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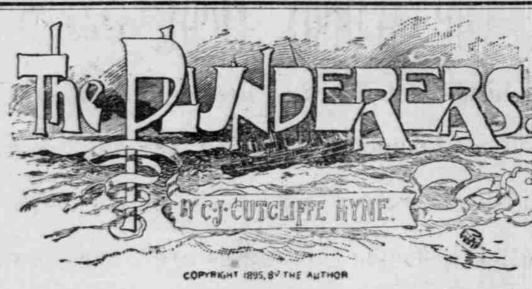
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CHAPTER X.

blue gulf water was as leaden and dense as that one looks upon in a hard North sea cramp in the stomach. They sent him up gale, and the heavens overhead were as full of lurid grays which raced one another in sliding chase till they were lost in the in sliding chase till they were lost in the tincture of rhubarb. The result wasn't northern mist drifts. The steamer rolled heavily to a steep beam sea, and when encouraging." it had been new coated with ocher varnish. But this was not often, for four minutes didn't seem to fit his ailment.' out of every five they were filled with a churning, hissing pond of green and cotton white, which the scuppers could only empty piecemeal.

The time was evening, 20 hours after the quelling of the mutiny, and the three times over. What did you do to the tenants of the upper bridge were the only chap? Fill him up on the same again or human beings on any of the outer decks. try a pill? There's ten sorts of pills in On the midship grating stood a higher that chest, beauties some of them. You heeled quartermaster, holding on to the spokes of the steam wheel, browsing on plug tobacco and keeping his eyes mechanically fixed in the jumping compass card. Alternately climbing and descending athwart ships as the bridge swung under him, the third mate took his sea constitutional in rubber thigh boots, with hands thrust into the waist belt of his breeches. As officer of the watch every time be passed the binnacle he faced front and took a regulation peer round the foggy saucer lip of horizon, with an utter blank lack of interest, and a face wooden and gnarled as a walnut shell. He was an elderly man, the third mate, and the sea held no more surprises for him, and no more tor's physic, but for a tumbler of liquor interest, and no more pleasures. If ever and a spell of idleness an old sailor would he had ambition, he had lost it years have an ear and three toes cut off any day. since. His aim in life was to hold a posi-

sat on a campstool under the lee of the weather dodger with his red peaked board on his chest, his slippered feet stuck out in front, his elbows crooked out behind him and hands deep in his jacket pockets, Every time the third mate's footsteps spell on the upper bridge was as fresh as grew." though he had just got up from a clear night's sleep. This watchfulness was nec- all the northern gulf ports to Europe." essary, for, as the experienced skipper was quite aware, fully half the hands would have gladly tossed him overboard if they could have grappled him without danger to themselves. Presently, however, he dropped his doze with a snap and slewed round to face the head of the bridge ladder, entirely wakeful. A head showed itself, black haired, with & cleau shaven,

bright, determined face. The corresponding body followed, lean, tall, muscular. 'Ah, Mr. Cambel, you've brought me some provender? Thanks, indeed. What, sandwich and tea! Couldn't be better.'

"I have whisky in my pocket." "Not for me now. Wait till we get to his heart's content. The game 1'm on now is like a boat race-if a man wants to win, he's got to diet himself accordingly.' The third mate, to show to any chance onlooker that he was not in sympathy with the unpopular captain, planted himself in the angle of the lee dodger, which was the greatest distance that the tes of duty would allow him to depart. Kettle, with an acrid grin, drew his companion's attention to this move.

