

JOHN TOPP, PIRATE

By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro.

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CHAPTER V.

The brig Surrey Hills was engaged in the Venetian trade and did the double voyage twice a year. Her owner was Master Simmonds of the Cheap, and a good servant she had been to him, having fought her way backward and forward between London and Venice against the united forces of wind, waves and pirates for nearly five and forty years, as the evidence of many a scar on the timbers of her hull and on the faces of her crew could prove.

Our first voyage out was a thoroughly prosperous one. Even the dreaded bay of Biscay was for once as quiet as the most timorous landsman could have wished. Arrived at Venice, we bartered our homely English goods for a cargo of fine glass and iron work from the workshops of the Water City and for curious stuffs and perfumes which its traders had brought from the far lands of Ind, Araby and Cathay.

During the voyage home, too, our luck stuck to us. We had a fair wind the whole way, and the words "Trim sails, the watch!" hardly once fell on our ears. Wonderful good fortune, this, but it cost our captain the greater part of his crew, who declared that the ship was bewitched—and I was more than half inclined to agree with them.

This was the reason for their fears: When we were lying at Venice, our captain went to a Finn who dealt in charms and for the sum of 19 ducats bought from him that which would raise a favoring gale. It was wrapped in a skin case marked all over with cabalistic designs whose meaning none of us understood. What it contained I cannot say, for no man on the brig dared to risk his eyesight by gazing at the wizard's charm after its maker had warned him to keep aloof. But this I know, that while that bag was nailed to the masthead we never wanted for a fair wind to waft us home.

Yet there were signs that the Eye above saw with anger the magical device that eased us of the just labors of sea working. Almost every night while we were in the more southern latitudes pale blue lights would fly down to us out of the darkness and perch on yardarm or masthead. They were Corpus Santos—holy bodies—and we knew that they had come to threaten and not to protect, for when we greeted them with a psalm they held their places as though they did not hear a word of our singing.

We younger ones gazed at the omens with wonder and little more, but the older seamen were strangely disquieted, and as soon as we dropped anchor in the Thames and the wages had been paid more than 50 of them left the ship for good. I would have followed them, for I trusted to their older experience in such things, but Alec, as usual, ridiculed my superstition and said he meant to stay, so I had to stide my quails and stay too.

We were rewarded for our boldness, for the captain not only appointed us to officerships and housed us in the after house, but undertook to teach us all the mysteries of navigation and seamanship, so that at the end of the voyage we were either of us competent to take the command of a vessel ourselves. And thus in the event it proved that our captain's deal with the devil was the beginning of our rapid rise in the calling we had chosen.

We stuck to the Surrey Hills for several voyages after this, until at last we suffered so much in a brush with a couple of piratical rascals from Salee that, though we beat them off after a tough battle, the ship was so much knocked about that on our return home she was pronounced unfit for another voyage. And so we were out of a berth. Alec would have shipped from the Thames again for foreign parts at once, but I suggested that we should have a little fun on shore first. We staid a few days, therefore, in London, and then, finding that our money was melting much too fast, we started to walk around the south coast of England.

After a few unimportant adventures we arrived in time at Bristol, and there the emptiness of our purses compelled us to take ship once more. We got berths on board the Severn at Bristol, but our vessel had not got clear of the red waves of the Bristol channel when—opposite Bideford if my memory does not fail me—an accident happened to her which gave us another step up the ladder of fortune. Our captain died of a stroke, and Alec, who had been a deep sea pilot, stepped into his shoes, and I became the second in command. So far, at least, we could not grumble at the way fate had treated us.

Our cargo was a mixed one for Vigo Bay, and after a good voyage out we landed it there and took in Spanish wines in return. While the lading was going on we had plenty of time to spend on shore, and in one of our excursions we had an adventure.

men had his arm round the girl and was holding her fast, as though to prevent her from jumping out, and as we passed she gave a cry and waved her hand to us, whereupon the man who was holding her swore at her and called to the other to whip up his horse.

"Something wrong here, Alec," I exclaimed, but Alec had already turned and was riding hard after him. I followed, and after a chase of about a mile we came up with them. We whipped out our pistols and shouted to them to stop or we would fire.

"Now," said Alec when they had pulled up, "out you get, both of you." Yielding to the eloquence of the two cocked pistols, they obeyed. "You with the reins, hold the horse's head. If you move a yard farther on, I shoot. And you other scoundrel, hand the lady out. Quickly, now!" They were unarmed or at least had no firearms, so they had to do as they were bid. As soon as she was out of the carriage the lady turned and faced the two ruffians with a defiant sneer hovering round her mouth, and they covered her under her glance like whipped curs.

