

SALVAGE.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE.



"The boat's an old P. and O. lifeboat," anid Mr. McTodd, "diagonal built of teak, earned in good solid gold in the chart house and quite big enough for the purpose. Of drawer."

"It sounds like a soft thing, I'll not deny," be better, because we're both steamer men, said Kettle. "But why should Mr. Antonio but that's out of the question. That would and his friend come to you?" mean too many to share. So the thing is, "They ran from their ship here in Gib can you buy this lifeboat and victual her and laid low till she had sailed. It was the for the trin? I'm no what ye might call a natural thing for them to do. But when capitalist myself just for the moment."

his companion with disfavor. "You don't beach. They'd no money; there's such a look it," he said. "That last engine room shady crowd here in Gib that everything's you got sacked from must have been a well watched, and they couldn't steal, so mighty filthy place."

"Twas," said McTodd. "But, as it hapher here in Gib. because I'd no wish to get their own sort." back to England and have this news useless in my pocket, And, of course, I had to let alide the £8 in wages that was due to me." I came to you because I knew you, cap-By James, it's beginning to look like tain. I'm no navigator myself, though I business when a Scottle runs away from can make shift to handle a saliboat; so a siller that he's righteously earned."

to reckon up, asking a newly-sacked sea cap- run right up against you?" tain to Join in such a venture."

"I don't suppose you'd have much choice here in Gibraltar."

"Maybe you'd not have heard of either me or the wreck if I had," said McTodd. Kettle's face hardened. "See here," he said, "keep a civil tongue in your head, or go out of this lodging. I'm to be treated with respect, or I don't deal with you." "Then let my clothes alone and be civil yourself. It's a mighty dry shop this, cap-

"I've no whisky in the place nor spare money to buy it. If we're to go on with this plan of yours, we shall want every dollar that can be raised."

"That's true, and neither me nor Tonio have 10 shillings between us."

Kettle gave up pacing the room and sat himself on the edge of the table and frowned.

"It's no go," said the engineer, "and you where you are. D'ye think I've any appetite for dagoes myself? No, sir, no more than a stripped thread. And they don't would not trust the provost of Edinboro if he was to make similar proposals to them." "Then have you no idea where this steam-

"Man, I've telled ye 'no' already." "Seems to me you don't know much, Mr. McTodd.

boat was put on the ground?"

"I don't. What I know is this: I come ashore here after a vera exhausting trip down the Mediterranean, just for a drink to fortify the system against the chills on the run home. The brandy is poor here on the rock, though I'll admit it's cheap, and as for the whisky-

"Never mind that; get on with your yarn." "Dinna hustle a man so. Weei, I went to a little dark shebeen, where I kenned the cutthroat in charge, and gave the name of

got the chance for an orgie."

have cur weaknesses, Captain Owen Kettle, and it's they that have brought us to what

"If you don't leave me alone and get on with your yarn," said Kettle acidly, "you'll

find yourself in the street." "O. I like your hospitality, fine, and I'll stay, thanks. Weel, I'd just settled mysel' down to a good square drink at this Spaniard's shebeen, when out of a dark corner comes 'Tonio and the other dago, bowing and taking off their hats as polite as though I'd been an archbishop at the very least. It's extraordinary how the lower classes in stinctively go to an officer when they need

help." "It is Mac it is."

"I'd met Tonio in Lagos. He was greaser on a branch boat there, and I was her second engineer. He's some English-coas English-and he did the talking. The other dago knew nothing but his own unrightcous tongue, and just said see-see when Tonio explained to him what was going on, and grinned like a bagful of monkeys. give Tonio credit; he spat out his tale like a man. He and his mate were in the stoke hold of a dago steamboat coming from the River Plate to Genoa, and calling at some of the western islands enroute. One night they were just going off watch and were leaning over the rail to get a breath of cool air before turning in. They were steaming past some rocky islands, and there in plain sight of them was a vessel hard and fast ashore. There was no mistake about it they both saw her; a steamboat of 1,500 tons. And what was more, the other Portugee, Tonio's friend, said he knew her. According to him she was the Duncansby Head. He'd served in her stoke hold three voyages, and he said he'd know her any-