What'll that chap do tonight when the fun begins?" asked Cambel. Bolt like a rateat the first alarm. He'd show pluck if he was paid for it, would my third mate, but not being paid he'll take the best care possible of his own ugly hide. He isn't a fellow who'd ever like a tight corner for its own sake. There's not an atom of the sportsman about him."

way on, captain.' Kettle's face clouded. "It's a fact," he said. "Times I am that way, curse my cantankerous luck. "Your weakness in that direction came

In handily for me yesterday." "You're right, Mr. Cambal, right all through. By my soul, I'd half a mind to chip in with these rogues and grab what I could. It was a tempting chance, and it would have been a heap more profitable to me than what I'm in for now. As for the honesty of the thing, there wasn't a pin to choose between it and this racket of yours and Mr. Shelf's. But it was that Dutchman's gall that put me off. If he'd held his silly jaw, and if those other blad-derheads had let me understand I was to hold the pistol hand over them-well, the Port Edes would have coral rock spouting through her bottom plates this minute, and I'd be a man owning a matter of £3,-000 to £5,000. That's putting it straight." "So," said Cambel, "I suppose I have

a sound windpipe this minute." "No," replied Kettle thoughtfully, "I don't think it. I fancy you'd have behaved reasonably over the new deal, and then I'd have stood by you, especially, he added slowly, as though from afterthought, "especially if those dogs thought that you'd have been safer out of the way. What," he asked, with sudden frowns, as though the subject annoyed him, "what have you been doing with yourself this

to thank the said Dutchman for carrying

"Physicing a sick fireman principally. The stokehold temperature was 105 de-Another day and another sky. Now the grees, and as he amused himself drinking cold condenser water by the quart together the somewhat natural consequence was

they could be seen the iron of her lower do with a sick stoker's inside. But one of decks forward and aft gleamed as though these drugs ought to have fetched him." "Perhaps one did, but the other two

"Well, he had them for nothing, so I don't see what call he had to complain. I never saw such a crew for physic. They have drunk that big chest half dry as it is, and if I'd let 'em they'd have drunk it should have tried him on those little silver coated chaps marked C. They're reg-

ular twisters.' "Well, you see he was twisted enough already, poor devil, and if it hadn't been for the donkeyman holding him he'd have been overboard through the ash chute to be rid of his misery. So, as it was, I gave him a tumbler fell of raw whishy, and that seemed gradually to until him again

out of his knots." The captain snorted. "You're greener than I thought, Mr. Cambel. If we'd been going on, you'd have had half the crew pick on your hands for a dose of that kind. They're bad enough after our sour doc-However," he added, rising stifily to his tion of small responsibility and earn a feet and stretching, "the chief and the monthly wage with the smallest possible donkeyman'll s e he doesn't malinger for outlay of exertion either mental or physlong. They are none of them sweet on doing another man's work, that gang. The remaining occupant of the bridge Heigh he! See that line of surf we're bringing over the les quarter?"

> "The Tortugas!" "The Dry Tortugas, There's a Yankee convict station on one of them."

"Don't mention it." Kettle grinned. "We shall have made neared him his eyes opened and for an enough westing soon, and then our course instant flashed round to the right hand will be pretty nearly due north, so as to angle of their orbits. Between whiles he flodge the gulf stream as much as possible, slept. It was owing to this faculty of lit- and." he added in a lower tone, ' to get erally snatching moments of rest that the ship as near as may be to your chan-Captain Kettle at the end of his 20 hours' nel into Florida before we jettison the

"We shall run into the ship tracks from 'I know, and we must take our chance of not being spotted. For a western sea there's a regular string of traffle trailing flown to the Dry Tortugas. There you are for one. Look at that old wind jam-

He jerked with his thumb toward a green painted wooden Italian bark which was squattering past less than a quarter of a mile away, right athwart the last rays of the windy sunset. She was driving merrily homeward, sending her bows into it till the seas creamed against her catheads and darkening her jibs with brine up more than half their height. She was methodically reducing sail, and a dozen many bued picturesque tatterdeashore, and then I'll booze with any man malions were aloft on the feretopgallant yard hammering the struggling canvas into the gaskets.

"The cowardly Dagos," said Kettle.