Alec made them get in again and drive off at once, daring them to turn their heads as long as they were in pistol shot. When they were gone, we turned to the lady for an explanation. "How can I thank you, gentlemen?" she exclaimed.

"Speaks English!" I muttered. "And a pretty girl too! Wonder what those two scoundrels were up to?"

"Madam," said Alec, with a courtly bow, "we are only too glad to have the good fortune to serve you. Where may we have the pleasure of escorting you?"

"Madam!" she laughed. "You need not to be so ceremonious, Captain Ireland." Alec stared with astonishment, but I had recognized the voice. "Inez!" I cried in delight.

"Ah, you haven't forgotten me, though Alec Ireland has," she said, and I saw that she was glad. "Forgotten you?" I cried. "No. How could I? But I thought you were in Whitby."

"Apparently it has not been worth your while to inquire, I left Whitby more than a year ago." "I never heard it." "Did you ask?"

I was thrown into confusion by her question and was at a loss for a reply, when Alec spoke for me. "We have been at sea ever since we last saw you," he said.

"Ah, then I forgive you!" she replied graciously. "But you must come with me now to my father's house. I don't promise that he will be pleased to see you, but as you are my gallant rescuers he is bound to be polite."

"Don Miguel here, too?" I asked. "Yes," replied Inez. "You don't suppose I lived alone." "No, but I thought perhaps there was some one else," I said sadly.

Inez blushed. "Who else?" she asked. "Your husband?" I ventured. "I haven't found one yet."

"Then a Whitby lad has a chance?" "Who knows?" And again she blushed, and I was just going to say something more when Alec broke in. "Where were those two men taking you?" he asked.

the ruffians who were carrying her off gave us, however, a claim on his gratitude and an excuse for calling very frequently to see how she was, and as Inez encouraged our visits we took every advantage of the opportunity which chance had given us.

Inez and I had many long walks together through the beautiful country round Vigo Bay, and on those occasions Alec always insisted on marching some 10 or 12 fathoms behind us, for my sweetheart's beauty had won her many admirers, who were naturally not inclined to submit quietly to the success of a heretical Englishman. I had found favor where they had failed, and but for Alec's precaution a venal dagger between my ribs would in all probability have been the reward of my wooing.

(To be continued next week.)

WANTED HIS FARE RUNG UP.

An Italian Who Demanded Music of the Street Car Conductor.

The conductor of a Brooklyn trolley car had a peculiar experience with an Italian one night last week. The Italian wanted to ride with music thrown in for his 5 cents. A passenger described the incident: "I boarded the car with six other passengers, including an Italian, at the suburban end of the road on one of the late trips. The car had gone a short distance when the conductor began to collect the fares. The Italian was on the rear seat, and his money was collected last. Everything went well for about half a mile, when the Italian jumped to his feet and waved his hands at the conductor. The conductor went to the excited man and asked him what the trouble was. The Italian said: 'Me wanta my fiva centa back!'"

The conductor told him that he could not have the money. The Italian insisted: "Every boda getta music for a fiva centa; me no got."

The conductor grasped the situation at once, and, seeing that he was accused of 'nickelng,' started to clear himself. He showed the Italian that there were seven passengers on the car and that that number of fares were registered. He also explained why the Italian did not get any music for his nickel. He said: "While collecting the fares in the front part of the car I rang up one fare too much, and if I rang up yours I would be out 5 cents."

A TRIUMPH OF SURGERY.

The Case of a Man Who Swallowed His Suspenders.

A case recorded in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal by Dr. M. H. Richardson is a remarkable example of the extraordinary feats in swallowing foreign bodies sometimes performed by men.

A man, aged 29 years, was admitted to the hospital. He said that two weeks previously, while he was in a despondent state, he had endeavored to swallow his suspenders and had succeeded in getting down certain portions, but how much he had swallowed he could not tell. He did not complain of pain, but rather of discomfort under the breast while eating. The food at times passed easily into the stomach. At other times it was regurgitated immediately. Nothing could be seen in the throat. With a probe some obstruction was felt.

A skigram showed a suspender buckle at the middle of the chest and possibly another higher up. As the chief danger in esophageal impaction is from ulceration into the great vessels, especially when the foreign body has sharp edges, and as fatal erosion usually takes place in two weeks or less, it was concluded that if there was any erosion it was sufficiently advanced to make even the most careful manipulation dangerous. The problem was how to perform extraction without producing fatal hemorrhage.

