HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

Bix days thou shalt labor, and do all that thou art able,
And on the seventh thou shalt holystone the deck and scrape the cable,
—Sallors' Commandments.

When you have made a more than successful cruise, on which you have ravaged the coast from Callao to the isthmus; when your bold is filled with the choicest of brandles, wines and liquors-with fancy groceries and the finest of silks, brocades and broadcloths, and the covers of four treasure chests in the tween deck will hardly close over the con-tents; lastly, when your number is reduced tidal waves. by fights, sickness and quarter-deck correction from forty to twenty, and your share in the spoil is increased in like ratio, it is hard, very hard, to lie in the scuppers under a hot Pacific sun and whistle for a wind, with your Island retreat just below the western horizon, a fat and tempting Chinese Junk a half mile off in the same direction, a curious, though quiescent man-of-war three miles east, and Palm Tree island to the southward, toward which the current is setting, threatening to receive you on its shark infested

Such conditions would try the patience of gentler souls than Captain Swarth and his crew. Their brig was taking in water through a started butt—in spite of the thrummed topgallant sall under it—at the rate of a foot an hour, while the one gang rate of a foot an hour, while the one gang that they dared show to those inquisitive government glasses to the eastward could not pump her free. In fact, the water gained. Wind was what they wanted; wind would setale the whole matter. They could man all pumps, lay the junk aboard, dispose of her crew, transship what was good of her cargo, lead the "buildog" a chase to the southward and dodge back to their island to careen and refit, divide up and rest. They knew that man-of-war—though she did not seem to know them—knew her speed and gunnery, and feared her not—with speed and gunnery, and feared her not-with

Yank Tate, the carpenter, sounded the pump-well and groaned a gentle oath. "No good, cappen," he said as he waiked aft with the sounding rod; "must be up to the second

Captain Swarth swept the smoky horizon with his glasses. There was no sign of even a catspaw; the motionless man-of-war-a gundeck sloop-lay outlined against the haze with the distinct detail of a steel engraving overy block, rope and reef-point showing.

Aboard the junk a big, fat Chinaman sat at the tiller on the high poop, nodding, as though asleep, while the rest of her crew were hidden. Palm Tree island was nearer he could plainly hear the surf crashing on

"Get the boys up, Angel," he said to his long-legged, solemn-faced mate. "Man both pumps; and Chips,"—this to the carpenter—"see what you can do with the lumber down below. Make a ballo, nump if you can

"see what you can do with the lumber down below. Make a balin' pump if you can." "Then we'll have that feller's boats down on us," answered the mate; "and lose the junk, too—they've got sweeps aboard. Them on us," answered the mate; and on us," answered the brass buttons after they rags won't fool the brass buttons after they see our crowd." He pointed to a string of signal flags at the gaff end, which, in answer to a previous inquiry of the ship, had given the official number of the last brig given the official number of the last brig they had taken—that now lay on the bottom they had taken they had taken

"Guess yer right, Bill. Pity we lost ours.

We could be through wi' the junk 'fore this if we had 'em. Man the after pump," he

The carpenter had disappeared in the 'tween-deck, and the cosmopolitan crew, with grows and hurrans according to their individual appreciation of the situation, arose from the Lot deck and shipped pump brakes. As they did so a tremor ran through the into minute ripples.
"What the devil's that," said the captain;
"barrels adrift in the hold? Pump away,

there bullies; lighten her up," he shouted to

"Look at the Chinamen, Bill," said the mate. The crew of the junk had come to life. Not less than forty long-tailed Celestials were flying about her deck; some lowering the heavy mat sails; some shipping sweeps; others working at the sharp-pronged wooden anchors-evidently getting them ready. But the sudden showing of fourteen extra white men on the deck of their neighbor did not geem to be the cause of their agitation, for they swung the light craft around until the two painted eyes in the bows looked at the brig, and pulled in the sweeps.

