

**The Captain's Pew.**  
By FRANK H. SWEET.  
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"DELLILY, You Dellily!" called Captain Drew sharply from the door of the cottage which fronted the marshes at the mouth of Squanton river.

At the sound of his voice a girl of fifteen, who had been half hidden by the marsh grass while slowly making her way in a boat through the narrow, winding salt stream, stood upright and looked calmly toward the shore. The light of the sunset was on her face, softening its habitually grave and determined expression.

"Come 'ere, I said," repeated the man, coming down the path to the dilapidated boat. The girl, still standing, leaned on her oar and pushed the boat to its moorings.

"What's wrong, dad?" she said lightly as she made the rope fast. Her face showed apprehension of some outbreak.

"I've been robbed, that's what. Look!" he exclaimed, pointing with a long, work stained finger in the direction of the house. "Look a-thar!"

With some dismay Dellilah saw the high backed, old fashioned pew which they had occupied so long in Squanton church leaning against the porch.

"They've ripped 'em all out," continued her father in a snarling tone. "Higgling's boys been wheelin' all of 'em home this afternoon. They air goin' to hev op'ry chairs now. Pews ain't stylish an' societized enough fur 'em. They got to hev op'ry chairs."

"Oh, no, dad. They have decided to put in good, comfortable hardwood pews, and they will give you one."

"I don't want it! I won't hev it!" he cried excitedly. "They didn't hev the right to rip up my pew unless I said they could."

"But they voted, dad, and Mr. Doane says church property ain't like other property."

"Well, he'll find mine is," said the captain sourly. "If I'd 'a' knowed they was goin' to rip up my pew, I'd 'a' stud over it with a pistol!"

In a shimmering surface she still sat as her father had left her.

When a few days later the Rev. Howard Doane selected from his abundant library a few interesting books as an excuse for his intended call at the cottage of Captain Drew, he was perhaps as near a deception as so conscientious a man could be.

"I can't take them, thank you," she said firmly, refusing the proffered books. "Father would not like it," she added, with a blush.

"She don't want the books," said the gruff voice of the captain behind her.

"There's a wreck off Colpin's beach, dad!"

"She won't be comin' over to the church any more nuther."

"I hope you will reconsider," began Mr. Doane.

"Well, I shan't. It don't take me long to make up my mind, and when I do it's fur good. Justice is justice."

Dellilah had slipped away down the path and leaned listlessly over the gate. She could not bear to hear her father's words.

"We shall be sorry to lose you from Sunday school for a time," he said, but he added, with a hopeful smile: "No doubt your father will think better of this by and by. If you are in need of help, come to me."

The summer was nearly passed before the church was opened for worship. It was a sad day for Dellilah. When the bell rang, she took her little Bible and walked across the fields to the pine woods.

"There's a wreck off Colpin's beach, dad!" she gasped. "They say it's the Magnolia."

"I was on the point looking at the waves."

their way to the shore. Above the terrible roar of wind and sea they shouted to Captain Drew that the lifeboat had been manned and repeated unsuccessful attempts made to cross the channel. They told him that the efforts to shoot the line across the vessel and thus bring it into communication with the shore had been fruitless.

The wreck, though it lay in that part of the channel where the current was not at its strongest, was pounding upon a reef of rocks that jutted out from the bend. A sand bar, over which the waves were rolling like snow crested hills, lay between. To reach the Magnolia from the other side of the bay meant a journey of ten miles by land.

Before the people crowding the headland could understand what was taking place Captain Drew had mustered a volunteer crew and in the lighthouse boat was making his way along the shore to cross below the bar.

The distance that Captain Drew and his volunteers had to row was not great, but against the power of sea and wind they made little progress toward the wreck.

It was the work of hours to make the lines fast and transfer the half frozen men to the shore. The rain was falling less heavily, and the agitated watchers could see the saved and savers climb one by one over the steep bank.

Without a word the minister plunged into the surf after the rope. Though

an expert swimmer, he was twice beaten back. In vain the men shouted to him that it was useless, worse than impossible. He was deaf to their appeal, and just as the rope appeared on the crest of a huge swell he made a leap forward and seized it.

He had made a sharp turn of the rope above his waist, and, though shaken and bruised, he recovered himself quickly and helped the men draw the captain ashore. They felt his heart. They watched his lips. They believed he was dead. But the old manner of Squanton had a strong hold on life.

It was some weeks before Captain Drew could be removed to his own home from the farmhouse to which he had been carried and months before he rose from his bed.

One Sunday morning in spring when the sylvan bush near the door was all a bloom and the willows had put forth a tender green the captain, leaning heavily upon Dellilah, hobbled into the sunlight and sat down upon the old pew.

"It does make a table comfortable settee, don't it, child?" he said amiably.

"Yes, my father's father used to set in it," he continued.

"Dellily, girl," he said at length, "I

guess, bein's the parson didn't hold out agin me when I was hangin' to thet rope out thar in the stream, I dunno as I oughter hang out agin him any longer."

"Oh, dad!" exclaimed Dellilah gleefully. "Ye-es. 'Oh, dad,' has been kinder crazy fur a spell back, but he's come to his rightful senses now good an' strong. I guess, Dellily, now if you'll put your mother's Bible 'longside of me I'll set here an hour or two, an' you, Dellily, git your bunnet on an' go over an' set in 't'other pew."

**TEA**  
Is there a better way to keep the family longer at table, to keep it together?

**SPORTING NOTES.**  
Scottish curlers have constructed an artificial rink at Glasgow, the cost being \$35,000.

The \$10,000 belt presented to John L. Sullivan twenty years ago is at the bar of Joe White's restaurant and hotel in Spokane, Wash.

It is now stated that John Crabtree is not the breeder of Hedgewood Boy, 2-044, and Lady Maud C., 2-044. He purchased the former for \$150 when a yearling and Lady Maud C. for \$270. The horses were bred in Missouri. They are brother and sister.

Emperor of Norfolk, the great race horse which in his two-year-old form in 1887 was almost irresistible and which won the American Derby in 1888 in a common exercise gallop, died recently at the ranch of his veteran owner, E. J. (Lucky) Baldwin.

In the seven years of Jockey Fred Tara's riding in Austria and Hungary he has led the list of winning jockeys five times and has twice been second. He has ridden 533 winners in those countries and is re-engaged to ride this year for Baron Springer, who led the list of Austrian turfmen last year, with a total of \$78,390.

**ANIMAL ODDITIES.**  
A lion in a jungle will jump twenty-five feet or thirty feet from a standing start.

**PLEASANT DREAMS.**  
Don't doze all evening, but if you are tired give in and go to bed.

**The Home Doctor.**  
To poultice for a boll scrape castile soap into cream and steep them together till right for a salve, the best salve known for a boll at any stage.

**Congressional Cuts.**  
In addition to getting \$7,500 a year a congressman gets into the Congressional Record a lot of stuff no other newspaper would print.—Washington Post.

This is certainly a great and wonderful country in resource and endurance. When this congress adjourns the country will have survived sixty of them.—Baltimore American.

# BANK

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"SHE DON'T WANT THE BOOKS," SAID THE CAPTAIN.



"THERE'S A WRECK OFF COLPIN'S BEACH, DAD!"



THE MINISTER PLUNGED INTO THE SURF.

of the chief pleasure in her lonely life. It meant, too, separations from those who had been so kind and to whom she clung with girlish adoration. It seemed to her to be the climax of all the troubled, unsatisfied experiences of her life. She thought of her mother, whose gentle face she could scarcely remember. Did she have to bear such things? In thinking of her she grew less rebellious. She would be gentle and patient, too—to do right, for what was life given?

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