THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1898.

tain?" asked Kettle, at last,

"They are handy fellows."

to smooth them away."

boat.

again."

"I've seen those kinds of misunderstand-

ings before, captain, and I've started in

"Well?" said the captain of the cattle

"O, with me," said Kettle, truculently,

"I don't allow my mates to knock the

wanted to; they were brought up in a school

which would probably suit you, captain, all

three of them; but I don't permit that sort

the fellows refuse their duty, it lies be-

"As if an old sailor had a conscience!"

murmured Kettle to himself. "Well cap-

tween them and their consciences.'

of thing. I am a Christian man and I will

"It was you they picked up out of shapeless rag, almost unrecognizable,

THE WRECK OF THE CATTLE BOAT. By CUTCLIFFE HYNE,

can't she?"

well churned up."

of them put aboard.

and cows into her as she'd hold.

"You should just go into those cattle

know, and we've carried bad weather with

us ever since we got our anchors. The beasts

were badly stowed and there were too many

grumbled, but the shippers didn't take any

notice of him. They'd signed for the whole

ship, and they just crammed as many sheep

"You'll have the cruelty to animals people

on board of you before you're docked, and

"He knows that, captain, quite as well

as you do, and there isn't a man more

sorry for himself in all the western ocean.

He'll be fined heavily, and have his name

dirtied, so sure as ever he sets a foot

ashore. Legally, I suppose, he's responsible.

but really he's no more to blame than you.

He is part of the ship, as the tablespoons

are; and the mates, and the whole bag o

South American dago. If he'd talked, he'd

have got the straight kickout from the

they are little bits of owners."

"They're the worst sort."

skipper's got to do as he's told."

owners, and no further argument. You see

"It doesn't matter who they are. A

"Yes," said Kettle, with a sigh. "I know

tricks was let by wire from Liverpool to

then your skipper had better look out."

The old man

in bringing the lifeboat up alongside, but Step inside, and I'll shut the door." it must be granted that she was very unbandy.

blow.

times she worked round in a wallowing cir- think about, but you've a way of carrying cle, got to windward, and distributed a smell them that makes them look well-fitting and of farmyard over the rugged furrows of quite new. Well, I tell you, I'm pleased to she could drift down and give the smaller the cabin now and peck a bit. I ordered craft shelter. Three times did the crew of the lifeboat, with maritime point and came past the door trying to hold it down never would take any of my stuff." fluency, curse the incompetence of the rust- in the fiddles. The old girl can roll a bit, streaked steamer and all her complement.

"By James," said Kettle, savagely, after the third attempt, "are they all farmers on that ship? I've had a nigger steward that knew more about handling a vessel."

"She's an English ship," said McTodd, "and delicate. They're nursing her in the engine room. Look at the way they throttle her down when she races."

"The fools on her upper bridge are enough for me to look at," Kettle retorted. "Why didn't they put a sallorman aboard of her before she was kicked out of port? By James, if we'd a week's water and victual with us in the lifeboat here, I'd beat back for the Canaries as we are and keep clear of that tin farmyard for bare safety's sake."

'We haven't a crumb nor a drink left," said the engineer, "and I'd not recommend this present form of conveyance to the insurance companies."

A wave-top came up from the tireless gray sea and slapped green and cold about his neck and shoulders. "Gosh! There comes more of the Atlantic to bale back into place. Mon, this is no' the kind of navigation I admire."

Meanwhile the clumsy tramp steamer had gone round in a jagged circle of a mile's diameter and was climbing back to position again over the hills and dales of ocean. She rolled and she pitched and she wallowed amongst the seas, and to the lay mind she would have seemed helplessness personified. But to an expert eye she showed defects in her handling with every sheer she took amongst the angry waste of waters.

"Well," said the mate, "you may thank "Old man and the mates must be staying down below out of the wet," said Kettle, your best little star that you're only here contemptuously, as he gazed. "Looks as if as a passenger. The grub's beastly, the they've left some sort of a cheap Dutch ship stinks, the cook's a fool, and everyquartermaster on the upper bridge to run thing's as uncomfortable as can be. But her. Don't tell me there's an officer holding there's one fine amusement ahead of you, English ticket in command of that and that's try and cheer up the other passteamer. They aren't going to miss us this | senger." "Stowaway ?" time, though, if we know it."

that."

