## At the End of the Manrope.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON.

and owners it was good. Aside from slight mention of an independence of character which had prevented their recommending him for a command, captains with whom he had sailed spoke well of him. They agreed his punishment, Outwardly, because the my boy away, and he died." that he knew his business. He could "lick a crew into shape" before the green hands had learned the ropes. He could get more work out of them than could ordinarily b gotten out of double their number. could take a lofty, skysail yarder-dingy and rusty from a long stay at the dock-and with the poorest of crews could have her spick and span as a yacht before reaching the Horn or the Cape. In a sudden squall be could shorten down to topgallantsails before the watch below could reach the decl to help. In short, he was, as one skipper expressed it, "the two ends and the hight of a sailor," and in the opinion of all of them the best chief mate out of New York. The opinion of sailors, who had signed under him, was equally unanimous, but, being unfit for publication, is not given here. It does not matter. Gossip of the forecas I

to offset such gossip. sula' offices and at shipmasters' tables he so close to him. So John was further criphad listened to tales told by his confreres pled with the heaver, which the mate had of mutinous crews, double irons and bread secured. Captain Haskins did what he could and water, belaying pin and nandapike med- for the sufferer and then reasoned with the feine, powder and buckshot arguments and mate. His crew was small, he said, and it other details incident to the government of was unwise to have more than one man disbig ships and he, the little, withered, kindly- abled at once. For, though Dutch Ned could faced old man, who had never struck a blow now see. Jerry was unable to pull ropes or or received one, who did not need a math ateer. to keep his men at work, whose ancient little This advice might have prevailed, for Mr. vessel was known as the "Sailors' Home. Arbuckle possessed a fairly logical mind-

His humdrum life pailed upon him, whom he called aft to keep him company Hence his secret yearnings hence his on a clear moonlight night. He asked the delight when, tooking for a mate at Callao, foung man about his history, his plans. he was introduced by the consul to Mr. hopes and prospects, and the flattered weak-George Arbuckle, the crack chief officer of ling responded. He was a member of the big ships, the drahing, handsome six-footer Salvatien army, he said not a sailor and whose reputation was so good, who for he had signed with Captain Haskins at the twenty years had signed in nothing smaller behost of his superiors as a practical means than 2,000 tons register and who would of saving souls; for sations ashore were hard sign with Captain Haskirs now only because to reach, and the army had few converts chipwreck had left him penniless and the among them. But he had achieved little consul, having produced him a berth, declined further assistance.

"and be abcard in the morning, but there's of the interview. And this led to the object one thing I stick out for. There's no second mate, you say, so I'll have more than my about? Are they after me?" share of the work. What I want is no interference between me and the men. I'm spiteful things."
not used to it, in the first place, and then "About me?" I'll bave no time for it. I den't believe in my boy: I've been your friend. I saw at my boy." coddling men, and if I break one o' their the start that you were different from that heads that's my business. If I kill one o' crowd." them that's my business, too, but I'll expeet my money at quarantine, as usual, and youth, "but Martin says that you practically Arbuckle, that I am master here under the a chance to skip before we dock."

Mittle captain. "I understand, Mr. Arbuckle, really."

A mate has rights which a master is bound. The to respect. I leave things entirely to you- light. as far as the work goes. You know your business. I heard of you ten years ago. I in a chaking voice.

the little brigantine Warrier, loaded and living, but they both starved to death." dock in the morning he stopped at the con- send that old har aft." this from the white-haired old consul-

heads and killing men. You have done this my wife and child, did 1? Didn't I tell you before-I have heard of you-and will pos- that the less you knew about Tompkinsville sibly do it again; but, be assured, sir, on the better for you?" steamer, for one of your crew."

Mr. Arbuckle laughed at the admonition, letter and went on board. When he had just before they both died of starvation. changed his clothes and reached the deck he found that Captain Haskins had mustered the crew at the mainmast

"These are my men. Mr. Arbuckle." said the captain. "Men, this is Mr. Arbuckle, who goes home mate with us."

A gray-haired man, elderly but active, stepped forward from the group, and ducking his head with a conciliatory grin, said, partly to the captain, partly to the officer 'I knew Mr. Arbuckle when he was a boy,

sir, though I don't 'spose he 'members me. lived in Tompkinsville a while. He used to chum wi' my nephew-my namesake. My name's Martin Mathews, sir." Mr. Arbuckle made no immediate response.

He was looking into each face with a dispaesionate stare and only gave the old sailor his share of the scrutiny. When he had finished the inspection he said quietly to the crew as a whole: "I've taken your measure. Now let me

tell you at the start-I expect when I speak to a man that that man will jump-not like tenor voice. wish himself dead. Understand? My name's days. It began softly at first, nothing disis Mieter. Remember that."

The men-all but the negro caox -shifted heard from the poop. their feet uneasily and dropped their eyes. No more the burde calls the weary one, when his searching glance met them. But the cook returned his stare.

