

# The Plunderers

BY C. J. CUTLIFE HYNE.

## CHAPTER VI.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS IN GOLD.

The little red bearded man had gone, slapping the door noisily behind him. Shelf mopped his large white face with a scented pocket handkerchief. "Do you think," he said nervously, "do you think we may trust him?"

"To begin with, we've got to know whether we like it or not. He's nothing to gain by playing traitor."

"But would he betray us in case of success?"

"Perhaps," said Cambel, "he won't have the chance. Other hands on that steamer will have to share the secret in whole or in part. Perhaps they won't all of them come through it alive. If you remember that we are plotting deliberate piracy on the high seas, you will recognize that there is precedent for a considerable percentage of casualties."

The city man shuddered. Through the double windows came the sullen roar of a London street, and in imagination he seemed to distinguish the howl of the hound joined in execration against him.

His eye fell upon a paper on the desk. It was the formal notice from her bankers that his wife's account was heavily overdrawn. He lifted the paper and with his eyes fixed upon it smote the table so that geyers flew from the ink wells. But his passion found no outlet in words. He spoke in his platform voice and said nothing about the prime compelling force.

"We will not talk of these unpleasant details, if you please, Mr. Cambel. My heart is weak, I think, and they turn me sick. But, at whatever cost, we must go through with the affair. It is necessary that I make a heavy coup within the next month, or the consequences may be disastrous."

"Marmaduke Rivers & Shelf will go down? Quite so. I also am at the end of my cash balance, so that money seems to be the impelling power for each of us. Now let me see what my wife's natural. Out of fiction men don't gamble with their necks for the sheer amusement of the thing. They either do it for the love of place, or the love of woman, or the love of gold, and of the three the last is the best prize to win, because with it you can buy the others. But come, now, wake up, sir, and let's get on with the business. I'm not so sweet on this city atmosphere of yours that I care to spend another morning down here if it can be avoided. How are you going to raise the specie?"

"I'll proceed about it at once," said Shelf, pressing another of the buttons on his desk. "You may as well witness every step of the process."

In answer to the bell Fairfax came into the room, nodded at Shelf, and Cambel and turned to Shelf with an expectant "Yes, sir."

In terse businesslike phrases his principal touched upon the silver crisis in America and the gold famine in the southern states. Then he explained the external view of his projected enterprise. "The Port Edes," he said, "is in the Hercules dock, returned on our hands today. Wire Liverpool at once asking for freight to Norfolk, Va., Pensacola, Fla., Mobile, Ala., or New Orleans at lowest rates. New Orleans is her final port, and offer that at 15 per cent less. Captain Owen Kettle will be in command, and he sails in four days from here."

"Then you have deputed your clerks to do this, go yourself to the bank and negotiate for half a million in gold to be delivered on board the Port Edes in dock. The insurance policy on the specie will be deposited with the bank to secure the full for the loan itself, and for their other charges the credit of the house will easily suffice. That clear?"

"Perfectly," said Fairfax, "but I should like to remind you of one thing I heard mention at New Orleans as notorious and you will have to pay heavily to insure against them."

"I know, more heavily than for risks across the ocean and the run of the river. Underwritten by the best of about this nation's navies. But in this instance I propose to save myself that fee and insure in a different way. Mr. Cambel is going out on the Port Edes expressly as my representative, and I fancy that he is capable of sealing to safe delivery. The ship's arrival will be reported by telegraph from the pass at Mississippi mouth, and my New Orleans agent can calculate her appearance and secure the letter to a quarter of an hour. He will meet her with vehicles and a strong escort of deputy sheriffs as she brings in to her berth and take the specie boxes off by the first gangway which is put ashore, and carry them to the beach as they please. Does this strike you as a sound course?"

"Yes," said Fairfax thoughtfully. "I see no undue risks. By the way, as the Port Edes is merely a cargo tramp and doesn't hold a license for passengers. I'm afraid that the beach authorities wouldn't let Mr. Cambel travel by her simply as the firm's representative. But that could be easily overcome."

