

Cap'n Warren's Wards

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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THE CAPTAIN STARTS OUT TO DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING ON HIS OWN HOOK.

Synopsis.—Atwood Graves, New York lawyer, goes to South Densboro, Cape Cod, to see Captain Elisha Warren. Caught in a terrific storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, has died and named him as guardian of his two children. Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust. The captain's arrival in New York causes consternation among his wards and their aristocratic friends.

CHAPTER V.

The Captain Makes a Friend.

FIVE minutes later he was at the street corner inquiring of a policeman "the handiest way to get to Pine street." Following the directions given, he boarded a train at the nearest subway station, emerged at Wall street, inquired once more, located the street he was looking for and, consulting a card which he took from a big stained leather pocketbook, walked on, peering at the numbers of the buildings he passed.

The offices of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves were on the sixteenth floor of a new and gorgeously appointed skyscraper. When Captain Elisha entered the firm's reception room he was accosted by a wide awake and extremely self possessed office boy.

Informed by the none too courteous lad that none of the firm was in, he left his card, saying he'd return later. Captain Elisha strolled down Pine street, looking about him with interest. It had been years since he visited this locality, and the changes were many. Soon, however, he began to recognize familiar landmarks. He was approaching the water front, and there were newer buildings. When he reached South street he was thoroughly at home.

The docks were crowded. The river was alive with small craft of all kinds. Steamers and schooners were plenty, but the captain missed the old square riggers, the clipper ships and barks, such as he had sailed in as cabin boy, in the foremast and later commanded on many seas.

At length, however, he saw four masts towering above the roof of a freight steamer. The yards were set square and, along with them were furled royals and upper topsails. Here at least was a craft worth looking at. Captain Elisha crossed the street, hurried to the covered freight house and saw a magnificent great ship lying beside a road, open wharf. Down the wharf he walked, joyfully, as one who greets an old friend.

The wharf was practically deserted. An ancient watchman was dozing in a sort of sentry box, but he did not wake. There was a pile of foreign looking crates and boxes at the farther end of the pier, evidently the last bit of cargo waiting to be carted away. The captain inspected the pile, recognized the goods as Chinese and Japanese, then read the name on the big ship's stern. It was the Empress of the Ocean, and her home port was Liverpool.

sailed under a Cap'n Pearson from there on. James Pearson his name was.

"He was my great-uncle. I was named for him. My name is James Pearson also."

"What?" Captain Elisha was hugely delighted. "Mr. Pearson, shake hands. I want to tell you that your Uncle Jim was a seaman and the kind you dream about, but seldom meet. I was his second mate three voyages. My name's Elisha Warren."

Mr. Pearson shook hands and laughed good humoredly.

"Glad to meet you, Captain Warren," he said. "And I'm glad you knew Uncle Sam. As a youngster he was my idol. He could spin yarns that were worth listening to."

"I bet you! He'd seen things with yarnin' about. So you ain't a sailor, hey? Livin' in New York?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said. Then, with a dry smile: "If you call occupying a hall-bedroom and eating at a third rate boarding house table living. However, it's my own fault. I've been a newspaper man since I left college. But I threw up my job six months ago. Since then I've been free lancing."

"Have, hey?" The captain was too polite to ask further questions, but he had not the slightest idea what "free lancing" might be. Pearson divined his perplexity and explained.

"I've had a feeling," he said, "that I might write magazine articles and stories—yes, possibly a novel or two. It's a serious disease, but the only way to find out whether it's curable or not is to experiment. That's what I'm doing now. The thing I'm at work on may turn out to be a sea story. So I spend some time around the wharves and aboard the few sailing ships in port picking up material."

Captain Elisha patted him on the back.

"Now, don't you get discouraged," he said. "I used to have an idea that novel writin' and picture paintin' was poverty jobs for men with healthy appetites, but I've changed my mind. I don't know's you'll believe it, but I've just found out for a fact that some painters get \$20,000 for one picture—for one, mind you! And a little mite of a thing, too, that couldn't have cost scarcely anything to paint. Maybe novels sell for just as much. I don't know."

His companion laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not, captain," he said. "few, at any rate. I should be satisfied with considerably less to begin with. Are you living here in town?"

"Well—well, I don't know. I ain't exactly livin', and I ain't exactly boardin'." But, say, ain't that the doctor callin' you?"

behind, evidently intending to follow suit. From the loafers on the wharf came shouts of encouragement.

"Do the dude up, Pedro! Give him what's comin' to him."

