

GOLD HILL NEWS.

Friday, December 24, 1897.

OIL ON THE WATERS.



"IT'LL BE A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AFTER ALL!" HE EXCLAIMED.

his own kin, but the case was too clear. "That young rascal, Ben!" he exclaimed and told the story of the money.

Then Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton.

"But are you sure you left it there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise. Then one emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself.

"I'm surely getting old," he exclaimed. "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I apologize. You have all of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life."

This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

In a few moments she returned, exclaiming, "He is gone!"

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the mainland on the point of a reef that lay irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and meditating by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother

hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise not to. Well, she knows where I am by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither land nor sea.

"I wonder what granddad thinks and

how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is honest—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea and watching as only a sailor can watch he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those on board, for as he looked rocket after rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a rod if she had been afloat. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

No earthly pilot could have guided her among those rocks to the lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and, rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pannikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hoghead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pannikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered:

"It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddad," he exclaimed with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache.—Allison & Co.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

10¢
25¢ 50¢

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL
DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

Ready for Autumn Business

Our stock of mens and boys clothing is now complete in all lines, and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, as to price and quality. We have the largest and best assorted stock of Dress goods to be found in any house in the county. In price and quality, we know no competition. We also have an elegant line of Ladies and Childrens Capes and Jackets. We have the newest and choicest novelties, produced by the best makers. We carry all brands of staple goods. Our prices are based on competition. You will be amply repaid by calling upon us when in town. We are always ready and willing to show you through our whether you buy or not.

W. H. MEEKER & Co., Medford, Oregon.

Boyden & Nicholson, THE HARDWARE MEN

Are displaying the most complete line of

Delft .. Enamel .. Ware

that was ever shown in Southern Oregon.

We carry everything usually found in a first class Hardware Store, and our Prices are

Next Door to Haskins' Drug Store, Medford

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, perfect and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel cold, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

See Mackey's ad in another column.

There is no need of little children being tortured by scald head, eczema and skin eruptions. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve gives instant relief and cures permanently.—Allison & Co.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Gold Hill Drug Co.

Small pill, safe pill, best pill. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache.—Allison & Co.



MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast,

DR. JORDAN & CO.,

1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.

Young men and middle aged men who are suffering

from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in maturer years. Nervous and Physical Debility, Impotency, Lost Manhood in all its complications; Gonorrhea, Gleet, Prostatitis, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc. By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—Diseases of Men.

Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using Mercury.

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint. We will guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit One Thousand Dollars.

Consultation FREE and strictly private. CHARGES VERY REASONABLE. Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, "The Philosophy of Marriage," free. (A valuable book for men.)

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S

Great Museum of Anatomy

the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens.

CATALOGUE FREE. Call or write.

1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.