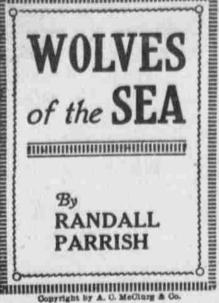
## THE NORTH PLATTE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.



CHAPTER XXV-Continued. -17-

She turned her head, and I felt her eyes searching the dim outline of my face questioningly.

"Of course I did everything I knew," she replied. "Why should I not? You are here, Captain Carlyle, for my sake; I owe you service."

"And must I be content merely with that thought?" I urged, far from pleased. "This would mean that your only interest in me arises from gratitude."

"And friendship," her voice as confidential as my own. "There is no reason why you should doubt that surely." "It would be easier for me to under-

stand, but for the memory of what I am-a bond slave."

"Your meaning is that true friendship has as a basis equality?"

"Does it not? Can real friendship exist otherwise?"

"No," she acknowledged gravely. "And the fact that such friendship does exist between us evidences my faith in you. I have never felt this social distinction, Captain Carlyle, have given it no thought. This may seem strange to you, yet is most natural. You bear an honorable name, and belong to a family of gentlemen. You held a position of command, won by your own efforts. You bore the part of a man in a revolution ; if guilty of any crime, it was a political one, in no way sullying your honor. I have every reason to believe you were falsely accused and convicted. Consequently that conviction does not exist between us; you are not my uncle's servant, but my friend-you understand me now?"

"And you would actually have me speak with you as of your own classfree man, worthy to claim your friendship in life?"

"Yes," frankly, her face uplifted. "Why should it be otherwise? No man could have done more, or proved himself more stanch and true. We are in danger yet, but such peril is nothing compared with what I have escaped. I feel that your skill and courage will bring us safely to land. I am no longer afraid, for I have learned to trust you. You possess my entire confidence.'

derstand fully?" ] "But

It was all a desolate, restless waste in the midst of which we tossed, while above hung masses of dark clouds obscuring the sky. We were but a hurtling speck between the gray above and the gray below.

The first thing needing my attention was the food and water. I crept forward cautiously and soon had Sam busily engaged in passing out the various articles for inspection. Only essentials had been chosen, yet the supply seemed ample for the distance I belleved we would have to cover before attaining land. But the nature of that unknown coast was so doubtful I determined to deal out the provisions sparingly, saving every crumb possible. The men grumbled at the smallness of the ration, yet munched away contentedly enough, once convinced that we all shared alike.

"All right, lads," I said cheerfully. "Now we understand each other and can get at work. We'll divide into watches first of all-two men aft here and one at the bow. Watkins and I will take it watch and watch, but there is enough right now for all hands

to turn to and make the craft shipshape. Two of you ball out that water till she's dry, and the others get out that extra sail forward and rig up a jib. She'll ride easier and make better progress with more canvas showing."

The men gradually knocked off work and lay down, and finally I yielded to Dorothy's pleadings and fell into a sound sleep. It seemed as though I scarcely lost consciousness, yet I must have slept for an hour or more, my head pillowed on her lap. When I awoke Schmitt was again at the steering paddle, and both he and Dorothy were staring across me out over the port quarter.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly, but before the words were entirely uttered a hoarse voice forward bawled out excitedly:

"There you see it; straight out agin that cloud edge. It's a full-rigged schooner."

"Ay," boomed another, "an' headin' straight cross our course astern." I reached my feet, clinging to the

mast to keep erect and, as the boat was again flung upward, gained clearly the glimpse I sought.

"Ay, you're right, lads !" I exclaimed, "It's a schooner, headed to clear us by a hundred fathoms. Port your helm, Schmitt-hard down, man. Now, Sam, off with that red shirt; tie it on the boat hook and let fly. They can't help seeing us if there is any watch on deck."

We swept about in a wide circle, headed straight across the bows of the on-coming vessel. All eyes stared out watchfully, Sam's shirt flapping above



Large Circle.

us, and both Watkins and Schmitt

straining their muscles to hold the

plunging quarter-boat against the force

of the wind. A man forward on his

"Stand by, all hands," I cried des-

perately. "We'll board whether they

want us or not. Slip across, Miss Fair-

fax, out of the way. Now, Watkins,

run us in under those fore-chains;

easy man, don't let her strike us. Lay

hold quick, lads, and hang on for your

ready now, all of you; I'll make the

It was five feet, and up, my pur-

chase the tossing boat, but I made it,

one hand desperately gripping a

shroud, until I gained balance and was

flung inboard by a sharp plunge of the

vessel. My head was at a level with

the rail, yet I saw nothing, my whole

effort being to make fast before the

grip of the men should be torn loose,

This done, I glanced back into the up-

turned faces below.

lives. Give me that end of rope-

leap. Now then-hold hard !"

knees growled out a curse.

angered me.

through the pailid light of the dawn. pressibly dirty, yet otherwise ship. ed me, and conscious of a strange feeling of horror, I slipped over onto the deck. The next moment the negro and Dutchman joined me, the former staring about wildly, the whites of his eyes revealing his terror.