The trio formed for a rush. The steward, with a shrill scream, fled to the cabin. Pearson did not move. He even smiled. The next moment he was pushed to one side, and Captain Elisha stood at the top of the steps.

"Here!" he said sternly. "What's all this?"

The three sailors, astonished at this unexpected addition to their enemies' forces, hesitated. Pearson laid his hand on the captain's arm.

"Be careful," he said. "They're dangerous."

"Dangerous? Them? I've seen their kind afore. Here, you!" turning to the three below. "What do you mean by this? Put down that knife, you lubber! Do you want to be put in irons? Over the side with you, you swabs! Git!"

He began descending the ladder. Whether the sailors were merely too surprised to resist or because they recognized the authority of the deep sea in Captain Elisha's voice and face is a question. At any rate, as he descended they backed away.

"Mutiny on board a ship of mine?" roared the captain. "What do you mean by it? Why, I'll have you tied up and put on bread and water. Over the side with you! Mutiny on board of me! Live! Tumble up there!"

With every order came a stride forward and a correspondingly backward movement on the part of the three. This performance would have been ridiculous if Pearson had not feared that it might become tragic. He was descending the steps to his new acquaintance's aid when there arose a chorus of shouts from the wharf.

"The cops, the cops! Look out!" That was the finishing touch. The next moment the three "mutineers" were over the side and running as fast as their alcoholic condition would permit down the wharf.

"Well, by George!" exclaimed Pearson. Captain Elisha seemed to be coming out of a dream. He stood still, drew his hand across his forehead and then began to laugh.

"Well!" he stammered. "Well, I snum! I—Mr. Pearson, I wonder what on earth you must think of me. I declare the sight of that gang set me back about twenty years. They—they

"Mutiny on board a ship of mine?" must have thought I was the new skipper! Did you hear me tell 'em they couldn't mutiny aboard of me? Ho, ho! Well, I'm an old idiot!"

faces of Sylvester, Kuhn & Graves. The clerk who had taken his place was very respectful.

"Captain Warren," he said, "Mr. Sylvester is at the Central club. He wished me to ask if you could conveniently join him there."

Captain Elisha pondered. "Why, yes," he replied slowly. "I s'pose I could. I don't know why I couldn't. Where is this—er—club of his?"

"On Fifth avenue, near Fifty-second street. I'll send one of our boys with you if you like."

"Oh, no. I can pilot myself, I guess. I ain't so old I can't ask my way."

The captain found the Central club, a ponderous institution occupying a becomingly gorgeous building on the avenue. Mr. Sylvester was expecting him, and they dined in the club restaurant.

"Now, Captain Warren, just how much do you know about your late brother's affairs?" asked Mr. Sylvester at the conclusion of the meal.

"Except what Mr. Graves told me, nothing of importance. And, afore we go any further, let me ask a question. Do you know why Bije made me his executor and guardian and all the rest of it?"

"I do not," Graves drew his will, and so, of course, we knew of your existence and your appointment. Your brother forbade our mentioning it, but we did not know until after his death that his own children were unaware they had an uncle. It seems strange, doesn't it?"

"It does to me; so strange that I can't see two lengths ahead. I call 'em Mr. Graves told you how I felt about it?"

"Yes, that is, he said you were very much surprised."

"That's puttin' it mild enough. And did he tell you that Bije and I hadn't seen each other, or even written, in eighteen years?"

"Yes."

"Um-hm. Well, when you consider that can you wonder I was set all aback? And the more I think of it the fogger it gets. Why, Mr. Sylvester, it's one of them situations that are impossible, that you can prove fifty ways can't happen. And yet, it has—it sartinly has. Now tell me: Are you or your firm well acquainted with my brother's affairs?"

POULTRY

TO RAISE INCUBATOR CHICKS

How to Induce Old Hens to Take Place of Artificial Brooder—Transfer at Night.

