The Green Pea Pirates

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XII-Continued.

After breakfast Commodore Gibney ordered that the prisoners be brought before him. The cook served them with brenkfast, and as they ate, the commodore reminded them that it was only through his personal efforts and his natural disinclination to return blow for blow that they were at that moment enjoying a square meal instead of swinging in the rigging.

"I'm goin to give you two yeggs a chance to reform," concluded Mr. Gibney, addressing Tabu-Tabu. "If you show us where we can get a cargo of black coral and work hard and faithful helpin' us to get it aboard, it may help you to comb a few gray hairs. I'm goin' to take the irons off now, but remember! At the first sign of the double-cross you're both shark meat."

On behalf of himself and the king, Tabu-Tabu promised to behave, and McGuffey kicked them both into the small boat. The mate and two seamen followed in another boat, in which the air-pump and diving apparatus was carried, and Tabu-Tabu piloted them to a patch of still water just inside the reef. The water was so clear that McGuffey was enabled to make out vast marine gardens thickly sprinkled with the precious black

"Over you go, you two smokes," rasped McGuffey, menacing the captives with his rifle. "Dive deep, my hearties, and bring up what you can find, and if a shark comes along and takes a nip out of your hind leg, don't expect no help from B. McGuffey, Esquire-because you won't get any."

For nearly two weeks the Maggie II lay at anchor, while her crew labored daily in the gardens of the deep. Vast



"Are You Sure It Ain't All a Dream?"

quantities of pearl oysters were brought to the surface, and these Mr. Gibney stewed personally in a great iron pot on the beach. The shell was stored away in the hold and the pearls went into a chamois pouch which never for an instant was out of the commodore's possession. The coast at that point being now deserted, frequent visits ashore were made, and the crew feasted on young plg, chicken, yams and other delicacies. Captain Scraggs was almost delirious with joy. He announced that he had not been so happy since Mrs. Scraggs "slipped her cable."

At the end of two weeks Mr. Gibney decided that there was "loot" enough ashore to complete the schooner's cargo, and at a meeting of the syndicate held one lovely moonlight night on deck he announced his plans to Captain Scraggs and McGuffey.

"Better leave the island alone," counseled McGuffey. "Them niggers may be a-layin' there ten thousand strong, waitin' for a boat's crew to come prowlin' up into the bush so they

"I've thought of that, Mac," said the commodore a trifle coldly, "and if I stand to reason that I'm apt to do it again. Remember, Mac, a burnt child right after breakfast, we'll turn the business in the next county and we won't be disturbed none."

Mr. Gibney's program was duly put through and the capital of Kandavu out of here a-whoopin' and a-flyin'." looted of the trade accumulations of years. And when the hatches were finally battened down, the tanks re- good and the trade-winds never slackfilled with fresh water, and everything ened. Ten days from the date of leavin readiness to leave Kandavu for the run to Honolulu, Mr. Gibney announced island. It was a long, low, sandy atoll, to the syndicate that the profits of the expedition would figure close up to a hundred thousand dollars. Captain of a vast colony of seabirds that ap-

the mainmast. "Gib, my dear boy," he sputtered, 'are you sure it ain't all a dream and | the break of the poop, and as he gazed

that all these months we've been asleep under a cabbage leaf, communin' with potato bugs?"

"Not for a minute," replied the commodore, "Why, I got a dozen matched pearls here that's fit for a queen. Blg. red, pear-shaped boys-regular bleed in' hearts. There's ten thousand each in them alone."

"Well, I'll-I'll brew some grog," gasped Captain Scraggs, and departed forthwith to the galley. Fifteen minutes later he returned with a kettle of his favorite nepenthe and all three adventurers drank to a bon voyage home. At the conclusion of the toast Mr. McGuffey set down his glass, wiped his mouth with the back of his hairy hand, and thus addressed the syndicate.

"In leavin' this paradise of the South Pacific," he began, "we find that we have accumulated other wealth besides the loot below decks. I refer to his royal highness, the king of Kandavu, and his prime minister, Tabu-Tabu, When these two outlaws was first captured, I informed the syndicate that I would scheme out a punishment befittin' their crime, to-wit-murderin' an' eatin' you two boys. It's been a big Job and it's taken some time, me not bein' blessed with quite as fine an imagination as our friend, Gib. However, I pride myself that hard work always brings success, and I am ready to announce what disposition shall be made of these two interestin' specimens of aboriginal life. I beg to announce, gentlemen, that I have invented a punishment fittin' the crime."

"Impossible," said Captain Scraggs. "Shut up, Scraggs," struck in Commodore Gibney, "Out with it, Mac. What's the program?"

