

The Last Black Flag.

By M. QUAD

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I didn't get a notion of what happened to me on the day I was fourteen years old, which is more than sixty years ago, but I had the fun of fighting a pirate ship and knowing that she was the first one that has ever dared to fly the black flag. That's better than to have read a hundred pirate stories.

I was a cabin boy on board an Australian packet ship, and she was making the voyage from London to Australia. She was called the Ruby Castle, and a fine craft she was. Things never went better with any of the liners until we were south of St. Helena, and the beginning of our trouble was the sighting of a brig which stood out to us from the African coast. We soon felt sure she was a pirate vessel and was coming to attack the Ruby Castle.

They must have known that we were armed and had a strong crew aboard, but pirates were men to take long chances. When the four boats were ready to leave the brig's side I counted fifty-two men in all, and it seemed as if many more were left behind.

You will wonder how we took matters aboard the packet. Of the thirty or more male cabin passengers, five or six showed the white feather, and of course most of the women were greatly frightened. Among the emigrants were about fifty men and half grown boys. To a man of them they volunteered to help the crew, and muskets and pistols were served out to some and cutlasses and boarding pikes to others. The boats divided as they came on, and when half the distance had been passed their crews began cheering. Our first shot from one of the big guns could not have been better. The solid shot struck one of the boats fair in the stem and split her open full length, and of those not killed outright only two or three were picked up. The disaster only made the rascals the more desperate. Raising a cheer, the three boats dashed at us and were soon so close that the big guns were of no further use. We met them with firearms, and we heaved cold shot into the boats as they hooked on, and no gang of pirates ever got a harder drubbing. Although we lost two killed and several wounded, not a man of them got aboard, and only two boats and eighteen men returned to the pirate ship. We knew they would not make another attack, and it was generally believed that when the breeze came the pirate would sail away. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before the calm was broken, and to our surprise and anxiety the pirate did not show her heels. On the contrary, she began working down toward us, and as soon as within cannon shot she opened fire. She had four guns in broadside, the same as the Ruby Castle, and for an hour we had a square fight of it. She sailed much better than we did and was more easily handled, but in spite of all her tricks we gave her the worst of it and finally drove her out of range.

That night all the dead aboard us were buried and the ship put to rights as far as could be, and only the women and children slept. The wounded spars were replaced, shot holes plugged up, and there was no reason why we should not safely make the Cape. When daylight came we congratulated each other over our victory, and the captain had just decided to make a sort of holiday in honor of the event when a thunderstorm came racing up behind us, and in the midst of the black cloud was the pirate brig. Instead of sailing away in search of a haven or of another prey, when she had repaired damages she had picked up our trail and was going to give us another brush. When we had her crippled the night before we could have destroyed her, but Captain Wilson simply sailed away. He now promised the crew to sink her if he could, and there was cheering as the men went to the guns. Down came the black cloud, and with it down came the pirate, with his black flag flying, and as he ranged up on our port quarter at half rifle shot he opened fire. His first shot struck a gun and killed three men, and his second wounded five men. Then, though the firing continued, no great damage was done on either side. Daylight was turned into evening by the storm. So terrific and continuous was the roll of thunder that the reports of the guns were unheard. You felt the concussion along the deck, but the report was lost in the war of the elements.

Loading and firing every gun which would bear as fast as possible, the Ruby Castle rushed forward on her course, and, hanging to her quarter like a bulldog to his prey, followed the pirate ship. Of a sudden there was a great crash aloft, and down came the fore and main topmasts together. The men were called from the guns to clear the wreckage, and the ship was in danger of broaching to and being swept when there came a flash of lightning that seemed to burn the eyeballs. This was followed by a thunder-clap which seemed to lift the ship out of the water, and then fifty pairs of eyes saw a great spout of flame shoot up out of the sea. In the midst of the flame were masts, yards and sails and flying objects. The brig had been struck by lightning, and her magazine had blown up. There was a puff, a boom, a gust of red flame, and that was the end. She was blown into matchwood, with her black flag whipping the gale and her crew working at the guns, and the last pirate craft to plow the south Atlantic was no more.

LAURANT'S HAT TRICK A CHAUTAUQUA FEATURE.



Hunting Cicero's Villa

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

I was very green when I went to Italy—that is, about Italy. I had been used to going anywhere in America without thought of injury, unless into at night in certain parts of great cities, so I supposed I would be as safe in Italy. I have always been fond of walking, and when in Rome instead of going about among the environs in a trolley or other vehicle I tramped.

A man may walk all over Italy and not be injured, but there are certain chances that he will be robbed or murdered or kidnaped.

I was hunting for one of the many ruins of Cicero's villa. The site in Italy is like what General Washington's body servant was half a century ago. The old negro expired every few years until he got beyond a possible age, then took his final leave. I had heard of one of Cicero's dwellings beyond the Campagna in a southeasterly direction and resolved to visit it. I hunted all day, finally finding a few stones, which might have once been a part of a villa or a wall inclosing a pasture. It was too late to return to Rome that night, so I looked about me for a place to spend the night. Seeing a house on a hill near by, I went there and found a stone structure that might once have been a villa, but was now occupied by the lowest grade of Italians.

