MAYOR STRONG'S MESSAGE A VETO.

Provisions of the Greater New York Bill Not Satisfactory.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 14.—Mayor Strong's message on the greater New York bill is a veto. The reasons given by Mayor Strong for vetoing the greater New York bill was read to the senate last night. In the course of his statement the mayor said he was in favor of consolidation and he said a majority of the citizens of the proposed greater New York agreed with him in that respect, but that the provisions of the bill were not satisfactory to all concerned. At the conclusion of the reading of the message Senator Lexow asked that it be laid on the table and be printed. No objection was offered. Mayor Wurster's message vetoing the bill was next read and was followed by the reading of the approval of Mayor Gleason of Long Island city. These messages, together with the accompanying bill, were laid on the table without debate and by agreement between the leaders of the majority and minority, the question of repassing the bill over the vetoes of Mayors Strong and Wurster will come up in the senate today.

SIOUX SEEKING PENSIONS.

Indian Ex-Soldier Asks Relief From Uncle Sam on Novel Grounds.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 13.—It was announced a few days ago that probably the first case of a Sioux Indian applying for a pension was that of Banks, an Indian belonging at Crow Creek agency, who has applied for a pension because he acted as a government scout during one of the Indian wars. The Sioux evidently contemplate a raid on the federal treasury, for Chasing Crane, a Lower Brule Sioux, has now applied for a pension also. He concluded that he was entitled to a pension, notwithstanding that the government already furnishes him with clothing, rations, horses, cattle, agricultural implements and hires white men to put in and harvest his crops for him. Chasing Crane bases his claim on novel grounds. He served one year in the regular army, being a member of the Indian troop stationed at Fort Omaha, and alleges that his health was undermined and finally destroyed by eating the rations which the government furnished to the soldiers.

KNOCKOUT FOR PROHIBITION.

South Dakota Supreme Court Renders an Important Decision.

YANKTON, April 14.—The decision of the supreme court in sustaining the saloon license ordinance in the face of the prohibitory state law is creating consternation in political circles. An appeal was taken from the justice and circuit courts of Yankton county from a verdict against a saloon keeper for selling liquor without a license. He contended that the city ordinance conflicted with the state constitution, which prohibits the sale of liquor, and now the supreme court sustains the ordinance.

Holmes is Penitent.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—Although Father Dailey of the Roman Catholic church of the Annunciation refuses to confirm or deny the statement that he is to baptise Murderer Holmes in his cell, it was stated on good authority that the ceremony will take place during the week set for Holmes' execution. Father Dailey has been ministering spiritually to Holmes for a month and is convinced the murderer is genuinely penitent.

Plenty of Ore In Sight.

LEAD, S. D., April 13.—The crosscut being run in the Harrison mine, adjoining the Durango mine, has passed through 30 feet of ore that averages $30 per ton, and has not gotten across the ore body yet. The owners will ship two cars of the ore to the Kansas City smelter this week.

Heavy Rains in South Dakota.

HURON, S. D., April 14.—The heaviest rain of the season prevailed here, accompanied by hail a few miles northwest and south. The earth over this part of the state is thoroughly soaked.

Pierre Race Meeting.

PIERRE, S. D., April 14.—Arrangements have been completed for a three days' racing meeting on the track in this city, May 14, 15 and 16.

May Elect a Treasurer.

LINCOLN, April 11.—Lincoln people are agitating the question of holding another county convention for the purpose of nominating a successor to the late County Treasurer Maxey Cobb.

Examiner Cowdery In Charge.

CHADRON, Neb., April 13.—Ben F. Cowdery, state bank examiner, arrived here and at once took charge of the Chadron Banking company. The failure caused but little excitement and no run was made on any of the other banks. No definite information can as yet be obtained regarding the assets.

Crusade Against Saloons.

LINCOLN, April 14.—The crusade against Lincoln gamblers has been followed by a raid on the saloon keepers. When the excise board met this morning to pass upon the applications for saloon licenses it was confronted by remonstrances against over a dozen saloon keepers.

Many Bridges Washed Away.