"Oh," said Cambel. "I'll sign an article in the forward way as one of the ship's company—fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh—with a salary of a shilling for the run. I'll sign the first time that pleasing fiction has been palmed upon a shipping master. It doesn't deceive any one, you know, because the wages given one away at the outset, and the shipping laws are obeyed, and so the shipping laws are obeyed, and so everybody's pleased."

Fairfax laughed and went into the office, and Patrick Cambel turned to the shipowner with a couple of questions. "To begin with," he said, "why did you offer freight to Norfolk and Pensacola and Mobile and those places?"

"If you call in there, the natural thing would be to get there the quickest way, express it by railroad direct to New Orleans. If you miss that chance and start carrying it round by sea, the thing looks fishy at once. Now, fishiness is an aspect which you can't afford in the very least degree. The swindle will call up quite enough sensation in its most honest and straightforward dress."

"My dear Mr. Cambel, please give me credit for a little more fishiness. I see the objection to intermediate ports as much as you do, but I merely mentioned them to Fairfax as a blind. To begin with, it is a hundred to one chance against our getting any cargo consigned to them at this season of the year at all, even if we offered to carry it gratis. In the second place, if it was offered I could easily get out of it in 50 ways. Another way of the deplorable accident takes place, an inquiry into this will help draw off attention from your Florida peninsula. Any one inclined to carp will instantly be told that we were equally ready to put the specie on the Virginia coast if our cargo had led us there."

"But what do you think of that now?"

"Beg your pardon. That's clear sighted enough and should work correctly. But I fancy my other objection has been founded. What is the name of plague did you go and econ-

might—and the index of them tailed out—they did not show prominently at the head of such a ship's company. Like all men in the merchant marine, he had been bred in the roughest school, but unlike his successful brethren he had not graduated later on to the smooth things of a well manned passenger liner. For his sins he had remained the pitiful knockabout skipper, a man with knife-edged words all day long, and a watch of regular leaden whistle in one jacket pocket and a lethal weapon in the other.

He was an excellent seaman and navigator, a man capable of going an entire voyage without taking off his clothes or throwing one watch of regular sleep. Taking into account these qualifications, it may be understood that while in command at sea he credited himself with the powers of a czar and was entirely unscrupulous in gaining ends which expediently or his owners laid down for him, and though not physically powerful he had the pluck of a dog and an unholy reputation for marksmanship. For the handling of such a manager of all nations round about and incapacity. They were a few of the things which he had learned in the steamship Port Edes no better man than Owen Kettle breathed in either hemisphere.

The crew signed their marks on the articles at the shipping office in the sailor's home and went grumbling to get rid of their advances. Later most of them turned up on the steamer, some with their worldly goods done up in damage sacks, which look to the uninitiated like pillowslips, some apparently possessing nothing, but the squallid raiment they stood up in. There was not one of them dressed like a sailor, according to the conventional idea. Yet most of them had made their bread upon the sea since early boyhood, which shows what conventional ideas of dress are worth. They were, for most of them oldish men and looked even older than their years.

The engineers came on board early, for the most part in scrubby blue serge and sour black temper. They grumbled at the messroom in broad Glaswegian, and the first and gravest physical risk I do not choose to have my retreat unnecessarily hampered. I must insist upon your recalling Fairfax for additional instructions. That extra insurance has got to be paid."

"That's outside the bargain. Working expenses are your contribution to the partnership. And besides, for another thing I couldn't plunk down that money if I wished. I haven't it in the world."

"Mr. Cambel, I believe you. Will you extend the same courtesy to me when I tell you that if I were to attempt raising even such a trivial sum as £500 today it would precipitate me into bankruptcy tomorrow."

"When! Are you nipped as badly as all that?"

"I have a remorseless drain on me which drinks up the profits of this business like a great sponge. It is a domestic drain, and I cannot resist it. I'm poor devil," said Cambel, with the first scrap of sympathy he had yet shown to his partner. "I believe I understand, and it does none your dingy color. You aren't quite all black. I believe in your own painting you're among a moderate sort of gray. And if I've been beastly rude and hard with you, because I've considered you a soapy scoundrel playing entirely for your own hand, I'll apologize to you."