"She's a pirate—a Chinese pirate," cried the capitaln; "no trading junk carries that crew. Blown off the coast likely." The men heard and a howl of execuation arose from the brig's deck-not from offended virtue; it was, rather, the protest of union agains non-union labor. Pickings were scarce and hard-carned in these seas, even when junk-and praus kept out of the business. The bow was slienced by a shout from the man at

"Look at the island-look. Look at it,

Palm Tree island had arisen from the sea and receded. The low cone of the is land was a mile farther to the southward. but it towered in the air, and around its base was a wide gray offset which descended steeply to the sea. It had been the barrie "Earthquake, Angel-that's what we felt,

shouted Captain Swarth. "The sea bed has sunk and we're being sucked into the hollow. We'll get the back wave soon. Batten down fore and aft, first thing-'fore you shorter

They noticed that the man-of-war was clewing up royals and topgallant sails, that the Chinaren had disappeared behind the rail, and that the northern horizon, though hidden by a newly-formed fogbank, was unquestionably elevated—they seemed to be looking up hill. None too soon was the carpenter called and hatcher and companionways covered and secured, for, suddenly, about mile up the slope appeared a dark line across the water. It deepened raised and ap-proached—a comber; a liquid wall which blotted out the fogbank. It reached the halfclad ship to the eistward, and they saw her lift her bows to it; then, while everything above topmastheads sank in a confused tangle, roll on her beam ends and disappear behind the wave.

behind the wave.

"Hang on, everybody." roared Captain Swarth, as he slipped the bight of a rope over his shoulders. "Lash yourselves."

The eloop-of-war had taken it how on and, though dismasted, had riiden through. The brig and junk presented their broadsides the latter, intentionally, perhaps from some canon of Chinese seamanship—and a moment later were slid to near the crest of an eightyfoot slope, where a Niagara of foaming water pounded their decks and sides and rushed pounded their decks and sides and rushed them on. Hatches were ripped off, gun breechings snapped, cursing and praying men were hurled around the deck, and the salt avalanche held the brig in its clutch for a full half-minute, then passed over her and on; and they looked—those who could—up the receding hill to where the wave-head was shivering itself over the barrier reefs, and in the other direction, at a second wave was shivering itself over the barrier reefs, and, in the other direction, at a second wave, higher, blacker, more menacing than the first, its crest hidden in fog. With barely time for a long breath, the gasping men felt their craft thrown to the top of this comber, augmented in height by the reflected water of the first. Again were they hammered by the liquid riot, and amid fog and foam and thundering unrear were hammered by the liquid riot, and amid fog and foam and thundering uproar were again hurled shoreward. Some caught a momentary glimpse of the disappear-ing knuckles of the reef below, and a dis-masted junk just above; then the fog thick-ened, blotting out all but the punishing water and its deafening sound; then came

again the nauscating sinking, which told them the wave had passed; then a shock and a sound of smashing wood. The brig had struck—on the reef or within it. But the dominant volume of sound was again the nauseating sinking, which told them the wave had passed; then a shock and a sound of smashing wood. The brig had struck—on the reef or within it.

But the dominant volume of sound was transferred from landward to seaward, and, though they could see nothing now, they knew that the third wave, as it crashed over the barrier, was the largest of all. Up the unseen slope the half-filled brig traveled, the crew clinging to ropes and deck fittings.

Now s'pose Melican belong all same Chinaman and the grog was faithfuily served three times a day. But the next day was Sunday, and they appealed to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the world for a day's restuncted to the religious and physical law of the wor

************ cataract began to smother and beat them, they viewed the highest hilltop of the island, not a quarter mile away. Then they saw no more—nor did they breathe—until, after a succession of wrenchings, joitings and crashings, they found their brig surrounded by paim trees, jibboom and bowsprit gone, mainmast pointing one way and foremast the other-which latter phenomena, with the open seams in the spirally curved decks, indicated a broken backbone—and looked through thinning fog and tree trunks down a moist slope to a chaotic ocean, crossed and recrossed by advancing and reflected

Mr. Todd, with the captain and carpenter, dropped over the side to hold a survey of the twisted hull. They walked around it in the mud in which it lay, probing gaping seams with their knives, and peering into fore and aft fissures and thwart-ship crevious through some of which they are all the seams of ices, through some of which they could see the barrels of their cargo. The brig lay, bows down, half way up the hill, with the beach a quarter mile away. The water was still draining out.

ne'll never float again, Chips, will she? said the captain.