The throat was opened, and with a pair of forceps, a string attached to a brass ring and then half a suspender with two buckles and finally a third buckle were removed. A probang was passed into the stomach without meeting with further obstruction. The wound was closed with silk sutures, and recovery ensued.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Charles S. Francis of Troy, N. Y., was nominated Tuesday by President McKinley to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Greece. "Sixty American Socialist Democrats have landed here," says a dispatch from Wellington, "attracted by the settlement conditions under New Zealand's advanced legislation." The annual report of the commission to the five civilized tribes says that with the improving conditions it is hoped by a uniformity of political institutions to lay the foundation for an ultimate common government.

LILIES.

Lilies, white lilies, ye calm my soul, For the waters are wild and the billows roll, And love and trust have drifted away, Like the distant sail on the breast of the bay. In a moment more 'twill have drifted from sight And be hidden away in the waste of night!

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

This Man Knew a Steamboat When He Saw One.

The agent of one of the ocean steamship lines, says the Chicago Tribune, told the following story of a St. Louis man who got into New York the day after the maiden arrival of a great liner: After gazing at the vessel from the pier the St. Louisian said to the man at the gangplank: "Purty good sized steamboat."

"She's a liner, ocean liner," was the lofty reply.

"She's purty high up, ain't she?" "Ocean liners have to be. But when she is under way she doesn't look so high."

"Her chimneys ain't very high, though."

"You mean her funnels. No; they never make them high for liners."

"Hinges on 'em?" "Never heard of hinges on a funnel."

"How does she get under the bridge?"

"Why, any bridge. Steamboats out our way have hinges on their chimneys, and when they come to the bridges over the river they lower the chimneys, and she scoots under like she was greased."

The man at the gangplank observed the St. Louisian with lofty indifference. "She ain't got any wheelhouses on her sides nor none at her stern," remarked the St. Louis man after he had made further inspection.

"Liners have propellers," said the man at the gangplank, and his nose turned up visibly.

"Well, I'll bet she can't run. It takes two wheels and a bow like an arrowhead and a scunt hold to give a steamboat speed, sunny, and don't you forget it. If this steamboat was to get into the Mississippi, she'd go hard aground first clip."

"I have told you this is not a steamboat."

"Shucks! You can't gimme that. I saw a picture of her in one of our newspapers before I left home, and the printin under it said 'steamboat.' Do you think a St. Louis editor don't know a steamboat when he sees one? You're not on to your job yet."

Get a Six Million Contract.

Cheyenne, Dec. 19.—The contract for a stupendous piece of railroad work was today awarded by the Union Pacific to Kilpatrick Bros. & Collins of Lincoln, Neb. The price to be paid is \$6,000,000 and the contract calls for the building of the proposed Echo canyon cutoff, a piece of road 40 miles long, extending from Evanston, Wyo., to Salt Lake City. The contractors are given four years in which to complete their task.

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Order for Hearing of Final Account. In the matter of the estate of M. E. Andrus, deceased. In the county court of Madison county, Nebraska. Now on the 13th day of December, 1900, came Burt Mapes the administrator, de bonis non, of said estate, and prays for leave to render an account as such administrator. It is therefore ordered that the 16th day of January, 1901, at one o'clock p. m. at my office in Madison, be fixed as the time and place for examining and allowing such account. And the heirs of said estate, and all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at the time and place so designated, and show cause, if such exists, why said account should not be allowed. It is further ordered that said Burt Mapes, administrator, de bonis non, give notice to all persons interested in said estate by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Norfolk News-Journal, a newspaper printed and in general circulation in said county for three weeks prior to the day set for said hearing. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 13th day of December, 1900. (SEAL) W. M. BATES County Judge.

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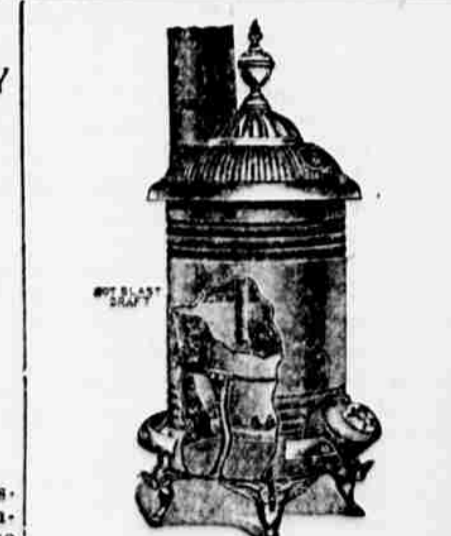
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