Liverpool in the least polite, but he thought it plain, and perhaps we shall get on together better now. But about this bankruptcy. It'll be rather a mess if you go smash before our Florida operation realize its profits it will bankrupt us down to a very unpleasant keenness."

"I think I shall keep my feet, Mr. Cambel. I trust, I pray, I shall, and moreover, I thank you for what you have said. I do confess that your manner of speech has wounded me much at times."

"Oh, as to that," returned Cambel. "I say 'spade' when I mean it, and I don't care to mix religion with theft when I'm talking with a conspirator. But I fancy you understand me all the more comfortably now, and I'll leave you to make the rest of the arrangements here in London. This afternoon I'll pick up Kettle and run down Liverpool and get things in hand there. They'll require care. To begin with, there's a suitable armament to be smuggled on board without advertisement. And there are the nefarious preparations to be made. Piracy on the high seas is not a thing to be undertaken lightly nowadays. Nor is a murder!"

"Oh, my God," cried Shelf. "Don't speak of these horrors."

"I speak of them," replied Cambel grimly, "because it is right that you should understand what will probably be done. I don't intend to redden my fingers if it can be avoided, but as I put my neck in jeopardy, failure or no failure, I naturally don't intend to put my own neck on which will bring unqualified success."

"Only understand fully, Mr. Theodore Shelf, that piracy you are already an active sharer in, and if there's a murder done to boot you will be as guilty as the worst of them, though you sit here in your snug London offices while other rougher men are handling pistol and knife in the gulf or in a Florida mango grove swamp."

"No, I'm not," said Shelf. "No, I'm not."

"(Continued Next Week.)"

## CHAPTER VII. THE SENDOFF.

The Port Edes had gained the name of an unlucky ship. She had slain three men in her building, she had crushed another the day she left the keel, she had slipped, and though only three years old the water she had already maimed enough hands from various crews to make her a full complement. Some vessels are this way. From no explaining the matter it is always to be a diabolical fatality about them.

It was not to be supposed that sailormen rush to join a craft of this sinister reputation. They may be asses in the bulk, but they are only asses in part. They always try for the best berths. But because there are not enough of these to go around, and because, thanks to the Dago, and the Dutchman, there are not sufficient all aspirants it is always possible to man any vessel which a board of trade official will pass through a dock gate. Just as no man is ever successful in anything without due course, so per contra few sailormen are down on their luck except through some peculiar trait of incapacity, so that on your unpopular ship, be she tramp steamer or sea weeping wind jammer, you do not get much pick of a crew. You have to put up with what other people have left, and it does not take you long to find out that your beauties have not been rejected for their excellencies.

It was this way on the Port Edes. Forward and aft, engine hold and pantry, each man on board of her had his private sea falling. Between them they lack wakefulness, eyesight, decision, strength of language, seamanship and common sense. Among the deck hands there were virulent sea lawyers; in the stoke holds there were ames damneds wanted by several governments. The engineers were skillful in their own way, but the mates were a slipshod navigators, untrustworthy even to correct a compass and useless to drive a truceful crew.

For all was Owen Kettle, master mariner, and whatever his failings

might be—and the index of them tailed out—they did not show prominently at the head of such a ship's company. Like all men in the merchant marine, he had been bred in the roughest school, but unlike his successful brethren he had not graduated later on to the smooth things of a well manned passenger liner. For his sins he had remained the pitiful knockabout skipper, a man with knife-edged words all day long, and a watch of regular leaden whistle in one jacket pocket and a lethal weapon in the other.

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# Practical Farm Notes

### PUT UP HAY SHEDS.

It is surprising how many still cling to the wasteful practice of stacking both timothy and clover hay out in the fields. When lands were cheap or when prairie lands were mowed, that might have been some excuse for it, but with good hay selling from \$12 to \$20 per ton it is wasteful, to say the least, to stack where much of the crop is spoiled. The barns will not take in the crop, put up sheds. These need not be expensive. The main thing is to have a good water proof roof. The sides may be protected, but get a roof over the hay by all means. Arrange a track with carrier and fork, and the crop can be hauled easily and quickly.

