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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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THE LAST PLANK.

I was first mate of the ship Triumph, bound from Boston to New Orleans, with an assorted cargo of great value. The captain, Dabbs by name, was an oddity in every way. He always struck for new courses, took all tracks but those prescribed by custom, and thought nobody knew anything but himself.

For instance, he insisted that a counter current ran southward along the Florida stream, and that the only way to make a quick voyage to New Orleans was to hug close in on the shore side of it. All the way out, despite the remonstrances of his officers and crew, he maintained that the current was southerly, and that he knew too well not to admit them.

Who could gainsay him? He was captain of his own ship, commander of it and all aboard. So, sailing with a stiff nor'wester on our quarter, we sped swiftly on, passing all the dangers of the coast unscathed, such as Barnegat, Hatteras, etc., and found ourselves on a morning suddenly becalmed off Cape Florida, close in with the land, but seen nothing southward despite the captain's "southerly current."

It was very clear—not a cloud in sight—warm and close, though it was September and the time for an equinoctial gale to be upon us.

"Have the deep sea lead, Mr. H.," said the captain to me, "and see if it is shoal enough to get an anchor to hold."

I sounded and forty fathoms were given.

"Send your hawsers together and drop our heaviest lodge," was his next order. "Then close fast every sail but the fore-storm staysail and bolsters reefed spanker, and down all the light spars from aloft, and get ready to loose topsails and secure lower yards; get up preventer braces and see all secure below and aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And it was done.

We were now ready for a storm, but I, sir as I am in sea matters, could see no token of it anywhere.

"We're going to have a tough time of it, Mr. H.," said Captain Dabbs to me.

"Why, sir," said I, "the sky is as clear as my love's dear eyes, and the water is as smooth as a mill pond. I see no sign of wind!"

"Wait about two hours, and you'll sing another tune," he replied. "I've been in those latitudes before. The worst of this will be that it will come dead off shore, and if we must send, Cuba and her reefs will be under our lee. If we bump our jowels there, it will be the last of Uncle Triumph, and me too."

I made no reply, for I thought it only one of his freaks, and leaving the second mate in charge of the deck, went below to take a nap, for I'd had the mid watch and felt rather sleepish. I went in my stateroom and threw myself on my bunk, and soon was dreaming of a blue eyed angel maiden, whom I hoped to be called to at a not far distant time. A heavy tramping overhead and the shout of "all hands a-boy!" brought me out of sleep and to my feet in an instant. I hurried on deck. Never can I forget the change of scene, of sky and sea, from the calm beauty in which I had left it when I went below. Now, black clouds were rolling up to the northward, coming on in great blotchy waves, like swarms of shoal mountains ever heaving and about to fall upon us. The sea was black under the shadowy wing of the storm, and the roar of the tempest, like a hoarse, angry voice, came to our ears from a distance.

"Up with the foretorm staysail—never mind the spanker," shouted the captain. "You two men take the helm; now, lash yourselves to the rigging, it will wash us fore and aft before we get headway." And seizing an ax from the bectles, he hurried forward and cut away the hawser which held us at anchor.

As he did this I looked off on our starboard beam, and saw white water apparently rolling in a huge white breaker toward us. The next instant the wind struck us, and for a moment I thought all was over, for the ship heeled until her lower yardarms were in the water.

"Hard up—hard up the helm!" shouted the captain in my ear.

I could but just hear him, and pointing in the wheel as sure that his order had been anticipated.

Just then away went our mainmast close by the deck, and, as she righted, up go, for now her head paid off before the wind and the ship righted. Then the staysail filled and away the old craft shot, like an arrow spit from a well strung bow. As we got out into the gulf the sea rose literally so hard that the foam was scattered in closely noted streaks across the sea.

"How does she heel?" asked the captain, who stood forward of the wheel.

"Not one'ward, sir," I replied in a shout, for the gale drowned all common tones.

"If she goes at this rate and holds that course we will strike Cuban rock inside of ten hours!" he cried.

"Why not try to leave her to?" I asked.

"In such a sea and gale we would be lucky to live in a minute were we to try it. All our hope is in a change of wind or a lull which will let us put the mainmast on her."

"This looks rough, but what is to be will be. There is no fighting that out," I replied, and then I did my best to steer as nicely as I could, so that no touching to should hasten our fate.

On, on—onee pacing a hapless vessel driving helmless on, till we lashed and spars alongside of her—we swept until the night was upon us. Then the captain and a good seaman relieved us from the helm, and I had time to think. I went below and looked at the chart. I made an estimate of our speed, and to my horror saw we could not be over twenty or, at the most, thirty miles to windward of the rockiest part of the Cuban coast.