"A dago's word isn't worth much for

thing like that," said Kettle. Wait a bit. The pair of them stayed where they were and looked at the rest of the watch on deck. The second mate on the bridge was staring ahead sleepily; the quartermaster at the wheel was nodding and blinking at the binnacle; the lookout on the forecastle was seated on a fife rail, snoring; no one of these had seen the wreck. And so they themselves didn't talk. Their boat was running short of coal and so she put Salvage islands. into Gib here to rebunker; and from another Dago on the coal hulk, who came aboard to help trim, they got some news. The Duncansby Head had shifted her cargo at crew in the boats. The mate's boat and the second mate's boat were picked up; the old man's boat had not been heard of. It paws to keep it from fluttering away. "Yes, was supposed that the Duncansby Head herself had foundered immediately after she

"Yes; all that's common gossip on the Rock Mulready was her skipper-J. R. Mulready; I'd known him years."

"Weel, poor deevil. It's perhaps good for him he's drowned."

Yes, I suppose it is. He's saved a sight D'ye know, Mac, Jimmy Mulready and I passed for mate the same day and went to sea with our bran new tickets in the same ship, him as mate, me as

"The sea's an awful poor profession for all except a shipowner that lives ashore.' 'Tis. Yes, that's a true word. It is And so Antonio and his mate told the other

dago that they'd seen the wreck?" There was money in the idea if it could only be worked and a Portugee likes a dollar as whole yarn, except that they got to know that the Duncansby was on her way home

(Copyright, 1898, the S. S. McClure Co.) | after a long spell at tramping when she got into trouble and carried all the money she'd

apitalist myself just for the moment." they began to look 'round them in cold Captain Kettle eyed the grimy serge of blood they found themselves a bit on the there was nothing for it but to take a partner into the concern. Of course, being pened, I didn't get the sack. I ran from dagos, they weren't likely to trust one of

"Not much. And so they came to you?" "They knew me," said the engineer. "And

navigator was wanted. I said to myself 'Well, I'm no' denying it was a specula- the man in all creation for this job is Caption. It's a bit of a speculation, if ye come tain Kettle and then what should I do but "Thank you, Mac." "But there's one other thing you'll have

to do, and that's buy, beg, borrow or steal the ship to carry the expedition, because the rest of us can't raise a blessed shilling amongst us. It needn't be a big outlay. That old P. & O. lifeboat, which I was talk ing about would carry us fine, and I think three five-pound notes would buy her."

"Very well," said Kettle. "And now let's get a move on us. There's been enough time spent in talk, and the sooner we're on that wreck the less chance there is of any one else getting there to overhaul her before us."

It would be unprofitable to follow in detail the fitting out of a wrecking expedition upon insufficient capital, and so be it briefly stated that the old lifeboat (which had passed through many hands since she was cast from the P. & O. service), was pur-"I don't see the use of taking either Antonio, chased by dint of haggling for an absurdly if that's his name, or your other dago. I small sum, and victualed and watered for don't like the breed of them. You and I cighteen days. The Portuguese, who still would be quite enough to handle an open refused to disclose the precise location of boat, and quite able to take care of our- the wreck, said that it might take a fortselves. If the wreck's got the money on her, night to reach her, and prudence would have and we finger it, we'll promise to bring suggested that it was advisable to take at them back their share all right; and if the least a month's provisions. But the meagerthing's a fizzle, as it' very likely to be, well, ness of their capital flatly forbade this, and they'll be saved a very unpleasant boat they were only able to furnish the boat with what would spin out to eighteen days on an uncomfortably short ration. They trusted may make up your mind to have them as that what pickings they might find in the shipmates, captain, or sit here on your tail storerooms of the wreck herself would provide them for the return voyage.

With this slender equipment, then, they sailed forth from Gibraltar bay, an obvious trust me. They wouldn't trust you. They party of adventurers. They were bombarded by the questions and the curious stares of all the shipping interest on the Rock; they were flatly given to understand by a naval busybody (who had been bidden carry his inquisitiveness to the deuce), that they had carned official suspicion, and would be watched accordingly, and if ever ill-wishes could sink a craft, that ancient P. & O. lifeboat was full to her marks.