That's always their way. Snug down to lopsails as soon as it gets dark, even if here's only a catspaw blowing. By James, with a breeze like this I'd be cartring royals on that old tub. And yet," te went on, with his beard in the heel of Lis fist and his eyes gazing out over the tambling waters, "and yet they say there used to be poetry in a craft of that sort, while there was never and never will be with a steamer. I suppose the reason is upon. I know that some chaps who string verse nowadays have been on a steamboat lines and watched the men who do the Cambel laughed. "You're the other work, and yet they make no poetry about it. But of the old crew who wrote about moaning harbor bars, and fair white pinions, and lusty wooden wails, and trusty hearts of oak, why, they knew no more about the thing than a London bobby does their stuff is called poetry and the lubberly old wind jammers poetical. You give me

> all the romance on her an old sailorman's ship's use. Cambel had two of these got any use for, and he understands it, drawers out on the floor, and from the retoo, even if he can't put it down on pa- cess of their site had drawn two fine green

> "I believe you're right," said Cambel thoughtfully, "and some day a new Dana to avoid a kink, and then unscrewed the or a new Michael Scott will come ashore porcelain switch which governed the from the upper bridge, or from an electric lighted forecastle, or a forced draft engine | tain pieces of metal imbedded in vulcanite. room, and show it to us plainly, whereupon we shall swear that we saw it for our nary stretch, a bare wire terminus in each selves all along. But," he went on, with hard. His fingers were trembling, as a sudden frown, "for the present let that whose would not have been in the same drift. You and I have enough to think of situation. in our own immediate present without He noticed it and commented to himself speculating over a possible prophet which on the circumstance.

"We have, but so much must be ar: ment pure and understandable. Not beranged by the chance of the moment that ing a man of stone, I can't help being I don't see we can do much good by talk- thrilled with the majesty of the moment, ing it over now. All arrangements that can be made ahead, I faney, we've got fixed up already. By the way, I suppose through these wires. I'm not a coward, you are sure that your explosion in the forche'd won't be too hig. It would be an ings when death is beginning to paw them bottom's blown out!" "She's settling by awkward do for us if the old ship's bottom on the shoulder write mostly from the was really blown out in sober carnest." imagination, and so far as I've seen they

hoisted with his own thingammy?" get scared and run, why, then they'd take | all the living remnant of the human race. | hands and firemen made a rush for the

gate." tling a steamboat I ever heard of or read | coes one bell. Time's up." about. But I don't quite see how the valve is going to be turned." "You leave that to me."

Kettle, with a half sneer. "No, I'm not," returned the other autikly. "I've never had my fingers in anything so ugly or so dirty before, and because I don't want to have the experience over again I'm going to make this turn to a big profit or get killed in the trying. I'm tired and sick of this wild bucketing life. A woman drove me to it, but I believe if I had the means to settle down in comfort new I could forget all about her and wake up other new interests."

"Well," said Kettle, "I hope we may each of us buy a farm out of this racket, but I tell you straight I'm not oversweet can't handle this steamboat alone. It's to one you'll pile her up somewhere. I've | shot from a distant cannonade. got to be below. At a pinch I might drive two hole boilers and wheel coals out of the bunkers as well. Now I think the donkeyman is the chap we want. He understrong as a winch, and I fancy he knows which side his biscuit's margarined." "Yes, I'm with you there. We'll have shrilly. the donkeyman if he'll come."

"Then why not sound him now?"

out on this trip?" The other laughed harshly. "Sorry! Whatever have you got in your head now? If I do a thing, I do it with my eyes open, and I make a point of never indulging in

useless regrets afterward. No, Captain Kettle, I'm going through with this matter, whether it succeeds or fails, whether it is brought about without injury to a single human soul or whether it costs the last pant of breath from every man in this ship. But I own to you I am nervous, The only things which we can be sure

preparation may ruin us." "It's a big gamble," assented Kettle, "and I wish I could say, 'May the Lord defend the right!' But I can't, and you can't, and least of all Shelf can't. It's a devil's by his men. The only thing is even Nick can't diddle my wife and kids out of the insurance I made for them; so, personally speaking, I don't much care what hapand get a calk of sleep. You'll want it. And first, if you please, I'll shake hands with you. We've never done it before, because a nod's been enough other times, but this is different. You're a decentish

meddled you wouldn't have been shipmates here with me tonight." They exchanged a quick hand grip, each looking rather ashamed of himself, and then Cambel went down the bridge ladder whistling, and Owen Kettle resetthey met, the tragedy of the Port Edes would have tegun, and in it perhaps both would die by any out of ten violent deaths.

