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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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HATE

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"Oh, forget what I said," she cried, distressed. "Yet I meant well. 'Tis my fault that you have stung out James. Deny it not. Your ship was equipped to fight the Badger."

"Sure, ma'am. Again a complexity of passions tormented Fellowes. He wanted to be kind. He wanted to be cruel. He wanted to help. He wanted to hurt. The sweat stood in beads on his forehead, clammy as the sea mist that dripped from the spars.

She regarded him with that small mournful look, her lips curved in pity. "All I have done this to you!" she said. "I should remember. But each time it hurts the same. I am so sorry, so very sorry! I've turned love into hate, and ruined two men's lives. Ah, had I brought my father to the gallows! Isn't that sufficient? Oh, well, then, we'll go below. Anywhere! What does it matter? A few hours, a few days, a few months!"

Her father led her away, mumbling fustily, and Fellowes hurried forward to inspect Noggle's drag—anything to occupy him to aid him to forget her. She was in love with Collishawe, of course. The letter—everything—her words, her humors, her palpable anxiety—proved it. D—n the Britisher, he must have swept her off her feet! But when? Before—that night? Or after?

He turned to Cuffee, his brain working simultaneously along parallel lines, to caution the negro to reduce his powder charges when the brig lost headway.

"I don't want to reach him yet. No use in telling him we have a twenty-four-pounder. Just tickle him up, Cuffee. Keep him hot after us."

And Cuffee laughed uproariously. "Yah, yah, yah, Mars' Fellowes! Dat big fun. Oh, we fool him 'Col' lishawe plenty too much."

Back on the poop straining anxiously through the mist, Fellowes recalled that last night on the True Bounty a swish of skirts, a warm, pliant body pressed to his, the touch of soft lips.

CHAPTER XII

Battle

Long before evening the two vessels were visible to each other, the Centurion blocked clearly against the fading light in the east, the Badger a blurred tower of canvas in the radiance of the sunset.

The Badger gained slowly on the Centurion and under cover of darkness the privateer cut herself free of the drag, shortening sail to maintain her position just out of range of Col' lishawe's twelve-pounders. The men of watch were sent to their hammocks, and those on duty bidden to lie down beside the guns. Fellowes himself, endeavored to set an example by curbing his excitement, and toward midnight snatched a nap in one of the wardroom bunks.

An hour before sunrise Fellowes was awakened by a messenger from Breed who had the watch. He came on deck to find the crew astir; the galleys smoking busily. Cuffee was crowning over the Big Serpent, removing yesterday's powder stains from his shiny barrel with a rag and polish.

Fellowes' first thought was to see to the feeding of his men. They were to have a hot meal and a special issue of grog. "And don't forget the prisoners, Mr. Breed. We may be hours at this job. Give them the same meal as the crew, and then stow them in the cabs'lers." Himself, he attended O'Shaughnessy to the cockpit. "Ara opened the door in response to his knock."

"I am loath to disturb you, ma'am," he said; "but the doctor will be requiring his quarters soon, and I'd place you out of reach of shot."

She regarded him with the same pitying expression which had irked him the day before.

"Thank you," she answered quietly "but if we may, sir, we'll stay here in the cabs'lers." Himself, he attended O'Shaughnessy to the cockpit. "Ara opened the door in response to his knock."

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and with none but the stewards for dressers I'll be in a bad way." It was a good argument. Fellowes admitted to himself. He owed his men every chance for life, and three extra helpers might turn the scale for the poor devils, whose bodies were maimed by the Badger's cannonade.



The Centurion Wore Handsomely

he planned for Collishawe, and dreaded it. Well, he'd give her ample to weep over. When he'd finished with the Englishman—

The Centurion, at Fellowes' direction, wore handsomely, and stood northeast by north on the larboard tack. The Badger, apprehending the maneuver indicated the Yankee brig intended to come to close quarters, commenced to take in her mainsail and clew up her after canvas.

Fellowes studied their progress, as the interval of blue water diminished with the persistent attempt of the Badger to point up higher than the Centurion, and when he thought the range was right for the twenty-four-pounder he bawled "Cuffee!"

"Aho, gunner! We'll try the Long Tom."

