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OR, DICK HARLEY'S ADVENTURE ON THE ONLY SON.

BY EBEN PHILLIPS.

"Bring him up," said the skipper, tersely. They dragged him up the companion indder accordingly-a shrinking, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him

as do the eyes of captive animals. "H'm!" remarked the skipper. "So you're the stowaway! Nice looking young gentleman, too. Never did a stroke o' work in your. life, I'll be bound. * * * Never mind! We'll see if we can't make you. Eb, Mr. Billings?"

The first mate grinned. His grin was an foquent one, and the boy shuddered as he

"How did you find him, Mr. Billings?" continued the skipper.

"Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied. "Ho had an old mutton bone, with the meat all gnawed off. Provisions, I suppose, for the voyage." "Provisions, eh? • • Well,

lt'a precious few provisions he'll get aboard this chip, unless he works for them. Pity we're

out so far or we might put him ashore." For the first time the stowaway spoke: "Please don't put me ashore!" he cried. "Anything but that. I must go to Capetown, and I'm more than willing to work

my way." "Shut up!" snarled the mate, emphasizing his remark by a tug at the stowaway's car. "Who gave you leave to talk, I'd like to said. "Perhaps, if they behave nicely, we

had paid an uninvited visit to the sailor's thing." "Hello, Billings!" cried a dozen voices. at Dick Harley. "What's afoot, my lad? Tell us the news." "Nobody here but our own crowd, is there?" asked Billings, peering about the dimly-lighted cabin.

able little rat of a stowaway." "Yes, Mr. Billings—the stowaway has saved the Chartered company of South Africa £250,000, and a stanch, seaworthy "Nobody but ourselves. You may talk "Nobody but ourselves. You may talk right out, Tom Billings," was the answer. "Very well, then. Let the attempt be made tonight, when the other watch hao turned in. The money is all right. The skipper and Mr. Lancelot showed it to me this afternoon." "How much, altogether?" ship. You will find that the company knows how to be grateful."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Plenty for all of us. . . . You are all familiar with the scheme. When the other watch has turned in you, Sam Bowers, and you, Billy Reid, will mount guard over 'em with your guns. Two men can hold the hatchway, I feel certain. Then the rest of the Only Son

us will make for the skipper's cabin, where NIAGARA FALLS BRIDGES. the money is. The skipper is a wice man. He will make no resistance against num-Destruction of the Last of the

"Lancelot may fight, though," cried a voice

"What if he does? We will wait unti Niagara gorge is in course of construction. he's asleep in his bunk. At daybreak we'll put the skipper and Lancelot into a boat, to replace the upper suspension bridge close to the falls. with a chart, to give them their bearings. Then we'll make for South America, run the ship ashore, and • • spend our well-earged money." The signing of the contracts for the new arch, says Leslie's Weekly, was practically

"But how about the rest of the crew?"

an order for the destruction of the last of the famous great suspension bridges at Niagara, so far as their original location is oncerned, and the last of the structures traversed by thousands of tourists in an admiring mood will live in memory only. All

"You may now return to your cabin and consider yourself a prisoner." "Wh-what is the meaning of this, sir?" spluttered the mate. "The meaning, Mr. Billings," put in Lance-ot, "is that this how here here," When finally he arrived home he found his kite uninjured and after waiting again for a favorable wind to fly it from the New

lot, "is that this boy here heard your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered com-pany of £250,000. He very promptly in-formed the captain. Your accomplices in lot. "Is that this boy here heard your whole delightful scheme to rob the Chartered comthe forecastle were captured in their bunks, and most of them have confersed everyestablished. The cord was used to draw a heavier cord across the river and this was

THE OMAHA DAILY HER FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1898.

followed by a rope and a wire cable. Other cables followed and a cable-way on which an Billings looked at the speaker and then ron basket ran, now in possession of the Buffalo Historical society, was operated in building the bridge. Walsh received \$50 for "The stowaway!" he cried. "The miserhis work. He is still alive and resides in Lincoln, Neb.