I was told by a surly Italian man that I couldn't stay there—they had no room to spare. This surprised me, for they were evidently very poor, and one of this class would usually sleep out in the cold himself for a few lire. I asked, if there was any conveyance at hand, and when he said no I told him that I was going to stay in the house whether made welcome or not.

The man, a hag and a younger woman consulted angrily in Italian with each other. Not understanding their language, I did not know what they said, but finally they consented to let me remain. They gave me some black bread—all they had for supper—and I smoked before going to bed. Two more men came in while I was eating and on seeing me looked very much disgruntled. It occurred to me that if they wished to murder me they would be pleased to have me stay with them. Consequently I was in no danger. But I could not make out why they considered me an intruder.

On being shown to my room, not being pleased with the looks of the bed, I spread my overcoat on it and lay down on the coat without undressing. I hadn't lain there long before I heard a tapping on the wall beside me. I was not long in understanding that some one was rapping by the telegraph code. But the language was not English. I had picked up the telegraph code some years before while station agent on a railroad, but I knew no other language than English. I understood a few words of French and knew that the rapper was talking in that language. I concluded to try English and asked who was rapping.

A reply came in English, mixed with a little French. The person first asked me who I was and on my replying that I was an American, stopping in the house for the night, rapped back that he was a French amateur archaeologist, that he had been hunting for Cicero's villa and that while doing so had been surrounded by several men, brought to the house and held for ransom. He had sent to Rome for 10,000 lire (\$2,000) and was awaiting the issue.

It was plain to me now why I was not wanted in the house. The rascals didn't care to tackle another man. I made up my mind that they were not regular bandits—only a few persons who were used to the criminal methods of the country. Having a loaded revolver, I began to think up a plan by which I might get the prisoner out of their clutches. I was not a prisoner myself, for on reaching my room I made bold to take the key out of the door before I could be locked in. I asked my correspondent if he had a weapon and was told that it had been taken from him. I then asked him about the lock on his door, and he said it was screwed on the inside. He had an implement in his pocket that he used for stone scraping purposes which would do for a screwdriver. After more talk I told him that if he would take the lock off his door and come out I would join him and we would attempt an exit at the point of my pistol. He seemed fearful of our both being killed, but I convinced him that we were not in the hands of real bandits, and he finally consented.

He removed the lock without much difficulty and came out to meet me in the hall, which was unlighted. He had found a poker in his room beside the fireplace and had armed himself with it. I led the way toward a dimly lighted apartment on tiptoe and saw a man asleep with a carbine in his hand. I whispered to the Frenchman that while I clasped my hands over the fellow's mouth he should seize his gun. He agreed to this, and we got the man's gun without his making the slightest noise. With my pistol on his temple, I drove him to the door and motioned him to unlock it. He did so, and the prisoner and I passed out.

We spent the night under the stars and in the morning got back to Rome. As soon as possible a body of carabinieri went to the place we had left, but found it deserted.



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In the District Court of the United States within and for the District of Nebraska, Hastings Division.

In the Matter of Albert A. Bushes, Bankrupt, in Case 54 bankruptcy.

ORDER OF SALE. In pursuance to an order of sale in the United States Court, in the matter of A. A. Bushes, bankrupt, entered at Hastings, Nebraska, April 18th, 1914, Hon. Gus Norberg, Referee in Bankruptcy, acting.

IT IS ORDERED that the following lands, tenements and appurtenances hereunto belonging, and specifically described as follows: All of Section Twenty-five (25), all of Section Thirty-five (35), and Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section Twenty-six (26), all in Township Fifteen (15) North, Range Thirty (30) West of the 6th P. M., in Lincoln county, Nebraska, be offered for sale and sold to the highest bidder or bidders at public auction; said sale to take place at the front door of the court house in North Platte, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 18th day of June, 1914, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day. Terms cash.

Dated May 5, 1914.
FRANK NANCE,
Trustee in Bankruptcy.
M. A. Hartigan, Hastings, Neb.,
Attorney for the Estate.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Serial No. 6549
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Neb.

May 5, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that Oda Roberts, of North Platte, Neb., who on April 5, 1913, made Homestead Entry No. 6549, for W 1/4 SW 1/4 of Sec. 22, Twp. 13, N. R. 30, west of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the register and receiver, at North Platte, Neb., on the 7th day of July, 1914.
Claimant names as witnesses: Scott Reynolds, Alfred Markes, Frank Dowhower and Clinton M. York, all of North Platte, Neb.
m12-6 J. E. Evans, Register.

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WILLIS J. REDFIELD, Surgeon.
JOE H. REDFIELD, Physician.

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Phones, office 183, residence 283
Office in McDonald Bank Building,
North Platte, Nebraska.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Serial No. 6556
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office
North Platte, Nebraska, June 4, 1914.
Notice is hereby given that Willard F. Fletcher, of Dickens, Neb., who on January 21, 1910, made homestead entry No. 6556 for SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 Section 12, Township 11, N. Range 32, W. of 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described before the register and receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 5th day of August, 1914.
Claimant names as witnesses: Philip Hill, C. A. Anderson, Wendell McCrum and J. H. Fitch all of Dickens, Neb.
J. E. Evans, Register.