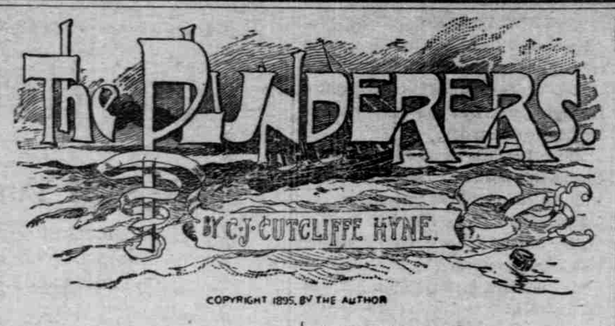
CLAY CENTER, Neb., April 14.—Reports from the surrounding country since the rainfall show much damage to bridges and graded roads. Hardly a bridge in the southeast end of the county is left. Southeast of this place 1,000 acres of lowland are under from one to two and one-half feet of water.

Fanton In Hard Luck.

O'NEILL, Neb., April 12.—John Fanton of Atkinson is now on trial in the district court for the stealing of 19 head of cattle from Anthony Cross of Atkinson on the night of Dec. 26 last. The evidence so far is very damaging to Fanton. John Morrell and Oliver Holmquest, accomplices of Fanton, have turned state's evidence and accuse him of putting up the job.

Strode Is Their Choice.

TECUMSEH, Neb., April 14.—At the First district Republican congressional convention, there being no opposition, Hon. Jesse B. Strode of Lancaster was unanimously nominated for congress. L. L. Lindsay of Lancaster and H. N. Dovey of Cass were chosen delegates, and Judge S. P. Davidson of Johnson and Hon. Frank Martin of Richardson alternates to the national convention. The delegates to the national convention were instructed in strong resolutions for McKinley.



CHAPTER VIII.

GROUND BAIT.

For reasons the Port Edes took the "north about" course—that is, she headed across south of the banks of Newfoundland nearly to Cape Hatteras and then braved the three knot current of the gulf stream by passing down the Florida channel on the western side of the Bahamas. They had carried good weather with them—light head breezes or calms—all the way, and although coals were dear, owing to a strike, and the day's outlay was limited to 28 tons by order, the steamer usually averaged 10½ knots despite the unskillfulness of the engine room staff.

In a canvas chair on the bridge deck under the lee of the fiddle sat Patrick Cambel, with a pipe between his teeth and Pierre Loti's "Fantome d'Orient" in his lap. He was distinctly idling. For the moment he was wondering how, from so transparently blue sea, the spray which jumped from the wave crests could be colorless and opaque. Then by following with the eye a tangle of yellow gulf weed which floated past his attention was carried away to some little gray spouts of fog which told of whales and their calves taking a summer outing in the milk warm waters of the south. Beyond his eye fell upon one of the screw pile lighthouses with which the United States government has fringed the Florida shoal, and on the far horizon spouted the wind thrashed tops of some scattered cabbage palms, which told that there at least the shallow sea was sea no more. At the back of these palms lay the mysterious shelter of the Everglades.

A thought passed through Patrick Cambel's mind, a thought of the drama to be played under shelter of those recesses within the next few days, and he frowned. He thrust the thought from him as an impertinence and turned again to his novel. But he was destined just then to read no more from that dainty vignette of Stamboul. Through the grating of the fiddle above his head came a frightened shout, then a chorus, then a prolonged clattering as iron tools were thrown on the floor plates and the boots of scared men smote the rungs of the ladders.

Cambel gave a quick smile to himself, as though he understood something, then mounted a look of concern on his face, and getting up from his chair crossed to port and strode up to the break of the bridge deck. The captain, coming out of the charthouse, joined him. From the door of the alleyway beneath them rushed a

"Do you ever read poetry?"

crowd of frightened men—trimmers, stokers, stripped to the waist; engineers in dungaree, all the human contents of the lowest hold. Kettle singled out the chief with his eye and addressed him with sour irony.

"Afternoon, Mr. McFee. Fine, isn't it, for the time of year? Have your curs forgotten they're paid to work this steamboat up Mississippi river to a city called New Orleans, or have they induced the other watch to go below and give them a spell?"

"Guid God, sir, dinna jest!" replied the chief. "Ye remember what yon scoundrel said on Liverpool dock wall? Weel, he's been as guid as his words, sir. We've found an infernal machine already!"

"Well?" drawled Kettle.

"Man, we may be blown to the sea floor any minute."

"Sea whisky! Sea grandmother!"