I went on deck sick at heart, for sea and gale seemed higher than ever. I told the captain how near the last peril was, but he did not seem to heed me. He stood with his shoulder to the wheel, and the ship flew mad by us. Never had she sailed with such speed before.

I went forward, and while I looked at the phosphoric flame floating from beneath the bow I thought of home, of my own jewel Ella—and I groaned in bitter agony. I never believed and feared death, but now—now so near, it was terrible!

An hour, maybe more, had then gone, and I heard all too plain, even above the wild roar of the storm, the sound so sullen and deep of the surging breakers. I rushed aft and secured the fateful tidings to the captain's ear.

"God help us! God help us!" was all he said.

An instant after we were in white, seething, boiling water, and then, lifted skyward on a mountain roller, we were dashed down with a terrible crash upon the dreaded rocks. Darkness there—Dashing plunging all around—the ship shattering, a beneath our feet, now shrieking in agony—they pen cannot paint the

[illegible] wave after wave swept on over the ship up and crushing and

[illegible] down, tearing her all asunder, and yet I clung to a rope which, I had fastened to a bolt in the deck, not knowing whether one was alive beside me or not, for all was white but the winds and waters. Like howling demons they went on with their fearful chorus.

How long seemed that night, while I could feel that the shattered remnants of the old ship were going fast from under me! But the blessed daylight came at last, and even the sun shone out. And I saw, lashed fast myself to the deck, but one man—that man was the captain. Whiter than foam was his face, and full as white his hair, which had been glossy brown on the day before. Our eyes met—his were wild and wolfish—insanity's fire was in them.

The sea now drove the last part of the wreck founder, and for a moment I thought we both were gone; but on one high spot of rock we got a foothold, and there clutching the coral ring with bleeding hands we hung.

Until then neither of us had looked away from each other or the wreck. But together glanced southward, where, not an hour ago, not a mile distant, beautiful, flower enriched, from Indian Cuba. White cottages, groves of golden oranges, and tall palm trees—peered and lure beckoned so beautiful to me. Yet a mile of terrible breakers lay between us and it—a "mass of waters," through which the strongest swimmer could not hope to pass.

And the ship was gone—no, one plank—a single plank—small, but large enough for one to cling to, came drifting to our reach. With one hand each of us seized it, while with the other we clung to the peak of rock which alone had saved us from instant destruction.

"Let go the plank, it is mine! I will lash myself to it and live!" cried the captain, his eyes glaring fiercely on me.

"I will not yield my right; the plank is mine, and life is as dear to me as to you!" I shouted.

"I have a wife and children; you have none; let me live for them!" he pleaded.

"I have one dearer than all the world; I will live for her who yet shall be my wife!" I cried.

"Fool—fool! she shall look for you in vain!" And as he said this he drew a pistol from his bosom. Well I knew it was capped, waterproof, well I knew how safe he was in aim; but I drew the plank toward me which he had let go of when he clutched his weapon. He raised his hand, his weapon was levelled at my heart.

"Give up the plank!" he shouted.

"Never, coward—never! Fire, and my dying curse go with you!"

I shut my eyes—I knew my fate—but a wild rush of water, a fearful wave, swept me far, far away from the rock. Then I was drowning—gurgling, choking in the water. But I rose, and as I did, something hard touched my body. I clutched it—it was that blessed plank. Yes! I clung with a death grasp, yet it seemed as if I was doomed to die, after all, for the waters covered me and I lost all consciousness.

But not for all time. I was restored to a knowledge that done life was yet mine by the kind care of Cubans, who had drawn my body, yet clinging to the plank, from the surf, and were applying stimulants when I open ! my ached eyes once more on the face of bright humanity.

I cared if any others had got to the shore. They carried me to a merciful looking group of ladies. I saw several of the crew, but not him—not the captain. But even while we stood there a great rolling wave swept him in, and for an instant I thought he lived, he looked so grim, with the pistol yet obstinate in his hand. But he was cold and dead, and after they bore him to the corpse pile of the rest, and I had grown stronger, I took the pistol from his stiffened grasp, took him as a piece of the wreck and died. The bullet which had been intended for my heart went deep into the oaken wood. I went down on my knees then and there and thanked the Almighty that I was saved for my poor Ella, and though I have done done a sailor's duty in protecting and aiding the widow and orphans of the poor captain, I never have been so unwilling as to regret that I had possession of the last plank.—True Flag.