"Looks as if they were going to soss down "No bona fide passenger, if you can slap on top of us," said McTodd, and set imagine any one being mug enough to book to taking off his coat and boots.

a room on a foul, cattle-loaded tramp like But the cattle steamer, if not skillfully this. But I guess it was because she was handled, at any rate this time had more hard up. She was a governess, or someluck. She worked her way to windward thing of that sort, in Buenos Ayres, lost THE THREE CLUNG TOGETHER. again, and then fell off into a trough, squat- her berth, and wanted to get back again again, and then fell off into a trough, squat- her berth, and wanted to get ford to cut hinder them from printing anything eise for seit, but I was thught that whatever my tering down almost out of sight one minute, cheap. I guess we could afford to cut awhile. The inky-fingered brutes. The hand findeth to do to do it with all my twaddling stories those editors set up in might, and I guess bashing a lazy crew a couple of stumpy, untidy masts and a "Poor lady." type about low-down pirates and detective | comes under that head." brine-washed smokestack above the sea "I've not seen much of her myself. The bugs are enough to make one sick." scape, and, being heaved up clear almost the second mate and I are most of the crew appeared that Miss Carnegie's father next second, a picture of rust streaks and of this ship, as the old man objects to our had died since she and Kettle had last met. yellow spouting scuppers. driving the regular deck hands, and when and the girl had found herself left almost Both craft drifted to leeward before the we're not at work we're asleep. I can't wind, but the steamer offered more surface stop and introduce you. You must chum and moved the quicker, which was the obon. Her name's Carnegie." ject of the maneuver. It seemed to those in "Miss Carnegie?" Kettle repeated. That the lifeboat that they were not going to sounds familiar. Does she write poetry?" scanty store of mon-y a cheap passage this ship's safe, run the way she is." be missed this time, and so they lowered The mate yawned. "Don't know. Never home in this cattle boat. She would land away their sodden canvas, shipped the tholeasked her. But perhaps she does. She in England entirely destitute; and although pins and got out their cars. The two he did not say this, spoke cheerfully of ladder. looks ill enough." Portuguese firemen did not assist at first. The mate went off to his room then, the future, in fact, Kettle was torn with said. preferring to sit in a semi-dazed condition turned in all standing, and was promptly pity for her state. But what, he asked on the wet floor gratings, but McTodd and asleep. Kettle, with memories of the past himself, with fierce scorn, could he do? He Kettle thumped them about the head, after refreshed, took paper and a scratchy pen, was penniless himself; he had a wife and the time-honored custom, till they turned to, and so presently the lifeboat, under three and fell to concocting verse. family depending on him; and who was he He wondered and at the same time he to take this young unmarried girl under his straining oars, was holding up toward her half dreaded whther this was the same Miss | charge? would-be deliverer. gers. They talked long on that and other days. A man on the cattle boat's upper bridge Carnegie whom he had known before. In days past she had given him a commission always avoiding vital questions; and meanwas exhibiting himself as a very model of nervous incapacity, and two, at any rate, of to liberate her lover from the French penal while the recking cattle boat wallowed the castaways in the lifeboat were watching settlement of Cayenne. With infinite danger and difficulty he had wrenched the man him with grim scorn. "Keeping them on the dance in the engine | free from his warders, and then, finding him room, isn't he?" said McTodd. "He's rung a worthless fellow, had by force married that telegraph bell fifteen different ways him to an old Jamaican negress, and sent this last minute." the girl their marriage lines as a token of her release. He had had no word or sign "That man isn't fit to skipper anything from her since, and was in some dread that hasn't got a tow rope made fast ahead," said Kettle contemptuously. "He hasn't the now lest she might bitterly resent the liberty he had taken in meddling so far with perve of a pound of putty." "I'm thinking we shall lose the boat. her affairs. However, like it or not, there was no They'll never get her aboard in one avoiding the meeting now, and so he plece. went on (somewhat feverishly) with his "If we get amongst their cow pens with our bare lives we shall be lucky. They're writing. going to heave us a line. Stand by to The squalid meal entitled tea came on and catch it, quick." he had to move his papers. A grimy steward spread a dirty cloth, wetted it liberally The line was thrown and caught. The cattle steamer surged up over a huge rollwith water and shipped fiddles to try and ing sea, showing her jagged bilge chocks induce the tableware to keep in place declear, and then she squelched down again, spite the rolling. The steward mentioned dragging the lifeboat close in a murderous that none of the officers would be down, cuddle, which smashed in one of her sides that the two passengers would meal together and, in fact, did his best to be affable. as though it had been made from eggbut Kettle listened with cold inattention and shell. Other lines were