

BOSTON STORE LOSS BY FIRE

The Great Damage to Our \$175,000 Reserve Stock—By Fire.

SETTLED BY THE INSURANCE COMPANIES

It's the Biggest Loss Ever Incurred Through Smoke by the Insurance Companies in Omaha and They Settled Our Loss Yesterday.

TUESDAY—MORNING—at 8 o'clock we begin the GREATEST SMOKE SALE OF DRY GOODS

ever held in the west. When fire first discovered in the Los Angeles liquor store beneath our reserve stock rooms, the firemen directed all their efforts to fighting the flames below.

An explosion of any single one of the barrels of which the explosion of the lot and the total destruction of the entire block.

To avoid this calamity all their efforts were given to the liquor store and the magnificent \$175,000 RESERVE STOCK OF THE BOSTON STORE

On the floors above the liquor store was left to itself. Cloud after cloud of dense smoke forced its way through nook and crevice and cranny

Up through the ceiling of the liquor store and through the floors into our reserve stock rooms.

After the fire When the doors and windows were opened and the smoke cleared away—Then the damage showed itself.

Every piece of goods that was exposed showed the stain of the smoke.

But there were thousands and thousands of dollars worth of goods which were in boxes, which were only affected the least little bit by smoke.

Absolutely nothing in our stock was touched by fire or water.

By the only damage to any of it was by smoke, which slightly discolored the edges of the goods and most of this will disappear in wear or washing.

But the insurance companies paid us our loss.

And Tuesday we will commence to slaughter the retail trade at a tenth of their cost.

At any price In order to clean them out in a hurry. Remember in this stock room we carried the surplus stock of every department in the store, and prepare yourself on

TUESDAY For greater, more wonderful, more remarkable and smashing bargains than ever

Were seen or offered In any kind of a sale.

By any store in the whole wide world. It's BOSTON STORE says it's BOSTON STORE that'll give 'em.

In Search of Gold. Everybody has seen gold coin and gold bars, but very few people have ever seen gold in its natural state as found by the prospector.

Commencing May 15 the Rocky Mountain Prospecting Co. will give free one beautiful and rich specimen of gold ore and one share of their stock, par value \$500.00.

We will give away twenty-five specimens and shares, but will only give one specimen or one share to each person.

This stock will be worth its par value in less than six months. We are doing this as an advertisement. Send stamp for one of these specimens or one share of the stock at once to the

ROCKY MOUNTAIN PROSPECTING CO., Espanola, N. M.

The latest thing in sailor hats at Mme. Hickman. Look out for her Tuesday ad. Something different in hats on Wednesday. Mme. Hickman.

Bessie Hodson, hairdresser and manicure, 1609 Farnam, formerly with Prof. Monheit.

Congressman Bryan will speak at the Coliseum tomorrow evening at the opening of the Manufacturers' exposition.

West Side is the cheapest and best located addition to Omaha. Lots \$350.00 and \$400.00, one-tenth cash, balance payable monthly.

Lots the same distance from the postoffice in the north part of the city are held at \$900.00 and \$1,000.00 each. B. J. Scannell, agent, 309 S. 13th street.

M. O. Daxon, bicycles, 120 N. 15th st., riding school in connection.

All kinds rubber goods at Sherman & McConnell's prescription drug store.

Aretic Ice Co., reservoir and lake ice. All orders promptly filled. Tel. 455. Office 220 So. 12th street.

W. T. Seaman, wagons and carriages. World's Fair Rates.

The fare to Chicago is now reduced via Chicago & Northwestern railway on both round trip and one way tickets.

Very superior accommodations. Four eastern trains daily. Get further information at the city ticket office, 1401 Farnam street.

Georgia and Virginia avenue properties at the price we ask is the safest investment on the market today, and there are times you should seek safe investments.

FIDELITY TRUST CO., 1702 Farnam st. For rent, large front room on Farnam street, New York Life building.

Also large basement room 1614 Farnam. Also nice room, suitable for lodge purposes, etc. Hicks, 305 N. Y. Life.

BOSTON STORE FINAL EFFORT

The Morrow's the Crowning Greatest Effort of a Pushing, Crowding, Cleaning Out

OF EVERY BIT OF GOODS WE CAN MOVE

In Order to Make Room for Our Entire Surplus Stock, Which Was Damaged by Smoke, and Goes on Sale Tuesday.