"Man, sir, see with your own een. By God's guid mercy the donkeyman picked it from among the coals, or we'd be with him this moment—or with the deevil."

"Hand it up here," the skipper commanded shortly.

The burly donkeyman, half grinning, half afraid, came up the iron steps and handed the captain a box painted to look like a knob of coal. "It was ticking when I picked it up, sir," he said, "but when I handled it the ticking stopped."

The captain took the thing in his hand. It started on a fresh cluck, cluck, and the grimy men on the iron decks below humped their shoulders as though to better receive a blow and began to shuffle away toward the bows. "Oh, it may be something dangerous," said Captain Kettle and hove his burden over the side, "or it mayn't. Looked to me like a toy to frighten flats. There's only one man with the pluck of a roach among you, and here's half a crown for him."

The donkeyman's black forefinger knuckled his greasy cap.

"As for the rest, your mothers must have suckled you on pigeon's milk and then sent you to a girls' school to dry nurse. You pack of beauties! Oh, you white livered bobby hunted gems! If the thing was found—well, found it was, and the donkeyman brought it on deck. What do you want to foul the clean air for with your foul, stinking carcasses before your watch was out? I'll log every man of you for this—yes, Mr. McFee and Mr. Second and Mr. Third, I'll dirty your tickets for you as well, or if you give me another ounce of bother I'll take care you none of you ever get another berth so long as the universe holds water to carry shipping. You cowardly hounds! Oh, you trust me!"

The men slunk back into the alleyway again out of shot of the skipper's tongue, and the engineers, plucking up courage first, led the way below. Some one clattered a shovel on a firebar. Instinct made the trimmers obey the signal, and they went to the bunkers. The firemen followed, and the steam gauge remounted before it had received any appreciable check. It was all an affair of five minutes.

Kettle passed a forefinger round the inside of his shirt collar and strolled across with Cambel to where the deck chairs straddled in the shade.

"They're a holy crew, aren't they!" said the master of the Port Edes.

"I think they're what we want. We should be rather out of it with a plucky lot who insisted on standing by us at a pinch."

"Oh, don't you make any error about that," replied Kettle. "They'd have been shaky anyway, but this bogus clockwork devil of yours fixes them to a nicety. It'll be every Jack for himself when the scare comes, and Davy Jones take the steamer and the others. Oh, they'll run like a warren of rabbits. The brutes!"

Kettle broke off abruptly and stared moodily over the gulf stream. A flying fish got out of the blue water and ran across the ripples like a silver rat. A school of porpoises snorted leisurely up from astern and passed the steamer as though she had been at anchor. And the tangles of gulf weed floated past like reefs of tawny coral.

"Do you ever read poetry?" the skipper suddenly asked.

Cambel slewed round his head and stared. The idea of this vinegar mouthed little savage talking of poetry very nearly made him break into wild laughter. With an effort he steadied his face and said quietly, 'Sometimes."

"I'm glad of that. Somehow I hadn't dared ask you before, but now I know, Mr. Cambel, I like you all the better. It gives us something in common we can talk about without being ashamed. We can't very well discuss the other matter which binds us together and respect ourselves at the same time."

"Quite right. You and I, captain, are shouldered to common piracy by the force of circumstances, but I always kick myself when I think about it. There's no glamour of romance about our intended villainy or the way it's being led up to."

"Not a bit. Byron wrote about piracy, but Byron was no seaman, and he didn't know what hazing a crew meant. A thief's a dirty scoundrel all the world over and always has been, and a sea thief, having the scum of the earth to handle, has to make himself the cruelest brute on earth if he wants to succeed. I think it's that which put me out of liking with Byron and all those poets who've written about movement at sea. They give a wrong idea of men's motives and actions, and when they get talking on shop they're that inaccurate and absurd they make one tired. No, Mr. Cambel, give me a land poet, who talks about farms and primroses and tinkling brooks and things he understands, and with that man I can sit through two watches on end. Reading him may make me feel low, but it doesn't do a man harm to be that way sometimes. You see, Mr. Cambel, a scuffle or a row with a mutinous crew is just meat and drink to me. Yes, sir, that's the kind of brute I am."

They chatted and basked during the rest of the afternoon, while the two mates off watch painted ironwork, and the crew off duty grumbled and smoked and slept in the stuffy forecastle. The cabin tea came. Kettle at the head of the table preserved a sour silence, and Cambel and the mates among them a strained civility. And then skipper and supernumerary officer returned to their canvas chairs beside the fiddle on the bridge deck.

