## THE GREEN PEA PIRATES

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XI-Continued -12-

"Well, what's in the wind ime?" inquired McGuffey.

"We're invited to a big feed with the king of Kandavu," replied Captain Scraggs, as happy as a boy. "Hop into a clean suit of ducks, Mac, and come along. Gib's goin' to broach a little keg of liquor and we'll make a night

"Good lord," groaned McGuffey, "does the man think I'm low enough to eat with niggers?"

"Leave him to his own devices, sald Mr. Gibney, indulgently. "Mac's just as Irish as if he'd been born in Dublin, Instead of his old man, Nobody yet overcome the prejudice of ourself, Scraggsy, old skittles, and leave Mac in charge of the ship.'

"Mind you're both back at a seasonable hour," warned McGuffey. "If you nin't, I'll suspect mischief and-say! to a man with an imagination? Only if I have to go ashore after you two. those islanders'll date time from my visit, and don't you forget it."

Upon arrival at the beach the two adventurers were met by a contingent of frightful-looking savages bearing long spears. As the procession formed around the guests of honor and plunged into the bush, bound for the king's wari, two island maidens marched behind the two sea-dogs, waving huge palm-leaf fans, the better to make the passage a cool and comfort-

"By the gods of war, Glb, my dear Scraggs, "but this is class, eh, Gib?"

"Every time," responded the commodore. "If that chuckle-headed McGuffey only had the sense to come along he might be enjoyln' himself, too. You must be dignified, Scraggsy, old salamander. Remember that you're bigger an' better'n any king, because you're an American citizen. Be dignified, by all means. These people are sensitive and peculiar, and that's why we haven't taken any weapons with us. If they thought we doubted their hospitality they'd have the court bouncer heave us out of town before you could say Jack Robinson."

"I'd love to see them giving the bounce to McGuffey," said Captain Scraggs, musingly. Mr. Gibney had a swift mental picture of such a proceedpermitted a glance at McGuffey at that worthy sweltering in the heat of for he was busy getting his guns on deck. From which it will readily be was following the advice of his paternal ancestor and getting an anchor out to windward.

One might go on at great length and describe the triumphal entry of Commodore Gibney and Captain Scraggs into the capitol of Kandavu; of how the king, an undersized, shriveled old savage, stuck his bushy head out the window of his bungalow when he saw the procession coming; of how a minute later he advanced into the space in the center of his warl, where in the olden days the populace was wont to gather for its cannibal orgies; how he greeted his distinguished visitors with the most prodigious rubbing of noses seen in those parts for many a day; of the feast that followed; of the fowls and pigs that garnished the festive board, not omitting the keg of Three Star thoughtfully provided by

Tabu-Tabu acted as interpreter and everything went swimmingly until Tabu-Tabu, his hospitality doubtless strengthened by frequent libations of the Elixir of Life, begged Mr. Gibney to invite the remainder of his crew ashore for the feast. Mr. Gibney, himself rather illuminated by this time, thought it might not be a bad idea.

"It's a rotten shame, Scraggsy," he said, "to think of that fool McGuffey not bein' here to enjoy himself. I'm goin' to send a note out by one of Tabu-Tabu's boys, askin' him once more to come ashore, or to let the first mate and one or two of the seamen come if Mac still refuses to be

"Good idea, Gib," said Captain Scraggs, his mouth full of roast chicken and yams. So Mr. Gibney tore a leaf out of his pocket memorandum book, scrawled a note to McGuffey, and handed it to Tabu-Tabu, who at once dispatched a messenger with it to the Maggie II.