Cuffee's first shot skipped the waves in front of the sloop-of-war's bow. The next ricocheted over the enemy, but the third was a clean hit for a midship's, and the Centurion's company raised a lusty cheer. "Collishawe, undaunted, passed to bring his chasers to bear, the twelve-pounder shot splashing up the water perhaps a quarter of a mile short of the target.

Cuffee fired a fourth time, and scored a hit in the waist.

"Come, come, lad, 'tis a spar I want," Fellowes called impatiently.

The next shot was an over, clean netting main and mizemasts, and Collishawe, apparently appreciating the weight of metal against him, came about once more, and stood down before the wind, bow on, in an effort to close, so that his heavy broadside batteries could come into play. But Fellowes was alert.

"Steady all," the order came from the speaking trumpet. "Take him Cuffee. Mr. Spencer, hold your fire until I bid you loose."

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

Hero of Revolutionary War Given Recognition John Sullivan, leader of a military campaign against the Iroquois 150 years ago, which resulted in the opening up of the Genesee country of western New York, has been honored by a special commemorative stamp of two-cent denomination.

Working with frenzied speed, Cuffee had the Long Tom loaded and fired almost before Fellowes had finished speaking. The shot struck the Badger on a level with the cat heads. A second shot drilled the hull under the starboard fore-chains, tossing a shower of splinters in air.

"Now, then, Mr. Spencer," Fellowes bawled the first lieutenant.

And the larboard twelve-pounders roared as one. All but two or three missed, but Fellowes was sure one shot had wrenched through the fore-stays and a second hit the hull. He was satisfied.

"We'll go about, Mr. Noggle," he bade the sailing master. "On the starboard tack."

It was time. As the Centurion wore, the Badger's chase guns flung their shot into the privateer's bulwarks with telling effect. Where the confusion had abated Fellowes saw one man dead on his deck, and two others wounded. The Badger had teeth, and knew how to use them.

"Carry those men below," he ordered. "Bosun, where are your sand buckets?"

The Badger pegged away with her chasers, but the Centurion ran out of range quite easily and wore ship to give the Long Tom another chance. And an exultant yell greeted Cuffee's next performance—the main topmast of the sloop-of-war tumbled slowly from the masts in a sprawling litter of spars and canvas.

Momentarily helpless the Badger flung up into the wind and Fellowes swooped nearer for the benefit of his twelve-pounders. The broadsides roared as fast as the gun crews could swab, load and fire.

But Collishawe was a seaman. Before the privateer could smash another stick, he had the wreckage cleared from his deck, and the Badger man agile—and Fellowes must sheer off to avoid those hard-battering cannonades that would rend the brig to matchwood at close quarters.

A half-dozen more shots from the Long Tom, and the Badger's foremast probably weakened by the hit in the chains, went overboard in a clutter that dragged the sloop-of-war down by the head. Fellowes stood on, making use of the predicament to gain a position astern of her, but by some incredible effort, Collishawe was able to run both his long twelves aft, and in the face of a scorching fire from the Centurion's starboard battery, actually succeeded in shooting away the brig's fore-top mast, his firing the Big Serpent killing one of Cuffee's gun crew and drowning a pair of Soper's marines.

Fellowes, coolly determined to take no unnecessary risks, promptly retired out of range, cleared the wreckage from his fore-castle, and again ordered Cuffee to resume sharp shooting. The negro had warmed to his work, and the Long Tom hurled its shot into the crippled sloop-of-war with appalling regularity.

Fellowes called to Cuffee: "Take your time, gunner; but I want you to knock over another stick."

Cuffee's response was a clean hit in the Badger's mizemast, which broke midway to the top, and swamped the whole vessel with its debris. The sloop-of-war broached to all but helplessness, while the Centurion heeded across her bows, broadside batteries flaring as she tacked back and forth, back and forth, the Long Tom adding its resonant voice to the sharper detonations of the twelve-pounders. The smoke was banked so densely around the privateer that the enemy was practically invisible; but an answering broadside roared from the Centurion, and the Centurion quivered under the impact of the cannon's eighteen-pounder shot.