thrown by the the steward began to wish him over the hands who stood against the rall above, and side whence he had come. the four men in the swamping boat each seized an end. Half climbing, half hoisted The laying of the table was ended at last. The steward put on his jacket. from above, they made their way up the WAS IT YOU, THEY SAVED ?" SAID clanged a bell in the alleyway and then rusted plating, and the greedy waves from SHE. came back and stood swaying in the middl underneath sucked and clamored at their heels. It was quite a tossup even then of the cabin, armed with a large tin teapot, north, carrying with her (as it seemed) a all ready to commence business. So heavy whether they would be dragged from their little charmed circle of evil weather as her was the roll that at times he had to pu hold; but human muscles can put forth onstant accompaniment. his hand ou the floor for support. desperate efforts in these moments of Between times, when he was not in at-Captain Kettle watched the door with desperate stress, and they reached the tendance on Miss Carnegie, Kettle watched famous. And because why, you want to swaying deck planks, bruised and breathhaggard face. He was beginning to realize the life of the steamer with professional inthat an emotion was stirred within him less and gasping, but for the time being terest and all a strong man's contempt for that should have had no place in his syssafe. a weak commander. The 'tween decks was people want to hear about and dream they've tem. He told himself sternly that he was a an aceldama. In the heavy weather the The cattle boat's mate, who had been as married man with a family; that he had a sisting their arrival, sorted them into castes cattle pens smashed, the poor beasts broke deep affection for both his wife and chiltheir legs, gored one another and were with ready perception. "Now you two dren; that, in cold fact, he had seen Miss surged about in horrible melees. The cat-Dagoes," he said to 'he Portuguese, "get Carnegie in the flesh but once before. But away forrard-port side-and bid some of tle men were half incapable, wholly mutiour firemen to give you a bunk. I'll tell there was no getting over the memory that nous. They dealt out compressed hay and the steward to bring you along a tot of rum she made poetry, a craft that he adored, water when the gangways were cleansed He clapped a friendly hand on and be could not forget that she had already and held to it that this was the beginning McTodd's shoulder. "Bo'-'n, ' he said, "take lived in his mind for more months than he and end of their duty. To pass down the this gentleman down to the mess room and dared count. winch chain and haul out the dead and pass the word to one of the engineers to His conscience took him by the ear and come and give him a welcome." And then sighed out the word love. On the instant wounded was a piece of employment that they flatly refused to tamper with. They he turned as to an equal and shook Kettle all his pride of manhood was up in arms said the deckhands could do it. by the hand. "Very glad to welcome you and he rejected the imputation with scorn, The deckhands, scenting a weak comaboard, old fellow-beg pardon, 'captain,' I and then after some thought formulated mander, said they had been hired as sailorshould have said; didn't see the lace on his liking for the girl in the term interest. men and also declined to meddle, and as a your sleeve before. Come below with me But he knew full well that his sentiment consequence this necessary sepulcher busicaptain, and I'll fix you up with some dry was something deeper than that. His chest tess was done by the mates. things outside, and some wet things in, beheaved when he thought of her. In Kettle's first and only interview with | He never came on deck for a whiff of fresh Then in the distance he heard her apfore we have any further chatter." the cattle boat's captain he saw this opera-"Mr. Mate," said Kettle, "you're very poproaching. He wiped the moisture from tion going on through a hatchway before lite, but hadn't I better go up on to the his face with the mate's pocket handkerhis very face. The mate and the second bridge and say 'howdy' to the skipper first ?" chief. Above the din of the seas and the mate clambered down by the battens and The mate of the cattle boat grinned and noises from the crowded cattle pens outside went along the filthy gangways below, dragtucked his arm inside Captain Kettle's and he could make out the faint rustle of drapging the winch chain after them. The eries and the uncertain footsteps of some dragged him off with kindly force toward place was cluttered with carcasses and the companionway. "Take a synch from me one painfully making a way along hand jammed with broken pens, all surging tocaptain, and don't. The old man's in such over hand against the bulkheads. A bunch gether to the roll of the ship. The lowa mortal fear for the ship that he's fair of fingers appeared around the jamb of a ings and the groans of the cattle were awful. crying with it. If he'd had his way I don't door, slender, white fingers, one of them But at last a bight of rope was made fast fancy he'd have seen your boat at all. He decked with a queer old ring which he had around a dead beast's horns and the word it were a curse inflicted for the cruelty of with such a sea running. But the second thousand times since. And then the girl and the chain drew. The two men below, was like to wear dry clothes; the after guard