"My Gawd, sah," he ejaculated. "Ah done know dis boat-it's shore de Santa Marie. Ah's cooked in dat galley. She was a slaver, sah." He sniffed the air. "A kin smell dem niggers right now, sah. Ah such reckou dars a bunch o' ded ones under dem hatches right dis minute."

Schmitt's hand fell heavily on my sleeve and I glanced into his stolld face

"I just bet I know vat wus der trouble."

"What, man?"

"Cholera," he whispered; "ve haf boarded a death ship."

CHAPTER XXVII.

### On Board the Slaver.

The terror of the two men as this thought dawned upon them in all its horror was apparent enough. Nothing, not even fire, was more to be dreaded than a visitation of this awful nature on shipboard. Charnel ship though this might be, it was safer by far than the cockleshell towing alongside.

"Let's find out the truth first, men," I said quietly, "Hold your tongues, There is no use giving up until we know what the danger is. Will you come with me?"

The terror in Sam's eyes caused me to laugh and my own courage came back with a rush.

"Afraid of dead man, are you? Then we'll face them together, my lads, and have it over with. Come on, now, both of you. Buckle up; there is nothing to fear, if you do what I tell youthis isn't the first cholera ship I've been aboard."

It was no pleasant job confronting us, although we had less dead men to handle than I anticipated. Indeed, we found only five bodies on board. There were only two on deck, a giant, coalblack negro, and a gray-bearded white man, his face pitted with smallpox. Determined on what was to be done, I wasted no time with either body. The two sailors hung back, terrorized at the mere thought of touching these victims of plague. I steeled myself to the job and handled them alone, dragging the bodies across the deck and launching them over the low rall into the sea. I ordered Schmitt to cut the lashings and take charge of the wheel.

"See here, Sam, and you too, Schmitt, I am in love with that girl in the boat. Do you suppose I would ever have her come on this deck if I belleved she might contract cholera? You do as I say and you are perfectly, safe. Now, Schmitt, remain at the wheel, and you, Sam, come with me. There will be a dead nigger aboard unless you jump when I speak."

He trotted close at my heels as I flung open the door leading into the abin. The air seemed fresh enough nd I noted two of the ports wide pen. A tall, smooth-shaven man, with down one cheel



MAINTAIN ROAD AFTER BUILT

Improper Methods Have Placed Economical Types in Disrepute, Says Colorado Expert.

Prof. E. B. House of the Colorado Agricultural College is a firm believer in the importance of maintaining a road after it is built. He supplies the following, taken from The Engineering News-Record, and says of it "it is so true and hits the nail so squarely that I quote it direct":

"The tendency in road improvement is to select types of roads which require very little annual maintenance. The general feeling among laymen seems to be that when a road surface requires some annual maintenance to keep it in good shape, it is an expensive type and should be avoided. Yet, if the interest on investment and the repairs are taken into consideration. the cheaper wearing surface may in many cases prove to be the more satisfactory and economical.

"It is not uncommon to see roads of a good type constructed and then, after they begin to show signs of wear, to see them neglected entirely or some method of repair or maintenance imposed which has been found by long practice to be defective. When we see mud holes in earth roads filled with riprap, crushed stone or cinders, it is not the engineer's fault that an enormous price is paid for the repair material; the road engineer knows that proper drainage, and repairing with earth from the side of the road, are the economical methods of maintenance

"Old gravel and macadam roads are often repaired by filling ruts and depressions with inferior material that is readily displaced by traffic or ground to dust. Bituminous surfaces are often patched, if patched at all, with loose stone or gravel, and in some







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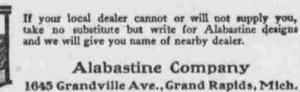
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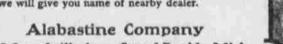
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New walls demand Alabastine, old walls appreciate Alabastine.





IN THE NATURE OF "BLUFF" | BRIGHT SCHEME DIDN'T WORK

Rounder's Excuse for Declining Coffee Overly Frank Criticism Caused Bride Was Somewhat Laughable, Considering the Circumstances.