The gulf stream rippled over the steamer's wake astern, and the small wavelets of a calm licked the yellow rust stains which patched her sweeping flank. Before them the narrow sea was the color of a dull blue roofing slate. The bright hot day had faded, the brilliant cobalt had filtered away from overhead, and a silver nail paring of moon peered from a sky of amorphous violet, still lighted in its higher flats by the sun's afterglow. On the horizon line was what at first appeared to be a steamer's smoke, but what the glass showed to be the rock of a fire on the invisible low lying Florida coast. No blaze glow could be seen. It might be a fisher's campfire on an outlying key; it might be a game driving of Seminole Indians beyond the explored coast fringe, in that unknown tangle of trees and grasses and lagoons, the Everglades themselves.

"It's worth living, Mr. Cambel, times like these," said Kettle when they had sat there in silence till the warm night had spread all over and the white stars were beginning to show in multitudes through its gaps.

The other nodded, sucking at his cold pipe.

"None of those poets have ever put all this down on paper. They've got parts, bits, but not all. I fancy it is because they haven't seen the thing for themselves. I've tried myself, but I haven't made much account of it."

"What—you—you're a poet?" rapped out Cambel.

"I knock off a bit of verse occasionally," said the skipper complacently, "when I'm in the mood, that is. It generally comes times like this, when I've been tail twisting the hands and have a spell of a rest and a think afterward."

"I see. The outcome of vivid contrast," said Cambel. He imagined to himself that these boasted poems would be of the "heroic" order to the verge of melodrama. As it happened, he could not conveniently have made a worse guess. Kettle tugged from his pocket a doubled up exercise book reddened slightly under the tan and handed it across. His companion flattened out the crease, and in the light which came from a chartroom port dipped into the manuscript verses for himself. To his astonishment they were one and all sonnets and ballads which might well have been written by a sentimental schoolgirl. They breathed of love and devotion and premature fading away, and at least three gushing adjectives qualified each tender noun.

There was no word about the sea on which their author had spent his life or of the things of the sea with which he had had all his dealings. He knew about these as few men did, but they seemed common to him and unclean. Consequently he had delivered himself to an ode of that spring which he had never witnessed ashore and love songs to ladies he had never met outside the covers of cheap fiction. It was all imagination, and untutored, uninspired imagination at that.

As a result, Cambel found the poems too killingly funny for words and was consumed with a wild desire for laughter, but that red bearded little savage, their maker, glaring anxiously at him from the opposite shadow, he dare not let so much as the tail of a smile dance from the corner of his mouth. He had to enjoy and endure in silence, and with the exercise book thrust out to the yellow light, then he read on through the stanzas diligently.

In one, evidently autobiographical, the writer spoke of himself as a "timid, frail gazelle," in another he addressed his remarks from the mouthpiece of a "coy and cooing turtledove" to a "sylphlike maiden of haughty mien" who at the time of narration was the "bewitching, entrancing, unparalleled queen" of another gentleman's hearth. An "Ode to Excellence" which commenced "Hairy Alfred, brother bard," was evidently directed at a contemporary, but the past was cared for in "Cleopatra, a Lament," which a footnote stated could be sung to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Probably as a collection Captain Kettle's was unique in its clumsy, maudlin sentiment and its general unexpectedness.

Meanwhile the author was fidgeting nervously. He had not got over that initial nervousness which publication gives. He hungered for a criticism—favorable if possible. At last he made bold to ask for it.

"You're a wonderful man, Kettle," returned his companion, quite meaning what he said, "and unless I had seen those verses for myself I'd never have believed you capable of producing them, no matter what had been told me about your powers."

The poet gave a sigh of relief, and was going to pursue the subject further when something fell upon his ear which turned his thoughts into a very different key.

"By James, there's the engine stopped. What's up now, I wonder?"

He jumped to his feet and stood with neck craned out, listening. The ring of heavy boots made itself heard on the engine room ladders. Then there was a murmur of voices and a pattering of footsteps from the forecastle, and presently a steady stream of men began to ascend the bridge deck ladders. Among the growing babel of voices came references to the gold, "Half a million yellow sovereigns, boys!" and threats there was no mistaking, "Teach the old man manners or put him over the side."