No more the burde calls the weary one. Rest. noble spirit, in thy grave unknown. I'll find you and know you among the good.

"I think sir," said Martin, "you'll find us all right. I've sailed three y'yages wi Captain Haskins."

Two and a half too many. And right here, old man, let me say to you. Eve no use for townes aboard ship. The less you have to say about Tompkinsville the better for you. Go forrard, the lot of you." They obeyed him, with misgiving in their

faces, though Captain Haskins smiled his delight. Here was the right kind of a nave. But for a few days, during which the brig antine put to sea, nothing further occurred the miss vings of the men. Mr Arbuckle up. proved his efficiency as an officer. In cav-The men. too, impressed by his certain masbeginnings of disapproval, until Tom, an in- so d-d loud." telligent young fellow, fresh from the navanswered a command with "Very good, sir," instead of the "Aye, aye, str" of the merchant service. Obviously, no a lf-respecting officer could brook such an offense; so Tom was premently knocked down, stepped

upon, kicked in the face and instructed. "I want none o' your d-d man-o'-war efficuette here," said the mate sternly, as the dared sailer arose. "Answer me prop- seamen aboard." erly, or I'll cut the liver out o' you. Hear

me? Come now, what d'ye say?" "Aye, aye, sir," stammered Tom, too astonished, as well as disabled, to resent this exeary in a little craft like this. Human treatment. He was not cowardly, but no beings are-and require human treatment. sone man merely resents the assaults of a And, what's wrong with that boy! He's tiger, and Tom possessed the man-of-war's- got a good voice. I like to hear him sing;

man's respect for authority. ciplined. He spilled some tar on the dingy liked him."

(Copyright, 1900, by S. S. McClure Co.) reduced to aches and contusions. But the mates as a general thing." o his bunk and nursed back to life by Capisin Haskins, who read him a lecture on inmisgivings of the men had reached to the aptalo and were sorely conflicting with his ward yearnings.

Dutch Ned's turn came next. A shift of her, she lied. Starvation-my boy-not that wheel, was blamed.

"I was put der wheel hard up, sir," he said in answer, "but she no steerage way have right away, sir."

Dry up, you black-jowled Ethiopian, was taught his place; but when he had learned it he could not see and another man steered his trick. Captain Haskins was noncommittal.

John, a Swede, fell from the tcy foretopgallient yard, struck the upper topsall yard, bounded to the lower topsatl yard and held and sallors' boarding house would not have co. But he had dropped the heaver which influenced Captain Hazkins at this at the bad taken aloft and this fell perilously of his development, even had he heard it. close to Mr. Arbuckle's head. Descending A secret and unsatisfied yearning for higher painfully, with broken ribs and bleeding things, hidden in his soul since his first face, his answers to Mr. Arbickle at the voyage with his father, would have risen up rail were not such, in enherence and respectful tone, as to convince the gentleman At ship chandlers' stores, agents' and con- of John's innocence in dropping the heaver

would have liked such experiences and But, unluckily, he communed with George, have been able to tell such tales, a weak-minded, lanky youth of the crew, not with them. They were irreverent pro-"I'll take the berth, captain," he said, fano and revengeful, in spite of his prayers

> "Revengeful?" repeated the mate. "What Well, no. sir; not that. But they say

'Certainly, certainly," stammered the ago. O. I don't believe it, sir, I don't aboard my vessel. You are big enough to

"What-how-how did he put it?" he said

have six in the forecastle. A little stirring "I don't believe it, Mr. Arbuckle. He said tain's threat. He certainly was by an interup won't hurt 'em. Suit yourself. Stir 'em that you beat her cruelly when at home and view with the cook which occurred a few when you left on a voyage she took the mornings later. So far there had been no

sulate to post a letter home, and listened to George disappeared and Martin came

"I'll teach you, you old crow bait," he "I beard you speak carelessly of breaking said, "to set the men against me. Killed

the word of an old man who has studied "Mr. Arbuckle," answered the old man men and events, the wrong we do comes bravely, "what I've said in the fo'castle I'll home to us this side of the grave, and the say to your face and I've a right to say men we kill come back to watch us die, what the whole town knows. I knew you Here is a letter, just in from the 'Frisco as a boy and I knew your wife as a pretty little girl and if the account is true you are responsible. I never saw the baby, but shook hands with the consul, pocketed the my folks did, and read the letter she sent finished stamping upon him he, too, was cut you into little bits. You heah me?" carried to his bunk. And Captain Haskins became alarmed; his secret ideals had been realized.