Within half an hour the messenger returned. He was wildly excited and poured a torrent of native gibberish into the attentive ears of Tabu-Tabu and the king. He pointed several times to the point of his jaw, rubbed the small of his back, and once he touched his nose; whereupon Mr. Gibney was aware that the said organ had a slight list to port, and he so informed Captain Scraggs. Neither of the gentlemen had the slightest trouble in arriving at the correct solution of the mystery. The royal messenger had been incontinently kicked over-

board by B. McGuffey, Esquire. Tabu-Tabu's wild eyes glittered and ew wilder and wilder as the mesiger reported the indignity thus aped upon him. The king secwied

at Captain Scraggs, and Mr. Gibney | was suddenly aware that goose-flesh was breaking out on the backs of his sturdy legs. He had a haunting sensation that not only had he crawled to eat him up. Oh, Gib, Gib, old man, into a hole, but he had pulled the entire aperture in after him. For the first time he began to fear that he had been too precipitate, and with the or alive, I dunno." thought it occurred to the gallant commodore that he would be much safer back on the decks of the Maggie II. Always crafty and imaginative, however, Mr. Gibney came quickly to the rible to behold. front with an excuse for getting back to the ship. He stepped quickly toward the little group around the out raged royal ambassador, and inquired the cause of the disturbance. Quiveran Irishman so we'll do the honors ing with rage, Tabu-Tabu informed him of what had occurred.

Mr. Gibney's rage, of course, knew no bounds. Nevertheless, he did not have to simulate his rage, for he was truly furious. When he could control Gib! Well, what's the use of takin' his emotions, he requested Tabu-Tabu like playing a garden hose on them, away and a little fleecy cloud of smoke to inform the king that he, Gibney, accompanied by Captain Scraggs, would forthwith repair to the schooner and then and there flay the offending Mc-Guffey within an inch of his life. Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Gibney called to Captain Scraggs to follow him, and started for the beach.

As Captain Scraggs arose, a trifle unsteadily, from his seat, a black hand reached around him from the rear and closed over his mouth. Now, Captain Scraggs was well versed in the roughand tumble tactics of the San Francisco waterfront; hence, when he feit a long pair of arms crossing over his boy," said the delighted Captain neck from the rear, he merely stooped and whirled his opponent over his head. In that instant his mouth was free, and clear above the shouting and the tumult rose his frenzied shrick for limp, paked body of Captain Scraggs. help. Mr. Gibney whirled with the speed and agility of a panther just in the post beside Mr. Gibney. Scraggs time to dodge a blow from a war club. His fist collided with the jaw of Tabu-Tabu, and down went that savage as if pole-axed.

Pandemonium broke loose at once. Captain Scraggs, after his single shrick for help, broke from the circle of savages and fled like a frightened rabbit for the beach. One of the natives hurled a rock at him. The missile took Scraggs in the back of the head, and he instantly curled up in a heap.

"Scrnggsy's dead," thought the horrifled Gibney, and sprang at the king. ing and chuckled happily. Had he been In that moment it came to Mr. Gibney to sell out dearly, and if he could disdeath would be avenged. In an instant the forward hold of the Maggle II. the commodore's great arms had closed around the king, and with the helpless monarch in his grizzly bear deduced that B. McGuffey, Esquire, grip Mr. Gibney backed up against the nearest bungalow. A fringe of spears threatened him in front, but for the moment he was safe behind, and the king's body protected him. Whenever one of the savages made a jab at Mr. Gibney, Mr. Gibney gave the king a boa-constrictor squeeze, and the monarch howled.

"I'll squeeze him to death," panted Mr. Gibney to Tabu-Tabu when that individual had managed to pick himself up. "Let me go, or I'll kill your king."

The answer was an earthenware pot which crashed down on Mr. Gibney's head from a window in the bungalow behind him. He sagged forward and fell on his face with the gasping king in his arms.

CHAPTER XII.

