

## The Story of Captain Graham

By M. QUAD

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We had called at Mauritius on our way from Liverpool to Bombay in the ship Farewell and were five days out from the island when the adventure occurred by which we lost the captain and laid the foundation for this story. He was swept overboard in the course of a heavy storm.

Almost before he realized his position the ship was a mile away, and he felt sure that no boat would be lowered to make a search for him. Having found a spar and lashed himself to it, he drifted away to the west and evening came on. Night passed and another day came, and toward the close of that day Captain Graham lost consciousness. He may have drifted a day after that—perhaps two days. When he came to his senses again he was lying on a sandy beach with his feet in the water. He had been cast ashore on an island.

Along the beach were oysters and shellfish aplenty. What struck him curiously was the entire absence of life on the island. He had been on the island a week or so and had twice walked clear around it, when one day, as he was gathering fruit in an open spot, he was suddenly and fiercely attacked by a naked man. The surprise was great, and the captain had not yet recovered his strength, but, shaking the man off, he seized a club and laid about him so vigorously that his assailant ran away.

In breaking away from the captain he ran for the beach. The latter followed at his heels, shouting for him to stop, but the unknown ran to the water, plunged in and swam straight out to sea, looking back now and then and seeming to be in a terrible fright. He held to his course until he could no longer be seen, and there was no doubt he went to his death, as he did not return. In a dense thicket the captain found a rude shelter which the man had used, and among the dried grass forming his bed were a few fragments of cloth, which had once been in a packet. There were also a salted fish and an empty tobacco box.

The center of the island is considerably higher than elsewhere, and exactly in the middle was a single tree surrounded by a thicket, which the captain had never yet penetrated. In carrying out his explorations he entered this copse, finding a hard beaten path, evidently made by the man. Piled up at the roots of the tree the captain found a great stock of small iron bound boxes, and it needed but one glance to satisfy him that they were treasure boxes. There was the cavity where they had once been buried, and the boxes were weather beaten, as if long exposed. Two or three large shells lay about, which had doubtless been used to dig out the dirt, and one of the boxes had been opened.

The captain shouldered this box and carried it down to the spot he called "home" and there inspected its contents. It contained about \$3,000 in gold. In the pile at the foot of the tree were fifteen other boxes of the same size.

Well, there was a big fortune there, and it belonged to the finder, but it might have been so much sand for all the good it could do him. Days and weeks and months passed away, and one day the castaway counted up the pebbles he had laid in rows along the beach to mark the time and found he had been eleven months on the island. On that day there came a furious gale from the east and a very high tide, and from some wreck at sea the waves brought in a vast quantity of stuff. There was nothing to eat or wear among the wreckage, but there were planks and spars and a carpenter's tool chest, and as soon as the storm had abated the castaway went to work to build him a raft. He had determined to leave the island at any hazard, and after four or five days' work he had his raft completed. It was a rude but stout affair. Wild fruits were taken for provisions, and fresh water was carried in a wine keg which had come ashore with the wreckage. From one of the boxes the captain took \$500 in gold pieces, and one morning when the wind was from the west he launched his raft and drifted off before it. By his reckoning, which was probably correct, it was seven days before he was picked up by the John J. Speed, an American merchant vessel, homeward bound.

Captain Graham at once set about finding a ship to bring the treasure off. A brig was finally chartered and sailed with him aboard, but after a cruise of months she failed to find the island.

In the space of two years he made three different voyages in search of the island, and when the story leaked out three or four other expeditions were fitted out, but in all the sailing to and fro no human eye could find the looked for spot. If it had been raised from the sea by a volcanic disturbance, had a second disturbance caused the sea to swallow it up? There are many reasons to believe that this was the fate which overtook it. About ten years after the captain's last voyage a volcanic island, which was simply a barren rock about a mile in circumference, was pushed above water where his island was supposed to be, and it is there today with a fringe of trees all around the outer edge. It has been searched inch by inch for treasure, but not a single gold piece has it yielded up.

## LOCUST TREES.

They Are Very Easy to Raise and Yield Valuable Timber.