> CHAPTER XI. A DERELICTION.

Eight bells-midnight. watch. He climbed down by the cleats in the iron mast and went to the starboard door in the forecastle. Other men followed him, jumping like cats along the streaming decks, and others came a little later, dingy fellows, with neck clouts like disheloths, who went in at the port door, these last being the goats of shipboard-the firemen and trimmers-who were divided off from the more high caste deckhands by a fore and aft bulkhead.

The third mate and the quartermaster too, from the upper bridge were replaced by another quartermaster and another mate, and they also went to the places appointed for them, and the snores of their breathing soon rattled against the bunk coamings. Only two men on the Port Edes who were not on the roster of duty

stood that windy morning's first watch. with certainty between wakefulness and bling in something which the laws of nations would stigmatize as felony, and that of complex degree.

There were two berths in the room-the the noises of the gale they could hear the upper one against the window port, which sullen wash of water in the hold growing he slept in, and the lower, which containof angels. And that, I suppose, was why ed two spread out portmanteaux. Beneath this last were drawers, in which the captain's steward kept table linen, disused a smart steamboat, Mr. Camlel. There's corks, the carpet which the chartroom sported in harbor and other articles of

> He disentangled the coils, taking care room's electric lamp. Beneath were cer-Patrick Cambel gave his arms a prelimi-

silk covered wires.

The san had gone entirely out alto- all do it wrong. I've been there, I've gether, and the young moon was sailing felt that bony touch more than once, and ed back to the bridge deck, where, saving high amid scurrying cloud banks. In the so I know. A man isn't of necessity ter- for the few driven off to set the mizzen white and shifting light Patrick Cambel's rifled. Phantasms of his past deeds do topsail, all the rest of the steamer's comnot invariably flash before him, nor does plement were collected. "You're sure," Kettle repeated, "it he always lose his nerve and move as a wen't be a case of the engineer being wayward automaton. I can't speak for ing a clean breach over her this minute! others, but what I personally have felt "No, I'm not sure, and that's what has been a dull carelessness for what is | quick!" bothers me. You see one couldn't quite going to happen and a curiosity about get an expert to measure out the precise | what will come afterward. It seems to old tramp go to hell by herself! She necessary dose, and I've had to guess at it. | me that a thinking man with the ambi-I daren't undercharge my bomb. If our tion of a mouse should never fear death, a boat that'll swim. Come along, boys," explosion was a fizzle and the crew didn't | because, once dead, he becomes wiser than |

her up to New Orleans whether we liked | "There are men I know whom physical | foot of the upper bridge ladder. it or not, and she'd be examined. Then danger turns into a helpless mass of palthat intake valve couldn't be missed, and pitating nerves. Shelf, for instance, is tain Kettle, grinning like a tortured fiend. it couldn't be explained away. Man, as one of those. By Jove!"-he smiled grim- The crew were acting precisely as it had you know, the thing's as big as a sluice ly-"by Jove, I'd give a finger to ha e been planned that they should act. They Theodore Shelf in my shoes just now and | were doing what a laboriously formed plot "All the bilge pumps in the gulf of force him to couple these wires and spri Mexico couldn't make headway against | the mine with his own fat, white fingers. that valve once it was fairly opened. It's I believe-yes, I verily believe-the expe- nearly got the better of him and was withthe quickest and cleverest way of scut- rience would turn him honest. Ah, there in an ace of making him attempt to upset

"You seem used to the game," said out's dissyllable assurance in the dismal into their own hands now, was too much nothing to report.

