6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6 SMOKED SKIPPER.

"You're afraid," said Jem, tauntingly;

Thus aroused, the boy, first directing

in his neighborhood, struck him in the face.

"All right, I won't let him 'urt you," said

"But he is hurting me," yelled the boy.

"Well, wait till I get 'im ashore," said

Jem; "his old woman won't know him when

The boy's reply to this was a torrent of

"Now, don't get rude," said the seaman,

shrill abuse, principally directed to Jem's

"Squint eyes!" cried Ralph, flercely.

"When you've done with that 'ere young gentleman, Dobbs," said Jem, with exquisite

politeness, "I should like to 'ave 'im for a

"'E don't want to go," said Dobbs, grin-

"Wait till I get a chance at you," sobbed

Ralph, as Jem took him away from Dobbs,

astonishment. "Why, he's actocally cryin'.

I've seen a good many pirates in my time,

"Leave the boy alone," said the cook, a fat, good-natured man. "Here, come 'ere,

Glad to escape, Ralph made his way over

to the cook, grinding his teeth with shame

as the cook took him between his knees and

nopped his eyes with something which he

"You'll be all right," he said, kindly,

"Wait till the first engagement, that's

all," sobbed the boy. "If somebody don't

get shot in the back it won't be my fault."

The two seamen looked at each other

"That's wot hurt my 'and, then," said

He reached over and unceremoniously

grabbing the boy by the collar pulled him

toward him and drew a small, cheap re-

volver from his pocket. "Look at that

"Take your fingers off the blarsted trig

ger and then I will," said the other, some-

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said Smithers

pocketing it; "that's worth a few pints o'

anybody's money. Stand out o' the way

Bill moved aside as the boy went to the

ladder and, allowing him to get up four or

five steps, did the rest for him with his

shoulder. The boy reached the deck on all

fours and, regaining a more dignified position as soon as possible, went and leaned

over the side, regarding with lofty contemp

They sailed at midnight and brought up

in the early dawn in Longreach, where a

lighter loaded with barrels came alongside

and the boy smelt romance and mystery

when he learned that they contained pow

der. They took in ten tons, the lighter

drifted away, the batches were put on and

It was his first voyage and he regarded

with eager interest the craft passing up

"'Es a beastly little rascal, that's

'e is," said the indignant Bill, who had

surprised himself by his powers of narra-

"'Es all right, Bill," said the cook, softly

manded the skipper as Ralph, finding the

seamen's yarns somewhat lacking in in-

terest, strolled aft with his hands in hi

"Keep the other end o' the ship," said

Ralph hesitated, but a grin on the mate

"I didn't come here to peel potatoes." h

"O, indeed," said the skipper, politely

"To fight the enemy," said Ralph, shortly

oing to try and knock a little sense into

that stupid 'ed o' yours. I've 'eard all

about your silly little games ashore. Your

father said he couldn't manage you, so I'm

very different sort o' man to deal with

was a pirate. Why, a boy your age ought

"You told me you was," said the boy

"That's just why I told you," said the

"You don't," said the boy, with a sneer

per, flushing as he heard a chuckle from

"Dustman?" suggested the mate, coming

to his assistance. "Coster, chimbley sweep,

"If you'll look after your duty, George

instead of interferin' in matters that don't

voice, "I shall be obliged. Now, then, you

"Don't tell lies," said the skipper, fu-

"I didn't forget it," said Ralph, "but

The ekipper looked at him dubiously and,

pushing his cap from his brow, scratched

"And I didn't know how the mate 'ud

He relieved the skipper from an awkward

The master of the Susan Jane watched

him blankly for some time and then looked

"You won't get much change out of 'im,

said the latter with a nod, "insultin' little

The other made no reply, but as soon

friend to clean brass work, and after that

to tidy the cabin up and help the cook

clean his pots and pans. Meantime

"you couldn't have forgot that

boy, what were you going to say-I was

"Like the mate," said Ralph, slowly

didn't know how you'd like it.

around at the mate.

like it, either," continued the boy.

mudlark, pickpocket, convict, washer-

"Go on; out with it. I'll give

to wot 'e is. The idea o' thinking this ship

to know there ain't such things nowadays.'

hotly, "else I wouldn't have come."

loser to him. "Eh, like wot?"