(Copyright, 1898, by Cutcliffe Hyne.) | mate and I put in some ugly talk, and so so well I should not have dared to do it." There was considerable trouble and risk he just had to do it. Here's the companion. She cast down her eyes and flushed, combings of the hatch and the two mates "You are the kindest man I ever met," she "Pretty sort of captain to let his mates said. boss him."

"The very kindest." She took his offered to help them. No one, as Kettle hand in both hers and gripped it with grimly noted, was made to do so. The gale that had blown them out into the agree with you all the way. But that's you did for me, captain." Atlantic had moderated, certainly, though what's done on this ship, and there's no The grimy steward behind them coughed "Quite agree with you, captain; quite nervous force. "I shall never forget what there was still a considerable breeze blow- getting over it. It's not to my liking either; and rattled the teapot lid and so they sat ing; but the sea was running as high as I'm an old Conway boy, and was brought themselves at the table and the business of drivers. What for do they put in all the ever, and all Captain Kettle's skill was re- up to respect discipline. However, I daresay tea began. All of the ship's officers were work themselves when there are that mob quired to prevent the boat from being in-section of deck hands and cattle hands standing continently swamped. McTodd and the in-we dump you back on dry mud again. Now the heavy weather on deck or sleeping the round doing the gentleman as though they continently swamped. McTodd and the two here we are at my room, and there's a change sleep of utter exhaustion in their bunks, were in the gallery of a theater?" Portuguese balled incessantly, but the boat of clothes in that drawer beneath the bed, and so none joined them at the meal. But was always half water-logged. In fact, and underwear below the settee here. You the steward incessantly hovered at their el- the crew were shipped. They say they from constitutional defects, she had made and I are much of a build and the kit's bows and it was only during his fitful ab- never signed on to handle dead cattle." very wet weather of it all through the quite at your service till your own is dry sence that their talk was anything like unagain." restrained.

It was the part of the steamer to have borne down and given the lifeboat a lee in which tailors!" said he, "how you do set off opportunities came. "I wrote the most she could have been more readily handled, clothes! Those old duds came out of a heartfelt verses that ever came from me opportunities came. "I wrote the most attempt to do this, but without avail. Three their shabbiness more years than I care to poor stranger like me." shop chest once, and I've been ashamed of over that noble thing you tried to do for a Captain Kettle blushed like a maid.

"For one of the magazines?" he asked. She shook her head sadly. "It was not see a spruce man on this ship. Come into published when I left England, and it had men about. To give them their due they Kettle's fingers twitched suggestively. I'd like to talk a minute or so with some not order my fellow men to be struck. If "I should say your farm yard's getting of those editors. I'd make them sit up."

to the roll of the ship.

the boat? O, I am so glad you are safe."

ion.

"That wouldn't make them print my poems. decks and see. It's just hades for the poor "Wouldn't it, miss? Well, perhaps you brutes. We're out of the River Platte, you know best there. But I'd guarantee it'd tain, I'm no small piece of a Christian my-



no man's place in this sort of tea party." bitterly for his neglect of these duties. hinder them from printing anything else for self, but I was taught that whatever my He splashed off across the streaming decks But still he could not tear himself away.

herself stepped out into the cabin, swaying jumping to this side and that for their lived in a state of bone-weariness. A harder good soul-" He turned to the girl, still have told me so many times how incompe lives, levered the carcass free of obstacles captain would have still contrived to keep shouting to make his voice carry above the tent the captain was, and now you will She nodded to him with instant recogni- and at last it came up the hatch, a battered, them up to the mark; but the man who was clash of the sens, and the bellow of the be able to tell it to the proper authorities." in supreme command was feeble and unde- syren, and the noises of the dying ship. A mob of men, sulky, sullen and afraid, cided, and there is no doubt that vigilance our only chance, miss, swimming. The lifewas dangerously slackened. buoys from the bridge are all gone. I looked. them what I said to you."