"You stop this right here, Mr. Arbuckle." he said. "I forbid you killing and maiming my crew. If you strike another of my men I'll put you 'fore the mast, I will, by the

Which was as near as Captain Haskins ever came to profanity. But the mate was not himself; he answered warmly-in fact, threatened to break Captain Haskins' head if he violated his agreement to not interfere between him and the men and for a few days was practically master of the vessel-a terror to all. Then an incident brought him around.

in the watch below, possessing a clear, hell-Usually he sang the walk or run, but jump. Understand ' Then sacred words and jingling tunes of the Salwe can get along. But, if he don't-if I vation army, but on this evening he have to speak twice to a man-that man'll treated them to a pathetic song of the war Arbuckle. Ever hear o' me? My first name tinguishable but the melody, then rising burden to George in the watch below, Never

Mr. Arbuckle was heard to utter a sound of water in the morning washing down of between a gasp and a groan; then he ran the deck, and this not availing, he forward, entered the forecastle, pulled the collared singer from his bunk and expressed him- when he had crept aft with a new tale.

George until his breathing was difficult. to further satisfy his yearnings or justify dog watch below, sir " asked Tom, standing

"No," yelled the mate. Then, reminded igation be was superior to Captain Haskins by their faces that the edict was revolutionand in seamanship above the criticism of ary, he added: "Not such songs as this, old Martin an erudite forecastle lawyer. They're played out years ago. Sing something decent-lively. Hear me," he said ery of his profession and realous to please to the cowering George. "Sing something an officer they respected, forestabled the first lively if you want to sing; and don't sing

"Yes, sir-all right, siy-aye, aye, rir. answered George, and the mate weat aft. He walked the deck until midnight and for an hour into his watch nelow; then appreached the captain.

"that I'm trying to kill the men. I'm not; but they aggravate me. There's no able

"That is a matter of opinion, Mr. Arbuckle," answered the captain, coldly, "Even so, able seamen are not really necesand he's the one man, beside the cook, that Jerry, an Irishman, was next to be dis- you haven't maltreated. I thought you

coltared, choked pressed downward and his sneak? I've pumped him dry about the rest hands and would helps when told. He could floated away. nose rubbed in the sticky tar; then he was and they put him up to sing that song. I not be trusted at the wheel, but learned to Mr. Arburkle descended to his room, where rail, sitently observing him.

Mr. Arbuckle's reputation was international sense of injury was strong in Jerry tional and from the view point of shipmasters and he had never served in the navy. He man. And that's a song sie taught the and owners it was good. Aside from alight turned on the officer and fought him until endered unconscious; then he was carried in sittin' in her lap, and me smokin' and listents, 'Tim't on her account, To h-1

with her. She quit me when I was at sea, subordination and outwardly approved of But the took the boy-my boy. She took "Of starvation?" "No," and the mate's voice was hearsy,

tain, for lack of something to say.

toned preces-too good for this world-par yelled the angry Mr. Arbuckle. "Talk back | sen's daughter; and when her old dad died the now she objected still more. I had to out chain and the scowling approval of the In the freezing weather off Cana Horn, take this at school and at sea. So does mistake in the faces of the rest, induced him

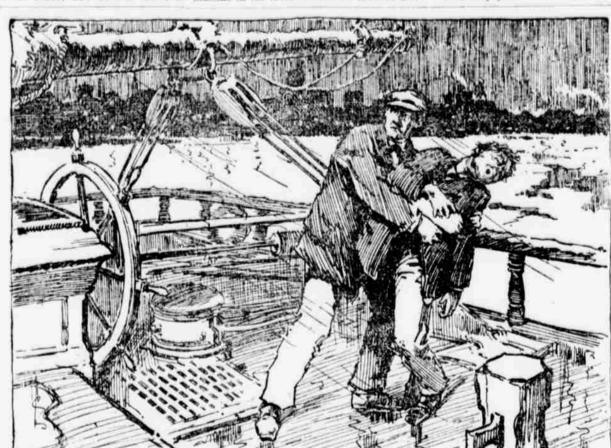
work found no expression in his manner or met him at the mainmast. discourse. He was still the strict, arbitrary, "Here's a letter I got from the coursel at prefane critic of the crew that he was before. Callao for you. Forgot all about it." What Captain Haskins thought could be sur- "Thank you, sir," answered Martin, as hi mised by the fact that he speke no more to took the letter, "I spect it's from my sister "George, my boy," he begged, "help me his mate and entered the incident in his on shore here. Curious, air, that I came up. Call the men. No. call Tom-don't I won't have it that way. She fied. Don official log. The men were less guarded, back to Tempkinsville to read it. boldly announcing their intention to throw wind caught the jibs aback and Ned, at the He got sick, maybe, and she didn't take sare him overboard if he went much farther and siands watch tonight?" warning Mr. Arbuckle in any event to be "Why did she quit you?" asked the cap- prepared for legal proceedings on shore- the rest have all night in. Tom relieves which did not in the least affect the officer me at leven, and George relieves him at "Why, captain, she was one of these bigh- at the time, this being the last gossip given 1. I came on at 8, sir, as you ordered at him by George on the night of his ducking, supper time, It was when the anchor was dropped off to me, will you!" Then-it was painful-Ned she was d-d glad to marry me to get some- Tompkinsville, Staten island, that he broke at 11, and let Tem take the morning watch. thing to eat. But she objected to every out again to wind up the pussage with a The harbor's quiet at midnight and river thing I did and said I wasn't good enough proper assertion of his dignity. A elight mis- thieves work late. Let Tom take the last for her-and when I gave her a few bats it. take on the part of one of them in paying watch. Understand?"