The voyage did not begin with prosperity. There is always a strong surface current running in through the straits, and just then the breezes were light. The lifeboat was a dull sailer, and her people, in consequence, had the mortification of keeping Carnero point and the frowning rock behind in sight for three baking days. The two Portuguese were first profane, then sullen, then frightened; some saint's day, it appeared, had been the ship I wanted sending back to in case violated by the start, and they began first sleep overcame me, and settled down for an to hint at and then to insist on a return. To afternoon's enjoyment. Ye'll ken what I which Kettle retorted that he was going to see the matter through now if he had to made their only company. Except for the "I knew you're a drunken beast when you hang in the straits for the whole eighteen days, and subsist for the rest of the trip have my weaknesses, captain, or maybe upon dew and their belts, and in this M I'd no' have left Ballindrochater, where my Todd backed him up. Once started and away father was Free Kirk meenister. We both from the whisky bottle, there was nothing very yielding about Mr. McTodd. Only one compromise did Kettle offer to make. He would stand across and drop his Portuguese partners on the African shore if they, on their part, would disclose the whereabouts of the wreck, and in due time, when the dividends were gathered, he faithfully gromsed them their share. But to this they would not consent. In fact, there was a good deal of mutual distrust between the two parties.

At last, however, a kindly slent of wind took the lifeboat in charge and hustled her wetly out into the broad Atlantic, and when



BULWARK HE CALLED DOWN

Duncansby Head asho'."

"Steamah was pile up on de first. 'Nother

island we pass after.' "That's Piton island, if I remember, Let's have a look at the chart." He handed over sea, had picked up heavy weather and got the tiller to McTodd, took a tattered adunmanageable, and had been left by her miralty chart from one of the lockers, and spread it on the damp floor gratings. The on the cable they were able to step ashore two Portuguese helped with their brown

> "Kept it on the port hand going north a sweet shop it is for reefs, according to this chart. I wish I'd a directory. It will minor difficulties. Half a mile away along be a regular cat's dance getting in. But, I the rocks was the Duncansby head, and for say, young man, isn't there a light there?"

light in dark?

no lighta house. Well, there's one marked here as 'pro and Madeira was Portuguese, and that these Manana's the motto, isn't it Tonio?

oo much rich. God save queen!"

"Those Canary fishing schooners land on

whatever else there is," said Kettle. "I guess we got to take our chances, Mac. If get there, it's our bad luck; if she hasn't The islands are either Spanish or Portuguese; they belong to a pack of thieves anyway, and we've just as much right to help ourselves as any one else has. What we've got to do at present is to shove this old rain of a lifeboat along as though she were a racing yacht. At the shortest, we've got 700 miles of blue water shead of us."

Open-boat voyaging in the bread Atlantic may have its pleasures, but these, such as they were, did not appeal to either Kettle or his companions. They were thorough- thumb and finger, going steamer sailors; they despised sails, and the smallness of their craft gave them the sun scorched them with intolerable glare because they have been washed clean on larger vessel the weather would have been per?" accounted favorable; for their cockle shell it!

of all this. "Manana we find rich, plenty, made for the pantry and the steward's storeroom. The gold which had lured them was motto the two islanders went upon, and forgotten; the immediate needs of their it answered admirably. remembered. They found a cheese, a box and tepid water, and they gorged till they were filled, and swore they had never sat

to take possession, and all the rest of it. nationality trusting the other, and together they ransacked the place with thoroughness. There were papers in abundance, there were clothes furry with mildew, there was a broken box of cheap cigars, but of money there was not so much as a bronze piece.

and violence; by night the clammy sea, the trip. You remember what I said about mists drenched them to the bone. For a fishing schooners from Las Palmas, skip-"By James, yes. And look on the floo

was once or twice terrific. In two squalls there. See those eigarette ends? They're that they ran into, breaking combers filled new, and dry. If the old man had been a the lifeboat to the thwarts, and they had cigarette smoker he wouldn't have chucked to bale for their bare lives. They were his butts on his chart house deck, and even cramped and sore from their constrained if he had done they'd have been washed to position and want of exercise; they got sea bits when she was hove down on her beam sores on their wrists and salt-grime on every ends. You can see by the decks outside that

matter. "Work or suffer," was the simple

At last, by dint of daring and toil, the secret of the passage through the noisy spouting reefs was won; it was sounded carefully and methodically for sunken rocks and noted in all possible ways; and the old P. & O. lifeboat was hoisted on the Duncansby's davits. The Portuguese were driven down into the stokehold to represent double watches of a dozen men and make a requisite steam; McTodd fingered the rusted engines like an artist, and Kettle took his stand alone with the steam wheel on the upper bridge.