No wood is easier or more quickly grown than the common locust, and but few if any kinds of timber are more valuable to their owners at this time of need in lumber that has a commercial value.

Curiously enough locust trees will grow in almost any soil. They are easily started and can be transplanted without danger of loss. They also may be grown in out of the way or waste places where the soil is unfit for cultivation, and they grow so rapidly that in a few years a locust grove will have trees that are large enough to be made into posts for fencing or lumber for furniture or house finishing.

Locusts bear the most honey laden flower carried by any tree extensively grown in America, and where there are plenty of locusts and bees in the same community there will be a heavy yield of honey.

Locust posts have been known to remain in the ground for fencing purposes for a period of sixty years, and when removed the bark is not decayed, and the wood was almost as solid as iron.

The latest use for locust is in the manufacture of fine furniture and in the finishing of fine residences. The wood has a grain and color not found in any other timber. New York Journal.

## TWO FINE SHOTS.

They Won Fame For the Marksman as a Lion Killer.

A good story is told of a trading agent in Nyassaland. He was obsessed with a particularly real horror of lions. One of these brutes began to eat up the natives of the nearby village, doing terrible havoc. The agent barricaded himself in his room and slept with six native watchmen on duty in case the lion should try to break into his house. One night he thought he heard the lion prowling around and promptly fired out of the window, knocking a hole in the government boat. The following morning he was astonished to see what had happened.

That night he again heard sounds which seemed to foretell the presence of the lion. He seized his rifle and fired and this time succeeded in bagging the district officer's favorite mule at the first shot.

A certain well known sportsman, who shall be nameless, was hunting in the district and heard the story. He wrote to the agent and congratulated him on shooting his first lion. The agent rose to the occasion and now alludes all skeptics by producing the letter. He has since acquired quite a reputation as a lion hunter on the strength of this testimonial.—Captain W. Robert Foren in American Boy.

**Birds' Eggs.**  
Even the same kind of bird often lays eggs that show a great difference in their marking. And often this is true of the same individual bird. At least one long, infertile egg is included in the clutch of a house sparrow, besides several eggs that are of a darker or lighter shade than each other. One may find a dozen clutches that contain some one type quite different from the rest. The tree sparrow also lays one always different from the others in the clutch. Some birds always lay an uncolored egg, such as the golden egg, osprey and others. Some birds' eggs vary much more than others in color and markings. A result of experience shows that the following are among the common birds that lay eggs which vary considerably: Robin, linnet, rook, skylark, curlew, hawk and snipe.—Chicago Herald.

**Two Trees.**  
The two novel orange trees that are the parents of all of California's millions of Washington navel trees are still alive. One of the trees is in the garden of Frank Miller's Mission Inn, where it was transplanted by Theodore Roosevelt when he was president. The other is at the head of the famous Magnolia avenue at Riverside. The two trees were sent by the government to L. C. Tibbets, a Riverside colonist, in 1873. Then followed the development of California's great navel orchards.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**A Bad Bargain.**  
"They say she literally bought the count, and now I guess she wishes she'd bought him on the installment plan."  
"Why so?"  
"Then all she'd have to do would be to stop payments and they would take him away."—Boston Transcript.

**Father's Knock.**  
Irate Father—How can that young man do a day's work after sitting here playing and yodeling all night?  
Marion—He says four hours' sleep is all a man needs. Irate Father—Who told him what a man needs?—New York Globe.

**Queer.**  
"Queer, isn't it?"  
"What is?"  
"You never hear a man admit that he's a self made failure."—Detroit Free Press.

**The One Exception.**  
Mrs. Flubdub—You have never done anything really clever in your whole life. Mr. Flubdub—You seem to forget, my dear, that I married you.—Judge.

**She Won.**  
Newlywed—My angel, I wish you wouldn't paint. Mrs. Newlywed—Now, Jack, have you ever seen an angel that wasn't painted?—London Mail.

