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adow, a gain of \$8.00 per acre.

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# The Smith Great Western **Endless Apron Manure Spreader**

Spreads all kinds of manure, straw stack bottoms and commercial fertilizer regardless of their can by hand. Spreads as much in a day as 15 men can by hand. Spreads the largest load in 2 to 4 minutes. Makes the same amount of manure go three times as far and produce better results; makes all manure fine and immediately available for plant life.

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Write just these words on a postal card or in a letter—"Send me your book 'Practical Experience with Barnyard Manures' and catalogue No.17755" They will be mailed to you free. Do it now before you haul your manure or prepare for any crop. Smith Manufacturing Co., 162 Harrison St., Chicago

The Smile

That won't come off, appears on baby's face after one bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, the great worm medicine. Why not keep that smile on baby's Only 82 Years Old.

"I am only 82 years old and don't expect even when I get to be real old to feel that way as long as I can get Elec face. If you keep this medicine on hand tric Bitters," says Mrs. E. H. Brunson, you will never see anything else but of Dublin, Ga. Surely there's nothing smiles on his face. Mrs. S.—Blackwell, else keeps the old as young and makes Okla., writes: "My baby was peevish and fretful. Would not eat and I feared medicine. Dyspepsia, torpid liver, inhe would die. I used a bottle of White's | flamed kidneys or chronic constipation Cream Vermifuge and he has not been are unknown after taking Electric Bitsick a day since. Sold by Graham & ters a reasonable time. Guaranteed by Allen & Woodward, druggists. Price 50c.

human tendance, but the rush of salt water into eyes and mouth must have driven the tiny sufferer to seek instantly the only position in which life was possible. So far as the man could judge in a first hasty glance, the child's clothing was of excellent quality. Yet he gave slight heed to such considerations. Jim was the father of three lusty youngsters who were snugly in bed in

Penzance, and the sight of this for-

donment the little one might have roll-

ed over in infantile search for food and

lorn sea waif made his eyes misty. He reached down, unpinned the blanket, which was secured with a brooch, and lifted the infant out of its unpleasing environment. It was piteous to see the way in which the shrunken hands at once strove to clasp his wrists, though they were all too feeble to achieve more than a gentle clutch which relaxed almost as soon as the effort was made.

Jones, also a husband and father, bethought him when he reached the storeroom; hence when the windlass lowered a basket there was not only a supply of brandy within, but also a bottle of fresh milk, which reached the Gulf Rock, by arrangement with a fisherman, whenever weather permitted. Jim handed the jug to his exhausted

"Here, cap'n," he said cheerfully. Take a couple of mouthfuls of this. It'll warm the cockles of your heart. An' the sooner you shin up the ladder and get them soaked rags off you the better. Can you manage? It's a near thing for the kid, if not too late now."

Brand needed no second bidding. He did not wish to collapse utterly, his wet garments, had revived him

The resourceful sailor did not attempt the foolish process of pouring even the smallest quantity of milk into the baby's mouth. He produced a handkerchief, steeped a twisted corner in the milk and placed it between the parched, salt blackened lips.

This rough expedient for a feeding bottle served admirably. The child's engerness to gulp in the life giving fluid was only matched by the tender care of the sailor in his efforts to appease its ravenous hunger.

that for a little while he paid no heed to Brand. Jones, forty feet overhead, took the keenest interest in the baby's

"Mind you don't let it suck the handkerchief into its little throat," he cried. "Not too much, Jim. It's on'y a young 'un. 'Half mill:, half water an' a lump of sugar,' my missus says. Pore little dear! However did it come to live, when that man must ha' been dead for days? Now, Jim, slow an' sure is the motter. S'pose you shove it into the basket an' let me hoist it up here. A warm bath an' a blanket is the next best thing to milk an' water."

"All right, skipper. Just hold on a bit, She's doin' fine."

"Is it a he or a she?"

"I dunno. But I guess it's a gal by

the duds." The baby, in the sheer joy of living again, uttered a gurgling cry, a com-

pound of milk, happiness and pain.

"There! I told you!" shouted Jones angrily, "You think every kid is a hardy young savage like your own. You're overdoin' it, I say." "Overdoin' wot?" demanded the sail-

or. "You don't know who you're talkin' to. Why, when I was on the West Coast I reared two week-old monkeys this way."

