

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Turkey has suspended the demobilization of troops in Macedonia.

Fire in the wholesale quarter of Paducah, Ky., caused a loss of \$300,000.

The fifth general synod of the Evangelical church at Berlin has passed a resolution to close saloons during church hours.

Tommy Hall, the English cyclist, broke the cycling record for one hour by covering fifty-four miles and 535 yards in Paris.

Karl Hagenjos, city treasurer of East Galesburg, Ill., was arrested at Kansas City, charged with embezzling \$1,800 of city funds.

It is officially announced from Athens that Queen Olga is recovering from an operation for tumor, which was performed at St. Petersburg.

The Shah of Persia is afraid of traveling in express trains, and on his European trips orders are always given that his trains must not exceed twenty miles an hour.

At the opening of the convention of the Women's Board of Missions at Winona, Minn., Mme. Tsilka made a touching appeal for help and sympathy for Macedonia.

Charged with misappropriation of funds of the Dayton, Rock Falls & Western Electric Railroad company, Otto E. Colgrove of Rock Falls, Ill., was arrested in Jersey City.

M. Vignaux, the French billiard player, has accepted the challenge of George Sutton for a championship eighteen-inch ball line game, two shots in, and has covered the stakes.

The advisory board, created at the convention of farmers' societies held in Chicago in September, 1903, has issued a call for a meeting in that city December 1. The purpose is to increase the membership.

A consignment of \$1,500,000 in currency and silver, sent by express from Washington to the St. Louis sub-treasury, was safely delivered from the union station to the sub-treasury vaults in express wagons.

At the meeting of the board of managers of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Methodist church at Chattanooga, Tenn., Mrs. Albright of Delaware was elected chairman of the committee on appropriations.

Miss Henrietta Adams of Caseville, Mich., was given a verdict of \$30,000 against Robert Stuart Baker, a well known young society man of Grand Rapids, for breach of promise. The trial was a sensational one.

Patrick Macklin, business agent of the Chicago branch of the International Union of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, stated that there was no likelihood of a strike of the iron workers being ordered in Chicago.

Jim Chambers and Lou Shaw, negroes, were hanged at Louisville, Ala., for the murder of Williamson Champlott, another negro, in March last. The hanging was public, and the military was used to help preserve order.

The Illinois Tunnel company of Chicago, with a capital stock of \$30,000,000, has been incorporated. The object of the company is to transmit sound, signals, mail matter and merchandise.

Rev. Dr. Edward Walpole Warren, late rector of St. James' Episcopal church, New York, who recently died in that city, left the original manuscript of Samuel Warren's novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," which he owned, to his son, A. Kennedy Warren, as an heirloom.

Another batch of Pencoyd Iron works employees at Philadelphia were laid off indefinitely. The number dismissed approximated 250. The pay roll of the big plant, which formerly contained upwards of 4,600 names, has been cut to almost one-fourth its original length.

Additional affidavits were filed with Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania to prove that the two Croatians taken from the steamer at Southampton, England, for the murder of Contractor Ferguson in Washington county, Pennsylvania, recently, are the men wanted.

The federal grand jury at Portland, Ore., returned an indictment against T. A. Wood, a pension attorney, and his son, Hosea Wood, a partner in the business conducted by his father. The men are charged with the procuring, making and filing of fraudulent affidavits on account of applications for Indian war pensions.

Mrs. Samuel Boswell, charged with using the mails to defraud in an alleged attempt to blackmail Z. L. White, a prominent merchant of Columbus, O., waived examination and was held to the United States grand jury.

The steamer City of St. Louis, which arrived from New Orleans, her first trip in three years, was destroyed by fire at 11 o'clock Friday night while moored at the ways opposite Carondelet, Mo., the southern portion of St. Louis.

The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Oh, my heart's delight, you will be my wife!" said Pope, taking her hand, and as she did not withdraw it, together they walked the dark deck with locked fingers.

On a sudden it began to rain in very fine drops. The deep shadow of the wet sank into the night, and the sea grew so vague and phantasmal you would not have known whether the brig floated in air or upon water but for the fire that curled in the ripple at the bow, and the soft sob and harsh gurgle under the counter. Captain Pope, calling to Grindal to keep a bright lookout, conducted Miss Crystal below.

