

and friends out to the same vessel you have just left.

'Mercy senor! Now I know you. Praise the Virgin you have come! Tell me, was the lady all muffled up, she who fell out of my boat?'

'It was no other. Come, Nat—Phineas. Are you ready to row, Manuel?'

'S, senor. If I had only known before. Major Max does not trust him beyond reach of his arm—he believes the man to be a tricky customer.'

'What kind of a vessel did they go to?'

'Why, the same one, senor.'

'The steam-yacht?'

'It is so. I am not able to understand what it all means, but I am ready to serve you.'

'All I ask is that you take us to the yacht, and make no noise.'

'S, senor—you shall see that Manuel can do what you wish.'

'They are all in the boat now, and he begins to see the oars in a way that proves him an adept; the blades split the water, they rise and fall with never a sound. Major Max leans over so that he can speak in a low voice to his companions. 'This tells me it is the work of that Englishman. He doubtless means to hold her for an immense ransom. I fear only one thing—that they will get up steam and leave the harbour before we can prevent them. That would be disastrous.'

'I'll blow them up with dynamite first, says the Nabob, fiercely, just as though he carries a bomb or two in his pocket.'

'Manuel?'

'Well, senor?'

'What were they doing when you left the steam yacht?'

'Getting up steam,' comes the prompt answer.

A chorus of groans is heard.

'Phineas, do you know how long it usually takes to get up steam? You have travelled on the yacht some months, I believe.'

'Under ordinary conditions, just half an hour.'

'Then we have a good chance, thank Heaven! Both of you be ready for business. There is no time to depend on the authorities—before we could move in that direction our enemies would be twenty miles away. I wish we had with us a few of the good fellows from the Iris, but that's out of the question. There are three stout pairs of arms ready to do battle in the interest of Eulalie Thorpe. She can be saved—she must be saved.'

'She will be saved,' echoes Mayne.

'Bravo! With such determined knights in the field success is certain,' exclaims Phineas, who has leanings toward the etage.

Then they lapse into silence—each man is thinking of what may be before them. It is a serious business, this boarding a vessel with arms in their hands, and yet not one of them flinches.

Even upon the water there is a certain amount of noise and confusion—sailors can be heard talking on board the various ships at anchor—men are stoking during the dog watch, and boats move to and fro.

The boatman knows where he is going, and his manner of rowing proves that something was indeed wrong with him on the evening he upset his boat and almost drowned his fare.

All the while Major Max is saying in his heart, "May Heaven enable us to arrive before the engineer has steam up."

Their response cannot last long. Manuel ceases rowing.

'Senors, I believe we are rather close now,' he says, slowly, glancing. Then he suddenly exclaims: "So ho, my hearty!—there you are I Senors, we are yet in time. See that light! there is an officer lighting his cigar; but was a close shave."

They all see what he draws attention to.

'Head that way, Manuel, and be care, fu!'

So they creep up—the outlines of the steam yacht loom between them and the heavens. The moon will soon be rising, but fortune is kind to allow them a chance before this occurs.

Will they be discovered? Each man crouches low. Manuel has his orders—if hailed by those on board, he is to dash alongside and give them an opportunity to board the yacht. It is a desperate chance, but they are bound to get there, peaceably if it be possible, by force of arms if necessary.

(To be Continued.)

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A FRESH "HALL" MARK.

MR HALL CAINE, author of "The Deemster," "The Bookman," "The Manxman," etc., when speaking on "Criticism" recently, said:—

"WHEN A THING THAT IS ADVERTISED GREATLY IN GOOD IT GOES, AND GOES PERMANENTLY; when it is BAD it ONLY GOES FOR A WHILE; the PUBLIC FIKRE IT OCT."—See "Idler," September, 1894.