"I forget it," persisted Ralph.

ve look like pirates?"

you look more like-

you just two minutes."

strong good sense.

the mate.

word.

"Nothing," said the boy, starting,

cook with the taters."

ain't being too inquisitive?"

"Come 'ere," said the skipper.

The boy came slowly toward him.

"Now look 'ere," said the skipper.

ace decided him.

said, loftily.

"Fancy larfin' when I told 'im of

the busy drudges on wharf and river.

they started once more.

valn hope of horrifying him.

pitchin' the baby to the sharks."

Wait till you've got seven of 'em."

"What are you doing here, boy?"

Bill, the pirit king wants to go on deck."

"I'll pitch it overboard," said Dobbs.

Dobbs, slowly. "I thought it was a jack-

'you'il be as good a pirate as any of us be

old man. They don't mean no 'arm.'

"Lord lumme," said Jem, regarding him in

ning, as Ralph clung to him. "He knows

little bit, to teach 'im manners."

Bill, but this is a new sort."

called a handkerchief.

fore you've finished."

knife.

what sourly.

'you'll never make one of us; 'it 'im; I

won't let him 'urt you."

He is hurting me now."

facial shortcomings.

who's kind to him."

By W. W. JACOBS.

(Copyright, 1898, by W. W. Jacobs.) "Wapping Old Stairs," said the rough in dividual, shouldering the brand new sea chest and starting off at a trot with it; "yus, I know the place, captin. Fust v'y'ge, sir?'

"Ay, ay, my hearty," replied the owner of Dobb's attention to his stomach by a curious the chest, a small, ill-looking lad of 14. duck of his head, much admired as a feint Not so fast with those timbers of yours.

The next moment the forecastle was in an "All right, sir," said the man, and, slack- uproar, and Ralph prostrate on Pobbs' knees, ening his pace, twisted his head around to frantically reminding Jem of his promise. take stock of his companion. 'This ain't your fust v'y'ge, captin," he

sald, admiringly; "don't tell me. I could twig that directly I see you. Ho, what's the use o' trying to aim it over a poer, 'ardworking man like that?"

'I don't think there's much about the sea I've done with him." don't know," said the boy in a satisfied voice. "Starboard, starboard, your helium a

The man obeyed promptly. They went the remainder of the distance in this fash- grinning. ion, to the great inconvenience of people coming from the other direction.

"And a cheap 'arf crown's worth, too, captin," said the boy, turning to a waterman who was sitting in his boat, holding on to the side of the steps with his hand. "All right," said the man, "give us a hold

o your box.' "Put it aboard," said the boy to the other

"A' right, captin," said the man, with a cheerful smile, "but I'll 'ave my 'arf crown fust, if you don't mind. "But you said sixpence at the station,"

"Two an' sixpence, captin," said the man, still smiling, "but I'm a bit 'usky an' p'raos you didn't car the two. 'Arf a crown's the regler price. We ain't allowed to do it un-

"Well, I won't tell anybody," said the boy, "Give the man 'is 'arf crown," said the waterman with sudden heat; "that's 'is price an' my fare's 18 pence."

"All right, said the boy, readily, "cheap, too. I didn't know the price, that's all. But I can't pay either of you till I get aboard. I've only got sixpence. I'll tell

the captain to give you the rest."
"Tell 'co?" demanded the light porter with some violence. The captain," said the boy.

"Look 'ere, you give me that 'arf crown,' said the other, "else I'll chuck your box overboard an' you after it." 'Wait a minute, then," said the boy dart-

ing away up the narrow alley which led to the stairs. "I'll go and get change." 'Es goin' to change 'arf a suvren' or p'raps a suvren," said the waterman, "you'd

better make it five bob, matey." "Ah, an' you make yours more," said the light porter, cordially, "Well I'm-well, of all the-"

"Get off that box," said the big police man who had come back with the boy. "Take your sixpence an' go. If I catch you

down this way again-' He finished the sentence by taking the fellow by the scruff of the neck and giving him a violent push as he passed him. "Waterman's fare is three-pence," he said

to the boy as the man in the boat with an utterly expressionless face took the chest from him. "I'll stay here till he has put you aboard. The boy took his seat and the waterman

breathing hard pulled out toward the vessels in the tier. He looked at the boy and then at the figure on the steps and apparently suppressing a strong inclination to speak spat violently over the side. 'Fine big chap, ain't he?" said the boy.