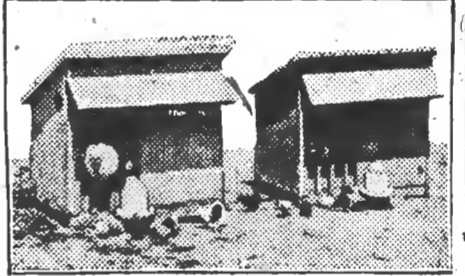
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Hens are often used to raise incubator-hatched chicks and to take the place of the artificial brooder, a practice that is in operation on many poultry farms. A few eggs are put under the hen four or five days before the incubator is to hatch. In the evening following the hatch of the incubator, after the chickens are thoroughly dry, one or two are put under the hen, and if she is found to mother them properly, the next evening as many more are added as she can brood or care for properly. Hens will successfully brood 10 to 15 chickens early in the breeding season, and 18 to 25 in warm weather, depending upon the size of the hen. This method of handling chickens does away with the artificial brooder, and where one has only a small number of chickens to raise it is a very easy manner in which to handle them, and also a good method when it is desired to raise separately special lots of chicks. It should be borne in mind, in adding chickens to a hen which already has some to brood, that it is best to add those of the same color and age as the ones already with her, as the hen will often pick the latter arrivals if they are of a color different from the ones she is already brooding.

COOPS FOR HENS AND CHICKS

Loss Is Large Where Unrestricted Range Is Allowed—Guard Against Cats and Rats.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) If the mother hen is allowed to range unrestricted with her chicks she frequently takes her brood through wet grass and as a result some are chilled and die especially the weaker ones which are likely to be left behind. Where this careless system of management is practiced the loss of young chicks is large. When a coop is provided for the hen such losses are largely prevented.

Any style of coop which is dry, ventilated and can be closed at night to protect the brood against cats, rats and other such animals and which while confining the hen will allow the chicks to pass in and out freely after they are a few days old, will be satisfactory. The hen should be confined until the chicks are weaned, though a small yard may be attached to the coop, if desired, to allow the hen to exercise. The fence can be raised from the ground far enough to allow the chicks to go in or out, but



Coops Used on Government Poultry Farm.

not high enough for the hen to escape. By using a coop the chicks can find shelter and warmth under the hen at any time, and the weaklings after a few days may develop into strong, healthy chicks.

The brood coop should be cleaned at least once a week and kept free from mites. If mites are found in the coop, it should be thoroughly cleaned and sprayed with kerosene oil or crude petroleum. From 1 to 2 inches of sand or dry dirt or a thin layer of straw or fine hay should be spread on the floor of the coop. Brood coops should be moved weekly to fresh ground, preferably where there is new grass. Shade is very essential in rearing chickens, especially during warm weather; therefore, the coops should be placed in the shade whenever possible. A cornfield makes fine range for young chickens, as owing to cultivation of the ground, they get many bugs and worms and have fresh soil to run on most of the time and enjoy abundant shade.

MANY ERRORS OF BEGINNERS

Difficult Problems Will Be Presented Before Success in Any Large Degree Is Attained.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Beginners in the poultry business will probably make many mistakes and difficult problems will be presented for solution before success in any large measure will be attained. As soon as it is found to be a paying investment, more capital may be put into the plant.

One Secure. "There may be meat and egg and milk trusts, but there never could be a successful vegetable trust." "Why not?" "Because there would be sure to be a leak in it somewhere."

Seems That Way. Bacon—Conservation is the thing just now.

Egbert—Then I suppose the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is in disgrace?

THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

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"Beaver Board"

STRATTON & BRAGG CO. Petersburg Virginia "Beaver Board" Distributors.

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We Pay Highest Market Prices for Virginia and North Carolina Wool—No commissions deducted. We are buyers for large mill consuming half-million pounds a month. Write or ship to us and we will allow full market price—no expenses deducted except freight—prompt settlement. We also pay top prices for Hides, Skins and Tallow.

NIC-O-PINE

An excellent remedy for insects on plants, such as Roses, Palms, Ferns and Vegetable plants or money refunded. Price 35 cents delivered to any part of the United States. Reference: Union Savings Bank.

BAGS WANTED

Cash for Old False Tests Don't matter if broken. I pay \$5 to \$15 per set. Also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MUSTACHE COMES WITH BARS

Or, at Least, That Would Seem to Be the Idea That Was in the Mind of Private Jones.

Somewhere in France, they're all here—or they will be. Private Bill Jones, late customs inspector at San Francisco, walked into a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of Paragraph —, S. O. —, in his hand. It was evening, and only a major and a captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the captain. "Transportation, sir," replied Private Jones, putting forth his best salute, "this order says I've got to go."

"Well, I'll be—," said the captain, interrupting. "This is the last place I expected to see you."

"Well, for the love of Mike!" exclaimed Private Jones. "I'd 'a' known you in a minute if it wasn't for that mustache and the—shoulder bars."

Do You Know The Fine Flavor of POST TOASTIES IS FOUND IN NO OTHER CORN FLAKES Wobbe