Kettle strode out toward her on his steady stood round the hatch and one of these, sea legs and stood before her, still not dar- when the poor remains came up and swung A fog, too, which came down to cover the The hands will have taken them. There'll ing to take her hand. "You have forgiven to the roll of the ship over the side, cut the sea, stopped out all view of the sun and com- be a lot of timber floating about when she foring and loss of life the man h bowline with his knife and let the carcass pelled them for three days to depend on goes down, and we'll best clear of that. Will He isn't fit to command a ship. liberty, I know, but if I had not liked you plop into the racing seas. The chain dead reckoning, and (after the event) it was you trust to us?

clashed back again down between the iron "I trust you in everything," she said. said a strong current set the steamer unduly Deeper and deeper the steamer sank isn't fit for anything else. You wouldn't to the westward. Anyway, be the cause what it may, Kettle in her wallow. The lower decks were below went on with their work. No one was pitched violently out of his bunk in the swamped by this, and the miserable cattle

deep of one night, just after two bells, and were either drowned in their stalls or wouldn't have me try to take away another "Do your three mates run this ship, capfrom the symptoms which loudly advertised washed out of her. There was no need for master's ticket? The eleverest captain themselves it required no expert knowledge the three to jump. They just let go their affeat might meet with misfortune, and he's "If you ask me, I should call them poor

to tell that the vessel was beating her bot- hold and the next incoming wave swept always got to think of that when he's put tom out on rocks to the accompaniment of them clear of the steamer's spardeck and a murderously heavy sea. The engines spurned them 100 yards from her side. stopped, steam began to blow off noisily They found themselves amongst a herd of from the escapes, and what with that and floating cattle, some drowned, some swimthe cries of men and the clashing of seas ming frenziedly; and with the inspiration and the beating of iron and the beast cries of the moment laid hold of a couple of from the cattle decks, the din was almost beasts which were tangled together by a enough to split the ear. And then the halter, and so supported themselves without

steam siren burst out into one vast bellow further exertion. It was no use swimming of pain, which drowned all the other noises for the present. They could not tell which as though they had been children's whispers. | way the shore lay. And it behooved them to Kettle slid on coat and trousers over his reserve all their energies for the morning,

pajamas, and went and thumped at a door | so well as the numbing cold and the water at the other side of the alleyway. would let them. Of a sudden the bellow of the steamer's

occasions, but sometimes the race is to the sight beneath the black, tumbled sea.

backed off after she had struck, and was , "it's to be hoped he's drowned out of harm's

now rolling heavily in a deep trough. It way, or it'll take lying to keep him any rags

light showed Kettle one lifeboat wrecked water was cold, but the air was pier-ing,

in davits, and a disorderly mob of men and so they kept their bodies submerged.

let go the stern fall so that the boat shot man sparing a few fingers to keep a grip

down perpendicularly, and the next wave on the girl. One of the beasts they clung to

smashed the lower half of it into splinters. quickly drowned; the other, strange to say,

The frenzied crowd left to try the port kept its nostrils above water, swimming

quarter boat, and Kettle raced them across strongly, and in the end came alive to the

back or I'll smash in every face amongst and yet the next minute found them still

you. Good Lord, isn't there a mate or a alive and dreading its successor. The sea

man left on this stinking farmyard? Am moaned around them, mourning the dead;

I to keep off all this two-legged cattle by the fleet of drowned cattle surged helplessly

waist deep amongst them with every roll, the bone, mercifully numbing their pain and

the ship sinking under their feet, and had sunk into a stupor, and was only held

gradually, with the frenzy of despair, the from sinking by the nervous fingers of the

whilst others of them cast off the falls of | merely automata, completing their task with

ness up came McTodd and the steamer's ing mists a fisherboat sailed up, manned by

mate, both shrewd hitters, and men not ragged, kindly Irish, all three were equally