On board the Maggie II B. McGuffey, Esquire, had just gotten into position



"I'll Handle the Gun."

tie Maxim-Vickers "pom-pom" gun on top of the house. The last bolt that held it in place had just been screwed tight when clear and shrill over the tops of the jungle and across the still surface of the little bay there floated to McGuffey's ears the single word:

McGuffey leaned against the gun. | and for the moment he was as weak as a child, "Gawd," he muttered, "that was Scraggsy and they're a-goin' why wouldn't you listen to me? Now they've got you, and what in blazes I'm going to do to get you back, dead

It was fully half an hour before poor McGuffey could pull himself together, and when he did, his grief was superseded by a fit of rage that was ter-

"Step lively, you blasted scum of the seas," he bawled to the mate, and the crew gathered around the guo. "Lug up a case of ammunition and we'll shell that bush until even a parrot won't be left alive in it."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the crew to a man, and sprang to their task,

"I'm an old navy gunner," said the first mate quietly. "I'll handle the gun. With a 'pom-pom' gun it's just only it's high-explosive shell instead of water. I can search out every nook and cranny in the coast of this island. Those guns are sighted up to 4,000 vards "

"Kill 'em all," raved McGuffey, "kill all the blasted niggers."

When Mr. Gibney fell under the impact of the earthenware pot he was only partially stunned. As he tried to struggle to his feet half a dozen hands were laid on him and in a trice he was lifted and carried back of the wari to a clear space where a dozen heavy tenkwood posts stood in a row about four feet apart. Mr. Gibney was quickly stripped of his clothing and bound hand and foot to one of these posts. Three minutes later another delegation of cannibals arrived, bearing the whom they bound in similar fashion to was very white and bloody, but conscious, and his pale-blue eyes were flickering like a snake's.

"What's-what's-the meanin' of this, Gib?" he gasped.

"It means," replied the commodore, "that it's all off but the shouting with me and you, Scraggsy. This fellow Tabu-Tabu is a d-d traitor, and his people are still cannibals. He's the decoy to get white men ashore. They schemed to treat us nice and be friendly until they could get the whole crew ashore, or enough of them to leave the ship helpiess, and then-O Gawd, Scraggsy, 'old man, can you ever for-

Captain Scraggs hung his head and gulvered like a hooked fish. "Will they-eat-us?" he quavered.

Mr. Gibney did not answer, only

Captain Scraggs looked into his horrified eyes and read the verdict. "Die game, Scraggsy," was all Mr.

Gibney could say. "Don't show the white feather." "D've think McGuffey could hear us

from here if we was to yell for help?" inquired Captain Scraggs hopefully.

"Don't yelp, for Gawd's sake," implored Mr. Gibney. "We got ourselves into this, so let's pay the fiddler ourselves. If we let out one yip and Mc-Guffey bears it, he'll come ashore with his crew and tackle this outfit, even if he knows he'll get killed. And that's just what will happen to him if he comes. Let poor Mac stay aboard. When we don't come back, he'll know it's all off, and it' he has time to think over it he'll realize it would be foolish to try to do anything. But right now Mac's mad as a wet hen, and if we holler for help-Scraggsy, please don't

holler. Die game." Captain Scraggs turned his terrified glance on Mr. Gibney's tortured face. Scraggs was certainly a coward at heart, but there was something in Mr. Gibney's unselfishness that touched a spot in his hard nature a something he never knew he possessed. He bowed his head and two big tears stole down his weatherbeaten face.

"God bless you, Gib, my dear boy,"

he said brokenly. "You're a man." At this juncture the king came up and thoughtfully felt of Captain Scraggs in the short ribs, while Tabu-Tabu calculated the precise amount of luscious tissue on Mr. Gibney's wellupholstered frame.

"Bimehy we eat white man," said Tabu-Tabu cheerfully.

"If you eat me, you bloody-handed beggar," snapped Captain Scraggs, "I'll pizen you. I've chawed tobacco all my life, and my meat's as bitter as wormwood."

It was too funny to hear Scraggs iesting with death. Mr. Gibney forgot his own mental agony and roared with laughter in Tabu-Tabu's face. The cannibal stood off a few feet and looked searchingly in the commodore's eyes. He was not used to the brand of white man who could laugh under such circumstances, and he suspected treachery of some kind. He hurried over to Join the king and the two held a hurried conversation. As a result of their conference, a huge savage was called over and given some instructions. Tabu-Tabu handed him a war club and Mr. Gibney, rightly conjecturing that this was the official executioner, bowed his head and waited for

It came sooner than he expected. The earth seemed to rise up and smite

There was a roar, as of an explosion in his ears, and he fell forward on his face. He had a confused notion that when he fell the post came with him.