> and sent through the green, silk covered | drew on the first man who advanced up wires a current direct from the steamer's | the ladder, and his eyes lit up with the dynamo, and on that moment was thrown | steady passionless glare of slaughter. against the iron roof of the stateroom as The fellow was brave enough, desperate, though the infernal machine had exploded | too, as a m o could be, but upon certain beneath his very feet.

the wet canvas dodgers shed water in streams, and Captain Owen Kettle fell spread eagled on the planking of the bridge. From the hatch in the foredeck before him had sprung a volcano of ruddy flame, on the chances. To begin with, you and I spouting through vast billows of smoke. The iron plating round it buckled and an absolute certainty we must have an. split, and the whole steamer gave a tremother hand to help us. You'll have to bling, frightened leap. Presently from they swarmed on to the top of the fiddle, take the wheel and pilot her through, if the black, windy night above there fell and thence gaining the boat platforms set you can, though that's a mighty big job an avalanche of debris which smote the for one man, and the odds are about ten | steamer and the water round like canister

Then came a thumping jar from the enthe engines, though I don't know much of gine room, repeated twice over, and then the trade, but I can't do that and fire six | the engines stopped. "My God!" thought Kettle. "He's overshot the mark. If she's ers and took them aft to where the conbroken down, we're done for." But for denser tap gave upon the lower deck. all that he did not lose for an instant his stands his way about down there, he's as | presence of mind or instinct of command,

At first no one answered his summons. From the forecastle, from the stokehold, "Because I'll hint of this infernal scheme | from aft, came the ship's company, makto no one till its fairly ablaze. Man, if a ing by instinct for the high land of the ghost's whisper of it got about, the crew | bridge deck, and from his eminence the would rise and grab us, pistols or no pis- little emptain scowled down upon them tols. They'd have that amount of scare | and swore. It is not a wholesome sight to | I don't think she'll sink-at any rate not in them, they'd walk straight up to a see grown men screaming through sheer yet." Maxim gun. They'd trample us out of terror, and the sooner they are dissociated existence before we could fairly look either by words or blows from this frame round. No, my neck itches enough as of mind the more they will be able subsethings are at present, and if another man | quently to respect themselves. By dint of on board now besides you knew what was a vinegar tongue and suggestive movegoing to be done tonight I should feel a ments toward a pair of implements which to lower and don't lower till you've vicbowline noose inside my collar, with half | bulged his jacket pockets Kettle drove a | tualed the boats. You've at least 150 a dozen hangmen beginning to tug at it." | gang of five to set the mizzen trysail to | mile run before you can make Charlotte "See here, Mr. Cambel," said the ship- keep the steamer head to sea. She was master, ' are you getting sorry you came | rapidly losing her way, and if she broached to beam on, with that heavy sea running, the lower decks would be filled with green water continuously, and that with such a gaping rent where the hatch had been

meant simply a rapid swamping. Then the captain looked round him seemingly for a messenger. The mate of the watch hung on to the handle of the engine room telegraph, which still pointed to "full speed ahead," looking dazed and helpless. The quartermaster's hands were mechanically sawing at the spokes of the wheel, but it was equally evident that he will happen are the unexpected, and we also did not know what he was doing. Just can't prepare for those, and the want of then Cambel raced up the bridge ladder three steps at a time.

"Ah," cried Kettle, "now, you are a man who can keep his head in a bit of a fluster, and, by James, you're the only one on board. Just tumble forward, will job anyway, and he don't always stand you, and get down into that hold and see what's wrong."

Cambel nodded and turned to go without a word. From two or three of the men a thin cheer rose as he passed them, pens. You go below to your room now and before he had gained the bottom of the ladder on to the iron lower deck half a dozen were on the top rungs after him. Sailors will seldom refuse to follow when a superior shows the way, and besides these fellows were getting over their first sort, and I fancy if that woman hadn't panic and were beginning to be ashamed of themselves for giving way to it.