They had formally signed articles, and apportioned themselves pay. Kettle as master, McTodd as chief engineer and the Por tuguese as fireman, because salvage is apportioned pro rata, and the more pay a man is getting the longer is his bonus. On which account (at McTodd's suggestion) they awarded themselves paper stipends which they could feel proud of, and put down the Portuguese for the ordinary fireman's wages then paid out of Gibraltar, qualms both mental and physical. By day neither Tonio nor his mate brought it here, said, "There was a fortune to be divided neither more nor less. For as the engineer up somehow, and it would be pity for a was absolutely necessary, seeing that they would not know what to do with it."

Captain Kettle felt it to be one of the supreme moments of his life when he rang on the Duncansby's bridge telegraph to "half speed ahead." Here was a bit of fortune such as very rarely came in any shipmaster's way: not getting salvage, the larger part of which an owner would finger, for mere assistance; but taking to port a vesse! which was derelict and deserted, the great est and the rarest plum that the seas could den blaze of fury, "I'm captain of this ship, offer. It was a thought that thrilled him.

But he had not much time for sentimenal nusings in this strain. A terribly nervous bit of pilotage lay ahead of him; the motive power of his steamer was feeble and uncertain, and it would require all his skill and resourcefulness to bring her out into deep blue water. Slowly she backed or went ahead, dodging round to get a square entrance to the fair way; and then with a slam Kettle rang on his telegraph to "fullspeed ahead," so as to get her under the fullest possible command.

She darted out into the narrow winding lane between the walls of broken water, and the rear of the surf closed round her. Rocks sprung up out of the deep-hungry black rocks as deadly as explosive torpedoes With a full complement of hands and with a pilot for years acquainted with the place, it would have been an infinitely dangerous piece of navigation; with a half-power steamer which had only one man all told upon her decks, and he almost a stranger o the place, it was a miracle how she got out unscratched. But it was a miracle assisted with the most brilliant skill. Kettle had surveyed the channel in the lifeboat and mapped every rock in his head, and when the test came he was equal to it. It would be hard to come across a man of nore iron nerve.

Backing, and going ahead, to get round right-angled turns of the fairway, shaving reefs so closely that the wash from them creamed over her rail, the battered old tramp steamer faced a million dangers for every fathom of her onward way; but never she shot out into the clear deep water and gaily hit diamonds from the wave tops into the sunshine.

It is possible for a man to concentrate him self so deeply upon one thing that he is deaf to all else in the world, and until he had worked the Duncansby Head out into the open Captain Kettle was in this condition. He was dimly conscious of voices hailing him, but he had no leisure to give them beed. But when the strain was taken off, then there was no more disregarding whole crowd of us, to judge by the splutter the cries. He turned his head and saw a of them. The money's gone clean; it's vexhalf-sunk raft which seven men with clumsy In this guise, then, they ended their ing, but that's a fact. Still, I don't like to paddles were frantically laboring toward him dong the outer edge of the reefs.

> Without a second thought he rang of engines, nad the steamer lost her way and ell off into the trough and waited for them From the first he had a foreboding as to who hey were; but the men were obviously castways; and by all the laws of the sea and humanity he was bound to rescue them Ponderously the raft paddled up and got under the steamer's lee. Kettle came down off the bridge and threw them the end of halliard, and eagerly enough they scrambled up the rusted plating, and clambered ove the rail. They looked around them with curiosity, but with an obvious familiarity 'I left my pipe stuck behind that stanchion.

said one, "and by gum it's there still." "Fo'c's'le door's stove in," said another; ' wonder if they've scoffed my chest." "You Robinson Crusoes seem to be making yourselves at home." said Kettle One of the men knuckled his shock of

"We was on her, sir, when she hap pened her accident. We got off in the captain's boat and she got smashed to bit landing on Great Salvage, yonder. We've been living there ever since on rabbits and gulls and cockles till we built that raft and ferried over here. It was tough living, but I guess we were better off that, the other poor beggars, who got swamped in the other boats.'