It is no more a question with us what the goods cost or what they are worth. It's only to put a price on them which will make them go in a hurry.

Every counter and tray of goods in our entire establishment has been marked down to such a price for tomorrow that will clean them out in time for the surplus stock which will be brought down for Tuesday morning.

On the front center bargain square we have placed an immense lot of extra China silks, India silks, wash silks, pongee silks, changeable sarahs, and all silk blouses worth up to \$1.00 a yard will be closed out tomorrow at 25c a yard.

All our finest grade shantung silks, in every color, changeable glange silk, fancy trimming silks, crystal bengaline silks, 30-inch China silks, in fact all silks that we have been selling up to \$1.50 a yard, will go at 60c tomorrow.

DRESS GOODS AT 25c YARD. An immense lot of strictly all wool well cut suits, zigrags, two tones, serge, and all wool shirtings, plaids, checks, and 40-inch imported wool, bedford cords, will be closed at 25c a yard.

DRESS GOODS AT 50c YARD. All wool iridescent serges, all wool hosiery, all wool bright saxon plaid, 40-inch German silk finish hennetias, in every shade and color known, including all the new greens, purples and magentas, all-go at 50c a yard.

DRESS GOODS AT 75c YARD. This includes some of the finest goods in our stock, 42-inch glorie silks, 42-inch imported figured poplins, English woad, 40-inch French ombre novelties, silk and wool effects, in all the leading shades, and all the 46-inch French hennetias, including the newest evening shades, worth up to \$1.50 a yard, go at 75c.

BOSTON STORE, Sole agents for Edwin C. Burt's fine shoes, N. W. cor. 16th and Douglas.

Put Chicago in Your Pocket. You can do so by purchasing a copy of Moran's Dictionary of Chicago.

The World's Fair has received the endorsement of the World's Columbian exposition. It also contains a complete "map" of Chicago and is the only recognized and standard "Guide" of the World's Fair City.

For sale by George E. Moran, publisher, 213 Herald building, Chicago, Ill., and by Chase & Eddy, 1518 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb. Price 50c per copy.

Samuel Burns has left from his sale: 25 dinner sets, \$7.00 to \$25.00. 25 toilet sets, \$2.25 to \$12.00. Which he wants to dispose of at 10 to 50 per cent discount.

Samuel Burns sells refrigerators. Judge O. N. Hilton, attorney for the renowned specialists, Drs. Betts & Betts, is in the city a guest of the Paxton.

He gives us a very interesting account of a very important and successful surgical operation performed by the doctor in Denver on a prominent and wealthy citizen that attracted wide attention. The judge informs us that the business of the firm in this city is increasing daily and eminently satisfactory.

The latest thing in sailor hats at Mme. Hickman's. Look out for her Tuesday ad. Something different in hats on Wednesday. Mme. Hickman.

For sale, the elegant brick and frame cottage No. 3019 Pacific street; 8 rooms, all conveniences. Also the new modern 9-room house corner Pacific and Thirty-first streets. Call for prices and terms. Hicks, 305 N. Y. Life Bldg.

Young couple desires a front room and sleeping room, ensuite preferred, with board in private family. Address H 4, Bee.

A snap for some hotel man. See J. W. Squire's adv. in "Business Chances."

A splendid bargain near Hanscom park; elegant 10-room house, \$8,500.00. Hicks, 305 N. Y. Life Bldg.

A New Photographic Studio. Mr. E. Lear, who has had many years of experience in photography in Boston and Chicago, and who of late has been chief operator for F. A. Rinchart of this city where he has had remarkable success, has severed his connection with Mr. Rinchart and will, in company with Mrs. J. W. Cotton, Omaha's well known business man, open a first-class studio at 1312 Farnam street, over Wells-Fargo express office, about the 1st of June.

There is plenty of room in Omaha for another first-class studio, and there is no question but what this new firm will be successful from the start.

Palace sleepers daily between Omaha and Hot Springs, South Dakota, the popular health and pleasure resort of the west.

Reserved berths at ticket office, 1401 Farnam street, Omaha, Neb. Cheap rate tickets on sale.

Change of Time. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul fast train for Chicago, formerly leaving at 7:05 p. m., now leaves the union depot at 5:30 p. m.