when I bandaged him. That is not my busi. sweep and scrub the deck, but could do no letter given to him by the consul, and which runnin' bowline. Understand? Make a Dees. But I shouldn't think a mere song work requiring the intelligence of a packcould disturb you. Mr. Arbuckle. I know mule. Yet, in spite of the combargo on his
the song—"Faded Coat of Blue." It'll draw tongue he could sing the songs he had known rior. Callao, Peru, care American Consul." George?" he displayed no more fear of Mr. Arbuckle; glass of spirits from she captain's stock he never avoided him, but would smile into its medied this, and, going on deck, he hawled his voice. Forward there, Turn out, somehis face with the innocent candor of a babe, out in his most officer-like tone, "Who a en-What Mr. Arbuskle thought of his handle | watch? Lay aft here.' Martin obeyed, and

"Never mind about Tompkinsville. Who

"Only three of us, sir. We 'greed to let "That's all right. Let George come on

"Yes, sir. I'll call George at Teven." "And keep your watch on the poop. Pass



NEXT HE CARRIED THE BODY UP AND RESTED IT AGAINST THE TAFFRAIL.

"Well," said the captain, slowly, "if that is your code, we cannot discuss it. You are

"It's not all of them, sir," said the fatuous too old to be changed. I'll simply say, Mr. murdered your wife and child eight years law. I forbid you to strike another man thrash all hands, but I know the law and The mate's face was frightful in the moon- | will prosecute you, with my men for wit-

The mate went to his bunk. He may, or may not, have been impressed by the cap-So Mr. George Arbuckle became mate of child to New York and tried to make a friction between these two, the most imcleared for New York. On his way to the "Go forward," said the coate calmly, "and portant factors in the economy of a ship at dilatory in drinking their morning coffee brought Mr. Arbuckle to the galley door loudly commanding that the cook stop the morning coffee until further orders. The cook came to the door with a ten-inch carving knife. "Look heah," he said, with aparkling eyes. "I know you, you no 'count white man. My father used to go into the ferest an' kill gorillus like you 'fore the traders got him. I was a slave 'til I was big 'nough to run away. Then I killed an overseer like you. Now I'm an American. heah to cook for all hands an' give 'em coffee at turn-to. I'm goin' to do it. I sharn-The old man fell under the fist blow which ened this knife the day you joined, an' I've followed and when the infuriated officer had kept it sharp. If you run foul o' me, I'll

The officer heard; and understood. He went aft for a revolver, and the cook followed to the cabin door with the knife, and met him when he appeared. But the pistol did not leave his pocket. The cook was as large a man as himself and there was ar carnest look in his sparkling eyes that dominated other influences. So the day's work began without disturbance.

From this on, though he carried his revolver estentatiously for the cook's benefit, and cursed the men explosively night and day, he obeyed Captain Haskins' injunction, until the last day of the passage he struck no man. But in the case of George no longer exempt, the vocal abuse had th The Salvationist, useless on deck, and effect of reducing him to a state of chronic spared by the mate only because of his terror, which found expression in a willingvalue as a spy, was a splendid entertainer ness to betray to Mr. Arbuckle all that was said in the forecastle, in the hope of finding favor with him. The mate would listen, of course, and abate none of his contempt r the informer, while the crew, casily sur sising the object of the nightly discourse the weather main rigging, made life a until the words of the refrain could be too wholesome in his attitude toward his fellow men, he yielded to the pressure and became an illogical, irresponsible animal Never too cleanly in his personal habits, he

When a robe of white is given for the and this induced the mate to apply heroic faded coat of blue. occame an offense to the eye and nostril him one dark night marched him to the taffrail and in spite of his screams tied him to the end of the main mersed to his waist. Occasionally a lifting

every man. Why should a woman be ex- to lay about him with a handspike and when the word along. Make that idiot understand "About me? What do they say? Tell me empt? But she quit me, d-d her, and took he had finished three only of the crew-Tom, -to stand watch on the poop. But don't Pa., says: "I have found Kodol Dyspepsia Martin and George-could stand erect, Even disturb the captain. He's sick. If he feels the cook was disabled. When he left his better I may go ashore in the dingey." galley to join the row he was met, not by "All right, sir. May I read my letter a pistol whot-simply by the swinging hand- forrard, sir?" "Go ahead-get it off your mind." epike and the hand which held that sharp

> the bay, so when the pilot had been put emerge a little later he went below. he had cleared off the dishes from the cabin [Fil wait till 'leven o'clock-when the skipable Mr. Arbuckie, courageous and confident per feels better." off before docking.

arving knife was crushed.