"The other two boats got picked up. "Did they, though? Then I call it beastly

"Captain Mulready was master, wasn' he? Did he get drowned when your boat went ashore?'

The sailor shrugged his shoulders. "No ir. Captain Mulready's on the raft down onder. He feels all crumpled up to find the old ship's affoat and you've got her out. She'd a list on when we left her that would have scared Beresford, but she's chucked that straight again, and who's to believe it was ever there?"

Kettle gritted his teeth. "Thank you, m lad," he said. "I quite see. Now get be low and find yourself something to eat, and then go forward and turn to." Then leaning his head over the bulwark, he called down, "Jimmy!"

"Yes. Come aboard." "No, thanks. I'm off to the island.

old man." "If you don't come aboard willingly, I'll

"O, if you're set on it," said the other ooked around him with a drawn face. "To think she should have lost that list and righted herself like this. I thought she might turtle any minute when we quitted "I know you aren't. Come into the chart ouse and have a drop of whisky. There's

missis' photo stuck up over the bedfoot. How's she?" "Dead, I hope. It will save her going to

"If you'll tell me, why not? I shall lose my ticket over this job sure, when it comes before the board of trade, and what owner's likely to give me another ship?" "Well, Jimmy, you'll have to sail small, and live on your insurance."

"I dropped that years ago, and drew out what there was. Had to-with eight kids, you know. They take a lot of feeding.' "Eight kids? By James!"

"Yes, eight kids, poor little beggars, and the Missis and me all to go hungry from now onwards. But they do say work houses are very comfortable nowadays. You'll look in and see us sometimes, won't you Kettle? with eager strokes. Davit falls trailing in were taken along, and when they refused He lifted the glass which had been handed the water gave them an entrance way, and duty or did it with too much listlessness to him. "Here's luck to you old man, and you up these they climbed with the quickness please, they were cuffed into activity again. | deserve it. I bought that whisky from a

who had not understood one word in ten of apes, and then with one accord they There was no verbal argument about the chandler in Rio. It's a drop of right, clased?" And he indicated with a little ned

"Here, drop it," said Kettle. "But ing a draught. "I'm sorry," said Captain Mulready, They knew the you shouldn't have had me on board. I should have been better picnicking by myself in Great Piton yonder. I can't make a ing and got back to the rear of the church cheerful shipmate for you, old man."

Brace up," said Kettle. "By the Lord, if I'd only been a day ear-Her with that raft," said the other musingly. "I could have taken her out, as you have done, and brought her home, and I believe the firm would have kept me on. There need have been no inquiry, only 'delayed,' that's all; no one cares so long as a ship turns up some time."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, said Kettle, frowning. "Some of those lousy Portuguese have been on board and scoffed all the money."

What money?" "Why, what she'd earned. What there was here in the chart house drawer.

The disheveled man gave a tired chuckle. "O, that's all right. I put in at Las Palmas and transferred it to the bank there and sent home the receipt by the B. and A. mail boat to Liverpool. No, I'm pleased enough about the money. But it's this other thing I made the bungle of, just being a day too late with that blasted raft."

Kettle heard a sound and sharply turned pair of unclean dagoes to have more than his head. He saw a grimy man in the doorwny. "Mr. McTodd." he said. "who the mischief gave you leave to quit your engine room? Am I to understand you've been standing there in that doorway to listen?" "Her own engineer's come back, so !

handed her over to him and came on deck for a spell. As for listening, I've heard every word that's been said. Captain Muleady, you have my very deepest condolences. "Mr. McTodd," said Kettle with a sud-

and you're intruding. Get to Hamlet out of here." He got up and strode furiously out of the door and McTodd retreated before him. "Now keep your hands off me," said the ngineer, when he had been driven as far as the end of the fiddley. "I'm as mad

about the thing as yourself, and I don't mind blowing off a few rounds of temper. I don't know Captain Mulberry, and you do, but I'd hate to see any man all crumbled up like that if I could help it." "He could be beloed by giving him back his ship, and I'd do it if I was by myself.