## A Triangular Race

By F. A. MITCHEL

It was a bright spring morning, when one feels like breathing in the fresh air and stretching one's legs. I determined on a long walk before luncheon and started with that end in view. On passing the Stanleys' place I saw Helen coming out dressed in morning costume, with a short skirt and boots. Waiting till she reached the gate, I joined her. Comparing notes, we learned that we were both out for the same purpose. We joined forces.

We had gone but a short distance when Tom Bartlett struck us square in the flank from a side street.

"We're going for a tramp into the country," said Helen to Tom. "Come along."

"Thanks awfully," said Tom, looking at me doubtfully. "They say that two's company, three's a crowd."  
"Not a bit of it the more the merrier," said Helen.  
Now, there is a lot more in this than appears on the surface. Bartlett and I were rivals for Miss Stanley's affections. We believed that she was besting between the two of us. I had been trying to get her to come to a decision and I presume Tom had been trying to do the same thing. Tom joined us, but was too much of a gentleman to intrude himself for the walk without some hint from me that I would not object. Reaching a corner, he lifted his hat with a view to leaving us, when I said:

"You have your orders from the lady. Tom; it is your duty to obey them."  
I saw mischief, design, devilry, in Helen's eyes, but nothing that I could define. When we reached the open country she drew long breaths of ozone into her lungs and said with exhilaration:

"I feel as though I must run."  
"So do I," said Tom. "Come on."  
We ran abreast for several hundred yards, then dropped into a walk again.

"I wonder," said Bartlett, "why more decisions are not arrived at by race than by lot."  
"They have a custom in Lapland," said Helen, "wherein if a man wishes to marry a girl he chases her. If she accepts him she permits him to catch her, if she refuses she runs for all she is worth."  
"What put it into my head to make my next remark I know not."  
"If two fellows in Lapland want the same girl," said, "do they race for her?"

"I never heard anything about that," said Helen.  
Looking sidewise into her eye, I saw a spark in it that told much more than her words. It started a flame within me that burned recklessly. But I held back for some time before showing it. After a while Helen said she was pining for another run.

"Suppose," I said deliberately, "I stopped."  
"Suppose what?" asked Helen.  
"Suppose that you take 500 yards start for a race. And suppose that, Tom and I separate so that each of the three of us stands on the angle of a triangle. Then suppose you run for it and Tom and I try which can touch you first."

Helen said never a word, but I saw by that spark in her eye that she caught my meaning.  
"Is it a go, Tom?" I asked.  
"I'm agreed if the lady is."  
"I don't mind," said Helen under her breath.

"Very well, Tom, you stay here. I go to that stump over there. Suppose you," I said to Helen, "advance to that lone tree in the center of the field."  
Helen and I started, leaving Tom, where he was. To equalize advantage between Tom and me she must run on a straight line perpendicular to the base line of the angles on which Tom and I stood. I doubted if she would do this. It would be human nature for her to veer toward the man she wished to win. I don't mean that the race would be an acceptance of the winner, but it would show a preference for him over the other.

When our positions were taken Helen turned and looked at us. It was evident she was laying out the course she should pursue. Then she called, "Are you ready?" and on our response that we were she turned, and dashed away.

There was plenty of room for the race, for the field stretched a long way, with but one fence in sight, and that was open at many places. I was by far a better runner than Bartlett, who was a studious chap and seldom took exercise. I had no desire to win the race unless Helen gave me an opportunity; therefore I ran on a dog trot. Bartlett ran on much the same gait. For a time Helen kept on the perpendicular line, then, coming to a bit of boggy ground, she was obliged to decide whether she would go to the right or to the left of it. She went as far as she could before deciding; then zigzagged with apparent indecision, finally turning to the left, which shortened my line.

The moment she made her decision I closed up on her and touched her on the shoulder. Turning to look at Tom I saw that he had dropped into a walk. Poor fellow! He had put the same interpretation on the race as I.

The result closed all rivalry between Tom and me, but did not decide my fate. I was held in suspense for some time longer before I received my answer, but when it came it was satisfactory.