"I move you, members of the syndiente, that the schooner Maggie II proceed to some barren, uninhabited island, and that upon arrival there this savage king and his still more savage subject be taken ashore in a small boat. I also move you, gentlemen of the syndicate, that inasmuch as the two aggrieved parties, A. P. Gibney and P. Scraggs, having in a sperrit of mercy refrained from layin' their hands on said prisoners for fear of invalidin' them at a time when their services was of importance to the expedition, be given an opportunity to take out their grudge on the persons of said savages. Now, I notice that the king is a miserable, skimpy, sawedoff and hammered-down old cove. By all the rules of the prize ring he's in (Here Mr. McGufscraggsy's class." fey flashed a lightning wink to the commodore. It was an appeal for Mr. Gibney's moral support in the engineer's scheme to put up a lob on Captain Scraggs, and thus relieve the tedium of the homeward trip. Mr. Gibney instantly telegraphed his approbation, and McGuffey continued.) "I notice also that if I was to hunt the universe over, I couldn't find a better match for Gib than Tabu-Tabu. And as we are all agreed that the white race is superior to any race on earth, and it'll do us all good to see a fine mill before we leave the country, I move you, gentlemen of the syndicate, that we pull off a finish fight between Scraggsy and the king, and Gib and Tabu-Tabu. I'll referee both contests and at the conclusion of the mixup we'll leave these two murderers marooned on the island and then-"

"Rats," snapped Captain Scraggs. "That ain't no business at all. You shouldn't consider nothin' short of capital punishment. Why, that's only a petty larceny form of-

"Quit buttin' in on my prerogatives," roared McGuffey. "That ain't the fin-

ish by no means." "What is the finish, then?"

"Why, these two cannibals, bein' left alone on the desert island, naturally bumps up agin the old question of the survival of the fittest. They get scrappin' among themselves, and one sats the other up."

"By the toe-nails of Moses," muttered Mr. Gibney in genuine admiration, "but you have got an imagination after all, Mac. The point is well taken and the program will go through as outlined. Scraggs, you'll fight the king. No buckin' and grumblin'. You'll fight the king. You're outvoted two to one, the thing's been done regular, and you can't kick. I'll fight Tabu-Tabu, made a sucker of myself once it don't so you see you're not gettin' any the worst of it. We'll proceed to an island in the Friendly group called Tuvanadreads the fire. Tomorrow morning, tholo. It lies right in our homeward course, and there ain't enough grub on guns loose and pepper the bush for a the confounded island to last two men mile or two in every direction. If a week. And I know there ain't no there's a native within range he'll have | water there. So, now that that matter is all settled, we will proceed to heave the anchor and scoot for home, Mac, tune up your engines and we'll get

It was an eight-hundred-mile run up to Tuvana-tholo, but the weather held ing Kandavu they hove to off the with a few coconut-palms growing in the center of it. and with the exception Scraggs gasped and fell limply against parently made it their headquarters, the island was devoid of life.

The bloodthirsty McGuffey stood at that we'll wake up some day and find shoreward he chuckled and rubbed his hat we're still in the green-pea trade; hands together.

aft to the navigating officer: "Scraggsy, there's the ring. Nothin' else to the mustard, Scraggsy, old tarpot." do now but get the contestants into it, Along in the late afternoon, when the heat of the day is over, we'll go ashore and pull off the fight. And, by George,

lambastin' you, I'll set the rascal free," Seeing that there was no escape, Captain Scraggs decided to bluff the matter through. "Let's go ashore and have it over with," he said carelessly, 'I'm a man of peace, but when there's fightin' to be done, I say go to it and no tomfoolery."

Scraggs, if that old king succeeds in

"Clear away the big whaleboat with two men to pull us ashore," said Mr. Gibney to the mate. Five minutes later the members of the syndicate, accompanied by the captives, climbed into the whaleboat and shoved off, leaving the Maggie II in charge of the mate. "We'll be back in half an hour," called the commodore, as they rowed away from the schooner. "Just ratch back and forth and keep heavin' the

They negotiated the fringe of breakers to the north of the island successfully, pulled the boat up on the beach, and proceeded at once to business, Mr. Gibney explained to Tabu-Tabu what was expected of him, and Tabu-Tabu in turn explained to the king. It was not the habit of white men, so Mr. Gibney explained, to kill their prisoners in cold blood, and he had decided to give them an opportunity to fight their way out of a sad predicament with their naked fists. If they won, they would be taken back aboard the schooner and later dropped at some inhabited island. If they lost, they must make their home for the future

on Tuvana-tholo. "Let 'er go," called McGuffey, and Mr. Gibney squared off and made a bearlike pass at Tabu-Tabu. To the amazement of all present Tabu-Tabu sprang lightly backward and avoided the blow. His footwork was excellent and McGuffey remarked as much to Captain Scraggs. But when Tabu-Tabu put up his hands after the most approved method of self-defense and dropped into a "crouch," McGuffey could no longer contain himself.