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Change of Time. Dr. B. F. Crummer, suite 14 and 15, Continental block. Tel. 1234.

Call and see us about that Virginia avenue property. Nothing finer in the city and think how cheap. FIDELITY TRUST CO., 1702 Farnam st.

Preserving and interior decorating designs and estimates furnished. Henry Lehmann, 1508 Douglas street.

Avondale park is the handsomest inside property in the city at marvelous low figures. As an investment nothing can be safer or more profitable. FIDELITY TRUST CO., 1702 Farnam st.

Railway stocks, bonds, etc., have gone to smash. Interest rates are way down out of sight. How shall we invest our money where it will be safe and profitable? In Avondale park, 28th and Webster streets, at only \$40.00 to \$47.50 per foot, with some walks, paving, parks, sewer, etc., all paid for, no special taxes in the future. Also that beautiful residence property on Georgia and Virginia avenues, between Mason and Pacific, no finer residence property in Omaha, at \$20.00 to \$40.00 less per foot than what adjoining property is held at. Now is the time to invest if you want bargains. Fidelity Trust Co., 1702 Farnam street

THE 99 CENT STORE.

Great Sacrifice Sale. JEWELRY BARGAINS.

- Solid gold band rings, 10c. Rolled plated vest chains, 49c. Braided silk guards, 25c each. Fine brilliant car drops, 49c a pair. Nickel alarm clocks, 50c, warranted perfect time keepers. POCKET BOOKS, HANDBAGS AND BELTS. 5c each for regular 10c purses. 10c each for regular 20c purses. 15c for purses worth 35c. 25c for pocket books worth 50c. 49c for regular \$1 pocket books. Ladies double bodice belts 25c each, worth 50c. 49c for double bodice belts in all the new shades. 49c for all leather hand bags, worth \$1. Finer goods up to \$2.95 each. PERUMES AND TOILET SOAPS. 21c an ounce for toilet soaps. These are equal to the best sold at 50c an ounce. 30c a bottle for 2 ounce bottles triple extract, including all the finest odors: a sample bottle free with every purchase. 5c, 10c and 25c for chamolis soaps. 5c a cake for fine toilet soaps. These include all the soaps usually sold at 10c and 15c a cake. Best horn and rubber combs 5c each. Metal back horn combs 10c, worth 25c. HAMMOCKS, CROQUET AND LAWN TENNIS. 69c for best colored Mexican hammocks; 99c for woven hammocks with pillow. 75c, 85c and 99c for best quality croquet sets. Tennis rackets at 85c, better ones up to \$4.95. A case given free with every 98 racket, nets, balls, etc. BARGAINS IN HOUSEHOLD GOODS. We are slaughtering all goods in tinware, woodenware, crockery, glassware, etc., etc. See our boys' wagons, velocipedes, tricycles, safeties, etc., etc. Boys' safeties, \$15.00 up to \$60.00. Tricycles, \$4.45 and upward. Boys' velocipedes, best made, \$1.95 each. Wagons in wood and iron, 10c to \$2.95 each. Don't forget our World's fair trunk departments. We can save you big money. See our magnificent display. The largest and only complete stock in the city.

FINDING THE TREASURE.

It must be nearly fifty-five years ago now since the events happened. I was about 20 or 21 years of age and had made one voyage in the Golden Gem out and home to the West Indies and Honduras.

The Golden Gem was schooner rigged and was a little thing of about 250 tons burden. She was owned by the captain, a Welshman named Thomas Thomas, and had made many voyages in the West Indian trade.

On our second voyage we took out a general cargo from London to Santos, on the South American coast; we had a fair average passage out, and it was the captain's intention, after he had discharged our cargo there, to run up to Honduras to load up a cargo of mahogany for home, as usual.

However, when we were discharging at Santos he changed his mind, and instead of going for mahogany, we sailed for Rio Janeiro and there loaded a lot of war material—guns, cannon, gunpowder and all sorts of arms for the government of Chili.

This was a longish voyage for the little Gem, but the Chili government were anxious to get their ammunition round quickly, and offered such a tempting freight that our captain could not resist the chance of making a big haul.

All went well and in due course we arrived at our destination and discharged our cargo successfully. We learned at Valparaiso that trouble was brewing between Chili and Peru and that hostilities might break out at any time. This, of course, accounted for the anxiety to get the war material we had brought round.