Other cables were strung and placed towers. From these cables were suspended two bridges, each about three feet wide and forty feet apart. Between them the cable-

And grateful, indeed, the company proved itself to be. A month later (while Billings way was operated. The second of these bridges had been carried out about 250 feet tempted piracy in the Cape Town jail) Dick Harley was shaking his father's wasted hand in the new hospital at Sallsbury. The sur-veyor's recovery from a lingering fever was greatly accelerated, you may be sure, by the news that the Chartered company had re-placed. Far out over mid-stream 200 feet and his gang were awaiting trial for at-tempted piracy in the Cape Town jail) Dick placed. Far out over mid-stream, 200 feet news that the Chartered company had reabove the water, six men were at work. warded by a position of trust and honor the a short time all seemed about to be lost. Back and forth the bridges ewung at the mercy timely action of the quondam stowaway on

of the gale. Two of the men made their way to the back, but four were left on a broken extremity. The ruin came down in torrents. As soon as the storm arubsided a little the lron basket was let out on the cable with one man in it. He carried a ladder with him, and when he reached the wreck he used it to make a bridge, over which the The second steel arch bridge across the men passed into the basket and were pulled ashore safely.

The steel arch now being built will be the fourth bridge erected on the site. Connec-tion at this point was made between the cliffs by carrying a rope across the river on an ice bridge. The first bridge was a wooden structure, opined to the public January 2, 1869. In 1887-88 it was rebuilt in steel. On the night of January 9-10, 1889, the new structure was wrecked by wind and turned bottom up in the gorge. A portion of this bridge still lies beneath the waters of the river. The last man to cross it was Dr. John Hodge of Niagara Falls, who went to the Canadian side to visit a very sick patient On his return he had a frightful experience and narrowly escaped being blown into the gorge. The suspension bridge was rebuilt in 1889, and it is this bridge that is now to give

coming the difficulty by a powerful rocket was conceived. But this did not work, and way to the latest sized arch. With the building of the arch the present some school boys flying their kites on the river bank gave the suggestion that the desuspension bridge will be taken down and carried down stream seven miles, where it is sired connection might be made by allowing a kite to settle on the opposite bank.

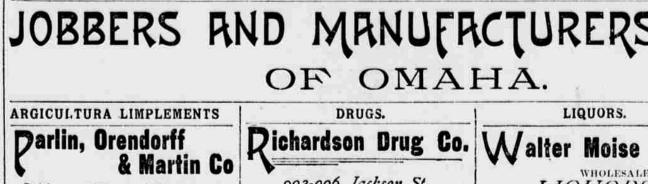
The most adept of the boys in flying their bridge, which was wrecked by wind or April 16, 1864, under remarkable circum kites was little Homan Walsh, and the con-tractors invited him to try his skill. The prevailing wind at the fails is from the southwest, and after waiting some days for stances. In March and early in April of the year mentioned the ice came down the river from Lake Erio in great and unusual quan-tities. An immense gorge was formed below a favorable wind, young Walsh walked up stream two miles to the ferry and crossed the bridge, and the ice piled up about the anchorages of the guys to such an extent that it created alarm that when it moved it to the Canadian eide, reaching which he roceeded down stream to the site of the would carry the guys away. The gorge broke, and the owners of the bridge conbridge. The wind was blowing strong, and he soon had his kite, named the Unico, fly-ing theavenward. The cord went out rapidly, gratulated themselves that their care had but the gale was too strong to allow the kite to settle. Night came on, and Walsh resulted in saving the structure. Nice weather followed, but the bridge men did no and boys who had gathered built a fire on think to replace the guys. A flerce storm came down the gorge and the bridge was wept away.' it was never rebuilt, but ove the gorge today, from cliff to cliff, the cable swing, attracting much attention from pass ers through the now popular route of travel and affording, it is said, in the past a mean of criminals escaping from the United State