"The beggar can fight, the beggar can fight," he croaked, wild with joy. "Scraggs, old man, this'll be a rare, mill, I promise you. He's been aboard a British man-o'-war and learned how to box. Steady, Gib. Upper-cut him,

Tabu-Tabu had stepped in and planted a mighty right in the center of Mr. Gibney's physiognomy, following it up with a hard left to the commodore's ear. Mr. Gibney rocked a moment on his sturdy legs, stepped back out of range, dropped both hands, and stared at Tabu-Tabu.

"I do believe the nigger'll lick you, Gib," said McGuffey anxiously. "He's got a horrible reach and a mule kick in each mit. Close with him, or he's due for a full pardon."

"In a minute," said the commodore faintly. "He's so good I hate to hurt him. But I'll infight him to a finish."

Which Mr. Gibney forthwith proceeded to do. He rushed his opponent and clinched, though not until his right



eye was in mourning and a stiff jolt in the short ribs had caused him to grunt in most ignoble fashion. But few men could withstand Mr. Gibney once he got to close quarters. Tabu-Tabu wrapped his long arms around the commodore and endeavored to smother his blows, but Mr. Gibney would not be denied. His great fist shot upward from the hip and connected with the cannibal's chin. Talm-Tabu relaxed his hold, Mr. Gibney followed with left and right to the head in quick succession, and McGuffey was counting the fatal ten over the fallen

Mr. Gibney grinned rather foolish-

"Great, great," he murmured. "I ! ly, spat, and spoke to McGuffey, soto couldn't have gotten a better island if voce: "By George, the joke ain't all I'd had one built to order." He called on Scraggsy," he said. Then turning to Captain Scraggs: "Help yourself to

> Captain Scraggs took off his hat, rolled up his sleeves, and made a dive for the royal presence. His majesty. lacking the scientific training of his prime minister, seized a handful of the Scraggs mane and tore at it cruelly. A well-directed kick in the shins, however, caused him to let go, and a moment later he was flying up the beach with the angry Scraggs in full cry after him. McGuffey headed the king off and rounded him up so Scraggs could get at him, and the latter at once "dug in" like a terrier. After five minutes of mauling and tearing Captain Scraggs was out of breath, so he let go and stood off a few feet to size up the situation. The wicked McGuffey was laughing immoderately, but to Scraggs it was no laughing matter. The fact of the matter was the king was dangerous and Scraggs had glutted himself with re-

"I don't want to beat an old man to death," he gasped finally. "I'll let the scoundrel go. He's had enough and he won't fight. Let's mosey along back to the schooner and leave them here to amuse themselves the best way they know how."

"Right-O," said Mr. Gibney, and urned to walk down the beach to the bont. A second later a hourse scream of rage and terror broke from his lips. "What's up?" cried McGuffey, the laughter dying out of his voice, for there was a hint of death in Mr. Gibney's cry.

"Marooned!" said the commodore hoursely. "Those two sailors have pulled back to the schooner, andthere-look, Mac! My Gawd!"

McGuffey looked, and his face went whiter than the foaming breakers beyond which he could see Maggie II, under full sail, hended for the open sea, The small boat had been picked up, and there was no doubt that at her present rate of speed the schooner would be hull down on the horizon by

"The murderin' hound," whispered McGuffey, and sagged down on the sands. "Oh, the murderin' hound of a mate!"

and his winnin' ways! Saw a chance to steal the Maggle and her rich cargo, and he is leavin' us here, marooned on a desert island, with two cannibals."

Captain Scraggs fairly shricked the last two words and burst into tears, "Lord, Gib, old man," he raved, "whatever will we do?" Thus appealed to, the doughty com-

modore permitted his two unmatched

optics to rest mournfully upon his

shipmates. He gulped and thoughtfully rubbed the knuckies of his right hand where the skin was barked off. He thought of the silly joke he and McGuffey had thought to perpetrate on Captain Scraggs by leading him up against a beating at the hands of a cannibal king, and with the thought came a grim, hard chuckle, though there was the look of a thousand devils in his

"Well, Mac, old sporty boy, I guess there ain't much to do except to make up our minds to die like gentlemen. It' I was ever fooled by a man in my life, I was fooled by that doggone mate. I thought he'd tote square with the syndicate. I sure did."

For a long time McGuffey gazed seaward. He was slower than his shipmates in making up his mind that the mate had really deserted them and salled away with the fortunes of the syndicate. Of the three, however, the stoical engineer accepted the situation with the best grace. He spurned the white sand with his foot and faced Mr. Gibney and Captain Scraggs with just the suspicion of a grin on his homely face.