The mizzen trysail was not then set, and because the steamer's way had left her she was falling off into the trough and rolling bulwarks under to every sea. She was shipping water fast. The creaming, solid tled himself in his campstool. When next masses sluicing across the deckplates smote the men breech high with the weight of rams, and he who, when the waters were upon him, left his hold would have been swept like a cork to leeward. But by the hatch ceamings, the winches and odd wet streamers of rope they clawed their way forward and cowered round the great hole made by the explosion, The lookout in the crow's nest forward | holding there by the edge of the twisted chanted his last melancholy "All's well" riven plates. The seas creamed over their and gave way to the relief from the next | heads, falling in noisy cascades into the

black ess below, and from out of that darkness, above all the bellowing of wind | these two men there were none other up and the clanging of iron and the other to the task. The rest trimmed ship, some din, came a sodden whistling of water of them bailing, some too frightened to which seemed to confirm the worst fears. | do anything but cling on to athwart, these cheery, "that's only the small sup she's | their complements in this danger and disshipped since the hatches were blown off. order the Port Edes' two lifeboats drove The bilge pumps'll soon kick that drop away into the night and the north northoverboard.

"Guess you lie," said another, with a weary shake of the head.

ning, and the men saw Cambel, with his | self for being left. face as white as his teeth, lowering himself over the brink and gripping with his knees a twisted iron pillar below. The light above snapped out, and within the dim jagged outline of where the hatch Under the lee of the canvas shelter Cap | had been all was blackness. And overhead that a poet has to be a man who knows | tain Kettle sat huddled on his campstool | the thunder rumbled like the passing of a nothing whatever about what he writes in a style which no man could distinguish Titan's gun train. The men shivered. One of them, an old white haired able seasleep, and below in his room, which open- man, was physically sick. And meanand smelled the smells of her and seen her ed off the main cabin and was next the while the Port Edes rolled through 42 despecie room, Patrick Cambel was dab- grees, and the gulf water flowed green in and back over each bulwark alternately. The men hung over the dark abyss of

sea clean over her forecastle head, and

above the din of the water as it came cas-

cading down into the lower deck there

arose wild cries of: "She's sinking!" "Her

heavier and more sodden with every roll. Another flash of lightning blazed out overhead, painting white the shaft of the hatch and she wing at its foot a muddy sea of water full of floating straws and barrel staves and litter. Cambel was out Sold by Druggista; or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS'MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York. of sight, and the lower hold was affoat almost to its deak beam. But presently the explorer returned, swimming rather than walking, as another flash showed them, and he leaped to the battens which made the stairway to overhead with the haste of a man who knows that the waste of moments may well cost human lives. The men clustered about him round eyed as he gained the deck for a word of what he had seen, but he brushed through them roughly and made for aft. It seemed to HUNPHREYS' MEB. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York. them that no spoken sentence could have given a worse report of what had befallen than this mute action. The fellows knew that officers always make the best of ******* everything if there is a best to be made, SMOKERS and so the silence was terribly suggestive. At the same moment, as if to confirm their worst fears, the steamer took a heavy

Yelling these tidings, the men scamper-

"She's settling by the head! It's mak-She'll be down with us if we don't look

Then another voice cried: "Let the foul shan't drown me, for one, while she's got whereupon a mixed half dozen of deck-

At the head of that ladder stood Caphad compelled them to do. But at that moment the captain's weakness for battle the entire apple cart. The idea of his men, Through a lull in the wind the tenor | the despised all nation rabble whom he clang of the ship's bell came down to him, had browbeaten into subjection all across and on its heels, more dimly, the look- the broad Atlantic, taking the initiative minor key that he was awake and had for him to swallow in a single dose. Sooner than submit he would have ruined every-Then Patrick Cambel made connection | thing ten times over. Consequently he

death he hesitated to advance. Indeed when Kettle, coming down the ladder him-The campstool was kicked into the air, | self, thrust him furiously back he retreated to the bridge deck, as did those who were with him.

But the other men of that worthy crew had no mind to be tyrannized over any longer when the steamer was momentarily settling down under their feet and drowning was an immediate question. By the funnel stays and by one another's backs about cutting adrift the grimy awnings with their knives and clearing away the tackles and falls. They shipped rudders and fitted the plugs, and one or two with more forethought than their frightened fellows shouldered the boat's water break-

Kettle did not interfere. He had held the bridge deck ladders against all comers but picking himself up clapped a stumpy and in some cranky way felt that his honleaden whistle between his lips and blew or was unsmirched. But he gave no help, no hint, no further order, and surveyed the scene with folded arms and a sour, thin smile. Patrick Cambel, being moved by a different set of feelings, acted more humanely. "Take time, men," he sung out coolly,

'if you will be cowards and leave the ship,

The men had knocked away the chocks, heisted the beats and awung the davits

"Keep your heads, you trembling idiots. Pass a painter forward before you begin Harbor, which is your best port with this wind blowing, and as like as not you'll miss your road whon you get inshore among the keys and reefs and be a week getting there."

