, and the Kansas scraped past so many reefs that it was almost impossible for each of the three boats to have done the same."

"Even if one or more of them reached land there is small likelihood that they would turn up in this particular bay?"

"That is true, especially if they used their sails. The Chileans who got away in the lifeboats would know sufficient of the coast to make a northerly course, while my parting instructions to Malcolm were to keep to the north all the time."

"I wish now that poor Isobel Baring and the others had not left us," said Christobal sadly.

Courtenay was about to say something, but checked himself. He was not blind to the aspect of affairs which Tollemache had summarized so pitifully. It might yet be that those who remained had more to endure. Then Elsie summoned them to breakfast, which was served on deck, as the salon had been temporarily converted into a hospital.

Before sitting down Courtenay paid a brief visit to Mr. Boyle. Christobal told him not to allow the wounded man to talk too much, complete rest for a few hours being essential. But Boyle's pallid face lit up so brightly when the captain stood by his side that it was hard not to indulge him to some extent.

"Huh," he said, his gruff voice strong as ever, "Christobal was not humbuggin' me when he assured me you were all right. Where are we?"

"In a small bay on the east of Hanover Island. I have not taken any observations yet, and there is no hurry, old chap. You'll be out and about long before we move again."

Boyle smiled and closed his eyes.

"I heard the anchors go, and then I knew that all was well. You're the luckiest skipper afloat. Huh, the bloomin' Kansas was lost not once, but twenty times."

"Are you in pain, Boyle?" asked Courtenay, placing a gentle hand on his friend's forehead.

"Not much. More stiff than sore. It was a knockout blow of its kind. I can just recall you haulin' me out of the scrimmage and"—

"It will be your turn to do as much for me next time. Try to go to sleep. We'll have you on deck tomorrow."

Courtenay noticed that there were only four other sufferers in the salon. Three were firemen injured by the explosion. He had a pleasant word for each of them. The fourth was a sailor, either asleep or unconscious, and Courtenay thought he recognized a severe bruise on the man's left temple where the butt of his revolver had struck hard.

When he returned on deck he learned that two other members of the crew, in addition to the cook, were able to work. Walker had set one to clear up the stokehold. His companion, a fireman, had relieved Mr. Tollemache. Indeed, the latter had gone to his cabin and was the last to arrive at the feast, finally putting in an appearance in a new suit and spotless linen.

Christobal protested loudly.

"I thought this was to be a workers' meal," he said. "Tollemache has stolen a march on us. He is quite a Bond street lounge in appearance."

"Dirty job stoking," said Tollemache. "I seem to have been the only lazy person on board during the night!" cried Elsie.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked Courtenay.

"No; about 10 o'clock, I fancy."

"It is not yet half past 4."

The blue eyes opened wide. "Are you in earnest?" she demanded.

He showed her his watch. Scarce four hours had elapsed since she had waited in the captain's cabin, amid the drenching spray and tearing wind, while he took Isobel and Mrs. Somerville and the shrieking maid to the boat. The corners of her mouth drooped, and tears trembled on her eyelashes. She sought furtively for a handkerchief. Knowing exactly what troubled her, Courtenay turned to Christobal.

"This island ought to be inhabited," he said. "Can you tell me what sort of Indians one finds in this locality?"

Christobal frowned perplexedly. "I fear I do not know much about them," he said. "Behind those hills there one sees a few canoe Indians. I have heard that they are somewhat lower in the social scale than the aborigines of Australia."

"Are they?" said Courtenay. He looked Christobal straight in the eyes, and the doctor returned his gaze as steadily.

"That is their reputation. They live mostly on shellfish. They do not congregate in communities. A few families keep together and move constantly from place to place."

"They are called the Alaculof. They use bows and arrows with heads chip-

ped from the conformation of the wood that the latter was really the protecting cape of the inner waterway. He reasoned, therefore, that the deep water channel flowed close to the northern shore until it was flung off by the relentless rocks to seek the easier inlet behind the opposite point.

He did not know yet whether the ship was entering some unknown strait or the mouth of a narrow landlocked bay. If the latter, the presence of the distant glaciers and the nearer torrents warned him of a possible bar on which the Kansas might be lost within sight of safe anchorage. Not inspired guesswork now, but the skill of the pilot, was needed. This crossing the bar in broad daylight was as great a trial of nerve in its way as the earlier onward rush in the dark.

Wind and sea had abated so sensibly that the Pacific rollers raced on unbroken, and it was no longer a superhuman task to make one's voice heard along the deck.

So the captain aroused Walker with a sharp order:

"Go and see if the donkey boiler has a good head of steam. We may have to drop the stream anchor quick and both bowers as well. If Tollemache is doing his work properly, go forward and keep a sharp lookout for broken water. Clear off the tarpaulins, and be ready to lower away the instant I sing out."

Walker, who had been gazing spellbound at the majestic haven opening up before the ship, hurried on his errand. He found Tollemache seated on an upturned bucket, in which the tactician one had just washed his face and hands.

"Have you seen it?" demanded Walker gleefully, while his practiced eyes took in the state of the gauges as he overran a number of oil taps with nimble fingers.

"Seen what?" asked Tollemache without removing his pipe.

"The land, my bonny lad. We-ah wunnin' wight in now."