The waterman, affecting not to hear, and down. He had made his peace with the looked over his shoulder and pulled strongly seamen and they regaled him with bloodwith his left toward a small schooner, from curdling stories of their adventure, in the the deck of which a couple of men were watching the small figure in the boat.

"That's the boy I was going to tell you about," said the skipper, "and remember this 'ere ship's a pirate."

"It's got a lot o' pirates aboard of it," eaid the mate flercely, as he turned and regarding the crew, "a set o'lazy, loafing, idle, worthless-" "It's for the boy's sake," interrupted the

Where'd you pick 'im up?" inquired the

"He's the son of a friend o' mine, what I've brought aboard to oblige," replied the skipper. He's got a fancy for being a pirate, so just to oblige his father I told him we was a pirate. He wouldn't have come if I

"I'll pirate him," said the mate, rubbing his bands.

"He's a dreadful 'andful by all accounts." continued the other; "got his 'ed stuffed full o' these 'ere penny dreadfuls till they've turned his brain almost. He started by being an Indian and goin' off on 'is own with two other kids. When 'e wanted to turn cannibal the other two objected and gave 'im in charge. After that he did s bit o' burgling and it cost 'is old man no end o' money to hush it up.'

"Well, what did you want him for?" grumbled the mate.

'I'm going to knock the nonsense out of him," said the skipper softly as the boat grazed the side. "Just step for'ard and let the hands know what's expected of When we get to sea it won't matter." The mate moved off grumbling as the

small fare stood on the thwarts and scrambled up over the side. The waterman passed up the chest and dropping the coppers into his pocket pushed off again without a word.

"Well, you've got here all right, Ralph," said the skipper. "What do you think of

much satisfaction, "but where's your

arms? "Hush!" said the skipper, and laid his finger on his nose.

"Oh, all right," said the youth testily, "but you might tell me. 'You shall know all in good time," said

for you, my lads. He's small, but he's the right stuff.'

garded the crew with some dissatisfaction. tempered and prone to levity.

ers?" inquired the skipper, scowling at a huge fair-haired man, who was laughing discordantly.

"I was thinkin' o' yhr last party I killed eir," said Jem with sudden gravity, "I allers

Smithers, leading the way below. "I desgay you'll find it a bit stuffy, but that's owing to Bill Dobbs. A regler old sea dog is Bill,

"I don't think the worse of him for that, said Ralph, regarding the fermenting Dobbs

"You'd best keep a civil tongus in your

'ed, my lad," said Dobbs shortly. 'Never mind 'im," said Smithers, cheerfully, "nobody takes any notice o' old Dobbs. You can't 'it 'im if you like. I won't let him

mate went below and overhauled

Kidd's Last Voyage."

began turning them over and picking out at first with scorn and then with impa-"I can't make head or tall out of what

you're reading George," he said, snappishly, 'Who was Rudolph? Read straight ahead.' Thus urged, the mate, leaning forward so that his listener might hear better, read easysteadily through a serial in the first three numbers. The third instalment left Rusharks and a boatload of cannibals and the joint efforts of both men failed to discover the other numbers.

"Just wot I should 'ave expected of 'im, said the skipper after the mate returned skipper, from a fruitless search in the boy's chest. "I'll make 'im a bit more orderly on this ship. Go an' lock them other things up in of parliament with." your drawer, George. He's not to 'ave 'em , again.