But I've got a Scotch partner, and I'm not going to try for the impossible." "Dinna abuse Scotland," said McTodd, wagging a grimy forefinger. "It's your ain wife and bairns ye're thinking about."

"Varra weel," said McTodd, "then if that's he case, skipper, just set ye doon here and wo'll have a palaver."

"I ought to be, Mac, but, God help me, I'm

"I'll hear what you've got to say," said Kettle, more civilly, and for the next half hour the pair of them talked as carnestly as only poor men can talk when they are deiberately making up their minds to resign a solid fortune which is already within their reach. And at the end of that talk Captain Kettle put out his hand and took the engineer's in a heavy grip. "Mac," he said, 'you're Scotch, but you're a gentleman right through under your clothes."

"I was born to that estate, skipper, and no more wanted to see you puir deevil pulled down to our level than you do. Better go and give him the news, and I'll get once did she actually touch, and in the end our boat in the water again and revictualled." "No," said Kettle, "I can't stand by and

thanked. You go. I'll see to the boat." "Be hanged if I do," said the engineer, Write the man a letter. You're great on the writing line; I've seen you at it." And so, in the tramp's main cabin below, Captain Kettle penned this epistle: "To Captain J. R. Mulready:

"Dear Jimmy-Having concluded not to take the trouble to work Duncansby Head home, have pleasure in leaving her to your charge. We having other game on hand, have now taken French leave, and shall now bear up for Western islands. You've no call to say anything about our being or board at all. Spin your own yarn; it will never be contradicted. Yours truly,

"O. KETTLE, Master. "N. A. M'TODD, Chief Engineer,-O K. "P. S.-We take along those two Dagos. f you had them they might talk when you got them home. We having them, they will not talk. So you've only your own crowd to keep from talking. Good luck, old tintacks." Which letter was sealed and nailed up in

conspicuous place before the lifeboat left enroute for Grand Canary. It was the two Portuguese who felt them stranger, in whom they took not the slight

They did not talk, and in the fullness of and wholesome awe for the locality and its inhabitants.

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM.

Experience of a Man the First Time He Passed the Plate in Church "The first time I ever passed the plate in church." said a reminiscent man to New York Sun reporter, "something very unexpected happened. I got half way up the aisle and was getting along as nicely and smoothly as could be, when a man sit ting in the end of one of the pews that came to indicated a desire to speak to me. "Now you know that was something had never dreamed of. It had always seemed to me that the man passing the plate walked straight up the aisle in a solemn kind of a way, while the whole church was still, never pausing except to hand the plate in the pew and get it back, and the idea that anybody could ever speak to hin had never occurred to me, and man's indication that he wanted to speak tart a picnic there of my own. Good luck, to me came as a great surprise and something of a shock. But I didn't drop the plate, and I had gumption enough to incline my head to him so that he wouldn't have to shout to make me hear, and what he said was: " 'Can't you have that window over there

TAPE WORMS

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.





a window high up on the side of the church

where the wind was blowing in and mak-

"I straightened up and passed on, and

when I had finished my part of the collect-

I sent the sexton to close that window, and,

as he saw it go up, the man that had made

the request sent a friendly glance down the

"Later, at one time and another in the

course of my experience, I received various

requests while passing the plate, and now

and then a notice for the minister, but I

was always ready for them after that."

aisle to me.

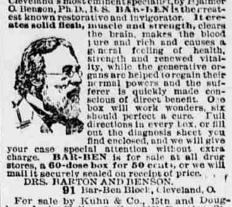
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CURE CONSTIPATION.