They Were Returned.

A very busy Hartford man with a large correspondence removed to a summer home that he had bought in a small town. As soon as he settled down he wrote a lot of important letters, putting them out on the piazza railing to "wait to," with his name and address. He felicitated himself that he had so promptly dispatched those letters, which had to go at once.

A few days later he called at the post-office there, where he had mailed them, and his own new box was full. He asked for his letters, and he they were the whole lot that had been written. He was much vexed, and proceeded to scold the postmaster, but that worthy silenced him by showing that every envelope was marked not to be returned to the writer. "And I did so," said the postmaster in triumph.—Hartford Courant.

Olive Oil in the Nursery.

A physician of reputation calls the attention of mothers to the use of olive oil in the nurse r. He says: "In a large proportion of the diseases of infancy and childhood it will be found of the greatest value. It is especially useful in all forms of bronchial disease, whether acute or chronic. It relieves the congestion of the mucous lining of the air passages, moderates an elevated temperature, affords a soothing warm ; and it is without doubt highly nutritious. Prof. Von Ziem of the General Hospital, Munich, taught me in 1878 the value of this oil in all kinds of chest troubles. It is better and safer than jackets of Indian meal or any of the ammonia applications found in the nursery.

"The oil should be gently warmed. Then the patient's chest should be lubricated freely with it. Afterward a strip of clean, old and soft shirting, large enough to envelop the whole chest and thoroughly saturated with the oil, should be carefully applied. Over this a larger piece of flannel must be firmly but not too tightly adjusted. Incentions will be found excellent in all cases where artificial nutrition is needed for."

How to Choose a Bonnet.

The woman who has a becoming bonnet has either learned just how to buy it, or else she was lucky enough to go to a milliner who preferred to sell her customers the bonnets that suited them. Here are some suggestions as to how to buy a bonnet. Never purchase your bonnet after merely seeing it on yourself in a small mirror. When only your head is seen it may be pretty, becoming and picturesque, but you want to see enough to think of the ensemble. Be stand in front of a large glass that displays your figure and then choose.

The large hat that, when you only see your head, seemed so becoming now looks like an extinguisher on you, for it dwarfs your already small size, brings out in a funny way the shortness of your figure, and makes you look as if you had a pagoda erected over you. You happen to be tall and slender and a little bit down hill, and you put on a tiny turban now look at yourself. Everything seems right but your head, and the very top of a beautiful piece of work is by your bad choice made insignificant looking.

You had more than anything else requires to be like you, to suit you soul and body, and in arranging your ribbons and flowers and feathers, just remember that if they are inanimate things they are yet expressive, otherwise how could Shakspeare refer to them as "delicate, fine looks, and most courteous fashions?"—New York Sun.

How to Cure the Cough Following La Grippe.

For a troublesome cough there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It strengthens the pulmonary organs, allays any irritation and effectually cures the cough. It is especially valuable for the cough which so often follows an attack of the grippe. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. x

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MONEY LOANED, short and long time. Notes bought by F. E. Gregg & Co., Room 30, Commercial Building. x

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment and he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half of a dollar bottle that he was much better, he continued to use it and is now enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble, try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at A. C. Smith & Co.'s Drug Store. x

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These are daily trains, scheduled on fast time, and arrive at New York City next afternoon at 3 o'clock, and via the first mentioned Boston passengers reach their destination 2 hours later.

The fast Vestibuled Express from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via both Kansas City and St. Joseph, arrives at Chicago at 5:50 a. m., daily, and the Vestibuled Express from Omaha and the Iowa lines also arrives at Chicago at 5:05 a. m., daily.

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A Suggestion.

If you are troubled with rheumatism or a lame back, allow us to suggest that you try the following simple remedy: Take a piece of flannel the size of the two hands, saturate it with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It will produce a pleasant warmth and relieve you of all pain. Many severe cases have been cured in this way. The Pain Balm can be obtained from Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. x

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A Merchant's Opinion.

Mr. John Carnghan, a merchant at Carnghan, Fulton County, Ohio, says that St. Patrick's Pills are the best selling pills he handles. The reason is that they produce a pleasant cathartic effect and are certain and thorough in their action. Try them when you want a reliable cathartic. For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. x

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A pure medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. —Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at A. C. Smith and Co.'s Drug Store. x

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HISTORY OF THE BANNOCK STATE

The History of the Bannock State, compiled by Andrew Jenson, and late ly published in the DESERET WEEKLY, has now been completed by Telephone, and can now be had at the DESERET NEWS office at 25 cents per copy. dks

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