## COLOR AND MOISTURE.

There is a Good Reason Why Vegetation is Mostly Green.

Doubtless many have wondered why the vegetation of the earth is mostly green. That is, not what makes it green, but why it is that color instead of blue or red or purple.

Moisture, it has been found, will be collected by the green foliage in proper quantities while foliage of other colors will not be properly nourished by the dews and moisture from earth and atmosphere.

A rather curious experiment proves this. Paint a piece of glass yellow, another green and one red and one black and place all these painted pieces of glass out in the open air over night during a summer or autumn night.

When examined early the following morning it will be found that the yellow piece will be very wet and the green piece only fairly moist, while the red and black pieces will be dry.

This is proof that yellow foliage would collect too much dampness, and the red and black would gather none. Green, which collects the medium amount of moisture, seems to be the color best adapted to the conditions existing throughout the earth.

Yellow foliage has been known to damp off and decay under the same conditions that makes green foliage thrive.

A few yellow leaved plants are grown under considerable difficulty under ordinary weather conditions.—New York American.

## A RECORD PRESCRIPTION.

After It Was Bought and Paid For It Lost Its Charm.

The largest amount ever officially recorded as the purchase price of a prescription is \$25,000, paid by the British parliament to a Mrs. Stevens to reveal the ingredients of her cure for "gravel and stone in the bladder and kidneys." Parliament voted this amount to satisfy the demands of the British public, also because Mrs. Stevens would not take a penny less for her secret.

The ingredients as revealed by Mrs. Stevens were as follows: "Eggshells, snails (shells and all), hips and haws, ash keys, swine cress and various other vegetables all burned to a cinder, and the ash mixed with camomile flowers and fennel and other vegetables."

Curiously enough, when this high priced prescription was made public it immediately lost its potency—and its popularity. New cases failed to respond to its magic, and cases which had been cured while its mysteries were still unrevealed promptly developed new symptoms. At the end of a year it was practically forgotten. But its price record still stands; also the record of one instance in which a British parliament failed to get its money's worth.—Los Angeles Times.

**Snuff Spoons.**  
All the world is familiar with snuff boxes, but snuff spoons are pretty little refinements of which this generation has hardly heard. Very probably they came into use about two years after Sir George Rook's expedition to Vigo bay in 1702, when he captured half a ton of tobacco and snuff from the Spanish galleons, and snuff thus became a common article in England.

One of the characters in a comedy published at Oxford in 1704, entitled "An Act at Oxford," by Thomas Baker, says, "But I carry sweet snuff for the ladies," to which Arabella replies, "A spoon too. That's very gallant, for to see some people run their fat fingers into a box is as nauseous as eating without a fork." In the forties and fifties of the last century snuff spoons were still in use on the Scottish border. They were of bone and of a size to go into the snuffbox. People fed their noses, it was said, as naturally as they carried soup to their mouths.—London Mail.

**What Could He Do?**  
"I hate to be contradicted," she said.  
"Then I won't contradict you," he returned.  
"You don't love me," she asserted.  
"I don't," he admitted.  
"You are a hateful thing!" she cried.  
"I am," he replied.  
"I believe you are trying to tease me," she said.  
"I am," he conceded.  
"And you do not love me."  
"I don't."  
For a moment she was silent.  
"Well," she said at last, "I do hate a man who's weak enough to be led by a woman."—Houston Post.

**Optimist and Pessimist.**  
In a contest in the Woman's Home Companion the first prize for the definition of pessimist went to Miss D. McKeely of Colorado, who wrote: "A pessimist is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." The first prize for the definition of optimist went to Mrs. L. K. Carter of Pennsylvania. Her definition follows: "An optimist is one who thinks the high cost of living is worth the price."

**Discussion Suspended.**  
"What became of that good roads movement that seemed to be going so strong out this way?"  
"It sort of died out. The mud got so deep that we couldn't do the traveling necessary to attend the meetings."—Washington Star.