The other quarterboat had been lowered dripping string. The grip of the men's

and swamped; this boat was the only one fingers had endured too long to be loosened

take charge, and murder every one that in- all the care poor homes could give, and

terferes. Get the boat in the water and fend the men, used to hardships, recovered with

negie. We must put some hurry in it. The Miss Carnegie took longer to recover, and

old box hasn't much longer to swim. Take in fact for a week lay very near to death.

the lady ashore and see she comes to no Kettle stayed on in the village, making

"O, ay," said McTodd, "and we'll keep a to have gone away to seek fresh employ-

"You needn't bother," said Kettle. "I take wife and children, and he unbraided himself

off. I'll be off below and fetch up Miss Car- a dose of warmth and sleep.

which was cascading down the companion- down in her messroon."

was low in the water, and every second of his ticket."

davits. He plucked a greenheart belaying steamer to be saved.

the quarterboat's tackles preparatory to a legacy of will.

"Miss Carnegie?" "Yes." "Dress quickly."

come for you when it's time."

"Get finished with it, and then wait. I'll

It is all very well to be cool on thes

prompt. Captain Kettle made his way up

way. No shore was in sight, the ship had

No one seemed to be in command. A dim

trying to lower the other. But some one

he streaming decks and got just to the

pin from the rail and laid about him

"Back, you scum," he shouted, "get

They fought on, the black water swirling

the siren bellowing for help overhead, and

men drove Kettle back against the rail

letting her drop. But then out of the dark-

afraid to use their skill, and once more the

"Now, Mac," said Kettle, "help the mate

on deck against a green avalanche of water.

"I am dressing, captain."

business they'd soon have that crew in hand

"they straightened out as soon as ever I began to hit. If your mates knew their

wave swept IE.

viciously.

myself?"

tables were turned.

seat for yersel', skipper."

remaining.

harm."

"I don't want either your advice or your theology.

"If I wasn't a passenger here," said Kettle., "I'd like to tell you what I thought destitute. She had been lured out to of your seamanship, and your notion of Buenos Ayres by an advertisement, but making a master's ticket respected. But without finding employment; and, sick at I'll hold my tongue on that. As it is, I heart, had bought with the last of her think I ought just to say I don't consider The captain of the cattle boat flushed darkly. He jerked his head towards the "Get down off this bridge," he

> "What!" "You hear me. Get down off my bridge. If you've learnt anything about your profession, you must know this is private up here, and no place for blooming passen-

Kettle glared and hesitated. He was not used to receiving orders of this description and the innovation did not please him. But or once in his life he submitted. Miss Carnegle was sitting under the lee of the deckhouse aft, watching him, and somehow or other he did not choose to have a scene before her. It was all part of the strange new feeling which had come over him.

He gripped his other impulses tight and went and sat beside her. She welcomed him cordially. She made no secret of her pleasure at his presence. But her talk just low jarred upon him. Like other people who see the ocean and its traffic merely from the amateur's view, she was able to detect romance beneath her present discomforts, and she was pouring into his ear her scheme for making it the foundation of her most ambitious poem.

In Kettle's mind, to build an epic on such groundwork, was nothing short of profanation. He viewed the sea, seamen and sea duties with an intimate eye: to him they were common and unclean to the furtherest degree; no trick of language could elevate their meannesses. He pointed out how she would prostitute her talent by laying hold of such an unsavory subject, and extolled the beauty of his own ideal. "Tackle a cornfield, miss," he would say again and

again, "with its butter-yellow color, and its bobs of red poppies, and the green hedges all round. You write poetry such as I know you can about a cornfield, and farmers, and farm buildings with thatched roofs, and fend off.' you'll wake one of these mornings (like all poets hope to do some day) and find yourself know? Well, miss, it's because cornfields and the country, and all that, are what got handy to their own back doorstep. They're so peaceful, so restful. You take it from me, no one would even want to read four words about this beastly cruel sea, and the brutes of men who make their living by driving ships across it. No, by Ja-. No, miss, you take it from a man who knows, they'd just despise it."