A few of the men, seeing the force of this, ran below and raided the galley and the steward's storeroom of what they could lay hands upon. But they only brought up one load of tins. They were frightened lest the others should in their terror go off without them. So they bundled their gleanings pellmell onto the floor gratings, and with a dozen men in each the boats began to lower away. When they touched the water, the falls were let go, to overhaul as they chose, and then unhooked. The boats rode by their painters, swooping on one sea up to the level of the bridge deck, diving 20 feet down in the next trough and lying in great dan-

ger of being stove to pieces. A man in each was standing by the painter. Others were getting out the oars. "Where's the donkeyman?" cried some

"And Mr. Cambel?"

"And the skipper?" "Oh, in the other boat." "Then cast off. We've got all, and we must be clear of the old ship before she founders, or she'll take us down too."

The painters were slipped, and from either beam the steamer's lifeboats diverged under the backing impulse of their oars. Out of sight of one another they dropped astern, and each picking a favorable chance they slewed round in a pother of spray. Then they stepped their masts, and then, one under a jib and the other under a close reefed lug, they drove away before the wind, leaving the setting of a

course for after consideration. Steamer sailors are not used to small boat sailing in a heavy sea, and it takes them some time to wear down the novelty of it. By a providence there was the second mate in one, an old North sea smacksman, to take the tiller, and an able seaman from the same school in the other boat who also was competent to manage her. The boats were built for the weather, but they required handling, and excepting "Poh," said some one, trying to be last from the fireholds mostly, and with

Three men on the steamer from inside the chartroom watched the boats go away, Then the ink of the heavens overhead and one of them, the donkeyman, was was splashed with a vivid fork of light- wondering what kind of fool to call him-

(Centinued in next issue.)



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the hatch listening intently, and above



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Is the external indication of a coudition of the blood which produces a fiery irritation almost unbearable. It is a mistake to think that this local irritation is the disease itself-it is simply an evidence of a disordered condition of the blood. The seat of the disease is in the blood, and this is why the various salves and ointments usually applied have no effect whatever. They cannot possibly reach the origin of the trouble; only a blood remedy can do that. S. S S. is without an equal for blood diseases, and promptly and permanently cures Eczema and removes all taint.

Much torture could be avoided if the first itching symptoms were heeded and a course of S.S.S. taken prompily, as apparently insignificant s in irritations usually develop into the worst form of Eczema unless properly treated. It matters not what other treatment

has been tried in vain, S. S. S. always gets at the seat of the disease, and forces it out. Mr. William Armstrong, an old resi-

dent and highly respected citizen of



MR. WILLIAM ARMSTONG. "I have been a sufferer for eight years with that horrible disease, Eczema, at times all over my body, and no p rson can describe the burning and itching I had to endure.

"The extent of my sufferings can be appreciated when I state that my condition was such that I could not take my bed, and for three months I never laid down, but was compelled to sit in my chair when not moving around. I was treated by the best of physicians with no success, and tried all the patent me lic nes recommen led for Eczema, without any good results. I then went to the Indiana Mud baths, with the same results, and then to Mt. Clem nts, the celebrate 1 med cal resort, where the treatment par ially helped me, but the disease shortly returned. I went to Florida, thinking that a change of climate and water and the citron fruit might cure me, but found no cure.

"I then tried S.S.S. and after three days the burning and itching subsided, and I continued to improve steadily until I was well-entirely cured. After commencing S. S. S. I never put an external application to my limbs or any part of my body. You may refer to me any person suffering from Eczema. I will always keep the S. S. S. in my house, for I consider it the best blood me licine of the present age. I am seventy years of age and am now in perfect health."