Shortly after they had bade each other good night, Pope went on deck to take a last look round, and smoke a piece of cigar, before turning in for a few hours. A fine rain continued to fall. He called Grindal to him, and they stood together under the lee of a quarter-boat, which in some measure sheltered them.

"I don't think," said the boatswain, after a few sentences had passed between the two men, "that I shall find it as hard a job as I reckoned it was going to prove. I mean the carrying out of your scheme. I was a-sounding some of the men this evening."

"Well!"

"Well," continued the boatswain, "it seems to me they're galled as feared of their necks, one and all, and 'ud be willing to disperse in furrin parts, every man with his share. A slavin' voyage, with plenty of money for wages, was to their liking."

wheel, so stepping that the creak of his boot should not penetrate the plank. He exchanged a sentence with the helmsman, who proved to be one of the men of the Thetis.

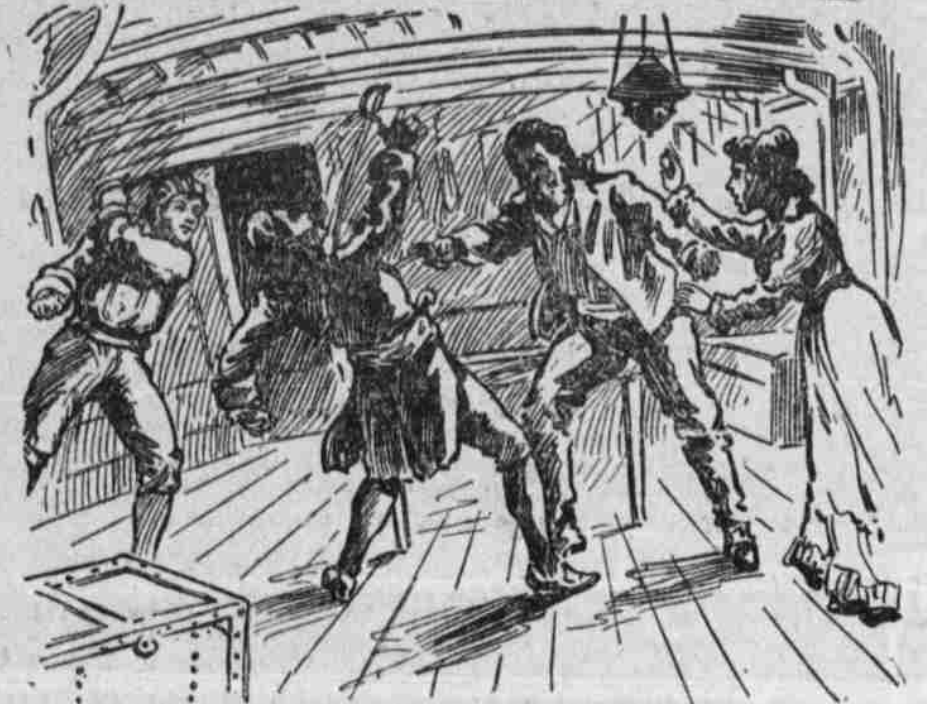
In a few minutes two of the seamen rose through the companion-way, silent as ghosts, bearing the arms-chest between them. They were followed by a third man, who at once closed and secured the companion-door. By the faint sheen in the skylight, Crystal and the three men armed themselves with cutlasses and pistols. These latter weapons were kept loaded, and needed but the priming. Crystal put a second pistol into his breast.

"Send the others aft," says he, in a hoarse, tremulous voice.

The three men went forward, and, like shadows shaping themselves out of the wet-obscure, five more seamen gathered about the arms-chest and swiftly armed themselves. While they were doing this, Crystal softly closed the skylight.

"Now," says he, speaking in a violent whisper, in the manner of one whose hurry means life or death to him, "two of you spring forward to close the fore-scuttle. On with the main-hatch-covers!"