### WRONG PLACE FOR MANURE.

One of my neighbors tells me how he blundered last year in hauling out and spreading his manure. During the winter the manure was hauled out on the meadow land and dumped in wag piles. It was coarse, trashy stuff and hard to handle. During the early spring these piles were scattered with a fork, and such a mess he made of it. The manure was thrown haphazard, no attempt being made to cover the ground evenly, with the result that the spots of grass came up too rank and, worst of all, where the hay was cut and put up, the rake gathered up all the trash and mixed it well with the hay. Of course this spoiled the crop for baling—and he is selling now at \$22 a ton.—L. C. B.

### PRUNE THE TREES NOW.

Show the boys how to prune. Take them out into the orchard and go over the apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, and explain why you do things. If your trees were properly trimmed when they were set out they can be kept in shape without much pruning. But go over the trees every spring, using a sharp knife and pruning shears. Make clean, neat cuts, and if large limbs are removed use a saw. Cut out crossed limbs, thin out the top, but don't cut off too many lower limbs. Keep the head as low as possible. A beginner must prune with a good deal of care. The aim should be to keep the trees shapely and keep the fruit as near the ground as possible.

### FARM FACTS.

Some people get into the habit of always putting off every piece of work for a day or two. There is one best time for plowing, harrowing and seeding. This time is passed by, it is too late, that conditions will be as favorable again.

Push the lambs now for the early market. Corn meal will fatten them up quickly and make nice meat. There is a heavy profit in meat fed lambs that is not produced by any other feed.

A neighbor of mine is trying for a bumper corn crop this season. The ground is sod manured last fall. Instead of planting in checks he has drilled in his seed, two and three grains in a hill, eighteen inches apart. This is rather thick planting, but as this ground is strong, with plenty of moisture, it ought to make a big crop.

There is really no excuse this season for keeping old hay. Prices are very high, and everything should now be cleaned up and sold. It is a good time also to clean up the old stack bottoms. Make a fresh start. Get rid of the hay worms.

The collars and saddle pads should be cleaned every day to remove the filth. If they are left all gummy up they will rub and make mean sores. Dust and sweat will ruin a horse's shoulder in two or three days.

The first cultivation does more to make the crop than all subsequent ones. This is the only time when the shovels should run up close to the hills. Lift up the shield and allow the fine dirt to sift around in the hills and cover up the weeds which are just starting.

Trim up the orchard now. This is the time to cut out dead limbs. Trim to let in the sun; cut out crossed branches. Proper work done in the orchards now will show in the better quality of the fruit.

The proper handling of 160 acres of land calls for thought as well as work. Most farmers know in a general way that corn is the crop to put on sod ground, and that oats should not be sown on too rich ground. But when you omit one crop and put in another, getting the maximum yield from each crop is a big proposition. It is well worth while to study every field and every crop.

Some men work like troopers, but they never accomplish much. They never take time to think and plan, and their hustling is really lost time.

Nagging a team is a poor way to get more service out of it, and taping harness with the line or whip does no good. The thing to do is to teach the horses to walk fast. Do this and they will give you all the work you want without urging.

Keep all the birds, all the chickens and turkeys, and in fact anything that will eat bugs out in the orchard. They will find plenty of picking now.

It's bad business to crowd too many little pigs into one feeding pen. Pigs and sows need plenty of room, and out in the pasture is now the best place for them to run.

Don't scatter coarse manure on the meadows. Last summer a neighbor of mine spoiled his hay crop by scattering coarse manure early in the spring. When he came to rake off the hay he raked up all the trash and ruined his hay for baling. Keep meadows clean.

April was a fatal month for young pigs. About the quickest way to lose money is to neglect the pigs when they come during chilly weather. Every pig saved until it is one week old is worth \$2.50. Just count up and see how many you have lost by not having good quarters for them.