Soon these firm friends would have quarreled-so unbounded was their anxiety to rescue the fluttering existence of the tiny atom of humanity so miraculously snatched from the perils

But Stephen Brand's dominant personality was rapidly recovering its normal state.

"Jim," he said, "Mr. Jones is right. The child must be made comfortable. Her skin is raw and her eyes sore with inflammation. The little food she has already obtained will suffice for a few minutes. Send her up."

The "Mr. Jones" was a gentle reminder of authority. No further pro- double in the lower jaw and single in

test was raised, save by the infant With the rocking of the boat the foul when supplies were temporarily withbilge water washed around the child's held, and Jones was too pleased that keep 'em, but he would look fine in a limbs and back. Instinct alone had his opinion should be supported by saved it from drowning. Perhaps dur-Brand to give another thought to his ing the first hours of vigor after abansubordinate's outburst.

Louis Tracy,

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Edward J. Clode

Author of

"Now, back up to the rock," said Brand. "I will dress and rejoin you quickly. The boat must be thoroughly examined and swabbed out. Jones will signal for help. Meanwhile you might moor her tightly. When the tide falls she will be left high and dry."

The sailor's momentary annoyance fled. There was much to be done, and no time should be wasted in disputes concerning baby culture.

"Sure you won't slip?" he asked as Stephen caught hold of the ladder. "No, no. It was not fatigue, but sickness which overcame me. brandy has settled that."

Up he went, as though returning from his customary morning dip.

"By jingo, he's a plucky 'un," murmured Jim admiringly. "He ought to be skipper of a battleship instead of housemaid of a rock light. Dash them sea crows! I do hate 'em!"

He seized an oar and lunged so hard and true at a cormorant which was investigating the shark's liver that he knocked the bird a yard through the air. Discomfited, it retired, with a scream. Its companion darted to the vacant site and pecked industriously. The neighborhood of the rock was now alive with sea gulls. In the water many varieties of finny shapes were darting to and fro in great excitement. Jim laughed.

"They'd keep me busy," he growled. When all's said an' done, it's their nater, an' they can't help it."

Unconscious that he had stated the primordial thesis, he left the foragers alone. Hauling the sail out of the water, he discovered that the stern board was missing, broken off probably when and the soft breeze, rendered chilly by the mast fell. His trained scrutiny soon solved a puzzle suggested by the state of the cordage. Under ordinary conditions the upper part of the mast would either have carried the sail clean away with it or be found acting as a sort of sea anchor at a short distance from the boat.

But it had gone altogether, and the strands of the sail rope were bitten, not torn, asunder. The shark had striven to pull the boat under by tugging at the wreckage.

Having made the canvas shipshape, the fore part. Then he passed a rope idly." under the after thwart and reeved it through a ringbolt in a rock placed there for mooring purposes in very calm weather like the present.

When the Trinity tender paid her monthly visit to the lighthouse she was moored to a buoy three cable lengths away to the northwest. If there was the least suspicion of a sea over the reef it was indeed a ticklish task landing or embarking stores and men.

Closehauled, the boat would fill forward as the tide dropped. This was matterless. By that time all her movable contents-she appeared to have plenty of tinned meat and biscuits aboard, but no water-would be removed to the storeroom.

-wondering what queer story of the deep would be forthcoming when the recent history of the rescued child was ascertained-when Brand hailed him.

an ax." The weapon was duly delivered.

"What's the ax for, cap'n?" was the natural query.

"I want to chop out that shark's teeth. They will serve as mementos for the girl if she grows up, which is likely, judging by the way she is yell- ploits of some Greek or Trojan hero ing at Jones.

"Wot's he a-doin' of?" came the sharp ty's ships. demand. "Giving her a bath, and excellently

well too. He is evidently quite domesticated." "If that means 'under Mrs. J.'s thumb,' you're right, cap'n. They tell

me that when he's ashore"-"Jim, the first time I met you you were wheeling a perambulator. Now,

load the skip and I will haul in." They worked in silence a few minutes. Brand descended, and a few well placed cuts relieved the man eater of the serrated rows used to such serious purpose in life that he had attained a length of nearly twelve feet. Set

the upper, they were of a 6.26 and shape ominously suggestive of the

creature's voracity. "It is a good thing," said Brand, calmly hewing at the huge jaws, "that nature did not build the Carcharodon galeidoe on the same lines as an alligator. If this big fellow's sharp embroidery were not situated so close to his stomach he would have made a meal of me, Jim, unless I carried a tornedo."