They rushed forward; the commands were easy of execution. Two covers sufficed to close down the hold of that little brig. One, to shelter the 'tween-decks from the rain, was already on; the other lay atop of it. In an instant this was fitted in the coamings, the strong iron bar was run through the staples, and the men be-



Drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

Pope listened breathlessly. Finding that Grindal paused, he said, "Well!" again, and Grindal replied: "Well, I could see by the men growing thoughtful that it was an idea to 'em; and then, to make 'em look a little more deep into my meaning, I turned to and spun 'em a yarn of a ship's company aboard a pirate. There was a big treasure in the vessel, says I, the plunder of some eight or ten rick'craft; and every man's share was 'andsome? What did they do? I says, There went forty to that crew, and twenty of 'em, headed by the bos'un, I says, says I, ups one black night, secures t'others under hatches, seizes the ship by blowing out the brains of the cap'en and his mate, and then, next day, they turns the men adrift in a couple of boats, and makes off, each man by so doing a risin' of his share two or three times more than it was afore."

"Good!" says Pope.

"Of course it was a fired lie from beginning to end," says Grindal, "invented out of your scheme. But there's nothing like turning an idea into a story to make yourself understood by men with intellects like theirs."

The fine rain continued to fall. The weather promised a long, black, wet night. Nearly all hands were in the 'tween-decks, under shelter. After holding Grindal in conversation—being posted abreast of the mainmast, so that the man at the helm could not possibly hear what was said—Pope went below. It was about eleven o'clock. The cabin-lamp was dimly burning. He leaned upon the table for a minute or so, lost in reflection. A feeling of uneasiness possessed him. Had he been wise in taking Grindal into his confidence? But the thing had to be done, and there was but one road to it; and after drinking a tumbler of brandy and water, he went to bed.

At midnight Grindal went below and called Crystal, who immediately turned out. It was still black as thunder and raining.

The change of watches had created the usual confusion in the 'tween-decks. Half turned out, and half turned in, and the baby cried dimly, awakened by the noise, but was presently silenced by no unfriendly hand. Crystal hailed the tops, and found them untenanted. The men at eight bells had come down, and the mate did not order others to replace them.

At a quarter before one, it still continuing to rain had, dyeing the night to the complexion of ink, three men came from the neighborhood of the caboose, and passing Crystal, descended with naked feet into the cabin. Crystal walked lightly aft to the

low were imprisoned as securely as though they had been locked up in Newgate. The fore-scuttle was even an easier job; the two men had nothing to do but pull the cover over and close and bolt the doors.

"See if there is any but ourselves on deck," shouted Crystal, and three or four of them started on a hunt through the deep shadow.

Just then they heard a loud knocking on the companion door; they could also hear some men dimly shouting under the main-hatch, followed by several blows, dealt, maybe, with a handspike.

"Guard this hatch!" shouted Crystal, reckless of his voice now that the brig was his. And followed by two men, he rushed aft.

The knocking was furious. Drawing his cutlass, Crystal opened one of the doors and Pope's figure showed, firmly outlined against the faint illumination shed by the cabin-lamp.

"What in hell's this?" Pope roared. He held a pistol and took two steps, thrusting with his shoulder in his fury to break through. With beast-like humanity Crystal struck Pope's hand a terrible blow with the flat of his cutlass; the pistol that was cocked, exploded as it leaped down the companion-steps.

"Oh, God!" cried Pope.

"The brig's ours!" Surrender, Pope, or you are a dead man!" thundered Crystal.

In silence Pope turned and sprang into the cabin, and rushed into his berth, followed by Crystal and two men. Swift as Crystal was, Pope was nimbler still; his agility was that of the hare; before Crystal had reached the other's cabin, the gallant Irish villain had seized his sword hanging beside his bunk, had rounded, and was fighting a figure terrible with rage, pain, hate.

"Is this how you reward me, you bloody villain!" was all he said, and the blades clashed in horrid music to the shrieks of Laura, who was now standing in her cabin door.

"The people are under hatches!—the brig's mine!—surrender!—it must come to it, for we are ten resolved men!" Crystal panted, as Pope, with desperate lunge and lightning-like flourish, drove the buccaneering fiend into the cabin. Here they had space; and now, being able to see each other's face, each fought to kill.

"Back, you coward!" screamed Laura, rushing at one of the men who was in the act of springing upon Pope.