**The Only Way.**  
"Jones has figured out a scheme to avoid paying real estate tax."  
"Let's have it."  
"Sell the property."—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Her Account Of Herself

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

My Dear—I have received your letter, and it has recalled many incidents concerning our childish friendship. Ten years have passed since we were last together—ten years that have made a great change in both of us. You, being a year older than I, must now be twenty-one. You ask me to give an account of myself during our separation, and I will proceed to do so.

Papa died three years ago, and since mamma left us some years before his demise I was left an orphan at seventeen. Papa had made a will when I was twelve, appointing an old chum of his, Charles Edwards, my guardian and directing that I be taken care of by Mr. Edwards till I should come of age. When papa died his attorneys sent a copy of the will to my guardian, who directed that I be sent to him.

"What do you suppose I found on my arrival?" The housekeeper received me, and when she saw me I thought she would have a fit. It seems that, my father's directions having been laid down in his will when I was ten years old, it was supposed that I was a child. Papa and Mr. Edwards had lived apart and had not seen each other for ten years. The housekeeper told me that I must wait till she made different arrangements regarding my room, but I was very tired after my journey and insisted on going to it at once.

I was never more amused in my life when I entered the chamber that had been prepared for me. A crib had been procured for me, and the room was strewn with playthings, including dolls. All these things had been bought new for Mr. Edwards, being a bachelor, had never had any family. I consented to go into another room temporarily, where I rested till dinner time.

I went downstairs at 6 o'clock and found Mr. Edwards had returned from business. He had been told by Mrs. Harding, the housekeeper, that I was much older than he supposed, but even with this he seemed much surprised, though really the surprise was with me. I always looked upon papa as an elderly if not an old man and supposed his friend to be the same. Papa was forty-six when he died, and Mr. Edwards was seven years younger. He doesn't look much over thirty and is as young in his actions as in appearance.

We dined together, and he was very good and sympathetic and said so many nice things about papa, regretting that, living in different places, they had been separated. In the evening I overheard him talking with the housekeeper about me and asking her opinion as to whether it would be proper for him to keep me with him. She said that so long as she was in the house it would not be amiss, and he said that since his guardianship would last only a year till I was eighteen—perhaps I had better remain where I was.

This settled it, and I was sent to school. Mrs. Harding, a woman of sixty, being given full charge of me. I found her an excellent woman and owe a great deal to her care and training.

When I came of age my guardian called me into his study and gave me a talk, telling me that I was now free to act for myself and go where I liked. I asked him where I should go, at the same time wiping the moisture from my eyes. With this he lost his stiffness and told me that I might remain where I was so long as I liked, but that I was now a young lady and must see something of society.

Mr. Edwards had a great many friends and interested several of them to get the invitations, but I had no one to escort me to functions. I wanted him to do so, but he wouldn't. He didn't tell me why, but I knew He feared people would accuse him of appropriating me to himself. He knew some young fellows at his club and invited them to the house. This I construed to mean that I was to have an opportunity to select a husband from them.

But I didn't.  
All the young men he introduced to me were very nice—if they hadn't been he wouldn't have introduced them—but I didn't care for their attentions except to dance with them and all that, you know, and after a year had gone by and I didn't make a match with one of them Mr. Edwards said to me one day:

"Laura, you must remember that you have a permanent home to look out for, and you can't very well make a home without a husband or wife."  
"You seem to have done so."  
"But I am not you. I'm past middle age, you are young and at the marrying age."  
"How can I mate," I asked, "when the man I wish to marry doesn't wish to marry me?"

At this he started and asked if I had really given away my heart. I told him that I didn't like to answer such a question and that I was perfectly satisfied to remain where I was and would not be driven out. He looked at me strangely at this and ended the interview by turning to his newspaper.

I think Mrs. Harding must have said something to him, for one day he said to me, "Laura, if you propose to make this house your home for life you'll have to marry the old fellow who swins it."

We were married the following June. I am very happy. Now that I have given you an account of myself I shall expect you to do the same by me.