For nearly a minute he lay there, semi-conscious, and then something warm, dripping across his face, roused him. He moved, and found that his feet were free, though his hands were still bound to the post, which lay extended along his back. He rolled over and glanced up. Captain Scraggs was shricking. By degrees the bells quit ringing in the commodore's ears, and

yelling: "Oh, you McCluffey. Oh, you bully Irish terrier. Souk it to 'em, Mac, Kill the beggars. You've got a dozen of em already. Plug away, you good old hunk of Irish bacon."

Mr. Gibney was now himself once more. He struggled to his feet, and as he did, something burst ten feet



Detected Two Savages Crouching Be hind a Clump of Coco Palms.

obscured his vision for a moment. rapid-fire gun trained on the wari, and the savages, with frightful yells, were fleeing madly from the little shells. Half a dozen of them lay dead and wounded close by.

"Hooray," yelled Mr. Gibney, and dashed at the post which held Captain Scruggs prisoner. He struck it a powerful blow with his shoulder and Scraggs and the post crashed to the ground. In an instant Mr. Gibney was on his knees, tearing at Scraggs' rope shackles with his teeth. Five minutes later, Captain Scraggs' hands were free. Then Scraggs did a like service for Gibney.

All the time the shells from the Maggie II were bursting around them every second or two, and it seemed as if they must be killed before they could make their escape.

As they tore along through the jungle path Mr. Gibney's good right eye (his left was obscured) detected two savages crouching behind a clump of coco palms.

"There's the king and Tabu-Tabu," yelled Scraggs. "Let's round the beggars up."

"Sure," responded the commodore "We'll need 'em for hostages if we're to get that black coral. We'll turn 'em over to McGuffey."

"I'd better ease up a minute, sir," said the mate to Mr. McGuffey. "The gun's getting fearful hot."

"Let her melt," raved McGuffey, "but keep her workin' for all she's worth. I'll have revenge for Gib's

death, or-sufferin' mackerel!" McGuffey once more sat down on the cabin ventilator. He pointed dumbly to the beach, and there, paddling off to the Maggie II, were two naked cannibals and two naked white men in a canoe. Five minutes later they came alongside. McGuffey met them at the rail, and he smiled and licked his lower lip as the trembling monarch and his prime minister, in response to a severe application of Mr. Gibney's hands and feet, came flying over the rail. Mr. Gibney and Captain Scraggs followed.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mac," said Mr. Gibney, striving bravely to appear jaunty. "One of your first shots came between my legs and cut the rope that held me, and banged me and the post I was tied to all over the lot. A fragment of the shell appears to have taken away part of my ear, but I guess I'll recover. We're pretty well shook up, Mac, old socks, and a felt of whisky would be in order after you've put the irons on these two cannibals."

At 6:30 o'clock of the morning of the day following the frightful experience of Commodore Gibney and Captain Scraggs with the cannibals of Kandavu, the members of the Maggie Il syndicate faced each other across spiritual center of England.

Adelbert P. Gibney across the face I the breakfast table with appetites it no wise diminished by the excluss events of the preceding day.

McGuffey surveyed his superior officers, cursed them bitterly, and remarked, with tears of joy in his honest eyes, that both gentlemen had evaded their just deserts when they escaped with their lives. "If it hadn't been for the mate," said McGuffey severely, "I'd 'a' let you two boobles suffer the penalty for your foolishness, Any man that goes to work and fraternizes with a cannibal ain't got no kick comin' if he's made up into chickthis is what he heard Captain Scraggs | en carry with rice. The minute I hear old Scraggsy yippin' for help, says I to myself, 'let the beggars fight their own way out of the mess.' But the mate comes a-runnin' up and says he's pretty sure he can come near plantin' a mess of shells in the center of the disturbance, even if we can't see the wari on account of the jungle. 'It's all off with the commodore and the skipper, anyhow,' says the mate, 'so we might just as well have vengeance on their murderers.' So, of course, when he put it that way I give my consent-"

At this juncture the mate, passing around McGuffey on his way to the deck, winked solemnly at Mr. Gibney, who hung his war-worn head in simulated shame. When the mate had left the cabin the commodore pounded with his fork on the cabin table and announced a special meeting of the Maggie II syndicate.