Yank Tate ruefully shook his head. "She's a fixtur' cappen," said he. "A dock-head caps'an couldn't budge her. The keel's in two pieces, three feet apart; rudder's gone, an' eternpost's ripped out, an' there ain't a sound frame that side. She was a beauty, too—a beauty, I never saw her like among workin' boats."

A man hailed who had climbed to the main royal yard. "There's the junk up the

hill," he cried, "right-side up, an' the yailer back's eating supper."
"Supper," growled the mate; "supperan' our grub must be spoiled. We were half way to the bottom, Bill, in the last sea." "If they have grub, we'll have some, too," said Captain Swarth, quietly. It's a question

with me if the junk wasn't right to take it broadside. Royal yard, there," he hailed;" "d'ye see the bull dog?" The man aloft stood ooked to the eastward and called down "Headin' south under tops'ls; everything gone aloft an' low down in the water. Port-holes amidships awash."

"Well, she's affoat, anyhow, while we and the Chinamen are high and dry. But if they can't pump out they're done for, too; there'll be wind on top o' this."

Captain Swarth was right. Such a cataclysm, as had with three waves washed a 500-ton brig over a reef and almost to the center of an island, could not but be followed by atmospheric disturbance. Wind came—a vicious hurricane—which kept them beneath their leaky decks, listening to wailings and screamings in the rigging, and to the crashing of palm trunks and branches over their heads, feeling the sway and the heave of the brig on her muddy bed with each heavier puff of the tempest, and passing the day and following night thus, to the accompaninents of hunger and thirst. Provisions were spoiled—except salt meats, which these free lances would not eat—and their appetites were only increased by the tot of good grog served out by Captain Swarth at nightfall, while their tempers were ruf-

cursion, imparted the information that the junk lay above them in a clearing, and, though dismasted, was doubtless sound and tight, as her rudder was intact and no holes could be seen in her. In her was food of dark, Bill? The moon'll bring wind.

"We'll likely have her boats here soon, anyhow; they're only waiting till it's cooler. As for the junk, let her go; there's not much in her. We've got to float, above all, and float high, or we can't get away when the wind does come. We can fight the boats where the mineral the information that the junk lay above them in a clearing, and, though dismasted, was doubtless sound and tight, as her rudder was intact and no holes could be seen in her. In her was food of some kind—rice, sago, curry, fish, etc. Did they want her? An inarticulate yell answered. Cuttages and boarding nikes wered. swered. Cutlasses and boarding pikes were handed out, and twenty-two men clambered down the sides and started to exterminate a

junkful of Chinamen.

Over fallen trunks and soggy banks, through moist and tangled undergrowth, they picked their way up the hill, and when they opened the clearing, with the junk resting the state of the clearing with the junk resting the state of the clearing with the state of the clearing the state of the clear straight on her flat bottom, they charged for her sides with curses and yells.

But they came back, scalded by hot water, pruised by stones flung from primitive catapults, and choking from the fumes of gas bombs thrown at them, and looked, when their streaming eyes cleared, at an array of sharp spear heads along each rail, in each of which was more of promise than in the best of their pikes and short cutlasses, and behind each of them was a Chinaman. The fat man they had seen nodding at the tiller stood on the high poop and seemed to be in

command.

"Melican man no hab come top side," he called; "Melican man no b'long; Chinaman b'long fore side."

"Y do, hey, you yellow-skinned vipers," cried Captain Swarth. "At 'em again, boys. Don't breathe till you get aboard."