For real blood diseases relief can only be obatined by using a real blood remedy. So many people who are sufferers from an obstinate or deep-seated blood disease make the mistake of taking remdies which at best are only tonics and cannot possibly reach their trouble. It is in just such cases which other so-called blood remedies cannot reach that S. 3.S. has made some of the most wonderful

S. S. S. cures permanently Caucer, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Eczema, Tetter, Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, and all other diseases having theirorigin in the blood. It is a

A Real Blood Remedy. and gets at the seat of disease and forces it out promptly even after other so-called blood remedies have failed. S. S. S. is

guaranteed purely vegetable. Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Jos. Hershey,

Farm and Spring Wagons, Buggies, Road Carts, Wind Mills, Pumps, Barb Wire, Etc.

OF ALL KINDS,

Locust Street, between Fifth and Sixth

NORTH PLATTE MARBLE: WORKS

W. C. RITNER,

Man'f'r of and Dealer in

MONUMENTS, : HEADSTONES,

Curbing, Building Stone,

and all kinds of Monumental and Cemetery work,

GEO. NAUMAN'S

SIXTH STREET MEAT MARKET.

Meats at wholesale and retail. Fish and Game in season. Sausage at all

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 WEST BOUND-Western Time. No. 1, Limited Departs 3:05 p m No. 3, Fast Mail..... No. 17, Freight.... 1:50 p m No. 23, Freight 7:50 a m N. B. OLDS, Agent.

PRENCH & 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. NORTHRUP, DENTIST.

Room No. 6, Ottenstein Building, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

R. N. F. DONALDSON, Assistant Surgeon Union Pac.fic Reliway and Member of Pension Board, De Pere, Wis., writes on April 1st, 1896. NORTH PLATTE, - . NEBRASEA. 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, Lincoin county, Nebraska, for
license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors
on Sixth street, Second ward, in the city of North
Platte, Lincoin county, Nebraska, from the 1st day of May, 1896, to the 1st day of May, 1897. If there be no objection, remonstrance or pro-test 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 Csuncil of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, for license to seil Mait, 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 iled 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

upon the 7th day of April, A. D. 1896, file his application to the City Council of North Platte, Lin-In county, Nebraska, for license to sell Malt, Spirituous and Vinous Liquors on Front steet, First ward, in the city of North Plaste, 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 grante-

GUY A. LAING, Applicant APPLICATION 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 Mait, 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, 1895, to the 1st day of May, 1897, If there be no objection, remonstra 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 exensd of the applicants. The city of North Platte

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 Reeiver at North Platte, Neb., on May 9th, 1896, 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 culti-vation of said land, viz: Wiley Mathews, Oscar M. Mathews, Billings P. Baker and Jasen R. Cos elman, all of Dickens, Neb. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register. NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 5th day of October, 1894, and duly filed in the office of he county cierk of Lincoln county. Nebraska. on the 8th day of August, 1895, and executed by W. M. Ritenour to the North Platte National Bank to secure the payment of the sum of \$262.20, and upon which there is now due the sum of \$201.27; default having been made in the payment of said sum, and no suit or other proceedings at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described, viz: One gray horse,

One farm wagon.

One set farm harness, At public auction at the corner of Sixth and Spruce streets, in the City of North Platte, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the ed day of May, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said

MILTON DOOLITTLE. Receiver. North Platte National Bank North Platte, Neb.

Dated April 17th, 1896. PROBATE NOTICE. In the matter of the Estate of Anna Baskins

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. 1866, at 1 o'clock p. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjust ment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year 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.

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge. ORDER OF HEARING. THE STATE OF NEBRASKA, | 83 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 Mordecal C. Fornish 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 newspape printed in said county, for three successive weeks

CLAUDE WEINGAND,

JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

prior to said day of hearing

Coal Oil, Gasoline,

Crude Petroleum and Coal Gas Tar.

times. Cash paid for Hides. Leave orders at Newton's Store