"The first business before the meetlug," said Mr. Gibney, "is to readjust the ownership in the syndicate. Me and Scraggsy's had our heads together, Mac, and we've agreed that you've shot your way into a full one-third interest, instead of a quarter as heretofore. From now on, Mac, you're an equal owner with me and Scraggsy, and now that that matter's settled, you can quit rippin' it into us on the race question and suggest what's to be done in the case of Tabu-Tabu and this cannibat king that almost lured me and the navigatin' officer to our destruction. "I have the villains in double irons

and chained to the malumast," replied McGuffey, "and as a testimonial of my gratitude for the increased interest in the syndicate which you and Scraggs has just voted me, I will scheme up a fittin' form of vengeance on them two tar bables. However, only an extraordinary sentence can fit such an extraordingry crime, so I must have time to think it over. These two bucks is ine to do what I please with and I'l take any interference as unneighborly and unworthy of a shipmate."

"Take 'em," said Captain Scraggs vehemently. "For my part I only ask one thing. If you can see your way clear, Mac, to give me the king's scalp for a tobacco pouch, I'll be obliged."

"And I," added the commodore, would like Tabu-Tabu's shin bone for a clarionet. Pendin' McGaffey's reflections on the hamperin' of crime in Kandava, however, we'll turn our attention to the prime object of the expedition. We've had our little fun and it's high time we got down to business. It will be low tide at nine o'clock, so I suggest, Scraggs, that you order the mate and two seamen out in the big whaleboat, together with the divin' apparatus, and we'll go after pearl oysters and black coral. As for you, Mac, suppose you take the other bont and Tabu-Tabu and the king, and help the mate. Take a rifle along with you, and make them captives dive for pearl oysters until they're black in the

"Huh!" muttered the single-minded McGuffey. "What are they now? Sky blue?"

"Of course," continued the commo dore, "If a tiger shark happens along and picks the niggers up, it ain't none of our business. As for me and Scraggsy, we'll sit on deck and smoke. My head aches and I guess Scraggsy's in a similar fix."

"Anythin' to be agreeable," acquiesced McGuffey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Original of "She."

One of the quaintest sights ever seen in a London salesroom was witnessed a few weeks ago when the collection of Oriental antiques gathered by the late Lord Amherst was put up for sale. There were hundreds of Egyptian gods. Seated cars, with rings in their back and scarabs engraved upon their feecheads, hawks and geese had their place among the delties. There was also a very fine sepulchral figure of a woman is mummy form" in sycamore wood painted white with eyes in black, described as "a mummy with a pleasing countenance." This woman was named "She" as being the original of Sir Rider Haggard's heroine. Mummified birds, fish, cats, and calves were offered. An Egyptian woman's toilet articles, thousands of years old, were also offered and many other similar things.

Geographical and Spiritual.

At Leamington there stands a tree which claims, or has claimed, to be the geographical center of England. A few miles away lies Stratford on the Avon, so near the geographical center that one might fancy it placed there on purpose to signify it as the

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Do Two and Two Make Four? The famous logician Archbishop Whatelen was having an argument with a friend, when the friend said: "One cannot argue with you, for you will never admit one's premises. I don't believe that you would admit without argument that two and two make four." "Certainly not," said the archbishop. "For instance, they might make 20 "

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At the House Party. "Watch the balls kiss," said the

"You might learn a lesson at billiards," suggested the girl.

Falling in love doesn't lower an egotist's ocinion of himself.