## Curious Brain Organ.

Depending from the base of the brain like a berry on its stalk is a capsule, about the size of a cherry. Tiny and obscure as this organ is, its derangements may have the most amazing effects upon the mind and body. Should it become superactive the body may suddenly shoot up to the stature of a giant. Should its functions become feeble in childhood the victim in old age will retain the stature and mentality of a six-year-old child, along with all the organic and decrepitudes of senility. This gland is called the pituitary body. This suggests the fanciful possibility that ancient legends asserting the existence of giants may have had a scientific basis in pathology. Goliath was perhaps the victim of a deranged pituitary body, and in the ravages of the malingering may lie an explanation of his falling so easy a prey to a rock slung by a shepherd boy. The Greek Titans may have been a tribe in which there was an epidemic of thyroiditis.—Exchange.

**Bringing About an Agreement.**  
"I have something for you here, my love," said Mr. Darley, as he proceeded to open a large round box.  
"What is it, precious?"  
"Wait and see."  
Darley carefully unwrapped the article and disclosed a lady's hat.  
"Isn't it a beauty?" he asked. "I bought it myself as a surprise to you. Don't you think it is a perfect dream?"  
Mrs. Darley gazed at the hat and burst into tears.

"I can't wear it," she blubbered. "It doesn't suit me at all. You meant to please me, I know, but it isn't my style at all."  
"Don't cry, dear. The milliner said you could exchange it, and if you'll agree not to buy any ties for me hereafter I'll let you select your own hats and bonnets."

An agreement was concluded on that basis.—New York World.

**Headress of Chilean Women.**  
The Chilean people are a combination of the original Indian population, a large and virile race, with the Spanish conquerors. This combination has produced a fine race of large stature, which takes readily to fighting and to an energetic development of the resources of the country, but which has been singularly deficient in the branches of literature and art which require a vivid imagination. Although the wealthy Chileans, especially those living in the capital, follow faithfully the slightest fashions in European fashions, the manto remains the distinctive headress for street use by the Chilean women. This is a plain black cloth which covers the head, is caught in a loose knot behind the neck and then falls over the shoulders, sometimes almost to the ground. The manto is said to be unusually becoming to the Chilean type.

**Helgoland's Lighthouse.**  
The Helgoland light is an electric one and the most powerful in Germany and is claimed by the Germans to be the most powerful light in existence. The light consists of a cluster of three revolving lights, having a lighting power of 40,000,000 candles, a magnitude of light which from figures alone is hard and difficult to realize. The lights are on the searchlight principle, and the cluster is surrounded by a single light, of the same kind and size, that can be revolved independently and three times as fast as the three lights. The single light is put into use in case of accident to the cluster of three. The electric power is generated by two steam engines and boilers, running belt driven electric generators.—London Opinion.

**True Humility.**  
The late Thomas Flint, professor of divinity in Edinburgh university, was the son of a Dumfriesshire shepherd. When he moved to Edinburgh his father went with him and remained the head of the house. In this circumstance Professor Flint's biographer finds "something touching and beautiful." "One of the greatest scholars of his day, a man of worldwide reputation, the leading theologian of Scotland, sitting humbly at the family table and kneeling reverently at prayer while his aged father, a simple peasant, conducts the devotion of the household."

**Dodging the Question.**  
Mrs. Stator—John, don't you think I need a new gown? This one is beginning to look shabby. Mr. Stator—I don't see anything the matter with it. You look well enough in it to suit me, and why should I pay money to make you more attractive to other men?—Exchange.

**Heard Downtown.**  
"S'pose my face is dirty," said the office boy in the elevator, "what business is that of yours? You ain't my father."  
"No, but I'm bringing you up," replied the elevator man.—Boston Transcript.

**Illuminative.**  
"She had money to burn when she married the count."  
"Yes, and so he made light of her fortune."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Oh, Fudge!**  
"How did Minnesota get its name?"  
"I suppose Ferdinand D. Soto named it after his daughter Minnie."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Too Previous Hilarity.**  
Love often laughs at locksmiths and subsequently has occasion to keenly regret its hilarity.—New Orleans States.

Take rest; a field that has rested yields a bountiful crop.—Ovid.