"I make a motion," he said, "that the syndicate pass a resolution condemnin' the action of the mate." It was a forlorn hope, and the jest

went over the heads of the deck department. Said Mr. Gibney sadly: "There ain't no more Maggie II syndicate."

CHAPTER XIII.

Neils Halvorsen often wondered what had become of the Maggie and Captain Scraggs. Mr. Gibney and Bartholomew McGuffey he knew had turned their sun-tanned faces toward deep water some years before Captain Scraggs and the Maggie disappeared from the environs of San Francisco bay, and Nells Halvorsen was wise enough to waste no time wondering what had become of them. These two worthies might be anywhere, and every conceivable thing under the sun might have happened to them; hence, in his idle moments, Neils Halvorsen did not disturb his gray matter speculating on their whereabouts and their then condition of servitude.

But the continued absence of Captain Scraggs from his old haunts created quite a little gossip along the

waterfront, and in the course of time rumors of his demise by sundry and devious routes came to the ears of Nells Halvorsen.

Hence "The Squarehead" was puzzled. In fact, to such an extent was Neils puzzled, that one perfectly culm, clear night, while beating down can Pablo bay in his bay scow, the Willie and Annie, he so far forgot himself and his own affairs as to concentrate all his attention on the problem of the ultimate finish of Captain Scraggs, So engrossed was Nells in this vain, speculation that he neglected to observe toward the rules of the ocean highways that nicety of attention which is highly requisite, even in the skipper of a bay scow, if the fulsome title of captain is to be retained for any definite period. As a result, Neils became confused regarding the exact number of blasts from the siren of a river steamer desiring to pass him to port. Consequently the Willie and Annie received such a severe butting from the river steamer in question as to cause her to careen and fill. Being, unfortunately, loaded with gravel on this particular trip, she subsided incontinently to the bottom of San Pablo bay, while Neils and his crew of two men sought refuge on a plank.

Without attempting to go further into the details of the misfortunes of Neils Halvorsen, be it known that the destruction of the Willie and Annie



Squib in the Shipping News.

proved to be such a severe shock to Neils' reputation as a safe and sane bay scow skipper that he was ulti-"It's-it's mutiny," guiped Captain mately forced to seek other and more Scraggs in a hard, strained voice, virgin fields. With the fragments of "That bloody fiend of a mate! The sly his meager fortune, the ambitious sneak-thief, with his pleasant smile Swede purchased a course in a local nautical school from which he duly managed to emerge with sufficient courage to appear before the United States local inspectors of hulls and boilers and take his examination for a second mate's certificate. To his unutterable surprise the license was granted; whereupon he shipped as quartermaster on the steamer Alameda, running to Honolulu, and what with the lesson taught him in the loss of the Willie and Annie and the exacting duties of his office aboard the liner, he forgot that he had ever known Coptain Scraggs.

Judge of Nells Halvorsen's surprise. therefore, upon the occasion of his first trip to Honolulu, when he saw something which brought the whole matter back to mind. They were standing in toward Diamond head and the Alameda lay hove to taking on the pilot. It was early morning and the purple mists hung over the entrance to the harbor. Nells Halvorsen stood at the gangway enjoying the sunrise over the Punch-bowl, and glancing longingly toward the vivid green of the hills beyond the city, when he was aware of a "put," "put," "put," to starboard of the Alameda. Nells turned at the sound just in time to see a beautiful gasoline schooner of about a hundred and thirty tons heading in toward the bay. She was so close that Neils was enabled to make out that her name was Maggle II.

"Vell, aye be dam," muttered Neils, and scratched his head, for the name revived old memories. An hour later, when the Alameda loafed into her berth at Brewer's dock, Neils noticed that the schooner lay at anchor off the quarantine station.

That night Neils Halversen went ashore for those forms of enjoyment peculiar to his calling, and in the Pantheon saloon, whither his pathway led him, he filled himself with beer and gossip. It was here that Nells came across an item in an afternoon paper which challenged his instant attention. It was just a squib in the shipping news, but Nells Halvorsen read it with amazement and joy:

"The power schooner Maggie II arrived this morning, ten days from the Friendly islands. The little schooner came into port with her hold bursting with the most valuable cargo that has entered Hono-iulu in many years. It consists for the most part of black coral.

"The Maggie II is commanded by Captain Phineus Scraggs, and after taking on provisions and water today will proceed to San Francisco, tomorrow, for dis

"By yiminy," quoth Neils Halvorsen 'aye bat you that bane de ole man so sure as you bane alive. And aye bat new hat he skall be glad to see Neils Halvorsen. I guess aye hire Kanaka boy an' he bane pull me out to se de ole man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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