It was one of the days near the end of June, and young Bill, having to sustain a reputation as one of San Francisco's best town painters, had had a hard night. He looked it when,

at 9 o'clock in the morning, he wandered into the hotel dining room to keep an appointment with a friend, who was just then at breakfast. "Hello, Jack," Bill murmured, yawn-

ing. It appeared as if every syllable cost him untold effort. He sat down tively ugly." and rubbed his eyes with his fists. He bit his lips to keep from yawning

agaln. "Had breakfast?" Jack inquired. "No," the other replied. "Don't want any.' "Well," Jack insisted, "have a cup of coffee, anyway." Bill yawned again in spite of himself. "Don't want any coffee," he said. "It

would keep me awake all day."-San Francisco Chronicle.

Couldn't Follow It. "Can't you avoid quarreling?" demanded Judge White the other day of a man who appeared for the third

to Drop Her Deaf-and-Dumb Pose Suddenly.

> A newly married couple hit upon the idea of pretending to be deaf and dumb whilst on their honeymoon. At the station they started talking

> on their fingers and overheard the following remarks:

> "It's a newly married couple," said a lady. "The poor things are deaf and dumb. Isn't it awful?"

"What do you suppose he saw in her?" asked the other. "She is post-

"And I believe her hair is dyed," said the first woman.

"And her hat is out of date," was the next startler.

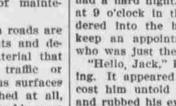
"Looks like an old one," was the reply.

"Her dress wrinkles in the back," said the first.

"She's thirty-five if she's a day; and she looks as if she had a frightful temper."

At this point the bride found her tongue, and her remarks to those two women left no doubt about her having that important article that women are supposed to exercise so freely.

How Pat Won Out.



questioned anxiously, "All I have done for you would have been done for any other woman under the same conditions of danger. Such service to another would have been a duty, and no more. But to be with you, aiding, and protecting, has been a delight, a' joy. I have served Dorothy Fairfax for her own sake-not as I would any other."

"Did you not suppose I knew?"

Her glance flashed into mine through the star-gleam, with a sudden message of revealment.

"You knew-that-that it was you personally I served?"

"Of course I knew. A woman is never unaware of such things. Now, if ever, I must tell you the truth. I know you care for me, and have cared since first we met. An interest no less fateful has led me to seek your acquaintance, and give you my aid. Sureby it is not unmaidenly for me to confons this when we face the chance of death together?"

"But," I stammered, "I can scarcely believe you realize your words. I-1 love you Dorothy."

"And is it not also possible for me to love?"

"You-you mean, you love me?" "I love you-are you sorry?"

"Sorry! I am mad with the joy of it; yet stricken dumb. Dorothy Fairdax, I have never even dared dream of such a message from your lips. Dear, dear girl, do you forget who I am? What my future?"

"I forget nothing." she said, proudly. "It is because I know what you are that my heart responds. Nor is your future so clouded. You are today a free man if we escape these perils, for whether Roger Fairfax be alive, or dead, he will never seek you again to hold in servitude. If alive he will join his efforts with mine to obtain a pardon because of these services, and we have influence in, Eng land. Yet, should such effort fall, you are a sallor, and the seas of the world are free. It is not necessary that your vessel fly the English flag."

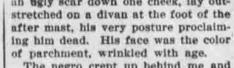
"You give me hope-a wonderful hope."

"And courage," her hands firmly clasping mine. "Courage to fight on in faith. I would have that my gift to you, Geoffry. We are in peril still. great peril, but you will face it beside me, knowing that whether we live or die we are together. I am not afraid ABY DIOTO."

CHAPTER XXVI.

## A Floating Coffin.

The laboring boat rested so low in the water it was only as we were thrown upward on the crest of a wave that I could gain any view about the forward deck. It was inex- I as we should.



The negro crept up behind me and stared at the upturned face.

"My Gaud, sah, he wus de ol' captain. Paradilla, sah; damn his soul !"

In what was evidently the captain's room I discovered a pricked chart and log-book, with no entry in it for three days. Without waiting to examine, these I stowed them away in my pocket. Between us we forced the stiffened form of the captain through the open after port and heard it splash into the sea astern. There were two dead seamen in the forecastle, both swarthy fellows, with long Indian hair. I never saw a dirtier hole, the filth overpowering, and once satisfied that both men were beyond help, I was content to lower the scuttle and leave them there. God! it was a relief to return once more to the open deck and breathe in the fresh air. I halled the boat towing below.