The second charge was half-hearted and futile; they did not breathe the demoralizing fumes, but those heathen were, unquestionably, fighters, and with several of their number prodded by the spears they withdrew.
"Why didn't ye give us pistols, cappen?"

asked one as he rubbed the blood from an

ugly scratch in his cheek,
"Powder's wet, you blasted fool," roared

the infuriated captain; "all there is that's dry is right here"—he tapped his pistol—"and I'll use this, not on Chinamen, but on

white men who're afraid of them."

Then the captain and mate, both nursing

bloody knuckles, drew aside and conferred, to which conference they called the car-penter. They studied the junk and the ground under foot, peered down the slope through the trees to the shelving beach.

and discussed the shortcomings of the men.
"It's on'y coz they're ashore, cappen."

said the carpenter, " a sailor ashore isn't

"Well, if they can't fight they can work. And work they shall if the Chinamen

With a dingy handkerchief on the end of

with a dingy handscreener on the end of a stick, Captain Swarth approached the junk. The Chinamen evidently understood a flag of truce, for they threw nothing at him, and he called to the captain: "Chinaman no fight—no bobbery; Melican no bobbery; savvay?"

"Yes, that's right; Chinaman belong But we can't get away; neither can you

Now s'pose Melican belong all same China-

"Chinaman b'long,"

李泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰泰 Melican man no fightee-no kick up bob-

"No, no, no bobbery-no trouble at all," replied the wrathful and humiliated Captain Swart's "We'll slide your old tube down to the beach, fit her out, launch her and navigate her; all we want is to get away-over He waved his hand to the west-

The junk captain said something to his fol lowers, and while a babel of Chinese disputalowers, and while a babel of Chinese disputa-tion troubled the air, Captain Swarth sat down and smoked (it was a fine cigar, from the private stock of a teaclipper's captain) mentally computing the weight of the junk, and the horse power of his crew. The out-cry on the junk was silenced by the big captain's laying about him with a bamboo pole, and Captain Swarth, grinning from a fellow-feeling, approached. The under-standing arrived at was that the Chinamen were to remain aboard their craft and do no were to remain aboard their craft and do no work; that the white men could do no work; that the white men could do what they pleased except interefere with the peace and comfort of the Chinamen; and if they succeeded in launching her they could only ride in her as far as their island, when they were to depart, and allow the junk to go on with the masts and sails as her own. To which compact Captain Swarth and Captain Lee Kin shook hands over the rail. Then Captain Swarth climbed aboard, ex

amined the crazy windlass with which the Chinamen got their anchors, shook his head, looked at the strong partners (strengthening pieces) in the deck, which had received the

used up the day, and see they tied up their wounds with rope yarms and tar that night they talked with the cook about poisoning the afterguard. The cook refused. It was to their element, and could see the end of

pointed down hill), of the fore and main sa ever. It is questionable wisdom to stop yards, lashing the upper ends and sinking the lower in socket-holes in a couple of fenders. At the shear-head they lashed two three-fold blocks, each as large as a small trunk, and to a stump near the heel, a roust-bly drunk when the mate called them in the trunk, and to a stump near the heel, a roust-about, or heavy snatch block to take the hauling part of the eight-inch hawser they would use as a lifting-tackle. The lower blocks of this tackle they were to secure to a shot of anchor chain which they were to pass under the bow. And this was a job at which their souls revolted, for they were forced to burrow under the junk with knives, as there were no spades in the brig. If the Chinamen possessed them they made no eign. but hung over the rail and guyed them in derisive pantomime.

They took turns at the muddy task, and the mud dried on them, layer over layer; for no time was allowed them to clean up.