PICTURESQUE GIBBALTAR. Streets Filled with Soldiery and Eng-

lish Moor and Spanish Beauty. It would seem the one object of those who control Gibraltar is not to let anyone forget that the place is a military post and the English are the stars of the place, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Record. There is a constant display of military pplendor on the streets and squads of soldiers are marched back and forth, as if a slege was to be declared that afternoon. Officers on herseback ride up and down through the town, returning with monotofrom the polo grounds give a social true to the conglomerate throng of the street, and young English girls on clender and spirited-looking horses or in dogcarts add a really They walk with a swinging ctride and their shoes are as heavy as a man's.

of wonder at it.

across their breasts, and pillbox caps, ride briskly through the town, jostling the little donkeys and rubbing against the yellow one-horse hacks that rattle over the clean cobblestones. Moors in flowing and voluminous garb and in various conditions of clearliness and respectability straggle along in bareleg-



ats fresh from the west, Sa

running into somebody or else being rus over by a donkey cart or a yellow hack. Tourists with Norfolk jackets and guide books and field glasses hung over their a day's liberty on shore, lurch along with the approved swing of a sad seadog, in their best blue clo hes and with the names of the strange ships worked in their caps. Pretty blue clobes and with the names of the strange ships worked in their caps. Pretty Spanish girls look down from under the green shutters that swing out from the win-dows, and these damsels generally are so attractive that one is in great danger of



THE know? Shut up, and hark to what the cap- ma yleave them a boat. . . . But not CORK take says." "What's your name, and where d'ye come from?" demanded the sptain, notebook in "Till give you the signal," Billings replied.

"SHUT UP!" SNARLED THE MATE, EMPHASIZING HIS REMARK BY A TUG AT

THE STOWA WAY'S EAR.

the bank to keep warm, awaiting a lull in the wind, toward midnight. The anxious watchers on the opposite shore also built a five. Walsh knew then that his program was understood, and that there would be a close watch kept for the kite. The wind went down as expected and about 12 o'clock increased tension and jerking on into the Dominion, the kite string told him that his kite had landed and that the cord was safely across the gorge. The distance and roar of the rapids prevented verbal communication, therefore they were uncertain as to each other's movements. Suddenly there came a heavy jerk on the cord and then it fell locse in Walsh's hands. So much sag had been given it that it had reached the river below in which a vast amount of ice was flowing, and the cord was broken in two. Disap-pointed, Walsh wound up his end of the cord

Famous Suspension Structures.

arrangements for the building of the first

bridge over the gorge were completed early

in 1848, and the contractors set about find-

ing a means of establishing communication between the cliffs at the narrowest point near the whirlpool rapids. The idea of over-

another rise in the Ohio is averted today

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Fears of a Further Rise Over.

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Tremblingly the boy replied that he was Dick Harley, late of the Tenterden grammar school; that his father, a widower, had left behind in England, while he went to South Africa as assistant surveyor on the new Matheleland railway ine; that nothing had been heard from that kindly father for a year or more, and lastly that, compelled to leave school on account of unpaid bills, he had resolved to go to South Africa and find

his missing parent, "And so you thought to steal a passage on the Only Son of Portsmouth?" said the

skipper. "I was refused a berth by every other ship," pleaded the boy. "They said I looked too weak to work."

"Weak or not you've got to work aboard the Only Son," said the first mate; "hasn't he, sir?"

The skipper nodded. "That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "If he doesn't want to pay for his pas-sage, try him with the rope's end."

"Aye, aye, sir!" And again Billings grinned eloquently as he led the boy forward. A quiet, elderly gentleman, who had been

watching these proceedings, now stepped for-

"Don't hurt him, Mr. Billings," he said "He's only a child, you know." "Captain's orders, sir," answered the

mate, giving Dick Harley's ear an extra

The skipper laughed. "Don't you waste any sympathy on that youngster," he exclaimed. "We can't afford to have any useless, white-handed stowaways aboard a vessel that carries 1250.000 to the Chartered company. How do you know, my dear Mr. Lancelot, that yonder boy is not the spy of some tigh sea robbers, put on board to field out about the money?" The man addressed as Lancelot looked

"True," he said, "they did think in Lon don that an attempt might be made to rob the ship. But still, this mere boy-"

"I've seen 'mere boys' 'ere now, Mr. Lancelot, that were old men in crime. Take my advice and leave the stowaway to my first

At this moment a shrill cry of pain, fol-lowed by enother and another, came from the lower deck. "What's that?" cried Mc. Lancelot.