Captain Thomas had intended going to Callao, in Peru, for a cargo of guano for some port on our way home, but with such a close prospect of war between the two countries he concluded to give up the idea.

We had been discharged some few days and our captain was on the point of sailing in ballast when a messenger from his agents came down to the schooner and asked him to go up to the office.

"I slipped passed and we saw nothing of our ship till late next day, when he came on board with a stranger.

Of course we were all agog to know what was going on. Every man of us felt a keen personal interest in the little craft, and when the mate was sent for to join the captain and the stranger we guessed something special was on.

After a while the mate came forward, and we all clustered round him to hear the news.

"Have any of you any experience of diving?" said he. "I mean," he continued, "going down below in diver's dress."

"Yes, sir," answered two of the men—Bob Green and Tom Swift. They had been employed in some harbor works in England, and knew all about the business.

"That's first rate," replied the mate. "The captain is thinking of going on a little expedition where you will be of service, and if the job turns out a success there will be a nice little bonus all round for us."

It appeared that the stranger had chartered the schooner to sail for Ambrose island, which was a little bit of an island about 600 miles northwest of Valparaiso.

The stranger was a Spanish grandee named Don Carlo de Astigara, and from what had transpired in the cabin it was clear that a Spanish schooner had had many years before been wrecked on the island and become a total loss and none of her crew had ever been heard of.

Two suits of diving dress were sent on board, with the accompanying pumps and other arrangements, and another experienced diver was engaged to superintend matters.

After we had got our supplies of fresh provisions on board the anchor was weighed and we stood out to sea.

The run up was soon accomplished, and by noon of the third day we were at anchor off the western side of the island. After making all snug aloft we got a boat out and Don Astigara, the captain, Harris, the diver whom we had shipped at Valparaiso and four men, of whom I was one, started off for the shore.

The island was surrounded by a belt of coral reefs, which in ordinary fine weather did not make their whereabouts visible, as they lay quiet and treacherous under about a fathom or so of water.

But when the sea ran at all high, and the long rolling swell of the Pacific ocean broke over its gentle mood, then the vicious, wicked looking snags showed their ugly teeth.

When we got ashore we pulled the boat up, and then, under the captain's instructions, we separated and spread ourselves over the shore to hunt for any remains or signs of the lost Spaniard.

After a short time we heard a hail from the northern end of the island, and hurrying up we found the captain and the others grouped around a mass of black and rotting timbers, which we immediately recognized as the debris of a wrecked vessel. This was evident proof that at some time or another a vessel of considerable size had been cast up at this spot.

Don Astigara was satisfied that his quest was here, so after we had cast about for awhile, hunting for further evidence, we returned to our boat and went aboard.

It was then arranged that a camp should be set up on the island, and the don, with the three divers and three other men, should superintend their operations from land. This would leave the schooner free to put to sea in case of bad weather, and also allow diving operations to be commenced at once, by the aid of a boat on the inner side of the coral reef.

Next day we were busy getting the

"The Golden Slave," at the Bijou.

Bartley Campbell in the early days of his career as a playwright had great difficulty in impressing the public that he could write a play of each production of his pieces proved failures, but nothing daunted, he kept on writing and at last produced "The Golden Slave." To provide a grand and immediate success, commencing tomorrow the Bijou stock company at Vandalia will present this beautiful melodrama for a week's run. It will be splendidly cast, the leading roles in the hands of Miss Leslie Leigh and Edith Manning. The staging and costuming will likewise be very handsome and appropriate. Preceding the drama the following specialty program will be introduced: The Romulo brothers, a team of daring athletes; Miss Nellie Shook, in pleasing songs and dances, and Charles W. Goodyear, the minstrel comedian.

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things ashore, and it took us till well on to noon before this was completed; then, while some of the men commenced rigging up a couple of tents, the boat was made ready, and Harris, the head diver, with his suit and necessaries, went off, with Captain Thomas and the don, to make his first descent on the margin in the reef, opposite the remains of the wreck on shore.

I went in the boat with them, and can assure you I did not envy Harris; when he got rigged up in his awkward suit of clothes, with his unwieldy looking metal helmet, with its great big staring glass eyes, he appeared like some uncanny, antediluvian monster.