"Come aboard, Watkins," I called "What's the matter aboard there?" sharply. "Pass the lady up first, and he yelled. "Did yer ever see a boat turn the boat adrift." yaw like that, afore? Damn me, if I

I caught Dorothy's hands and aided believe they got a hand at the wheel." her over the rail. The same thought had leaped into

"Why was the vessel abandoned?" my mind. The schooner was headed she asked. "What has happened? Do to pass us on the port quarter, yet you know?" yawing so crazily at times as to make

Quietly I told her the truth and asme fearful of being run down. I could sured her that if we staid on deck and perceive no sign of life aboard, no used our own bedding and provisionssignal that we had been seen. The sight we were in no danger.

"How can I help you?"

"Tell the men just what I have told you." I said gravely. "They will be ashamed to show less courage than you.'

We turned and faced them together as they formed a little group against the rail. Hallin was first to speak. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Soul That is Truly Great. Emerson, that greatest of modern philosophers, has told us that it is easy when in a crowd to allow ourselves to be swayed by the opinions about us and comparatively easy to keep our individuality and sweetness when alone, but that the great soul is he who in the midst of a mass of other individuals can still keep the poise and sweetness of solitude.

#### Work and Workers,

"Hand in slowly, lads; yes, let go, the rope will hold, and the boat ride There is not so much difference in safely through. Let a couple of men the world's work as in the world's workers. It is not so much difference come up till we see what's wrong with the hooker-the rest of you trail on. what we are doing-so long as it is Let Schmitt and Sam come with me." useful-that counts as the way in I helped them clamber up and then which we are doing it. The work of lifted my body onto the rail, from which we are ashamed we either have which position I had a clear view of no right to do, or we are not doing it

Splendid Type of Road, Well Taken Care Of.

cases with concrete. In a number of streets and roads recently inspected, brick was used to patch concrete surfaces, and concrete used to patch brick surfaces.

"When careless methods of this kind are applied to the maintenance of public highways, the result is that a good type of road is made to appear unsatisfactory and uneconomical, and road improvement is discouragedparticularly the cheaper types of improvement, which in most localities are the best if properly maintained. It is the utter neglect of maintenance and the many improper methods of repair that have molded public sentiment against types of roads requiring annual maintenance, and have led road promoters and officials to disregard many economical types."

# IMPROVED ROADS IN OUEBEC

In Five Years Government Spent \$15,-774,369 for Development and

ince to the other. In the five years from 1911 to 1916 the Quebec government spent \$15,774,369 for good roads. The following figures show the number of miles of roads systematically maintained by the municipalities of Quebec, with the aid of subsidies from the government of the provinces: In 1907, 1,000 miles; in 1909, 2,000 miles; in 1911, 8,500 miles; in 1913, 15,000 miles; in 1916, 18,000 miles. Since 1911 more than 1,214 miles of macadam and 497 miles of gravel roads have been made in Quebec.

#### Benefits of Good Roads.

Good roads bring automobilists. They spend money. Goods roads bring trade and increase property values. They attract homeseekers and industries.

Do Not Build Roads. Large appropriations and paper plans for highway development do not build roads.

Slogan of "Good Roads," From all sides echoes and re-echoes the slogan of "Good Roads."

me in his court for fighting "Yes, s.r, I could," answered the culprit. "I have a recipe that was written by Bill Shakespeare or Kipling or someone, but I don't know but what I'd rather get into trouble once in a while, rather than follow it"

"What's the recipe?" demanded White, curiously, and the man answered: "'Say nothing; do nothing; be noth-

ing l' "

#### Rule for Shoe Salesman.

"Never ask a woman what size she wears," said the prophietor of the shoe emporium to the new assistant. "Why?" asked the new employee. "Because it is easier to measure her than it is to argue with her." replied the successful merchant .-- London Answers,

Too often when a man tries to pinch others he hurts himself.

Anxious to travel for a big English firm in the ham line, an Irishman obtained an interview with the proprietor.

"What experience have you had?" the Irishman was asked.

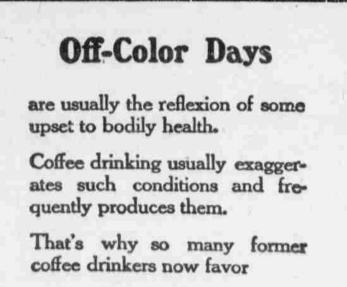
"Eighteen months," was the answer. "Eighteen months!" scornfully repeated the proprietor. "What could you learn about bacon in that time? Why, I've been studying for forty years, and don't know half enough about it yet."

"Bedad," exclaimed Pat, with a confident smile, "if I had been studying it for forty years, I'd know how to make a pig!"

He got the job.

Even a crook may cast a straight shadow.

Community singing is not endangered by good English in the songs.



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Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c.

Improvement. The development of good roads in Quebec is a subject at present much discussed from one end of the prov-