"POWDER IS WET, YOU BLASTED FOOL!"

about her cargo. There was very little of it —all clear of the maststeps. He returned to his men and told them what they were to do. Another uproar followed They would see him it the lower regions first. The cruise was ended and with it ended Captain Swarth's authority. They

would do what was possible to repair their own craft and launch her; they would fight the Chinamen till the last man dropped, but for any nest of rat-eating heathen. To which Captain Swarth replied that he had six bul-lets, each equal to a man, and a cutlass good for another. Did any one care to make one Captain Swarth was a good shot and a good swordsman, and their indignation subsided

to muttering sulks. Then, after admonishing them to be respectful and obedient, he laid out their work. They would first dismantle the brig, leaving nothing standing but lower masts; then they would execute such sugges of civil and mechanical engineering as came to the minds of the captain, mate or carpenter in regard to the floating of the junk. When that was accomplished other things would follow. The carpenter was to be their immediate boss or foreman, under whom they would work by day. At night they would sleep in their forecastle, and they would stay out of the hold and let the liquor The captain and mate would stand alone. arone. The captain and mate would stand
"watch and watch" with the pistol, to keep
them civil by day and sober by night. The
first man who refused duty or entered the
hold of the brig would be shot. They would be served a tot of grog three times a day and at the salt meat and such vegetables as the ook, who was to be excused from other labor, ould find on the island,

Sulicity they arcse at his order and marched back to the brig, where they handed in their sidearms and pikes.

was spent in sending it down as fast as it dried. Nightfall saw the last sail, snugly

covered. Then they ate their salt supper

In the morning mutiny was rampant bad-tempered men faced Captain

Swarth at the mainmast and informed him that he was deposed from the captaincy-

that future work and movements would be governed by election, and that an immediate overhail of the cargo and division of the treasure had been decided on. Two fell dead and the rest went to work (burying their fellows)

their fallen shipmates first) while Captain Swarth, remarking that there were four bul-lets left, handed the pistol to Mr. Todd and

went to his breakfast and his bunk. Sixteen able seamen, officered by such men

as Captain Swarth and Angel Todd, can do a great deal with ropes and blocks. Royal, topgallant, topsail and lower yards came down that day, and were blocked alongside, with the gear colled up and tagged. Next

day followed the topgallant masts and top-masts, with the spanker boom and gaff

deposited on gratings alongside and

THE LIEUTENANT IN CHARGE REPORTED THIS.

shroudless masts, emiled, and then asked trees and flattening the trunks for ways (or ralls), and in ripping up deck planks and dragging them up the hill for cradles. This work was not done in a day; it took several. And they labored in the hot sun, policed continually by the captain or mate, teased by their sores and on a short allowance of water for several tanks had been demolished in the wreck. But at last the holes were dug and the chain passed under the bow, through the rings of the lower blocks, and secured. Then hey hauled the twelve-part tackle handtaut to a palm tree and clapped a tackle to the hauling part close to the shears, another on the hauling part of this, and thus, luft upon luff, they quadrupled their power, until, with five tackles rigged to five trees, Captain Swarth decided that his men could lift the bow of a hundred-foot junk. And they did. Under his stinging objurga-

tions, backed by the flourished pistol, they swung on the fall of the last tackle, shifting up when blocks came home, sweating, cursng and complaining, while the painted eyes in the bow glared at them and two so Chinamen grinned down on them and added their weight. Up came the bow-a quarter inch at a beave-until high enough for Yank Tate to block up the forefoot (she had no keel) with fenders. Then they slacked her down on the blocks, shifted the shears and the gear to the stern and repeated the operation. With the junk resting on blocks, the next step was to build two cradles to fit the bottom. The men rigged the ways under Yank Tate's supervision, while he himself fashioned the cradles of the deck planks and the halves of anchor stocks. which, flat sides down and cleated, were to rest on the ways. With a slack stern line out to a tree, they pulled on a tackle lead-ing ahead, and the craft, amid the squealing of her crew, slid forward until brought up by the hawser astern. This was encouraging, and for a moment the underlying sailor instinct dominated, and the men gave a rousing cheer. But when the next step was given out-chopping down trees and clear-ing away stumps the sailor died out of them, and Mr. Todd remained up in his watch below to assist the captain in clubbing them into obedience.