And so they argued endlessly at the point, each keeping an unchanged opinion. Perhaps of all the human freight that

the cattle boat carried, Mr. McTodd was the only one person entirely happy. He had no watch to keep, no work to do; the messroon was warm, stuffy and entirely to his taste; liquor was plenty and the official engineers of the ship were Scotch and argumentative. air, never knew a moment's tedium; he lived in a pleasant atmosphere of broad dialect, strong tobacco and toasting oil, and thoroughly enjoyed himself; though when the moment of trial came, and his thews and energies were wanted for the saving of human life, he quickly showed that this Capua had in no way sapped his efficiency. The steamer had, as has been said, carried foul weather with her all the way across the Atlantic from the river Platte, as though

pared for sleep. "Like me," he added solemnly, and shut his eyes. nd found the cattle boat's captain shelter- For the future-well, he dreaded to this ing under the lee of the companion wring- what might happen in the future.

ing his hands. "Out, you blitherer," he | But at last the girl was able to sit up shouted, "and save your mangy life. Your and see him, and he visited her, showing ship's gone now; you can't play hash with all the deference an ambassador might offer her any more." After which pleasant speech | to a queen. 1 may go as far as to say he worked his way below, half swimming, that he went into the cottage quite in-

fatuated; he came out of it disillusioned. half wading, and once more beat against Miss Carnegie's door. Even in this moment She listened to his tale of the wreck with of extremity he did not dream of going in interest and surprise. She was almost startled to hear that others, including the unasked.

She came out to him in the half swamped captain and two of the mates, were saved from the disaster besides themselves, but alleyway, fully dressed. "Is there any hope?" at the same time unfeignedly pleased. And she asked. she was pleased also to hear that Kettle

"We'll get you ashore, don't you fear." was subpoenaed to give evidence before the He clapped an arm around her waist and drew her strongly on through the dark forthcoming inquiry. "I am glad of that," she said, "because I

and swirling water toward the foot of the "Excuse me, miss," he said, companion. 'this is not familiarity. But I have got the firmer sea legs, and we must hurry."

They pressed up the stair, battling with great green cascades of water, and gained the dreadful turmoil on deck. A few weak stars gleamed out above the wind and showed the black wave tops dimly. Already some of the cattle had been swept overboard and were swimming about like the horned beasts of a nightmare. The din of surf came to them among the other noises, but no shore was visible. The steamer had backed off the reef on which she had struck, and was foundering in deep water. It was indeed a time for hurry. It was plain she had very few more minutes to swim.

Each sea now made a clean breach over her and a passage about the decks was a thing of infinite danger. But Kettle was resourceful and strong, and he had a grip round Miss Carnegie and a hold on something solid when the waters drenched on him, and he contrived never to be wreste entirely from his hold.

But when he had worked his way aft a disappointment was there ready for him. The quarter boat was gone. McTodd stood against one of the davits, cool and philosophical as ever.

"You infernal Scotchman, you've let them take away the boat from you," Kettle snarled. I should have thought you could have kept your end up with a mangy crowd like that."

"Use your eyes," said the engineer. "The boat's in the wash below there, at the end of the tackles with her side stove in. She drowned the three men that were lowered in her because they'd no' sense enough to

"That comes of setting a lot of farmers to work a steamboat."

"Aweel," said McTodd, "steamers have been lost before, and I have it in mind, captain, that you've helped."

"By James, if you don't carry a civil tongue, you drunken Geordie. I'll knock you some teeth down to cover it."

"O. I owed you that," said McTodd; "but now we're quits. I bided here, Captain Kettle, because I thought you'd maybe like to swim the leddy off to the shore, and at that I can bear a useful hand."

"Mac," said Kettle, "I take back what I said about you're being Scotch. You're a

"No," said Kettle to himself, "I won't forget it that way. I guess I can manage without. She pretty well cured me herself, and a sight of the missis will do the rest.'

Verdict in His Favor Too Late. LANCASTER, O., Aug. 19 .--- During the udge's charge to the jury, Jacob Matheny today dropped dead. Matheny is thought to have believed his case against the Natural Gas company lost, but the jury afterward brought in a verdict in his favor.

"11's

Kettle looked at her blankly.

was different," he said. "I can't say to

"Why not? Look what misery and suf-

"But, miss," said Kettle, "it's his living.

fering and loss of life the man has caused.