The schooner was getting into open water now, and began to feel it. In front of bling. "Let's give 'em a hall ashore." them was the blue sea, dotted wth white look for himself. He also, with the best the cottages. intentions, discussed the restorative properties of fat pork from a medical point of

from," he said, coming aft with a big the cook in trembling tones as he held it bundle of penny papers. "Look at the to the lamp. titles of 'em. 'The Lien of the Pacific.' "Well, we don't want to 'ear it," said fem.

The One-Armed Buccanneer, 'Captain Shut up, d'ye hear But there was that in the cook's manner He sat down on the cabin skylight and which awed them certain gems of phraseology, read them made an infernal machine with clockwork,

"Dear cook," he read, feverishly, "I have aloud to the ekipper. The latter listened and hid it in the hold near the gunpowder when we were at Fairhaven. I think it will go off between 10 and 11 tonight, but I am not quite sure about the time. Don't tell those other beasts, but jump overboard and swim ashore. I have taken the boat. I would have taken you, too, but you told me you swam seven miles once, so you can

The reading came to an abrupt terminadolph swimming in a race with three bunks, and, bolting on deck, burst wildly into the cabin, and breathlessly reeled off the heads of the letter to its astonished occupants.

"Stuck a wot in the hold?" gasped the

"Infernal machine," said the mate. "One o' them things wot you blow up the 'ouses "Wot's the time now?" interrupted Jem

anxlously.

"'Bout ha' past 10," said the cook, trem They leaned over the side and sent a sails and funnels belching smoke speeding mighty shout across the water. Most of from England to worlds of romance and Lowport had gone to bed, but the windows adventure. Something of the kind the cook in the inn were bright and lights showed said to Ralph and urged him to get up and in the upper windows of two or three of

Again they shouted in deafening chorus, casting fearful looks behind them, and in the silence a faint answering "hail" came The next few days the boy divided be- from the shore. They shouted again like tween seasickness and work, the latter madmen and then, listening intently, heard



"HERE'S A NEW SHIPMAS TER FOR YOU, MY LADS.

and houses again.

the skipper, sharply, 'an' go an' 'elp the the town stands.

"Git in about 4 o'clock," said the skipper o the mate, as he looked over the side to-'an' wot might you 'ave come for, if it "Do you feel better, now I've knocked some o' that nonsense out o' you,

"Much better, sir," said Ralph, respect

pausing on the companion ladder, "and you can stay with us if you like. Better turn in now. as you'll have to make yourself a goin' to have a try and you'll find I'm useful again in the morning working out the cargo."

skipper. 'But I didn't think you'd be such prepare for sleep. The other two men were a fool as to believe it. Pirates, indeed! Do already in bed, and he was just about to get into his when he noticed that Ralph's bunk, which was under his own, was empty. He went up on deck and looked round, and, "Like wot?" asked the skipper, edging returning below, scratched his nose

"I forget the word," said Ralph, with "Don't tell any lies now," said the skin-

"Eh?" said Jem, rousing, "Whose boy "Our boy, Ralph," said the cook. "I can't see 'im nowhere. I 'ope 'e ain't gone over-

Jem refusing to discuss the matter, the cook awoke Dobbs. Dobbs swore at him peacefully and resumed his slumbers. The leck. looking in all sorts of unlikely places for the boy. He even climbed a little way into the rigging, and, finding no traces of concern you," said the skipper in a choking him, was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he had gone overboard.

> ng over the ship's side at the still water. He walked slowly aft, shaking his head, and, looking over the stern, brought up suddenly with a cry of dismay and rubbed his eyes. The ship's boat had also disappeared. "Wot?" said the two seamen as he ran elow and communicated the news. "Well.

if it's gone, it's gone." "Hadn't I better go and tell the skipper ald the cook

"Let 'im find it out hisself," said Jem purring contentedly in the blankets. "It's 'is Go' night. "Time we 'ad a noo 'un, too," said Dobba

The cook took the advice, and having made his few simple preparations for the night, blew out the lamp and sprang into his bunk. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation, and getting out again rumbled for the matches and relit the lamp. A minute later third time.

"S'elp me, cook," began Jem, flercely, "If you don't, I will," said Dobbs, sitting clenched fist.

as his potatoes were finished set his young he awoke his exasperated friends for the Later still they began to eye each other shamefacedly.