"We've been doing that for hours."

"Yes, but this is diff'ent. The-aw's a fine wiv-ah ahead. Have ye ev-ah seen the Tyne? Well, just shove South sheets an' Tynemouth a few hundred feet high-ah an' you've got it. Now, don't try to talk or you might cwack yo' face."

With this Partisan shaft of humor he vanished toward the forecastle, whence the ubiquitous donkey boiler through one of its long arms would shoot forth the stockless anchors at the touch of a lever. Tollemache, who had already glimpsed the coast, strolled out on deck and bent well over the side in order to look more directly ahead. He could see one-half only of the view, but that sufficed.

"A respite," he growled to himself—"penal servitude instead of sudden death."

And indeed this was the true aspect of things, as Courtenay discovered when he had successfully brought the ship past three ugly reefs and dropped anchor in the backwater of a small sheltered bay. He speedily abandoned the half formed hope that the Kansas might have run into an ocean waterway which communicated with Smyth channel. The rampart of snow clad hills had no break, while a hasty scrutiny of the chart showed him that the eastern coast of Hanover Island had been thoroughly surveyed. Yet it was not in human nature that he should not experience a rush of joy at the thought that by his own efforts he had saved his ship and some at least of the lives entrusted to his care. He was alone when the music of the chains in the hawse pipes sounded in his ears. The Kansas had plenty of room to swing, but he thought it best to moor her. Believing implicitly now that he would yet bring his vessel into the Thames, he allowed her to be carried round by the fast flowing tide until her nose pointed seaward and she lay in the comparatively still water inshore. Then he dropped the second anchor and stepped forth from

the chart house. His long vigil was ended. Some of the cloud of care lifted from his face, and he called cheerily to Joey.

"Come along, pup," he said. "Let us sample Dr. Christobal's cookery. You have shared my watch; now you shall my breakfast. We have both earned it."

It was in his mind to knock loudly on Elsie's door and awaken her. Therefore he was dimly conscious of a feeling of disappointment when he saw her in company with Christobal leaning over the rail of the promenade deck and evidently discussing the weird beauty of the scene spread before her wondering eyes. They heard Courtenay's approaching footsteps almost as soon as he gained the deck.

Instantly she ran toward him, with hands outstretched.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you!" she cried, her cheeks mantling with a rush of color and her lips quivering with excitement. "How wonderful of you to bring the ship through all those awful reefs and things! No; you must not say you have done nothing marvelous. Dr. Christobal has told me everything. Next to Providence, Captain Courtenay, we owe our lives to you."

Courtenay felt it would hurt her were he to smile at her earnestness. But he did say:

"Surely it is not so very remarkable that I should do my best to safeguard the ship and such of her passengers and crew as survive last night's ordeal."

"I shall never understand how I came to fall asleep," said Elsie. "I remember feeling very tired. I sat down for a moment, and that ended it. The next thing I heard was a rapping on my door and Dr. Christobal's voice bidding me hurry if I would see the entrance to the harbor."

The two men exchanged glances. Courtenay laughed so pleasantly that



The woman who was saved by BLOODINE.

WOMAN SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Women who find it difficult to do their household work, who drag about their homes with hardly energy enough to lift a broom, who are all tired out, who ache, are lame, languid and distressed, will find in "Bloodine" a medicine whose peculiar strengthening properties make it impossible for these all too common ills to exist. A great many women neglect themselves and disease follows.

"Bloodine" should be in every home, if taken when one is well it will keep one from getting out of order; if taken after disease has fastened itself upon the system it will quickly throw it off.

Mrs. Green says:

"I wish to write you to let you know that 'Bloodine' has saved my life and cured me of a long-standing female weakness, from which the leading Boston physicians said I could never recover. I find for each affliction, periodical sufferings and the general lassitude resulting, will quickly disappear after a few doses of 'Bloodine.' It has really done more for me than I could express in a letter and I can recommend it to all women suffering from female diseases."

Bloodine Ointment cures Itching and Bleeding Piles, Eczema, Ulcers, Old Sores, Ring Worms, etc. Large boxes 50c.

JOHNSTON & HOLT, Special Agents, :: Smithfield, N. C.

## Selling the Goods You Want!

We now sell Hardware, Mill Supplies, Paints, Coffins and other undertakers goods.

If you are going to build and need anything in the way of building material, we think we can suit you. Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, moldings, Mantels, Window and door frames, Doors, Shingles, Laths and brick. We sell Paroid, Neponset and other prepared roofing, screen doors and windows.

CALL TO SEE US.

## John I. Barnes & Bro.

Clayton, N. C.

## Tobacco Flues

Do you want the best flues? If you do get them from S. B. Johnson the old reliable flue maker. He has been making them 15 years. If you need flues bring or send your order and he will make you the best flues at lowest prices.

If you need roofing I have the best at very low prices

## S. B. Johnson, Smithfield, N. C.

## We Can Do Your Work!!

We keep all kinds of Engine and Pipe Fittings and do all kinds of Foundry Work. All kinds of Engines and Machinery repaired. One second hand Boiler and ten horse Engine Mounted for sale. See us when you need anything in our line.

## Selma Iron Works, J. R. LEWIS, Manager, SELMA, N. C.

# Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.

**FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE**

It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.