"He's a blue shark." commented the other, ignoring for the nonce what he termed "some of the cap'n's jawbreak-

"Yes. It is the only dangerous species found so far north.

"His teeth are like so many fixed bayonets. Of course you would like to museum. Plenty of folk in Penzance, especially visitors, would pay a bob a head to see him."

Brand paused in his labor.

"Listen, Jim," he said earnestly. "I want both you and Jones to oblige me by saying nothing about the shark. Please do not mention my connection with the affair in any way. The story will get into the newspapers as it is. The additional sensation of the fight would send reporters here by the score. I don't wish that to occur."

"Do you mean to say"-"Mr. Jones will report the picking up of the boat and the finding of the baby. together with the necessary burial of a man unknown"-

"What sort of a chap was he?" interrupted Jim. "I-I don't know-a sailor-that is all

I can tell you. He must have been

dead several days." "Then how in the world did that

baby keep alive?" "I have been thinking over that problem. I imagine that, in the first place, there was a survivor, who disappeared since the death of the poor devil out there." He pointed to the sea. "This person, whether man or woman, looked after the child until madness came, caused by drinking salt water. The next step is suicide. The little one. left living, fell into the bilge created by the shipping of a sea and adopted, by the mercy of Providence, a method of avoiding death from thirst which ought to be more widely appreciated than it is. She absorbed water through the pores of the skin, which rejected the salty elements and took in only

the blood. You follow me?" "Quite. It's a slap-up idea."

those parts of the compound needed by

"It is not new. It occurred to a ship's captain who was compelled to navigate his passengers and crew a thousand miles in open boats across the Indian ocean as the result of a fire at sea. Well, the child was well nourished, in all likelihood, before the accident happened which set her adrift on the Atlantic. She may have lost a few pounds in weight, but starvation is a slow affair, and her plumpness saved her life in that respect. Most certainly she would have died today, and even yet she is in great danger. Her pulse is very weak, and Jim settled the next pressing question care must be taken not to stimuby seizing an empty tin and sluicing late the action of the heart too rap-

> When Brand spoke in this way Jim Spence was far too wary to ask personal questions. Sometimes, in the early days of their acquaintance, he had sought to pin his friend with clumsy logic to some admission as to his past life. The only result he achieved was to seal the other man's lips for days so far as reminiscences were concerned.

Not only Jones and Spence, but Thompson, the third assistant, who was takin ; his month ashore, together with the supernameraries who helped to preserve the rotation of two months' bek duty and one ashere, soon realned that Brand, whom they liked and looked up to, had locked the record of The sailor was sorting the packages his earlier years and refused to open the diary for any one.

Yet so helpful was he, so entertaining with his scraps of scientific knowledge and more ample general reading, that "Look out there, Jim. I am lowering those whose turn on the rock was coincident with his relief hailed his reappearance with joy. During the precoding wister he actually entertained them with a true translation of the twenty-four books of the "Iliad," and great was the delight of Jim Spence when he was able to connect the exwith the identity of one of her majes-

In private they discussed him often, and a common agreement was made that his wish to remain incognito should be respected. Their nickname, "the cap'n," was a tacit admission of his higher social rank. They feared lest inquisitiveness should drive him from their midst, and one supernumerary, who heard from the cook of the Trinity tender that Brand was the nephew of a baronet, was roughly bidden to "close his rat trap, or he might catch something he couldn't eat."

So Jim now contented himself by remarking dolefully that had his advice been taken "the bloomin' kid would be well on her way back to the Scilly isles."

"You must not say that," was the grave response. "These things are determined by a higher power than man's intelligence. Think how the seeming accident of a fallen sail saved the child from the cormorants and other birds; how a chance sea fell into the boat and kept her alive; how mere idle curiosity on my part impelled me to swim out and investigate matters."

"That's your way of puttin' it," Jim was forced to say. "You knew quite well that there might be a shark in her wake or you wouldn't have taken the knife. An' now you won't have a word said about it. At the bombardment of Alexandria a messmate of mine got the V. C. for less."

(Continued on second page.)

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