> "I don't believe there's anything there, said the policeman, sitting down and laughup and trying to reach the cook with his | ing boisterously, "that boy's been making fool of you.

The skipper, who was standing with his sack toward him, said nothing, but peering about, stooped suddenly, and with a sharp exclamation, picked up something from be

hind a damaged case. "I've got it," he yelled suddenly, "stand

He scrambled hastily on deck, and, hold ing his find at arm's length, with his head averted, flung it far into the water. A loud cheer from a couple of boats, which were watching, greeted his action, and a distant response came from the shore "Was that a infernal machine?" whispered

the bewildered Jem to the mate. "Why it ooked to me like one o' them tins o' oorned The mate glanced at the constable, who was standing gazing longingly over the side.

"Well. I've 'eard of people being killed by them sometimes," he said, with a grin. W. W. JACOBS. TOO WEIGHTY FOR UNCLE SAM.

Noted Tennessee Character Who Violated the Revenue Law Mahala Mullins, "Sockless Mahala." noted Tennessee character, who has for a quarter of a century openly violated the United States revenue laws by sellwithout a license,

dead. This remarkable character has been noted in the modern history of the east Tennessee mountain clans. Her bome was in Hancock county, eighty miles from Knoxville. She lived and died in the remote sections of the Cumberland mountains. She is known far and wide by reason of her remarkable life of defiance of Uncle Sam's laws and, at the same time, on account of her physical condition, which n itself is worthy of note.

For many years Mahala Mullins' husband was a moonshine distiller. He eventually was corralled by the revenue officers and his case was dismissed on the promise that he would guit the moonshine traffic. This decision on his part was followed by the establishment of a licensed distillery in his name. The distillery was small in its equipment but it was large enough to "run" a sufficient amount to supply the mountain people for many miles around.

The manner in which she disposed of the liquor is the feature of Mahala Mullins' life. Mahala, being a woman of unsually large physique, it was practically an impossibility to remove her from her humble home. She realized this fact, as did her husband. It was therefore agreed that she should assume the role of dispenser of the beverage.

Scated in her mountain cabin, she was always ready to serve the whisky made under government protection, but sold in violation of its retailing regulations. She had at her command a small cask, in which the whisky was deposited. The article was drawn from this cask by means of a homemade faucet, hewn out of a Cumberland mountain oak. She always used a small pint copper cup in which to draw the whisky and a funnel of the same material completed the outfit with which she carried on her illicit bar business.

There was no secret in this enterprise of Mrs. Mullins. It was known throughout east Tennessee that she sold whisky regardless of the revenue laws. The revenue men knew it, and many times have they made an attempt to arrest her. Every effort of this nature was baffled on account of her enormous size. The officers found i impossible to remove her from her home It is a fact, strange though it may seem. that she never left her home on account of being too large to pass its portals. The revenue men were compelled to indulge her. not from choice or sympathy, but from a ompulsory state of affairs.

Mrs. Mullins' individuality is interesting, as well as her open violation of the laws in selling whisky. She weighed, a short time previous to her death, 519 pounds. She was 74 years of age a few months ago. Her chest measure, contracted, was five feet | six inches. She measured seven feet six | nd one-half inches about the hips. remarkable woman enjoyed the best health until within three weeks of her death, when she was stricken with mountain

fever, which, owing to her age, proved fatal For many years Mahala Mullins had been prepared to meet death. She was a Christian woman, notwithstanding the fact that she sold liquor. She believed it the prerogative of every man, woman and child to make and drink whisky, and saw in no wrong to either religious, social, or legal legislations. She had prepared her coffin, in which she was buried, and had also ordered

her grave dug. East Tennessee has lost a noted character in the death of Mrs. Mullins. The fact of the existence of such a woman has been heralded all over the country. Scarcely a month has gone by for many years but that ome tourist going to Knexville sought an opportunity to climb into the Cumberlands in the hope of seeing her. An effort was made last year to take her to the Tennessea centennial exposition at Nashville, where she might be seen. The difficulty encountered was in transporting her from her mountain home to the rathroad station,

mate, 'we'll be the laughing stock of the nearly fifty miles away. This was not and will have to be given up to the crown overcome and she was left, content to rewho was killed several years ago in a fight with a resident of Rogersville, Tenn.