"Starboard your helm, Mr. Noggle," bawled Fellowes. "He's swung his head around."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE KITCHEN CABINET Why has not man a microscope? For this plain reason, man is not a fly. Say what the use were fine optics given. 'T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven? —Alexander Pope.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

With all the different kinds of foods talked about and recipes for using them in ways that are different, we come to molasses, the good old sweet that comes to us right from the sugar cane. Here is one to serve to youngsters that will be enjoyed:

Vitamin Salad.—Place a leaf or two of crisp lettuce on each salad plate. Place a slice of pineapple on the leaf and fill the center with New Orleans molasses. Cover with a thick slice of orange, top with a slice of apple (or a square), topped with a cherry. Just before serving pour over the following slup: To one tablespoonful of molasses add the juice of one orange and one-half a lemon. This will serve four salads.

Veal Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take out the seeds from six tomatoes after slicing off the top. Sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with one-half tablespoonful of chopped onion for five minutes. Add one-half cupful of chopped cold veal, one-half cupful of bread crumbs, the tomato pulp, season with salt and pepper. Cook five minutes and fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Place in a buttered pan, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake for twenty minutes.

Pineapple Salad.—Take one cream cheese, three ounce size, one-third of a cupful of walnut meats, the same of raisins cut into bits, make into small balls. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves in the center of a slice of pineapple, add a spoonful of mayonnaise and a spoonful of whipped cream. Garnish with dates cut into quarters. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to the four slices of pineapple.

Tea Ice Cream.—Take one cupful of milk, three egg yolks, one cupful of sugar, a bit of salt, one-half cupful of strong tea infusion, one cupful of thin cream, two cupfuls of heavy cream. Freeze and add two cupfuls of whipped cream, and finish freezing.

Orange Shortcake.—Peel, slice and add sugar to kidney oranges to cover two large biscuit halves. Let the fruit stand in the sugar an hour before serving. Bake the baking powder biscuit, break open, spread with butter, cover with the orange sauce, place an other half of buttered biscuit on top, add more orange sauce and then top with lightly sweetened whipped cream. Serve hot.

Some Salad Dressings.

One may vary a salad in countless ways by the dressings used. Add a tablespoonful or two of apple butter to a boiled salad dressing will take it out of the ordinary class.

Standard Mayonnaise.—Mix in a small bowl one-half teaspoonful of sugar, the same amount of salt and a dash of cayenne. Add an egg yolk and half a teaspoonful of vinegar. Now add three-fourths of a cupful of olive oil, drop by drop, until the mayonnaise begins to thicken, then add it a little faster, beating well; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and lemon juice or all lemon.

Potato Mayonnaise.—Boil a small potato, take off the skin, mash and add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, the same of mustard, one tablespoonful of vinegar; rub this mixture through a fine sieve. Now add three-fourths cupful of olive oil and another tablespoonful of vinegar.

Economy Dressing.—Take two table spoonfuls each of cornstarch and flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one ten spoonful of mustard, three table spoonfuls of vinegar, two table spoonfuls of sugar, three-fourths cupful of vegetable oil, one cupful of hot water, one egg. Put the egg, unbeaten, with oil, salt, vinegar, mustard and sugar well mixed. Cook the cornstarch and flour together with the cupful of water, mix with a little cold water. Cook until thick then add at once to the bowl with the other ingredients and beat until smooth. Put into a pint jar and keep in a cool place. It will keep for two weeks or more.

Honey Dressing.—Put two table spoonfuls of honey into a bowl, add one table spoonful of lemon juice and three table spoonfuls of olive oil. Season with salt to taste. Serve on lettuce and add a dash of cayenne. If served on fruit do not add pepper.

Mineral Oil Dressing.—Mix two egg yolks, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, two table spoonfuls of vinegar in a small bowl. Now add one and one-half cupfuls of mineral oil, adding it a teaspoonful at a time, beating with the egg beater until it begins to thicken, then add a table spoonful at a time until all is used. This is given as a good dressing for a reducing diet.

Nellie Maxwell Slavery Not Stamped Out It has been stated that there are over 4,000,000 persons being held in slavery. The countries in which the traffic still exists are Abyssinia, the Sudan, Arabia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, China, Burma and Nepal.

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