We have been growing such big grain crops for three or four years that we have neglected to raise young stock. There is a scarcity of colts, calves and pigs. Make the next few months count in the breeding of all kinds of stock.



The poorest quality of butter is made during May. This is because cows are turned out to grass before there is much nourishment in it and usually rain feed is cut off. Quality is good, but it is a mistake to take away all dry feed. June is the best butter month and cows should be then at their best.

There is a greater demand for good dairy bred bulls this spring than there has been for many years. This shows that dairymen appreciate what is now urgently needed to keep dairyming on a paying basis.

Fresh cows, especially heavy milkers, should be milked regularly. Frequently leaky teats result from turning a cow to go two or three hours over her regular milking time. There is also danger of inflammation when the udder becomes too full.

Dairyming when properly carried on never fails. It is the business that invariably follows when other businesses go down. Corn growing and wheat growing in many sections is becoming less profitable. A good herd of cows, kept on these things for a few years, will set things right again.

It is surprising how many farmers are guessing the worth of their cows. No other business could stand such long periods of any length of time, and we are now coming to a point where no dairy farmer can stand it. Feed costs too much and we are buying too much feed to not know just what results we are getting.

Many who would like to make butter for market during the summer months find that their product arrives in poor condition at destination. It is difficult to ship butter any distance without ice, and this, of course, the small shipper cannot get. If there is not a good home market, the safest plan is to sell cream to the factory.

With the great increase in population and the rapid rise in land values, the time is not far away when farmers must handle \$200 acre land and make a profit from it. That will call for closer methods, better cows, and more definite knowledge of breeding for results.

This is the season when many troubles come to the butter maker. Those who supply private trade and ship in wooden packages get complaint of mold just as soon as warm weather strikes us. Soak the wooden packages in a strong solution of brine before filling. This will check the mold and retain the flavor of the butter.

The only way to kill off the renovated butter plants is to quit making such poor stuff that it has to be sold to these factories and worked over before it is fit to eat. When creamy butter is selling at 25 cents per pound, one ought to be ashamed to have to sell 15-cent stuff.

As the cows are cut down on their fodder and grain ration and are given the run of pastures we are apt to detect undesirable flavors, and the cream is more difficult to churn. Where the grass becomes better the cows will be more particular what they eat, so that off flavors will disappear. It will help matters if the cream is churned at a lower temperature, say 60 or 62 degrees Fahrenheit.

A subscriber asks what crop makes the best silage, and says that a neighbor put up some clover last year, but did not have very good success. Good clover makes the best silage, cut when the grain begins to glaze, makes the best silage, and it keeps better than any other kind. Clover will make good silage if it is handled right, but it is harder to keep in good condition than corn silage. The trouble comes in getting it packed solid enough and in putting it at just the right stage. The first crop makes the best silage, although on account of wet weather some prefer to put up the second crop.

It should be kept in mind that the out straw and leaves are the richest in nitrogen up to the time when grain begins to ripen. This is the reason that out straw is considered more valuable than other kinds. Where the quality of the straw is important oats should be cut before too well ripened.

Sweet corn is one of the best and most profitable crops for milk cows. Early, early and late varieties and the grain should be ready to feed by July 15. This comes in right at a time when pastures are poor and when something is needed to keep up the milk flow.

Mid-plant pumpkin seeds with their corn. A better plan is to give up an acre or two of rich ground and plant the pumpkin hills about eight feet apart. Plant the field variety, give the patch some care, and it will yield an enormous amount of fall feed.

When remodeling the farm buildings is a good time to think about winter work. No wonder it is difficult to get hired help to do winter milking, when they have to do it where their feet and fingers are nearly freezing all the time.

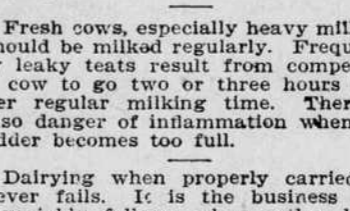
Good dairy farms mean prosperous owners increasing land values and thriving towns. Debts are promptly paid and the business men of the towns have good business. In fact good dairyming makes all wheels go around.