By an evident previous arrangement the men were massing themselves on the port side of the bridge deck.

"Mutiny, by James, that's what this means!" commented Captain Kettle in an undertone. He was cool as ice and on the moment had decided how to act. "Now, Mr. Cambel, slip into the chartroom for your pistol. I have mine in my pocket. It's us two against the lot of 'em, and we'll finish out top side. Oh, don't you make any error. It'll be a red night's work for those dogs. But we'll rub the fear of death into them before we've done this time—into those that are left, that is. Get your pistol, quick, sir, and skin your eye for handy shooting."

CHAPTER IX.

MUTINY.

Patrick Cambel came out of the chartroom with all the armament he could lay hands upon—to wit, three revolvers. He gave one to the captain and put the others in his own jacket pocket, so that they had a brace apiece. From the other side of the bridge deck the clamor of the men rose high into the night, and the steamer's fore truck began to swing past the stars. Her engines had stopped, the quartermaster had deserted the wheel, and the gulf stream was taking her as simple flotsam whither it listed.

There was no starboard ladder to the upper bridge, but Kettle swung himself lightly up by a funnel stay and a stanchion and climbed over the canvas dodger. Cambel followed as nimbly. The mate of the watch received them with a frightened sidelong glance, but no words, and then he vanished into the darkness.

Captain Owen Kettle stumped cheerfully across to the port side of the bridge and looked down. Beneath him, massed and moving, was apparently every man of his crew. The electric lamp from inside the head of the companionway blazed full upon them, dazzling some of the group and blinding the others with dense black shadow. With folded arms he looked down on them for a full minute with a silent sneering laugh till the upturned faces which had been quiet in expectation began to grow clamorous again. Then he waved them to noiselessness and spoke.

The man's words were not conciliatory. He addressed his hearers as dogs and wished to know in the name of the pit why they had dared to leave their duties and their kennel and come to sully his bridge deck. The harangue was brief and beautifully to the point. An ordinary seaman stood out into the middle of the circle of light and made reply.

"You gall us togs, und you dreat us as togs, und ve're nod going to schtandt it no longer. Dis grew temants its rechts."

"Hello," said Kettle, "got a blooming Dutchman to speak for you! Well, you must be a hard up crowd. See here, now, if you do want to talk, have your say and be done with it. English is the official language on this ship. Understand that and don't waste my time."

The German seemed inclined to bluster and hold his ground, but he had no backers. "I told you how it would be if we put the Dutchman up," said one. "Why, I can't hardly understand the beggar myself," said another.

"If you're undecided," suggested Captain Kettle, "you've got a nigger among you. Why not set him on to talk? If you were men, I wouldn't say it, but as it is he's as much a man as any of you, and perhaps he'll throw in a sand dance to enliven proceedings."

The negro from somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd broke into a loud guffaw till some one kicked him on the shins and sent him away yelping diminuendo into the farther darkness. An angry growl went up from the white men at the taunt, and one of them, a whiskered quartermaster in a cardigan jacket, stepped out and spat into the circle of light. He looked round to catch the encouraging glances of his mates and then lifted up his face toward the upper bridge.

"See here, Captain Kettle, you'd better not try us too far. This isn't a slave ship you're commanding. It's an ordinary, common, low down British tramp, and the law looks after the deckhands and all the rest of us."

"Now, that's fair speaking," said Kettle. "I've a profound respect for the merchant shipping act and all the rest of the laws. My lad, if you fancy you've anything to complain of, a sea lawyer like you must know the remedy. Get your witnesses and go with them before the British consul in New Orleans."

"A fat lot of good that would do," retorted the man. "What consul ever believed an ole sailor against the skipper? No, sir, we'd only get penitentiary for our pains. Besides, what we want—and what we intend to have—is an alteration in things, beginning now."

"Ah, I see! And what would you like? Shall I have a hold cleared out and fit up with four post beds for you to make a drawing room of? Shall I order my steward to hand iced pop round to the gentlemen who are heaving coals in the stokehold? Come, now, out with it!"

The little captain was deliberately irritating the men, and Cambel marveled at his recklessness. Once let an outbreak start, and he and Kettle stood not one chance in a million of living through it. But Kettle knew his game and was playing it well.