He's been brought up to seafaring, and he

have me send out the man to starve? Be-

sider. I'm a shipmaster myself, and you

"O, we've got together a tale, and when

the old man is put up on his trial the mates

and I will stick to it through thick and

thin. You can bet that we are not going to

'Yes, his master's certificate, his means

"I think it's wrong," she said, excitedly,

"criminally wrong. And, besides, you said

that's nothing to do with the case. I've my

if I went about knowing I'd done my best

to ruin a brother captain for good and al-

"You are wrong," she repeated, ve-

hemently. "The man is incompetent by

your own saying, and therefore he should

"Miss Carnegie," he said, "I am disap-

"And you," she retorted, "you that I had

pointed in you. I thought from your poetry

that you had feelings; I thought you had

set up for myself as an ideal of most of the

manly virtues, do you think I feel no dis-

apppointment when I hear that you are

have most faults, but not that. This is

different; you do not understand. "It is

not lying to defend one's fellow-shipmaster

The girl turned to the pillow in her

chair and hid her face. "O, go," she said,

'go! I wish I had never met you. I

thought you were so good and so brave

and so honest, and when it comes to the

pinch you are just like the rest. Go! Go!

I wish I thought I could ever forget you!"

Kettle. "I think you deliberately won't

understand, miss. You remember that 1

said I was disappointed in you, and I stick

to that now. You make me remember that

I have got a wife and family I am fond

of. You make me ashamed I have not gone

He went to the door and opened it. "But

I do not think I shall ever forget," he said,

"how much I cared for you once. Goodby,

"Goodby," she sobbed from her pillow. "I

In the village street outside was McTodd,

clothed in rasping serge and inclined to be

sententious. "They've whisky here," he said,

with a jerk of the thumb. "Irish whisky

that's got a smoky taste that's rather allur-

ing when once you've got over the first dis-

like. I'm out o' siller mysel' or I'd stand

you a glass, but if ye be in funds I could

Kettle was half tempted, but with a

wrench he said "No," adding that if he once

"Quite right," said the engineer, "you're

quite (hic) right, skipper. A man with an

inclination to level himself with the beasts

He sat against a wayside fence and pre-

his eyes.

that perish should always be abstemious."

started he might not know when to stop.

wish I could think you are right, but perhaps

said

"You say you don't understand,"

charity, but I find that you are cold."

deliberately proposing to be a liar?"

"I am no liar," he said, sullenly.

"I don't. I dislike him cordially. But

swear away his ticket."

you didn't like the man."

Kettle's heart chilled.

before an inquiry board.

to them before."

it is best as it is."

guide ye to the place.'

miss.

"His ticket?"

of livelihood."

syren ceased, and a pang went through | own honor to think of, miss. How'd I feel

ways?

suffer."

them as though they had lost a friend.

Then came a dull, muffled explosion. And

then a huge, ragged shape loomed up

through the night like some vast monument.

and sank swiftly straight downward out of

"Poor old girl," said McTodd, spitting out

"Poor devil of a skipper," said Kettle,

The talk died out of them after that, and

the miseries of the situation closed in. The

each holding on to the bovine raft, and each

shore, the only four-footed occupant of the

At the end of each minute, it seemed to

them that they were too bruised and

numbed to hang on another sixty seconds;

to this way and to that, bruising them with

rude collisions; and the chill bit them to

anxiety. Long before the dawn the girl

men; and then the men themselves were

When from somewhere out of the morn-

lost to consciousness and all three were

hauled over the gunwale in one continuous

They were taken ashore and tended with

almost hourly inquiries for her. He ought

ment; he ought to have gone back to his

for a sudden call such as that.

the seawater, "they'd a fine keg of whisky

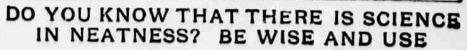
up to give evidence against his fellows." "Well, what are you going to do, thea."

"But that

Killed in Quarrel Over Horse Trades

PEORIA, Ill., Aug. 19.-Thomas J. Kline, traveling horse trader, died this morning injuries received by being struck with a club by John Hinkle of Peoria, with whom mow you will speak with a free mind. You he had trouble about a horse trade.







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