Captain Swarth was loth to shoot them; recognizing that there was more of deathpotential in three bullets against fifteen men the cook had assumed an armed neutrality) than in one against thirteen of two against fourteen. So the three bullets were held in reserve, and Mr. Todd's assertion that "one handspike was worth a dozen of 'em' was acted upon. And Yank Tate flourished his broadax, and they went to work, with aching heads and blue spots on their several skins, and in three days had cleared a track half way to the beach, where a deep gully and a stretch of swampy ground beyond sent them back for instructions. They received them. They would trim off and sharpen the trunks of the trees they had felled and as many more as were needed; then, after the carpenter had constructed a piledriver, they would sink two parallel lines of piles to support the ways to the solid ground beyond

support the ways to the solid ground beyond.

The pile driver was constructed with a carronade for a hammer, which they pulled to the top by hand and then let go. The iron rings of the anchor stocks served to slip over the heads of the piles, and when the ends were sawed off to a chalk line mark, these rings were split away to be used again. It was very weary work, and soul madden-ing torture under the scorching sun on a diet of salt meat and scant vegetables, and it is small wonder that responsibility left them. One morning they passed the cook's body up the hatch and announced that they had pun-ished him for negligence in procuring yams. In answer to this, the captain announced that they would procure vegetables in their own time now, or go without, and that the day's work would continue, as before, from sunrise to sunset. Any further trouble would result in the stoppage of the grog. They charged on him, a yelling, cursing mob of toll-crazed animals, who could not understand that they were conquered, and when the smoke of battle cleared away, four lay dead on the deck, two from bullets, two from broken sixulls, for Mr. Todd was an artist with a handspike and even preferred it at close quarters to frearms or cutlasses. With one bullet left, Captain Swarth did not hesi-tate to stop their grog as he had promised. The work went on and for two weeks there was no trouble. They hauled the junk over the trestle in this time, and, getting he the trestle in this time, and, getting her the rest of the way was comparatively easy, though they never seased to curse and com-plain and the Chinamen never ceased to jeer. But at last she lay on the beach, just above high-water mark, and when the spars

masts, with the spanker boom and gaff. "Growl, ye may, but work ye must," said Mr. Todd to them as they showed him their sores and cursed him for a slave-driver.

The cook had found wild yams and breadfruit, which took the edge off the salt meat, and the grog was faithfully served three times a day. But the next day was Sunday, and they appealed to the religious and physiological law of the world for a day's rest—which was denied them, and in the ensuing argument lost another of their number—Shorty it was—and they dragged the car-

to their element, and could see the end of unprofessional and he had no poison; but, as a result of the discussion, which was not whispered, Yank Tate moved his goods and bedding into the cabin. "For they're kinder displeased, Cappen," he said, "and very under the interval of their element, and could see the end of their labors. Captain Swarth rejoiced search the interval of their element, and could see the end of their labors. Captain Swarth rejoiced search the change, but did not dare commend it openly—they might take it for weakness, and he had but one shot left, So their element, and could see the end of their labors. Captain Swarth rejoiced search the change, but did not dare commend it openly—they might take it for weakness, and he had but one shot left, So their labors. reasonable, and they might get into my shop when I'm asleep and do somethin' they'd be sorry for arterwards."

In the n.orning they rigged shears over the bow of the junk (which, like the brig.

The bow of the junk (which, like the brig.) bly drunk when the mate called them in the morning. As there was no way to punish them for this but to kill them, Captain Swarth allowed them to sleep it off, and then turned them out with bursting heads to strike out of the hold every barrel on top of the cargo. As fast as the barrels came up, Yank Tate knocked in the bungs and allowed the contents to the bungs and allowed the bungs are the bungs and allowed the bungs are the bungs are the bungs are the bungs and allowed the bungs are the bungs a owed the contents to run to waste. judgment of all well-regulated pirates, this was as illogical a proceeding as suicide, and they began to doubt the sanity of their cap-But they went to work again. The sheers