Notice of Sale of Land Upon Execution.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued by George E. Prosser, Clerk of the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a judgment rendered in the District Court of Buffalo county, Nebraska, which had been heretofore filed in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, in favor of John W. Smith against M. J. Graham, full name Marion J. Graham, I have levied upon the following described real estate as the property of said Marion J. Graham, to-wit: All of Section 16, Township 16, North of Range 29, West of the 6th P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska, and I will on the 13th day of July, 1914, at 2 o'clock, P. M., central time of said day at the east front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, in said Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell said real estate subject to a mortgage of \$2,900 and accrued interest thereon, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution upon which there is due the sum of \$635 with 7 percent interest from November 6th, 1913, and \$28.75 costs together with accrued costs.
Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, June 5, 1914.
A. J. SALISBURY,
Sheriff of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Oliver P. Braugh, otherwise Oliver P. Stokes, and Sarah Braugh, non-resident defendants, will take notice that action has been begun in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, by Herman Koester, the object and prayer of which said action are to quiet and confirm in the plaintiff against the defendants title in the following described lands situate in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: The northwest quarter of Section 29, Township 10, Range 30, west of the 6th P. M. To have established in plaintiff title by adverse possession by reason of the open, continuous, notorious and adverse possession of said described lands by the plaintiff for more than ten years last past.

You and each of you will make answer to said petition on or before the 29th day of June, 1914, or decree will be taken against you as in said petition prayed.

HERMAN KOESTER, Plaintiff.
By E. H. Evans, his Attorney. m19-4

NOTICE

Alex Gitsantry, will take notice, that on the 29th day of April 1914, P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of the Peace, of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$24.78 in an action pending before him, wherein Peter Galanos is plaintiff and Alex Gitsantry, defendant, that property consisting of money, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 29th day of June 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. Peter Galanos, Plaintiff.
North Platte, Nebr. May 18th, 1914.

NOTICE.

Phillip Konton, will take notice, that on the 29th day of April, 1914, P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of the Peace, of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$18.54 in an action pending before him, wherein Peter Galanos is plaintiff and Phillip Konton, defendant, that property consisting of money, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order. Said cause was continued to the 29th day of June, 1914, at ten o'clock a. m. Peter Galanos, Plaintiff.
North Platte, Nebr. May 18th, 1914.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein L. C. Severns is plaintiff, and Chris Rasmussen and E. P. Rasmussen are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 5th day of July 1914, at 2 o'clock, p. m., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property to-wit: All of Section Nine (9), Township Ten (10), Range Twenty-eight (28), except One and One-half Acres in the Northwest Quarter of the Southeast Quarter, west of the 6th Principal Meridian, Lincoln county, Neb. Dated North Platte, Neb., May 29th, 1914.
J. E. Evans, Register.

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C. W. CRONEN

GRADUATE VETERINARIAN

North Platte Nebraska.

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Public Sale

Notice is hereby given that I, Corda V. O'Brien, administratrix of the estate of Dennis J. O'Brien, deceased, will, by virtue of a license granted me out of the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, in an action pending therein, offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, on July 1st, 1914, at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, the following described real estate situate in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: The east half (ea) of section thirty (30), township thirteen (13), north of range thirty (30), west of Sixth P. M. Terms cash in hand. Said sale to remain open for one hour.
Dated at North Platte, June 9, 1914.
Corda V. O'Brien, Administratrix,
j9-3 E. H. Evans, Attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE

Harry L. Weaver, Mrs. Harry L. Weaver, his wife, first and real name unknown, and F. H. Kilmer, defendants, will take notice that on the 5th day of April, 1914, Jane M. Grant, plaintiff herein, filed her petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants; the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage, executed by one C. D. Glover, and Mary F. Glover, his wife, to Wm. Wallace, upon the East One-half (E 1/2) of the Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) and the West One-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section Thirty-Two (32), in Township Sixteen (16), North of Range Twenty-Seven (27), west of the Sixth P. M. in Lincoln county, Nebraska; which mortgage was given to secure the payment of one promissory note, dated October 21, 1910, for the sum of \$700.00, due and payable in five years from the date thereof, together with interest at six per cent per annum. That the interest upon said note and mortgage which became due on the 21st day of October, 1913, is unpaid, and the taxes assessed against said real estate for the years 1911 to 1913, are due and unpaid, and plaintiff elects, as he may under the conditions of his mortgage to declare the whole amount due, and that there is now due \$703.00 together with interest.

That the above named plaintiff is now the owner and holder of said note and mortgage, and that the defendant, Harry L. Weaver is the owner of said real estate, and Mrs. Harry L. Weaver is his wife, and the defendant F. H. Kilmer claims some interest in said mortgaged premises by reason of a mortgage upon the same for the sum of \$1,000.00. Plaintiff prays for a decree that defendants be required to pay the note and mortgage, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due, and to bar the defendants of all right, title and interest in the mortgaged premises.
You are required to answer said petition on or before the 22nd day of June, 1914.
Dated this 5th day of May, 1914.
JANE E. GRANT, Plaintiff