THEN LEANING HIS HEAD OVER THE

they had run the shores of Europe and Asia out of sight, and there was nothing round them but the blue heaving water, with here and there a sail and a steamer's smoke, then Senor Antonio saw fit to give Captain Kettle a course. "We was steamin' from Teneriffo to Madeira when we saw thosea rocks with

"H'm," said Kettle. "Those'll be

either Little Piton or Great Piton. Which

side did you pass it on?" Antonio thumped a gunwale of the life-

"Lighta? I not understand." You savvy lighthouse-faro-show-mark 'O, yes, lighta house, I got there. No.

jected," and I was afraid it might have I forgot the Canaries were Spanish, 'Not much. They kept their heads shut. | rocks which lie half way would be a sort of slack cross between the pair of them. much as a white man. So there you have | do today what you hope another flat will do for you tomorrow."

the salvages sometimes," said McTodd, "so famished bodies were the only things they breed of the Portuguese of old. heard once in Las Palmas." "Then there'll be fleas on the islands, of musty biscuit andea filter full of stale the old wreck's been overhauled before we to so delicious a meal. been skinned clean we'll take what there tune again, and off they went to the chart is, and I fancy we shall be men enough to house to finger the coveted gold. But here stick to it. It isn't as if she was piled up was a disappointment ready and waiting for on some civilized beach, with coast guards them. They had gone up in a body, neither

With repletion came the thoughts of for-

"Eh, well," said Kettle, sitting back on the musty bed clothes, "we have had our trouble for nothing. Some one's been here first and skinned the place clean." McTodd pounced upon the counterpane, and caught something which he held between his black "Look," he said, "that's not a white man's flea. That's Spanish or Portugee. And

inch of their persons; they were growing she's been pretty clean swept. No, it's those

THEIR FACES PEERED AHEAD, WILD AND GAUNT, SALT-CRUSTED AND DES-

that?"

PER ATE. gaunt on the scanty rations; and in fact a shermen, as you say, who have been here petter presentation of a boat full of before us." nautilus scudded constantly beside them, swearer I could say a deal." dropping as constantly astern; and these

nautilus the sea seemed desolate.

oyage, which had spun out to nigh upon 1,000 miles, through contrary winds and the necessity for incessant tacking; and in the height of one blazing afternoon there rose the tops of the islands out of a twinkling turquoise sea. These appeared first as mere dusty black rocks sticking up out of the calm blue- the manifest. There was Jimmy Mulready's Great Salvage Island to the northward, and scrawl at the foot of it. That photo there Great Piton to the south and beyond-but above the bed foot will be his wife. Poor they grew as the boat neared them, and old Jimmy. He got religion before I did,

of dazzling feathery whiteness. The life-

diving over the rollers. It had canvas decks, quarter-mast high, contrived to throw off the sprays; and over these the faces of its people peered ahead, wild and gaunt, saltcrusted and desperate. Great Salvage island drew abeam, and passed away astern; Great Piton lay close ahead now, fringed with a thousand reefs, each with its sprouting breakers. The din of the surf came to them loudly up the wind. A flock of sea fowl, screaming and circling, sailed out to escort them in. And ahead, behind the banks of breakers, drawing them

on as water will draw a choking man, was the rusted smokestack and stripped masts of a derelict merchant steamer. There is a yarn about an open boat which had voyaged 1,200 miles over the lonely Pacific, coming upon a green atoll, and being sailed recklessly in through the surf and drowning every soul on board, and the yarn is easy believable. Captain Kettle and his companions had undergone horrible privations; here at last was the isle of their hopes, and the treasure (as it seemed) in full view, but by some intolerable fate they were barred from it by relentless walls of surf. Kettle ran in as close as he dared, and then flattened in his sheets and sailed the lifeboat close-hauled along the noisy line

of breakers to the norrard, looking for an opening. The two Portuguese grumbled openly, and then not a ghost of a landing place showed and Kettle put her about to sail back again

even the cautious McTodd put up his word to "run in and risk it." But Kettle, though equally sick as they were of the boat and her voyage, had all a sailor's dislike for losing his ship, whatever she might be, and at last his forbearance was rewarded. A slim passage through the reefs showed itself at the southern end of the island, and down it they dodged, trimming their sheets six times a minute, with an escort of dangers always close on either hand, and finally ran into a rocky bay, which

held compaatively smooth water.