Only one man laughed, and his laugh closed up again in a moment like the snap of a watch. Some scowled; a few swore; the quartermaster in the cardigan jacket alone remained unmoved. Of Kettle's outrageous raillery he took no notice whatever, but continued his plaint in a solid monotone, as though he had been reading it from a book.

"In the first instance, it's the grub we complains of, perticularly the sugar. It ain't sugar at all. It's just a slumph of molasses."

"That," said Kettle, "is due to your own laziness. The bottom of a sugar barrel's always that way unless you turn it end for end every day or so. The molasses'd settle through the queen's sugar at Windsor and spoil half of it unless the barrel was looked to. So that knocks in the head your first complaint. By James," he continued, with a first show of fury, "is it for this you dogs have turned yourselves into a howling pack of mutineers and let my ship drift like a hencoop toward Newfoundland?"

The quartermaster was obviously disconcerted by the attack, so much so, in fact, that he missed the next few counts of his indictment and came at once to the main head, which he had hoped to lead up to more gently. "It's a rise of wages that we insist on principally," he said. "We take it we've been signed on for this run to New Orleans under false pretenses. Nothing was said about the sort of cargo we was to carry, which naturally incites them anarchist chaps to violence. We're suffering undue risks. There's been one devil machine found already, and as like as not there is others besides. The blooming ole tramp may go up any minute, and because we're standing that risk we say we ought to be paid according. The cargo can stand the pull, and if you aren't willing the hands here has made up their minds to broach it for themselves."

"You great fools!" cried Kettle, "This isn't an ordinary cargo that you can help yourselves out of and let the underwriters stand treat. You bet the tallyman won't wink at any yarn about damaged in transit over the stuff we're bringing them. If there's so much as a miserable half sovereign missing, the whole crowd here, cook and captain's dog, stay in a New Orleans calaboose till it's found and then come out with their tickets dirtied. Oh, you one eyed, mutton headed fools!"

Cambel stared at him curiously. His truculent tone had left him completely. His hands had quitted the pistol butts and were gripped on the bridge rail. His elbows were beating nervously against his ribs.

From some mouth in the blacker shadow came a deep, derisive laugh. Then a voice, presumably from the laugher, said: "Who wants to go to New Orleans? Who wants to go nearer than the next key or reef or sand bank or whatever it may be? Let's pile up the blazing old tramp on that and then boat cruise across to Cuba. There's nice snug bays in Cuba where the guarda costas don't ask questions. Or if they did, a bit of yellow ballast out of the boats would stop their jaw quick enough."

The voice laughed again and ceased. "Who spoke there?" Captain Kettle demanded.

Out rolled into the bright circle the massive body of the donkeyman.

"You!"

The donkeyman knuckled his greasy cap in assent, but added that he was no mutineer. "I'm your man, captain" he said, "but I'd be pleaseder to help ye carrying out the crew's wishes than going agin them. Ye'll be dealt by honestly, captain—liberally, yes, better than ye ever have been in this world yet or ever will be again. It's a chance that won't come of six years of Sundays—an—the steamer will be lost at say. Blowed to rivuts an ould iron by a conspirator's bomb. It's a most natural ending for her."

Kettle stared at the donkeyman with his mouth agape and the eyes standing out of his head. His face was thrust out at full neck's length; his fingers beat a vague tattoo on the white iron rail of the bridge.

Then the crew's original spokesman lifted up his unlucky voice for the second time: "Ach, friends, we're vasting minutes. We haf made up our minds. Why should we not go and tivide ter cold without furder pother? Good ole man, du bist gerichring, you'll come and sgramble for a share like ter rest of us, von't you?"

Slowly Captain Kettle stiffened. His eyes lost their stare and glinted unpleasant fire in their more proper orbits; his lower jaw closed up with a snap; his fists slid to his jacket pockets and gripped there.

"You painted Dutchman!" The words came snarled through clinched teeth.

The crew rustled uneasily.

"Do I live to hear a set of dogs like you dictating to me? Does any man here think he's going to have an inch of his own way aboard of me?"

"Come, Captain Kettle," said the quartermaster who had talked before, "don't be unreasonable. The Dutchman means well, though he didn't put it Bristol fashion. And besides we've made up our minds to share in that gold, and you'd better chip in and share, too, without a fuss. It'll be a deal comfortabler for all hands, and besides it's got to be done anyway. We're all determined, and we're too many for you, even if Mr. Cambel does stand in on your side."