The captain of the Only Son of Ports-nouth put his notebook, containing Dick

Harley's name and circumstances, carefully into his pocket. to his pocket. "That, my dear sir," he answered, smil-gly, "is the stowaway getting his first mean in seamanship from Mr. Billings." Mr. Lancelot shrugged his shoulders.

After all, he had been sent out in charge of f250,000 in gold, which was consigned by the Bank of England to Mr. Cecil Rhodes and the Chartered company of South Africa. His duty lay in the after cabin, where that treasure was stored, and not in preventing

venturesome little stowaways from being II. Bruised and stiff, Dick Harley lay curled up between a seaman's chest and the fore-castle bulkhead. One of the deck bands

castle bulkhead. One of the deck bands had taken pity on him, and thrown a piece of tarpaulin over his aching shoulders. Thus he lay completely hidden, so that the men 'on the larboard watch, who had just turned in after four hours' wrestling with wind and water, knew nothing of his presence. "What became of the stowaway?" asked

one of these worthies. "Jumped overboard, I expect." answered another. "Billings gave him 'what-for.' 1 can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the poor little

A chuckle ran around the forecastle. "Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken, "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's ce. The captain thinks there's nobody

like Billings." "And neither is there, my boys; neither is there," cried a voice from the companion ladder. Dick Harley, cowering under his tarpaulin, knew that voice, and shuddered involuntarily. The first mate of the Culy coluntarily. The first mate of the Only

"Meanwhile turn in acid get a rest. night, my lads, and rememb Good remember! shipped every manjack of you at Ports mouth; and you're under oath to do my bld-ding. Kill 'em, if necessary, but get the cash at all hazards."

"Aye, aye, sir! We'll follow you," cried several of the rascally crew, as their leader sprang up the ladder. Little Dick Harley reathed a sigh of relief as he heard Bi lings depart, but next moment there flashed across his youthful mind that a stern duty lay before him. Notwithstandbig the danger-notwithstanding the mortal terror with which he regarded this brutal first mate -he must endeavor to give the captain warn ing of the intended robbery.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men. And as yet mone of them showed any intention of obeying Bil-lings' advice and "turning in."

They examined their revolvers-for every one of them seemed to be armed-and talked over the coming attack upon the chartered company's treasure. Dick had almost made up his mind to risk a crawl along the floor toward the companion ladder and a rush thence upon deck, when one of the despera-does yawned. A yawn is more contagious



IE WAS MET AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS BY THE CAPTAIN AND MR LANCELOT.

than yellow fever. Within five minutes every man in the forecastle was showing evidence of weariness. First one and then anothe crawled into their bunks, and were presently heard to slumber noisily. The example spread until the last of the band knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired to rest. Soon all of them were in the land of nod.

Cautioualy Dick Harley peeped out from under his targaulin. Then he ventured forth and set one foot on the companion ladder.

"Who's there?" growled a sailor drowsily Dick's only answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his bruises would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"Who was it, Bill?" asked a second voice. "It was that blamed cat, I'm thickin'," replied the first speaker, and to Dick's relief there was no pursuit. Quickly he ran along the deck and mounted the bridge to where the skipper stood.

That night as the first mate of the Only Son came up from his cable, with a re-volver in his hip pocket and a grin on his face, he was met at the head of the stairs by the captain and Mr. Lancelot. To his surprise both of these gentlemen were armed, while behind them he observed the despised stowaway, Dick Harley, with a naked cutlass

in this hand. "Mr. Billings," said the captain, "you will please throw up your hands. Your little plot has been discovered. Ah, thank you-" (as he drew the pistol out of Billings' pocket),



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