CONDITIONS IN DAWSON CITY.

High Prices of Real Estate-Many Men Without Work. Consul McCook has sent to the Department of State an undated report from Dawson City (received September 12, 1898). Mr. McCook

BRVS:

Dawson City, probably the largest mining camp in America, is built on a bog or swamp and contains a shifting population which now numbers about 20,000. Forty thousand prospectors have passed through here from White and Chilkoot passes. Most of them had a year's provisions. Hundreds are going away daily, not being able to stay on account of the cost of living. A dinner costs \$2.50 and breakfast and lunch \$1.50. Lodging is \$1.50 per night in a bunk, and a hotel charges \$6.50 for a bed per night.

The price of property in the business locality is enormous. A lot of convenient size mon the main street cannot be had under \$40,000. Lots in a bog off Main street bring from \$5,000 to \$10,000. To rent a log cabin costs \$200 per month. With the exception of the warehouses the theaters, dance halls, saloons and gambling houses are about the only establishments which can afford these terms. Along the river ground leased from the authorities brings \$10 per front foot per month. This, with the 10 per cent royalty charged on the gross output, yields a very large revenue.

The prevailing price of labor is \$1 per hour, but there are so many idle hands walting for employment that the supply exceeds the demand and may bring the price down. Still, there is the greatest activity in the crection of large buildings and ware-

Most of the prospectors who are coming to Dawson City leave for camps in United States territory, since, apart from the country in the immediate vicinity of Dawson. which has all been staked off, this is the most promising field. But even here, out of more than 5,000 placer claims and 2,000 bench claims, only 200 have thus far paid to work. | lord. A great many have not yet been prospected of it."

main, until death should remove her, in her, every person having a claim must work to little cabin in the heart of the mountains, continuously for three mouths each year Mrs. Mullins was the mother of thirteen Ninety days' labor or \$10 g day is a good children, all of whom are living save one, | deal to risk upon one claim, and a good many who cannot afford it will surrender them. The creek claims have been reduced in size

from 500 to 250 feet Estimates of last year's output range from \$8,000,000 to \$12,000,000. Work has largely been confined to Benanza and Elderado Dominion, Sulphur and Eureka creeks will be opened up next winter, as they promise good results. One cannot prospect in summer, as the pits which are dur then fill with water. It is by the merest chance that one may strike a rich claim No poor man should sell out and come here, Organized companies with capital will do much better, as they can hire work much more cheaply than individuals,

In a report dated August 24, Consul Me-Cook further emphasizes the distress among the prospectors in and around Dawson City and strongly advises no one to join in the hunt for gold unless he has at least enough provisions to last over winter and enough money in bank to take him home if unsuccessful. The consul says he is appealed to daily by men who have no money and cannot get work, and he advises such of them as are able to travel to go to St. Michaels, where, he is informed, the government is arranging to take care of them by putting them in communication with friends in the United States.

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None of it Lost.

Chicago Tribune: The seedy stranger at the hotel had deliberately tried to sufficially himself by closing his room as tightly as he could and turning on the gas.
"You miserable vagabond!" exclaimed the doctor, after he had succeeded in reviving him, "what did you want to do that for? You have given this hotel a bad name and wasted about 500 feet of gas!"
"No, it isn't wasted," groaned the land-lord. "The meter will register every foot

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The Bee Publishing Co., Omaha.