For some while we had no intimation from him, beyond his various calls for more or less air. After he had been down ten minutes, or perhaps a quarter of an hour, we received the call to pull up the rope, and when we got it to the surface we found the end made fast to a small, iron-clamped chest.

The iron was all rusted and rotten, but the box itself was fairly preserved. We soon had it open and had its contents out. The contents consisted of papers and books, but from their long immersion in the sea we could make nothing of them; they fell to pieces as we handled them—the ink had disappeared into lines of unrecognizable stains.

The books were little better, sodden as they were, but we hoped, when they were dried, something might be learned from them.

While we were examining these we received the call from Harris that he was coming up, so we started hauling in the slack of the air line, and in a few minutes his monstrous headgear rose up beside as he climbed up the rope ladder.

We had chosen our spot so fortunately that we had anchored right over the sunken ship. The wreck had settled almost upright, but was much settled with sand and broken coral; she had evidently lain there for years.

Had there been the box jammed in the cabin gateway, he gave it as his opinion that, with time, we would get at everything in the wreck. The difficulty would be the clearing out the sand and rubbish, which had drifted into the cabins and below the decks in every direction.

Don Astigara was much elated with this report, and it certainly looked as if the information he had obtained had more than a problematical basis of truth in it. We took the exact bearings of our anchorage and then went ashore to make preparations for commencing hard work on the morrow.

Next morning we started at daylight to get our boats loaded for our first day's operations, and after a good breakfast we put off with the three divers. The boats were anchored, one on either beam of the wreck, so that two divers could work at once.

Everything being in readiness, down they went, and we all waited anxiously for the first intimation of their search. We could get some idea of their movements from the working of the lines, and presently we got the call to haul up which we did, and found another iron-bound box.

On breaking this open it rolled a mass of golden doubloons and silver dollars. Then we sent up a shout of triumph, which the men on shore and on the schooner took up and repeated again and again.

We were still in the midst of our excitement when we noticed the other boat hauling in, and up came another similar chest; this, as far as we could see, exactly identical with our own, and we waited in breathless suspense while it was being hauled up.

The diver hurried from them betokened the contents, and Captain Thomas, who was in the boat, held up his hat, from which he showered a stream of gold and silver.

The don could wait no longer for the divers below without hearing where the treasure was found, so we gave them the signal to come up, and as soon as they were released from their helmets he commenced to ply them with questions.

They had got into the main cabin, in which they found nothing of importance; then, carefully examining the sides of the wreck, they had come on a door, differing from the other doors opening out of the cabin. By the aid of their crowbars they soon broke open the half-rotten door, and found the place contained some dozen or more cases, large and small. Owing to the smallness of the entrance they had made, and the weight of the cases, they had much difficulty in getting out the two they had sent up.

After a short spell of idleness, during which we refreshed the inner man, Bob Green and Harris again went down to work, and we sat anxious and expectant, waiting for the signal to haul up.

The minutes seemed hours as the time passed slowly by, and when nearly half an hour had crawled its tedious length and still no summons we scarcely knew how to sit still.

While we were discussing and guessing the reasons why the delay had happened, Harris gave a sudden jerk, which was followed immediately by the signal, "An accident."

Then all was quiet for a few minutes, when the air-line from our man Bob began to move and he signaled that he was coming up.

When he got to the surface he could scarcely get aboard and we had to pull him in; then, hastily removing his face-piece, we waited full of anxiety for him to speak.

He made no sign, however, but lay motionless in the bottom of the boat; quickly we unscrewed his helmet and poured some brandy down his throat; this pulled him round, and after a bit he told us his tale.

He and Harris had finished breaking open the door, and were lifting down one of the cases when one of the lower boxes burst asunder, and the top boxes had fallen on them; he was thrown backward and fell through the doorway, while one of the chests had so jammed his legs against another that it was some minutes before he could get free.

He found Harris prostrate in the corner near the door, with a couple of chests crushing his legs and thighs; he lifted one of the boxes off him, and then finding himself growing faint he hastened up as fast as he could.

Tom Swift, the other seaman, hastily donned his diving suit and went down to help poor Harris, if it were not too late.

How eagerly we watched for a call from Tom. Presently it came, "All right."

Surely some mistake. How could he mean "all right" before we had time to think came the signal. "Coming up," then we noticed the air line which supplied Harris from the other boat slowly move and tauten in our direction, while