Too late! The fellow clipped the Irishman by the shirt under his long hair. Pope reeled, his sword passed through the air in a wild, idle sweep of glittering blade, and in the next

moment Crystal drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last.

Captain Pope lay dead on his back. The shirt upon his heart gaped, and blood lay upon the cabin carpet close beside him. With her left arm thrown over his neck, and her black hair mingling with the dead man's, lay Laura Crystal in a swoon. Crystal had turned of a greenish waxen complexion, and his face was terrifying with the grimaces which worked in it.

"I had rather anything than this. He forced it upon me. He should have surrendered," he said, trembling and shuddering, and looking at the body and then at the blade of his cutlass, slightly streaked with the heart-blood of his ship-mate.

"Pick the lady up, and put her into her cabin," says he, and then: "Pull that body into its cabin out of my sight."

This was done, and the rugged man, always grasping his cutlass, ran on deck, and the others followed him; after stopping, each man, a minute, to drink from the rum bottle on the swing-tray.

Crystal went to the main-hatch; here two armed men were on guard. "Is all quiet below?" said he.

"There's been some hammering. They're quiet now."

"Keep a sharp eye for your lives' sake, and cut down any man who attempts to break out," called Crystal. Crystal's voice expressed him as filled with horror and deeply agitated. In truth he had never reckoned upon killing Pope. The scheme for his friend was his friend's scheme for him. Pope was to have been sent adrift empty handed with a number of the pirates whose services Crystal did not require. But the scar-blackened buccaneer, unsuspecting of Pope's treachery, had been a little too soon for him with his own desperate design, and Pope lay murdered on his cabin floor, regardless now of booty and of love; and sixteen or seventeen men lay roasting like bated-down slaves in the brig's heart.

Crystal walked right aft to the wheel, and looked into the compass bowl. The quiet old illuminated disk showed a true course for Kingston, Jamaica; this course was not to be changed. He spoke to the man at the helm, and told him that Captain Pope was dead, killed by his hand, by the hand of his friend, and he bemoaned it, and his voice was broken by one or two dry sobs.

"He would have killed you sir," said the helmsman.

When dawn broke it had ceased to rain for nearly an hour. The wind was gone, but when the melancholy gray rolled smoke-like out of the east over the sea, it disclosed a number of broken clouds in the northwest, with the orange brightness of the young morn reflected betwixt the edges of the vapor, and from that quarter they might expect the wind.

Crystal was now in command, and on him the airs of the commander sat in formidable and savage aspect. He ordered two of the cannonades to be loaded with grape and canister; these pieces of artillery were then run to the main-hatch. The half-cover of the hatch was lifted, and instantly when this was done the muzzles of the guns were depressed.

No sooner had the light of day fallen through the opening of the hatch, than half a dozen men came and stood under, looking up. One of the men was Grindal. He caught sight of Crystal, and sung up: "What have you shut us men down here for?"

His face ran with sweat, and his repulsive countenance was unusually hideous and swollen with the helpless wrath and passions of his wicked soul.

"Your captain's dead and the ship's mine," answered Crystal. "Be you as lambs, or we'll save ourselves some trouble of mercy by firing into you."

Crystal now marched on to the fore-castle with two of his men, leaving the main-hatch well guarded and everything ready for a deadly belch of cannon, should the men below prove troublesome. He opened the scuttle and called up Pope's servant, who immediately appeared blinking at the strong light.

"Thomas," exclaimed Crystal. "I am the commander of this brig, and the bulk of the crew are under hatches. Turn to now and light the galley fire, and get breakfast for me and the lady and my men. And when you've dressed a meal and served it, turn to and stich Captain Pope's body up in a hammock, and mind ye put two round shot in the clews at the feet. But before you stich him up—I want no sight of him—overhaul his pockets. Now do you understand me?"

The man answered "Yes." He was a sober-headed fellow, and perceived that he was in luck as compared to most of the rest, and went away to the galley on swift legs, to make the best of his good fortune.

"You can come up," shouted Crystal into the scuttle.

Three figures arrived emerging as though they were blind; one was the gunner, the second the carpenter, the third the cook. They began to ask questions; they cursed and they swore and for answer they were thrust forward with a flourish of cutlass and a more evil menace of pistol, and driven by Crystal, his two men, and the man who had guarded the fore-castle, down into the 'tween-decks.