Chritain: get it in the presence of the policeman who

The argument and quarrel which followed need not be detailed. It ended in a crashing blow of the six-foot officer's fist on the temple of the five-foot captain. The little way. man reeled, sat down on a stool, slid off and liberation of a man preparing for sleep, while Mr. Arbuckle, breathing loudly and deeply. looked down on him with angry eyes. But, as he looked, the anger left his the captain's head. There was no outward ign of injury and he felt for a movement t the heart. The breast was warm, but as rigid as the face with its staring eyes. He is tood up, then sat down on the stool and

coked at the man he had killed. He had bargained to receive his money man on the passage. Here was the dead man, where was the money?

He procured keys from the captain's pocket, lighted the lamp in his room, money enough to pay off all hands, but the find you. You'll lay low and ship again to account of wages due each man up to the cripple more men. But I've got this to sayand sought the deck.

It was a dark wintry evening, with cold you hear? Your own son-the little boyain and a colder wind out of the north that we all thought died of starvation. He which froze the rain as it fell. Deck, rall didn't die-nor the mother, either, at the and rigging were already coated with ice time. She came back to Tompkinsville since and overboard large cakes of it, fragments this brig sailed from New York, and she of the Hudson river pack, were floating sea- died here, eight months ago. She fooled ward on the swift tide. The versel was alone you. The letter I got tells of it. And the at the anchorage, moored beyond easy hall- boy was a Salvation army man, and shipped treatment. He dowsed him with buckets ing distance from the shore, and all lights in this vessel. She told that, but she didn't were turned out forward except the riding know that he was to meet his father and light in the fore rigging. The stooped be driven insane. Look at your work, you figure of Martin, standing the first anchor hell-hound. Look at your work!" watch, showed dimly in the darkness at the Mr. Arbuckle desemded quickly. The forecastle door, but the rest of the stricken ropes and steps were very slippery, but this nen were undoubtedly in their bunks. It may not have been the remeon of his hurry. wauling insect. Don't let me hear any sheet and lowered him over the stern, slack- was an ideal night for murder and its con- The demented youth looked down and gibwauting insect. Don't let me near any ing away until the poor wretch was im- comitants, but, cold as it was, Mr. Arbuckle bered. The man in the boat said nothing. perspired profusely. He climbed the poop When Martin cast off the painter be shipped Beorge until his breathing was difficult.

"Don't you want us to sing in the last sea would bury him, smothering his cries; steps and looked over the stern, where the the cars and pulled shoreward. then, as the stern arose he would dangle, dingey, tugging at its painter, bobbed and dripping and gasping, from the upright rope rocked on the black water below. Long and 1 o'clock, when the fleed tide had gathered will another sea came to everwhelm him. silently he mused and often mopped his force and the vessel was tailing up the har-Mr. Arbuckle watched from the taffrail and brow with his bandkerchief; then his mus- bor with the side ladder on the off shore

induced the officer to curse Martin luridity, time to hear cries for help, climb aboard, tantalizingly close, but not within reach. but as a secondary consideration, to rescue miss the skipper, find the life buoy gine talk when he was pulled in. He smiled vo- is he on watch? But I can arrange that." bered when spoken to-often recenting the reaching down until the feet touched the tigue himself in failure. words of the speaker-he showed no sign of water before letting go. There was hardly a brain, mind or soul behind the words. They splash, the life buoy was forced up enug "George, gi' me a hand here! George! On old deck and was called down from aloft. "Like him-the sniveling, psalm-singin' found that he could pull a rope if put in his under the arms and the body, shoulders out, deck! Hear me? Gi' me a hand!"

Martin disappeared in the direction of the Canvas had been furled while towing up forecastle, and when Mr. Arbuckle saw him

cm his recent victory, reminded the cap- He waited, passing the time as he could, ain of his pre-expressed desire to be paid and when the cabin clock struck 11 went aroused by a piercing scream coming from on deck, first fertifying himself with a glass the crib. Mrs. Renwick jumped out of bed Ryan Hotel You want your pay, do you?" asked the of whisky. George and Martin were coming and hurriedly lighted a lamp and hastened att the older man expressly explaining the cant to quit me new to compe arrest and orders to the younger. Mr. Arbuckle, fully jumped from the crib and ran across the cave me to dock this vessel with three men, as carnestly, repeated them, enjoining floor. The mother was horrified when she You'll get your money tomorrow and you'll George to stand watch on the poop and to beheld the chubby face and hands of her ing better.