Kettle's face lit up with the joy of battle. "Are you, by James?" he snapped. "We'll see about that. I'd handle twice your number to my own cheek any day. I've done it before on a dashed sight uglier lot than you and came out topside, and I'm going to do it again now. Mr. Cambel's with me, too, this time, and we've got 20 bullets among us that'll all go home in somebody's ribs before any of you get at hand grips with us. Now, just play on that, you scum. There's not a one of you got a pistol."

"Oh, haven't we?" commented a nasal voice on the outskirts of the crowd. "I guess you're out there, mister. I'm heeled for one."

"Crack!"

The man shricked and fell in a limp heap on the deck. His weapon clattered down beside him. Kettle kept his smoking pistol muzzle raised steady as an iron wrist could hold it.

The others instinctively drew at first away from the fallen man, but one ordinary seaman, younger and more plucky than the rest, darted forward to regain the fallen revolver. As his fingers closed over it his eyes instinctively sought the bridge. Cambel had his revolver sighted over the crook of an elbow, Kettle his at arm's length. Both were covering him.

"Fling that thing overboard, or you'll be dead before you can wink!"

The crew's only revolver spun through the air and hit the water with a tinkling splash.

"Now, stand forward, the two fools who have been your spokesmen."

The crowd stood like men petrified.

"Quick, or I'll make practice into the brown of you!"

The quartermaster in the cardigan jacket stepped out of his own accord, undefiant now and white. The German was hustled to his side.

"Have you got a coin, quartermaster?"

"No, sir."

"Have you—sausage?"

"Yes, herr."

"Then spin it out, and do you, quartermaster, call to him. And mind you call right, because I'm going to shoot the loser, and perhaps you're the least useless of the two. Spin, confound you. Spin, sausage, or, by James, I'll shoot you where you stand and settle it that way."

The German put something between his dished palms and shook it violently, then clinched one hand and thrust it out into the full blaze of the lamp light. The quartermaster cried heads. The other unwrapped his grimy fingers with slow jerks and showed. The coin was a halfpenny, Britannia uppermost. The quartermaster buttoned his cardigan jacket and drew himself up to face the upper bridge.

"Hold up your hand!"

It shot up to the full length, fingers splayed out. Then, crack! and a bullet ripped through the middle of the palm. The fellow let out a short yelp of surprise and clapped the wounded member tightly under his armpit. The men around him, utterly cowed, stood in frozen silence, and Captain Owen Kettle, from the bridge, waved slow patterns over them with a revolver muzzle. Then he crammed both weapons into his jacket pockets again and gave orders sharply and with crispness.

"Watch below, get forward and turn in. Watch on duty, go to your posts. Quartermaster of the watch, tumble up here. Southwest and by sou'."

A quartermaster ran briskly up the bridge ladder.

"S'west and by sou', it is, sir," he replied. It was the only comment any one of the crew made to Captain Kettle on his method.

(Continued in next issue.)

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BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

You get 5⅓ oz. of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents. You only get 3⅕ oz. of other brands of no better quality for 10 cents. In other words, if you buy "Battle Ax" you get 2 oz. more of high grade tobacco for the same money. Can you afford to resist this fact? We say NO—unless you have "Money to Burn."

U. P. TIME CARD.

Taking effect January 5th, 1895.

EAST BOUND—Eastern Time.

No. 2, Fast Mail	Departs	9:00 a m
No. 4, Atlantic Express	"	11:00 p m
No. 28, Freight	"	7:00 a m

WEST BOUND—Western Time.

No. 1, Limited	Departs	3:05 p m
No. 3, Fast Mail	"	11:25 p m
No. 17, Freight	"	1:50 p m
No. 23, Freight	"	7:50 a m

N. B. OLDS, Agent.

FRENCH & BALDWIN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - NEBRASKA
Office over N. P. Ntl. Bank.

T. C. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office First National Bank Bldg.,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

WILCOX & HALLIGAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over North Platte National Bank.

E. E. NORTHRUP,
DENTIST.
Room No. 6, Ottenstein Building,
NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

DR. N. F. DONALDSON,
Assistant Surgeon Union Pacific Railway and Member of Pension Board,
NORTH PLATTE, - - - NEBRASKA.
Office over Streitz's Drug Store.