He ordered the main-hatch to be bated down while his people went to breakfast, one sentry then sufficing. (To Be Continued.)

How to Keep an Umbrella.

"Well, I carry a cane in fair weather, and I don't care if it's proper or not," said a Philadelphia man, the other day. "Don't you know that the man who carries a stick never loses an umbrella? It's a fact. I carry a cane all the time, and as a result I got so accustomed to having something in my hand that if I start away without it I miss it before I've gone a dozen steps. So when it rains and I have my umbrella the habit of carry something is so strong that I can't possibly lose the rain protector. Try it."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, etc. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Lott, N. Y.

The man of the time is not always the most worthy of the title.

All the world's a stage, but many of the actors are only understudies.

Some pictures are like some people—hanging is too good for them.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use JUNE TINT BUTTER COLOR.

The hair dresser doesn't succeed by having a pull.

It is generally the people who know the least that tell the most.

He who believes in nobody knows that he himself is not to be trusted.

The time of the losing horse isn't money to the man who bets on him.

It is an easy matter to interest some lawyers in a case of champagne.

"World's Fair."

A St. Louis World's Fair Information Bureau has been established at 1601 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., in charge of Harry E. Moores, where all information will be cheerfully furnished free of charge.

Hearts are played to draw out diamonds in the game of love.

It would be unkind to have all the band-legged people banded together.

Profane history is not always a thing to swear by.

Do Your Clothes Look Yellow?

Then use Defiance Starch. It will keep them white—16 oz. for 10 cents.

About the only establishment that makes money without advertising is the mint.

A tourist without money is a tramp, and a tramp with money is a tourist.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

A woman's tongue is a strenuous thing that no man can tame.

Censor the Wrapping Paper.

Merchants in Finland have lately experienced greater delay than usual in receiving goods sent from abroad. On inquiry it was found that the Russian press censorship had been extended to all old newspapers in which merchandise is generally wrapped up, and that these had first to be carefully read for any revolutionary matter that they might contain before delivery could be made.

Dead Stars Most Numerous.

The dead stars probably outnumber the living stars by many—it may be millions to one. Dark stars, although invisible to the eye, may yet be brought within the range of human observation, as many of them, though no longer luminous, must emit heat and may be photographed on plates sensitized to the infrared rays of the spectrum.

Easy to Get Special Trains.

At any of the big railroad terminals in any city now a man can get a special engine and car to chase a flier almost as easily as he can check his trunk. Only a few minutes' notice is required, and right of way is obtained for 100 or 200 miles along the line without noticeably disturbing scheduled runs. A man who has to keep an important business engagement, or a woman hurrying to a sick husband, pays \$100 or double that sum for a special with as little concern as paying a supper check in a swell hotel.

LIKED HIS "NIP."

Not a Whisky, but a Coffee Toper.

Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y., "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be. Indeed, my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable.

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinched and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart.

"It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum.

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been 'landed at another station.'

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Insist on Getting It.

Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch. This is because they have a stock on hand of other brands containing only 13 oz. in a package, which they won't be able to sell first, because Defiance contains 16 oz. for the same money.

Do you want 16 oz. instead of 13 oz. for same money? Then buy Defiance Starch. Requires no cooking.

It's no credit to a man to be good at the point of a gun.

Even the "top wave of popularity" is often but a shallow depth.

A great man is the handiwork of many small men.

The centaur never went anywhere except on horseback.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

If every idle word must be accounted for, some folks would better keep quiet.

The color blind man can tell when he has a brown stain in his mouth.

A racing automobile isn't in it with feasting fame.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Tracy, Roxbury, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1903.

Whisky and water is a good 'mixer' to the chap who takes too many.

A man rarely feels that he has been given all to which he is entitled.

Defiance Starch should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

A man is caught more times in his speech than a woman, because you can't interrupt a woman.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight 5c cigar, made of extra quality tobacco. You pay 10c for cigars not so good. Lewis' Factory Peoria, Ill.

A paper dollar is said to last about five years—unless it visits a church fair.

A brave man's honor and a true woman's love have no decline on the stock exchange of life.