BEART BEARD BEARD BEARDER

"She's a rakish looking craft," said the toy, looking round the dingy old tub with

the skipper patiently, turning to the crew who came shuffling up masking broad grins with dirty palms. "Here's a new shipmate

The newcomer drew hmself up and re-For desperadoes they looked far too good-"What's the matter with you, Jim Smith-

laugh when I think 'ow he squealed." "You laugh too much," said the other sternly, as he laid a hand on Ralph's shoulder. "Take a lesson from this fine his head feller; he doesn't laugh. He acts. Take 'im down below an' show him 'is bunk." dilemma by walking off to the galley and "Will you please to follow me, sir?" said starting on a bowl of potatoes.

always sleeps in 'is clothes, and never

devil.

for a boat's keel grate on the beach, and then piratical yearnings. Three or four times the welcome click of cars in the rowlocks. he received a mild drubbing, and, what! was worse than the drubbing, had to give ously, as the boat came creeping out of an answer in the affirmative to the skip- the darkness. "W'y don't you make haste?" per's inquiry as to whether he felt in a more wholesome frame of mind. On the boat fifth morning they stood in toward Fairhaven, and to his great joy he saw trees They stayed at Fairhaven just long

nough to put out a small portion of their argo, Ralph, stripped to his shirt and trousers, having to work in the hold with the rest, and proceeded to Lowport, a little place some thirty miles distant, to put out their powder. It was evening before they arrived, and, the tide being out, they anchored in the mouth of the river on which

ward the little cluster of houses on the

fully.

good boy," said the skipper "Be

He went below, leaving the boy on deck The crew were in the forecastle smoking. with the exception of the cook, who was in the gallery over a little private business of his own.

An hour later the cook went below to

"Where's the boy"" he demanded, taking fem by the arm and shaking him.

board, poor little chap. ook went up again and prowled round the

"Poor little chap," he said, solemnly look

yawning. "Don't you worry your 'ed, cook, about wot don't consarn you."

"Wot's the row?" cried a voice from the "Gunpowder!" velled the cook, frantically There's ten tons of it aboard, just going

"Make haste," bawled Dobbs, vocffer

to explode. Hurry up. The sound of the oars ceased and startled murmur was heard from the boat

then an oar was pulled jerkily. "They're putting back," said Jem, sud denly. "I'm going to swim for it. Stand by to pick me up, mates," he shouted, and, lowering himself with a splash into the water, struck out strongly toward them Dobbs, a poor swimmer, after a moment's hesitation, followed his example,

"I can't swim a stroke," cried the cook his teeth chattering. The others, who were in the same pre dicament, leaned over the side, listening The swimmers were invisible in the darkness, but their progress was easily followed by the noise they made. Jem was the first to be hauled on board and a minute or two later the listeners on the schooner heard him assisting Dobbs. Then the sound of strife, of thumps and wicked words, broke

on their delighted ears. "They're coming back for us." said the mate, taking a deep breath. "Well done,

The boat came toward them, impelled by powerful strokes, and was soon alongside. The three men tumbled in hurriedly, their fall being modified by the original crew, who were lying crouched up in the bottom of the boat. Jem and Dobbs gave way with hearty good will and the doomed ship receded into the darkness. A little knot of people had gathered on the shore and, receiving the tidings, became anxious for the safety of their town. It was felt that the windows at least were in imminent peril, and messengers were hastily sent

round to have them opened. Still the deserted Susan Jane made no sign. Twelve o'clock struck from the little church at the back of the town and she was still intact.

"Something's gone wrong," said an old

fisherman with a bad way of putting things.

"Now's the time for somebody to go and tow her out to sea. There was no response. "To save Lowport." continued the speaker, "If I were only twenty years feelingly.

younger-

denly.

The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of his craft, said He began to think that she had nothing. scaped after all. Two o'clock struck and the crowd began o disperse. Some of the older inhabitants who were fidgety about drafts closed their

windows, and children who had been routed

out of their beds to take a nocturnal walk

inland were led slowly back. By 3 o'clock

"It's old men's work," said a voice

the danger was felt to be over, and the day broke and revealed the forlorn Susan Jane still riding at anchor. "I'm going aboard," said the skipper, sud-"Who's coming with me?"

Jem and the mate and the town policean volunteered, and, borrowing the boat which had served them before, pulled swiftly out to their vessel, and taking the hatches with unusual gentleness commenced their search. It was nervous work at first, but they became inured to it, and moreover a certain suspicion, slight at first, but increasing in interest as the search proceeded, gave them some sense of security.