Legal Notices.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of Application of Lizzie Haley (Luke F. Haley, manager) for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that Lizzie Haley (Luke F. Haley, manager) did upon the 14th day of April, A. D. 1896, file her application to the City Council of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors on Sixth street, Second ward, in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, from the 1st day of May, 1896, to the 1st day of May, 1897.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from April 14th, A. D. 1896, the said license will be granted.

LIZZIE HALEY, Applicant.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of application of William Landgraf for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that William Landgraf did upon the 7th day of April, A. D. 1896, file his application to the City Council of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors on Spruce street, First ward, in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, from the 1st day of May, 1896 to the 1st day of May, 1897.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from April 10th, A. D. 1896, the said license will be granted.

WILLIAM LANDGRAF, Applicant.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of Application of Guy A. Laing for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that Guy A. Laing did upon the 7th day of April, A. D. 1896, file his application to the City Council of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors on Front steet, First ward, in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, from the 1st day of May, 1896, to the 1st day of May, 1897.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from April 10th, A. D. 1896, the said license will be granted.

GUY A. LAING, Applicant.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Matter of Application of Gertler & Waltemath for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that Gertler & Waltemath did upon the 7th day of April, A. D. 1896, file their application to the City Council of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors on East Side Spruce street, Block 103, in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, from the 1st day of May, 1896, to the 1st day of May, 1897.

If there be no objection, remonstrance or protest filed within two weeks from April 10th, A. D. 1896, the said license will be granted.

GERTLER & WALTEMATH, Applicants.

THE NORTH PLATTE TRIBUNE newspaper will publish the above notices for two weeks at the expense of the applicants. The city of North Platte is not to be charged therewith.

C. F. SCHARMANN, City Clerk.

By JOHN SORENSON, Deputy.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., April 2d, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on May 9th, 1896, viz:

ERNEST J. BAKER,

who made Homestead Entry No. 15746 for the lots 4, 5, 6 and 7, Section 6, Township 10 N., Range 32 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Wiley Mathews, Oscar M. Mathews, Billings P. Baker and Jasen R. Cosselman, all of Dickens, Neb.

276 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of Anna Baskins, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, March 28th, 1896.

Notice is hereby given, that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administrator of said estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 31st day of July, 1896, on the 31st day of August, 1896, and on the 1st day of October, 1896, at 1 o'clock p. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the administrator to settle said Estate, from the 31st day of March, 1896. This notice will be published in THE TRIBUNE, a newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks successively, on and after March 31st, 1896.

M-31-4 JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. Land Office, North Platte, Neb., March 2d, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on April 18th, 96, viz: Elizabeth Cragie, widow of Alexander Cragie, who made Homestead Entry No. 15,358 for he east half of the northwest quarter and the west alf of the northeast quarter Section 25, Township 3 north, Range 31 west. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon ad cultivation of said land, viz: David E. Baker, oseph H. Baker, James Montague and George B. Johnston, of North Platte, Neb.

m20 JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

ORDER OF HEARING.

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, } ss
LINCOLN COUNTY.

At a county court, held at the county court room, in and for said county, April 15th, 1896.

Present James M. Ray, County Judge.

In the matter of the estate of Mordecai C. Furnish, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Abigail E. Furnish praying that administration of said estate may be granted to her as administrator.

Ordered, That May 2d, 1896, at 1 o'clock, p. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a county court to be held in and for said county, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not begranted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in THE TRIBUNE, a legal newspaper printed in said county, for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

a31 JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

Dr. A. P. Sawyer—Sir: After suffering four years with female weakness I was persuaded by a friend to try your Pastilles, and after using them for one year, I can say I am entirely well. I cannot recommend them too highly. Mrs. M. S. Brook Bronson, Bethel Branch Co., Mich. For sale by F. H. Longley.

SMOKERS
In search of a good cigar will always find it at J. F. Schmalzried's. Try them and judge.

CLAUDE WEINGAND,
DEALER IN
Coal Oil, Gasoline,
Crude Petroleum and
Coal Gas Tar.
Leave orders at Newton's Store

Jos. Hershey,
DEALER IN
Agricultural : Implements
OF ALL KINDS,
Farm and Spring Wagons,
Buggies, Road Carts,
Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.
Locust Street, between Fifth and Sixth