"And I'm going ashere," he said to Marin. "Be back about midnight. 'Fore you turn in bring the dingey up to the gang-

Martin answered respectfully and obeyed stretched himself on the floor with the de- him, while the emiling idiot watched the operation Then Mr. Arbuckle descended the side-ladder, slucking himself carefully down by the man-ropes. These were two short, fancifully covered ropes leading from eyes and his breathing though still loud and brass stanchions in the rail, one each side eep changed its character. He examined of the ladder, to within a foot of the water. They were covered with ice and hard to hold, yet he paused half way down to re-

"Yes, sir," answered the old sailor, as he climbed the rail with a pump-brake in his hand. "The boy'll do that all right, but I and discharge before docking if he killed a George Arbuckle. You've get your money want to say semething first. You're going, and discharge, and this is the last we'll see o' you. I know the trick. You're not takin' your clothes, 'cause you have none worth takin'. We'll have to walt three days earched his desk and found, not only fore we get our money, and then we can't and of the following day, and their dis- and you chew it over, too-you just rememcharges, signed by Captain Haskins, his ber that I had the satisfaction of tellin' you. own stating that as mate he was V. G. (very Hold on, there." (Mr. Arbuckle had moved good). He counted out the money due him, his hands upward.) "Son't you come up, signed his name to the account, pocketed or you'll go down by the run. I'll brain the money and discharge and locked the you, you devil, if you climb that ladder. lesk. As far as the world was concerned You stay there and listen. You've pretty hed in the room he turned down the lamp you drove insune-this boy here. Look at him, you brute. He's your own son. Do

He was not back at midnight; he came at Mr. Arbuckle wateried from the tainst and might have pulled him in after he was presumably cleaner, but a sudden squall and "Won't do." he muttered. "Doctors anchor watch, looking down from the poop shift of wind required his attention and the would know he didn't drown. Adrift in the work of the watch below for two hours, dingey, may be no oars-frozen to death? during which George remained overboard. But I need the beat for an alibi. Frozen to forgotten by all but the man at the wheel. death—how? Falls overboard—floats long hand. But steps and manropes were still At last it was Martin, barely recovered from onough to freeze. Govi at life buoy! Some jey. He slipped, scrambled, lost the painter, his heating, who informed Mr. Arbuckle that one throws it. Who? I must be ashere and as the heat floated sternward found himif he did not hold George aboard he would One of the men-the idiot. He could throw edf in the water holding on to the end of becket the wheel and call the captain, which it, and do no more. I must come out just in the after manrope, with the side ladder

The tide was strong and held him away "Mustn't think, sir." hy said, halting, the involuntary bather. George would not and raise h ... idiot on anchor watch. When from the ladder. The water was icy cold and his teeth chattered. Uttering an angry luminously in the light from the binnacle. He removed a life buoy from the quarter curso he pulled himself up-high as his and muttered incoherently, but would not rail, entered the cabin by the after com- strength would enable him-and with less talk in spite of the stern command of the panienway and drew the cork risig over the of his body immerced, he swung toward the mate to tell how he felt and to state his fu- boad and shoulders of the body, twisting the ladder; but, strong man though he was, he ture intentions with regard to soap and still pliable arms and fingers around it to could not support so much of his weight and water. They led him forward, where his hold it in place. Next be carried the body water-soaked clothing with one hand, even horrified shipmates stripped and put him in up and rested it against the taffrail until he to catch the ladder with the other. With his bunk to drivel himself into the sleep of had assured himself that Martin was still flogernails scraping the coveted steps he number exhaust on and iddocy. He awakened forward. Then he carefully lowered it over edit down the rope and harely held on at the twelve hours later and, though he still gib- the stern, shifting his hold to the hair and end. Again and again he tried, only to fa-

> "On deck, there!" he called at last George heard, but remained on the peop

know it. It's the old fellow. Have you express himself on seeing a light and be- he changed his clothes, putting on the suit "George!" he called, "come down to the heard what he's saying 'bout me' came available on the lookout. If properly he had worn at Callao. As he donned the gangway. Stand watch at the gangway now!

"About your wife! Yes, Marin told me watched he could paint, far down rigging. coat he felt of a letter in the pocket—the Hear me? And send me down a bowline—a

> Had there been more of command in the rough men to tears and in spite of the ter- trembled from the reaction of feeling which tone of his voice George might have obeyed, rible experience that had wrocked his mind followed the safe disposal of the body. A in a manner. But he spoke pleadingly, in a manner. But he spoke pleadingly. "On deak, there!" he called again, raising body, and gi' me a hand. Man overboard? Man overboard! Any one hear me? Help!

call softly: "Man overboard! Man overboard

bother Martin. Go forrard and call Tomthat's a good boy." "Good boy. Good boy. Good boy." was

repeated to him. Yes, George, you are. But help me, your father, George, I just learned, derstand? Your father, I didn't know it before. Neither did you. I thought you died when you were little; but you didn't die. And now I'm going to stand by you, George, If you'll help me. I'm your father."

