



BY C. J. CUTLIPPE RYNE

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CHAPTER VI. FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS IN GOLD. The little red-headed man had gone, slamming the door noisily behind him. Shelf mopped his large white face with a pocket handkerchief. "Do you think," he said solemnly, "do you think we may trust him?" "To begin with, we've got to know, whether we like it or not. He's nothing to gain by playing traitor."

"To save \$500. If you aren't going past the middle of the Mexican gulf, what is the use of wasting money by insuring further?" "Five hundred pounds in a deal of \$500,000! A mere straw in a cartload!" "That, my dear Mr. Cambel, is business. As it stands, you're jumping on the pennies, the pounds take care of themselves. It is by looking after what you are pleased to consider trivial sums like this that the firm of Marmaduke Rivers & Shelf has risen to its present eminence."

"Oh, as to that, never mind. We can easily bring her up again with a trimming of the rig. And I don't feel comfortable if I say she's not a first-class vessel. You see, Mr. Cambel, any one on board can go down that alleyway. In fact, it's the only road from end to end of the ship unless you go over the bridge of the mainmast. And I don't guarantee but what the traitor would make use of the practice of the traitor and tamper with the door. It's big enough to smudge the honesty of an archbishop if he was only earning \$4 a month. Now the room next yours has iron walls and opens only into the inner cabin. There's a good lock on it already, and if I make the carpenter bend on four more you'll have a strong room the Bank of England might boast about."

"That sounds sensible," commented the other from the bank. "Very well," said Cambel. "I believe it is the best plan. Now, if you please, we'll have the weighing machine in the main cabin, and if you, sir, will instruct your man to bring in the boxes one by one I'll put the goods on the scales, and you, sir, and Captain Kettle will be in the stateroom before us both. It's a very responsible job we have upon us, and the more counter checkings and precautions we can put into it the better for our respective reputations."

"It was a responsible job. Not every day is it specie to the tune of 500,000 British sovereigns shipped from a Liverpool dock, and gold boxes are made in a conventional pattern the shipment was spotted from the bank. They were gathered to stare at the case in wealth. As starting dumbly to dry work, self-appointed orators among the crowd naturally distribute gratis their own private opinions upon the situation, and, according to their luck or eloquence, these attracted larger or smaller audiences. One took them very seriously, and they, for the most part, treated the subject in a jocular vein. It was not till Captain Kettle and the merciful boy had gone into the upper bridge and the man who had been deck had cast off the first bolt that the self-appointed prophet arose who spoke of the gold shipment in another key. He was a wild, unkempt, knock-kneed man, who first attracted attention by tying a most curious combination of umbrellas and bandoliers to his chest, and then, as he brushed it above his head, the face of him a creature who never if he could avoid it put his hand to honest labor, he naturally addressed the crowd as large as 'fellow workers.' These things were said in a low, hoarse, guttural voice, and because the man had the gift of gab, and his striking speech the crowd continued to listen after the first pricking up of their ears.

"The man's discourse need not be reported in detail. He was an anarchist, red, rampant and reckless, and by means of arguments, some warped, some fair enough, he pointed out to his hearers that the mission of the Port Edes was another knife thrust of capital into the ribs of labor. The statement met with a very varied response. Some of the men, however, both the jeers and the applause with a be-seeing wave of his hand and followed along the curb of the wharf the steamer which was commencing to float toward the harbor. He spoke to those on board her rather than to the men who mediate loyalty, and unclear faces stared at him from over the line of bulwarks. "To any man of you who values life," he cried, "I offer a solemn warning. That ship is doomed. Her life is in mid-ocean, blown apart by our petulant and her ill-gotten cargo will be hurled out of capital's reach forever. Those who are misguided enough to be her guardians will be blasted into space. Listen, you men here, and cursed him with a fiercer yonder as she passes into the basin and take the consequences. The brutal laws of this country will hurl you into prison, but better a season dragging out a martyr's sentence than death as an enemy to the workers."

"At this point the strong right hand of the law descended on to the speaker's elbow, and then, because he attempted to resist, the willing right knee of the law pressed squarely into the small of his back, and he was hauled ignominiously to a police station, and the place of his speaking knew him no more. But the fellow's threats had not been without their result. Every hand on the Port Edes deck had heard them distinct, and a quietude came upon the line of men of ten. The mates grew nervous and the men inattentive, and from the bridge Captain Kettle's voice and whistle kept ringing out with biting clearness. "I don't look well set to put the warning into practical effect. He was a miserable half-dazed wretch, a coal trimmer by trade, already repentant of the spell of physical toll which he had signed on for. Fastening through the lock gates into the basin, the steamer's port and starboard guns pointed toward the wall. A sailor in readiness dropped from above and ran aft with the lanyard of a cork fender. The trimmer jumped on the bulwarks, and one might have thought that he was going to beat a hand—an unnecessary hand. The sailor, who had been waiting for the opportunity, was ciling the afterwalk, had other ideas on the subject, and stood by for a rush; hence, when that trimmer was getting himself ready for a spring back on the quay, the donkeyman's treatment of him took him rapidly across the red deck, and when the trimmer was already in mid-air the donkeyman's huge paw descended upon the slack of his black breeches and drew him back as though he possessed the weight of a four-ton pillar, whereat the crowd at the pierhead yelled with delighted laughter, and the dimy steamer made her way steadily on to the muddy waters of the Mersey, which lashed against the lip of the walls beyond. "Curse you!" snarled the trimmer, "what's that for?" "Because we're short manned in the stokehold already, men, and if there's a bond you see it's well that I'll have to get you and watch in the place. Here, you see, I shall be a jintleman, and I shall be in bed at night all the way to New Orleans. See that?" "This mucky old tramp'll be blown up sure's death, and I shall be killed."

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His Lip Gone! There is not a more familiar figure on the streets of Atlanta than the man whose picture is here shown. Everybody knows him by sight and it will be remembered that years ago he began to wear on his upper lip, just under his nose, a small piece of court plaster, not larger than a silver half dime; this plaster he has worn constantly, though it gradually increased in size, as everybody knows, until it was as large as a silver dollar. This man is M. M. Nicholson, who resides at the corner of Anderson and Curran Sts.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on April 15th, 1896, viz: Elizabeth Cragie, widow of Alexander A. Cragie, who made Homestead Entry No. 11,118, on the east half of the northwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter of Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. She claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. She claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. She claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. She claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West.

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Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on April 15th, 1896, viz: William M. Foster, who made Homestead Entry No. 11,118, on the east half of the northwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter of Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. He claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. He claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West. He claims the following land: Range 22 West, Township 12 North, Section 23, Township 12 North, Range 22 West.



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