Early cut hay is liked best by the cows. It comes nearer to the green grass than the late cut hay and is relished. The late cut hay is all right when it is to be sold and shipped.

### TO PLEASE THE MEN.

The girl who wants to play the summer girl, or, in other words, to select her summer wardrobe so that she will win the admiration of the men she meets, will confine most of her things to the plain white shirtwaist suits, made of percale, that can be laundered so that they will almost shine. She will have them made with big ticks across the front, long shirtwaist sleeves and with them she will wear stiff linen turnovers, embroidered, and little bow ties of black. To complete the costume she will wear sensible low cut shoes that could never in the world be accused of having paper soles or French heels, and a sailor hat.

She will of course have a dress or two that is decidedly more feminine with its bewitching trills and flounces to slip on in the evening, but for long tramps over the hills, games of tennis, sailing on the lake, or long afternoons spent lazily with books in the country, it is the shirtwaist suit that will seem much more consistent, and from man's point of view, more sensible as well.



Not Enough Evidence. From the Boston Herald. She will of course have a prominent citizen of Haverhill was arrested for the unlawful sale of liquor. On being searched, a half bushel of brandy was found. That being the only evidence, the judge charged the jury. They had been out but five minutes, when they returned and the foreman queried:

"Tour honor, how do you know the flask contains brandy? I would like to take the flask into the jury room."

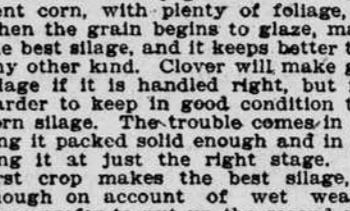
He was given the flask, and soon the jury returned.

"Have you agreed?" the foreman was asked.

"We have," he answered. "We find the defendant not guilty," and exhibiting the now empty flask, he added: "There was not enough evidence to go ground." The defendant was discharged.

### SUFFERED TORTURES.

Racked with Pain, Day and Night, for Years. Wm. H. Walter, engineer of Chatsworth, Ill., writes: "Kidney disease was lurking in my system for years. I had torturing pain in the side and back, and the urine was dark and full of sediment. I was racked with pain, day and night, could not sleep or eat well, and finally became crippled and bent over with rheumatism. Doan's Kidney Pills brought quick relief, and in time cured me. Though I lost 40 pounds, I now weigh 200, more than ever before."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

### ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

If you can smile when your rival is praised, you have tact. Nothing equals another love affair to mend a broken heart.

As a rule, other people are the best judges of your importance. Every man is a coward, if you produce the proper brand of terror.

One of the surprising things is the respect a worthless man has for himself. A husband does a good deal of fussing, but his wife has her way just the same.

Only a man can ever understand why his enemy has so many friends. The man who is spoiled by a little popularity will never be spoiled by a lot of it.

The radishes on the table always go a long ways if there is anything else to eat. What a contemptible weakness charity is, when it is felt for those you dislike.

A woman's idea of wisdom is the ability to detect cotton in an alleged all wool fabric. Instead of envying the millionaires, invent an automobile that will work, and become one.

### WENT TO TEA

And It Would Heer Bobbin.

Tea drinking frequently affects people as badly as coffee. A lady in Salisbury, Md., says that she was compelled to abandon the use of coffee a good many years ago, because it threatened to ruin her health and that she went over to tea drinking, but finally, she had dyspepsia so bad that she had lost twenty-five pounds and no food seemed to agree with her.

She further says: "At this time I was induced to take up the famous food drink, Postum, and was so much pleased with the results that I have never been without it since. I commenced to improve at once, regained my twenty-five pounds of flesh and went some beyond my usual weight."

"I know Postum to be good, pure, and healthful, and there never was an article, and never will be, I believe, that does so surely take the place of coffee, as Postum Food Coffee. The beauty of it all is that it is satisfying and wonderfully nourishing. I feel as if I could not sing its praises too loud."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."