"Fadder-fadder-fadder," came back to him. Then, perhaps because he had just heard repetitions of Martin's denunclatory words, he chattered, "Diden' diediden die-diden-diden die-you devil-you devil, devil, devil-brute, you brute, you brute. Look at your work, work, work, look at your work-diden die, diden die, diden die-" and it merged into incoherent

The man in the water grouped hoursely then, with eyes bulging, and veins in his hands, neck and temples standing out like earding, he strained his muscles and scraped the side with the edges of his shoe soles in a mighty effort of strength. Then he slid down, panting hoursely, and groaned, "I'm cramped. I've got the cramps. Help.

His voice was weak now, and he saved it; but, while he rested, both hands gripping the rope over his head, the gibberish above | Printers' Home, changed to this-the clear, bell-like voice echoing on the shore:

My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart He sank faint and hungry among the famished brave.
And tacy had him sad and lonely within his nameless grave.

"O, God, have mercy on my soul" muttered the man, as the singer ended the verse. His eyes were closed now, and while the boy above hummed the melody softly. he repeated to himself the words of the consul at Callao:

The wrong we do comes home to us this side of the grave, and the men we kill come back to watch us die." Something brushed him and he opened its eyes. Within a foot of his face was the torso of a man supported by a life buoy. The staring eyes looked into his own. With a masn and a gurgle, he let go of the rone and the two went up the harbor together.

J. I. Carson, Prothonotary, Washington Cure an excellent remedy in case of stomach trouble and have derived great benefit from its use." It digests what you eat and cannot fail to cure.

Bitten by a Rat.

Mildred Renwick, the pretty, flaxen-haired 24-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. the bay, so when the pilot had been put emerge a little later he went as a little later he went as a little later he went in the dingy the work of the day | "Got to make sure," he said. "Got to Victor Renwick, is suffering at her home in Camden from wounds of the face and hands per-served one-handed by the cook. When the watches any more. Make 'em suspicious, caused by being attacked by a vicious rat while she was sleeping in a crib by the side of her parents, saye the Baltimore American. Shortly after midnight the parents were not disturb Captain Haskins, who was feel- darling covered with blood. Between sobs the interesting little tot whimpered, "Wats, mamma wata

Mrs. Renwick solzed her child and ran downstairs with it, followed by her husband. He seized a poker and the family cat and returned to the room to dispatch the rodent

but it was not to be found. The sharp teeth of the rat had bitten nearly through the thumb of the child's right hand and her checks were also lacerated. The wounds bled profusely. A physiian was summoned. He cauterized the lace

rations. After the excitement had abated Mrs. Renwick kissed her little daughter and was peat the command to "stand watch on the about to place her in the crib again, when Mildred protested, saying, "Me don't want to sleep in my crib and be bit wiv wats." In the rear of the house of Mr. Renwick ! a large barn, which is infested by rats.

His Stomach Wasn't Weak. Pittsburg News: Captain Reid of the United States transport Sherman has been funning between San Francisco and Manila with troops for over a year. He has had some funny experiences, and in a letter to his father in Pittsburg lately told the following story of an Irish recruit who was going to join the Fourth cavalry. The bigtrooper had gotten outside the Farallones on her voyage west when she began to feel the heave of the Pacific. Of course most of the soldiers became seasick and the majority of them were hanging over the rail in various he was officially paid off as mate of the Warrior. Then, lifting the corpse to the bed in the room he turned down the lamp to the last man, and one of us bed in the room he turned down the lamp to the last man, and one of us bed in the room he turned down the lamp to the last man, and one of us few premonitory qualms and was soon paying tribute to Neptune like the others. The captain in charge of the draft was passing along the deck putting a kind word

here and a sentence of encouragement there. He came to Mike and stopping beside him.

"Oi am," said the soldier, trying to stand at attention and salute his superior, "an' Oi Fifth Avenue Hotel News Stand, suppose th' docthor can't do annythin' fur Fifth Avenue Hotel Reading Room. suppose th' docthor can't do annythin' fur

'I'm afraid not. Poor fellow, you have a weak stomach." The Irishman bristled up at this in indignation: "Ol don't know about thot," he gasped 'Oi notice Ol'm throwin' as far as anny a th'erist of thim."

RENEW YOUR NERVE. What is the Use of Being Sick, Fretful. Worried and Weary !

Try Dr. Dix Tonic Tablets.
Haif the sickness in this world is due to astrong nerves. We all know that when he nerves are deranged there is closely allowing a long series of disorders. The lood gets sluggish, becomes surcharged with poisonous acids and ferments and at last a vital organ breaks down and the sufferer goes to bed, actually diseased.