There was no place to beach the boat they had to anchor her off, but with a whip on a ledge of stone and then haul the boat off again out of harm's way. It may be thought that they capered with delight at treading on dry land again, but deadest of sleep. there was nothing of this.

her they raced at the top of their crippled gait. And the seafowl screamed curiously above their heads. in this frantic progress over the sharp volpanted with their labor, but none of these her over at least a dozen black walls of things mattered. The deserted steamer, stone. when they came to her, was lying off from the shore at the other side of a lake of deep water. But they were fit for no more feelings neither Kettle nor McTodd had any waiting, and each, as he came opposite her, concern whatever. They were useful in vaded in out of his depth and swam off the working of the boat, and therefore, they

desperate castaways it would be hard to hit "Weel," said McTodd, rubbing his thumb upon. Flotillas of iridescent pink-sailed tightly into his finger's end, "if I were a "The dagos are swearing enough for the

> go back empty-handed.' "I'm as keen as yoursel'. There's that £8 of my wages I left when I ran in Gib that's got to be made up somehow. What's wrong with getting off the hatches and see ing how her cargo's made up?'

"She's loaded with hides. I saw it on presently appeared to be built upon a frieze and started his insurance, too, and if he's kept them both up he and his widow ought boat swept on to reach them, climbing and to be all right-by James! did you feel

> McTodd stared round him. "What?" he asked. "She moved." "I took it for sure she was on the ground." "So did I. But she isn't. There, you can feel her lift again."

> They went out on deck. The sun was already dipping in the western sea, behind the central hill of the island, and in another few minutes it would be dark. There is little twilight so far south. So they tool cross bearing on the shore and watched intently. Yes, there was not a doubt about it. The Duncansby Head floated and she

> "Mon," said the engineer, enthusiastically 'ye've a great head and a great future before you. I'd never have guessed it." "I took it for granted she's beaten her bottom out in getting here, but she's blundered in through the reefs without touching, and if she's come in she can get out again and we're the fellows to take her."

"With engines, yes. If she's badly broken

down in the hardware shop, we're done. I'd

forgotten the machinery, and that's a fact

"With engines."

We'll find a lantern and I'll go down with you, Mac, and give them an inspect." The two Portuguese had already sworn themselves to a standstill, and had gone below and found bunks; but the men from the little islands in the north had more energy in their systems, and they expended it tirelessly. McTodd overhauled every nut. every bearing, every valve, every rod of the engines with an expert's criticism, and found nothing that would prevent active working Kettle rummaged the rest of the ship; and far into the morning they foregathered again in the chart house and compared re sults. She had been swept, badly swept everything movable on deck was gone; carge had shifted and then shifted back agai till she had lost all her list and was in proper trim; the engines were still work able if carefully nursed; and, in fact, though battered, she was entirely seaworthy. And while with tired gusto they were compar

other incontinently dropped off into the That the Duncausby Head had come it cramped limbs and disused joints it was as unsteered and unscathed through the reefs, much as they could do to hobble, and every and therefore, under steam and control, did you? Then that'll be Great Piton, and step was a wrench. But the lure shead of could go out again, was on the face of it them was great enough to triumph over a very simple and obvious theory to make; but to discover a passage through the rocks to make it practicable was quite another matter. For three days the old P. & O. lifeboat plied up and down from outside the reefs, and had twenty narrow escapes from They scratched and tore themselves being smashed into staves. It looked as if nature had performed a miracle and taken canic rocks, they choked with thirst, they the steamer bodily in her arms and lifted

The two Portuguese were already

to death of the whole business, but for their

ing these things weariness at last got the

better of them, and first one and then the

was moving across the deep water lake that

ard luck on us."

The broken man on the raft looked up 'Hullo, Kettle, that you?"

send and have you fetched. Quit fooling." tiredly, and scrambled up the rope. her; and I'm not a scarey man, either."

the workhouse." "O, rats. It's not as bad as that."

selves principally aggrieved men. They had been made to undergo a great deal of work and hardship; they had been defrauded of much plunder, which they considered was theirs, for the benefit of an absolute est interest, and finally they were induced 'not to talk" by processes which jarred ipon them most unpleasantly.

time they returned to the avocation o shoveling coal on steam vessels. But when they sit down to think neither Antonio no his friend (whose honored name I never learned) regard with affection those little islands in the Northern sea, which produced Captain Owen Kettle and his son time partner, Mr. Neil Angus McTodd. But at the same time they have a very proper

"A tape worm eighteen feet long a least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my had health for the past three years. I am stit taking Cascarats, the only cathartic worthy o