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OUR RECORDS TO MR RUSSELL

THE writer of these lines hereby tenders to Mr W. Clark Russell the assurance of his thanks and appreciation. I have always loved sea stories, and those of Mr Russell stand at the head of their class. From 'The Wreck of the Grosvener' to 'Lisa, Ye Landmen!' I have read them all. Yet salt water, and the things thereon and therein, are not the only things he knows about; nor by many degrees of latitude.

In his last book he makes a sailor talk thus: 'I have suffered from the liver in my time, and know what it is to have fell mad. I say I have known moments when I could scarce restrain myself from breaking windows, kicking at the shins of all who approached me, knocking my head against the wall, yelling with the yell of one who drops in a fit; and all the while my brain was as healthy as the healthiest that ever filled a human skull, and nothing was wanted but a muleketry of calomel pills to dislodge the fiend,' etc., etc.

So much for what Mr Russell's sailor (or Mr Russell himself) says; and there are plenty of people who can testify that this is not a bit overdrawn. One fact in particular it helps us to realise, namely, that the life of a sailor does not guarantee good health. Indigestion and dyspepsia—of which liver complaint is a sequence and a symptom—is as common among sailors as among landmen.

One of the latter, however, may now tell of his experience. 'All my life,' he says, 'I had suffered from biliousness and sick headaches. I would have an attack about every three weeks. At such times my appetite left me, and I could neither eat nor drink for days together. I suffered from dreadful sickness and straining, and vomited a greenish-yellow fluid. My head felt as though it would burst. I had a bad taste in the mouth, sallow skin, and the whites of the eyes turned yellow. I was recommended to adopt a vegetarian diet, and did so, but the attacks were just as frequent and violent. I consulted doctors and took their medicines, but was none the better for it. In this way I went on year after year.'

Well, we shall agree that there could scarcely be a worse way to go on, and it all came about thus: The overworked stomach put more work on the liver than the latter could do. Indignant and disgusted at this the liver refused to do a stroke more than its proper share. Hence more bile accumulated in the blood than the liver was able to remove. This surplus bile acts as a slow poison—and not so very slow either. The tongue is furred; the head aches and feels dull and heavy; the eyes and skin are greenish yellow; there is dizziness and nausea; cold hands and feet; spots before the eyes; a pungent, biting fluid rises into the throat; constipation; high coloured kidney secretion; prostrated nerves; irritability; loss of ambition; fears and forebodings, etc., etc.

This is 'biliousness' or 'liver complaint' in its simplest form. When long unchecked it produces irregular action of the heart, rheumatism, gout, and any, or all, of a dozen other organic disorders. There is no more certain or powerful impulse to misbehavior; suicide and other crimes often resulting.

What to do? To get rid of the poison by starting the skin and bowels into energetic action; then to keep them going at a healthy and natural gait. How to do this? Let our friend, Mr F. Widger, 4, Portland Square, Plymouth—who we have just quoted—speak on that point. In his letter, dated March 3rd, 1893, he adds:—

"Two years ago, after all medicines had failed to help me, I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I procured it from Mr R. S. Link, Chemist, Tavistock Road, and began to use it, and nothing else. After having consumed one bottle I found myself vastly better, and by continuing with it I got rid of my old trouble altogether."

We should mention that Mr Widger is a tailor and outfitter at Plymouth, and well known and respected in that community. He permits us to use his name out of gratitude for his recovery. The potency of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup over liver disease is due to its ability to cure indigestion and dyspepsia, which is (as we have said) the cause of liver disease.

Every house on the land, and every ship on the sea, should have this remedy as a necessary part of their stock and stores. Perhaps Mr Russell may recommend it in his next book. But no 'muleketry of calomel pills.' Oh, no.

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REAL

GREAT events are happening around us all the time, if we were only simple minded enough to see them.

'Well, well, Mary. I hear you have been travelling.'

'Yeth, senor; I went in a waul wall-would swain of cars.'

'A real train of cars, was it?'

'Yeth, thir. It went wifout a stwing.'

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