If you haven't got to this point you can avert it by using Dr. Dix Tonic Tablets and if you are broken down in health there all the more reason why you should us

MRS. MARY J. BROTT Des Moines, In., writes:

"You will think me very ungrateful, bu it so, I waited until I could say wit with that the tablets was the tonic the critical age set in and since that time I have never known a well day. For five years I have been very baid off, or until I began to take your tablets. I had heart failure, stomach troubles, dyspepsia and my skin was the color of light coffee. I am so much better I think I will get strong again in time. My friends thought I would not get well and strong again. You can use my letter if it will be of benefit to you and to the afflicted. I don't care to have my picture in public. I have lived in Des Moines forty years and I am well and favorably known. Yours truly. Mrs. Mary J. Brott. Grand View. Des Moines, ia. Dr. Dix Tonic Tableta are sold by druggists at 50 cents a box and are prepared by Hayes & Coon, Detroit, Mich.

## WHEN TRAVELING... Read The Bee.

The idiot above shockled and repeated the Here is Where You Will Find It in the Principal Cities:

> ATLANTA, GA. Kimball House News Stand. BOSTON.

Public Library. Boston Press Club, 14 Bosworth St. BUFFALO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Harvard University Library. CHEYENNE. E. A. Logan, 212 West 16th St.

Genesee Hotel News Stand.

Cheyenne Club. CHICAGO. Anditorium Annex News Stand. Auditorium Hotel News Stand. Grand Pacific Hotel News Stand Great Northern Hotel News Stand. Palmer House News Stand. Postoffice News Stand, No. 217 Dear-Associated Advertiser's Club, Palmer

Saratoga Hotel. CLEVELAND. Weddett House. The Hollenden. Commercial Travelers' Association, Masonic Temple.

COLORADO SPRINGS Briscoe Bros.

DENVER. Brown Hotel News Stand. Hamilton & Kendrick, 906-912 17th at. McLain, Pitt & Co., 835 Stateenth St. Pratt Mercantile Co., 1517 Larimer St. The Stationer Co., 15th and Lawrence

Streets.
Windsor Hotel News Stand. DEADWOOD, S. D. Fishel & Co., Dendwood. Max Fishel, Dendwood.

DES MOINES. Hoses Jacobs, Rock Island Depot. DULUTH, MINN. Witz & Bennett, 214 W. Superior St. HANOVER N. H.

SIOUX CITY. Carrettson Hotel News Stand. Mondamin Hotel News Stand. Hotel Vendome News Stand. onway & Knickerbocker. Public Library. Gerald Fitzgibbon, 706 Pourth St. Y. M. C. A. Rending Room.

SPOKANE. John W. Graham, 723-725 Riverside

SPEARFISH, S. D. Henry Court. ST. JOSEPH. Brandow's News Stand, 721 Edmond

street. Junction News Stand, 501 Edmond St. Y. M. C. A. Rending Room. ST. PAUL, MINN.

Windsor Hotel. ST. LOUIS. E. J. Jett. 806 Olive St. Planters' Hotel News Stand. Public Library.

Union News Company. WASHINGTON, D. C. Willard's Hotel News Stand. Arlington Hotel. Congressional Library. Higgs House. Republican National Committee.

HELENA W. A. Moore, 6th avenue and Main St. HOT SPRINGS, S. D. George Gibson.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. C. H. Weaver & Co. L. D. Cooper & Co., 620 Central Ave.

KANSAS CITY. Robert Reid, 1022 McGee St. Contes House News Stand. Missouri Republican Club, 905 Balti-Public Libenry Ricksecker Cigar Co., 9th and Walnut -opposite P. O. Railway Y. M. C. A., room 27 Union

Kansas City, Mo. Public Library. LEXINGTON, KY. M. C. A Rending Room. LINCOLN.

M. Fritsen, 1123 O Street, Delivery Agent. LOS ANGELES. Oliver & Haines, 106 S. Spring St. F. B. Hanscom, 422 S. Main St.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Charles A.Gillig's American Exchange 2 Cockspur St., Trafalgar Sq., S. MINNEAPOLIS. Public Library. West Hotel News Stand.

MILWAUKEE, WIS. Frank Mulkern. NEW YORK. Arthur Brentare. Cooper Union Library. Empire Hotel. Street Library. Holland House Reading Room. Hoffman House. Imperial Hotel News Stand. Press Club, 120 Nassau St. Westminster Hotel Reading Room. Hotel Granable. Y. M. C. A., 23d and 4th Avenue.

OGDEN. W. Webb, 2405 Washington Ave. PARIS, FRANCE. New York Herald Reading Room, 43 Ave. de l'Opera. Thos. Cook & Sons, 1 Ave. de Popera.

Thos. Cook & Sor 53 Rue Cambon. PORTLAND, ORE. W. E. Jones, 291 Alder St. Portland Hotel News Stand.

PHILADELPHIA. SACRAMENTO.

Public Library. SAN FRANCISCO.

Palace Hotel.

Call up 238 and a Bee Advertising Man will call on you to get a Want Ad or a Half Page.

長り至り着り着り着り着り着り着り着り着り着り着りがりをとる