were rigged and the double tackle singled to one, while the carpenter dressed down and tenoned the heels of the topmasts and enlarged the holes in the deck. Then, with luffs on the sheer tackle they hoisted the brig's main topmast and fitted it where the mainmast of the junk had been—in the center. The fore topmast followed, shipping near the bow, and raking forward. "She'll never be anythin' but a junk," said Yank, as he eyed the hybrid, "no matter how we fix her; so what's the odds." They rigged no bowsprit, but the fore topmast staysall, cut down and bent to the forestay, made a handy sail to box her around with; and for a spanker they rigged their own—boom, gaff and all—with a reef in it to make it fit. Finally she lay, complete, with four square, and two fore and aft sails, ready to launch at the next high tide. As this would not be until 2 o'clock next morning they used up the day hunting for any possible leaks or weak spots in the hull, and as the tide went out in the evening they followed it down the beach with the ways, pinning and greasing them. While this was going on Captain Swarth and Captain Lee Kin-who had become very good friends-held a little confab over the quarterrail. The outcome was that when the ways were laid the men, tired as they were, would take tackles up the hill and hoist out of the 'tweendeck the four treasure chests, drag them down and lift them aboard the junk. They did it, and mid-night coming as the last chest was transshipped, they threw themselves down like dead men on the sand to await the time of launching. Then it was that Captain Swarth gave way

to the first weakness—the first feeling of pity. He had nearly killed them with work, but the work was done. There was not a breath of wind, and it might be dangerous to try to pass the reef at night. So he spoke kindly to them-told them to turn in and sleep until high tide the next afternoon if they wished; then they could bring their clothes and his instruments, which would be their last work on the island until they returned in a new ship for the barrels under the cargo. He would serve out a nightcap to each and would hope that there was to be no more trouble or misunderstanding. Some cheered faintly; others, too weak to cheer, shed tears; all voted him a fairly good fel-low at heart; and they thankfully drank the grog and turned in to dreamless sleep, while Captain Swarth went to his room and Angel Todd paced the deck—on watch.

An hour or so later Captain Lee Kin emerged from his cabin and looked around on the moon-lit ocean and shadowy palm groves. It was full high-tide and the was lapping against the bow of his junk He whistled softly down a hatch and his crew came up. Picking up Yank Tate's top maul, Captain Lee reached over the bow and with one blow—he was a large man and a strong man—sent the starboard dog-shore flying. The rattling on the beach was answered by a shout from up the hill.

"Melican wakee up," he muttered. He stepped around and released the other shore and the junk, with a quiver running through her, slid down the ways, raised her bow floated and drifted toward the reef. The crew was evidently instructed ahead—and not for nothing, perhaps, had they watched for months the reconstruction of their junk; sails, came down and set them. Then followed the staysail and spanker, while Cap-tain Lee Kin steered her, under the faint breath of off-shore wind, for a break in the reef, and looked back occasionally at a crowd of yelling, cursing, raving men on the beach.

"Melican dam fool," he grunted.
A shot rang out—only one; and Captain Lee observed that the crowd had split up into three groups-each a whirling, heaving bunch of arms and legs. Then, for a while, his attention was required in steering through the inlet; but as he looked back from without the reef he saw three men, bound hand and foot, hanging from the sheerhead, where they writhed and twisted in the moonlight.

"Cappen, matee man, calpenee man," he aid. The spectacle impressed him, however, and he treated his own crew kindly as he sailed westward.

Six months later a gun-deck sloop with new royals and topgallant sails hove to off the reef and sent in a boat. The lieutenant in charge reported on his return as follows: "We found the wreck of the brig up in the woods, dismantled and half burned, but no sign of the junk. There's a line of piles up the hill, and ways on the beach, which go to show that they launched her. We buried over a dozen grisly skeletons—three of them were cut down from the sheer-head —and by the looks of things they had a battle, for every skeleton gripped a kaife or a cutlass. It's Swarth's crowd, no doubt, and suppose they killed the poor Chinamen, tted out the junk, then fought among themelves, and the side that won got away.' But a corpulent, opulent Chinese gentle-man, who, about this time, opened a princely stablishment in Shanghai, could have given better explanation.

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