ALPHONSO M'GINTY.

By FRANK T. BULLEN.

(Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot.")

(Copyright, 1899, by Frank T. Bullen.) Who is there among British seafarers that does not know the "Chain-locker"-that den | the donor, he said, clearing his throat once just opposite the Mint, like an exaggerated or twice: The homeward-bounder, his taste of liberty after his voyage's long imno, not even in the drear December elushiness, following upon a Shadwell snow storm. his club-fingered right hand brings the departing look of satisfaction back swiftly enough. It is his "account of wages," his passport within the swing doors of the office, which he will presently exchange for the few pieces of gold for which he has given such a precious slice of his life.

But the outward-bounder, his tands thrust deep into empty pockets, the bitter taste the scowling face of his boarding master refusing to pass from his mind's eye; he it is who feels the utter desolation of the crowded "chain-locker" corrode his very soul. After a long day's tramp around the his work, docks, sneaking on board vessels like a thief, and asking the mate for a "chance" with bated breath, as if begging for pence, unsuccessful and weary, he returns to this walled-in pit of gloom, and jealously eyes the company of miserables like himself, as if in each one he saw a potential snatcher from him of his last hope of a berth.

Outward-bounders have little to say to each other in the "chain-locker." They wait, not like honest laborers seeking legitimate employment, but like half-tried prisoners awaiting sentence. This characteristic is so universal that, although we who bided the coming of the Gareth's skipper had all got our discharges in, and so felt reasonably sure of her, we had not exchanged half a dozen words among the fourteen of us.

But there suddenly appeared in our midst dher?" Even the most morose among us

tripetal force, sucked in from the remotest drawbacks. corner of the large area every man, and in a moment all of us, who had, as we thought, secured our chances by lodging our dis- down. thing of a panic lest we should lose the and the prospect was by a running fire of questions as to age, na-

"Alphonso McGinty, yer anner," was the answer. No exquisite witticism ever raised a more Tholesome burst of laughter. It positively brightened that dull hole like a ray of soa sunshine. "How old?" said the clerk in a voice still

"God befriend me, I forgot. Say tirty-five,

"Your discharge says 25," returned the

"Ah, yes, yer anner, but it's said that for the last tirty years." "Isn't it time it was altered, then?"

torted the clerk, magisterial again, as he entered 55 on the articles. The old fellow's quaint speech, added to an indefinable aureole of good humor about him, had completely changed the sullen aspect of our crowd, so that for the moment we quite forgot that but fourteen of us were engaged to take the 4,000-ton ship Gareth to New Zealand first and them to any other part of the world, voyage not to exceed three years.

chuckling in sympathy with the fun they felt, but didn't understand, we all dispersed with our advance notes to get such discount hull well down to Phimsolls mark, and the four towering steel giants of masts with until suddenly McGinty broke the spell (his left hanging so idly at eight bells. their immense spreading branches, and voice sounding strangely clear and vibrant) thought of the handful we were to manage by saying: them, we felt a colder chill than even the biting edge of the bitter east wind had

We mustered in the dark, fron barn of the folk'sle, and began selecting bunks temporarily until we were picked for watches, when our attention was arrested by the voice of McGinty, saying: Bhoys!"

All turned toward him, where he stood,

; one needed a second call. When the bottle was empty and our hearts had gone out to

"Bhoys, fergive me, I'm a -- imposhtor. heart light as thistle-down with the first I broke me right knee cap an' five ribs coming home from 'Frisco in the Lamech-fell prisonment, takes no heed of its squalor; from the foret'gailant yard-an' I bin three months in Poplar hospital. I can't go aloft, but I didn't think what a crime i If he does giance around shudderingly at the haggard faces of the unshipped for a awful over-sparred brute here. Don't be moment, the feel of the beloved half-sheet | harrd on me, bhoys, ye wouldn't have me of blue foolscap ostentatiously displayed in starrye ashore, wad yez now, or fret me poor owld hearrt out in the wurrkhous after forty-five years on the open sea." He stopped and looked around distressfully

to him. We were a mixed crowd, course, but nearly half of us were British, and there would have been a stormy scene if any of the aliens had ventured to raise of begrudged bread parching his mouth, and didn't express our sympathy, but we felt it, and he with native quickness knew that we did. And never from that day forward did the brave old chap hear a word of complaint from any of us about having to de

> harshness from the officers on account of began to bluster about his being a

matter was effectually settled at once. We never regretted our consideration, for while it was true that he couldn't get aloft a square built, rugged-face man of middle and those mighty sails would have been a beight, whose gray eyes twinkled across handful for double our number in a breeze this ruined nose, and whose mouth had that of wind, there never was a more willing, droll droop of the lower lip that shows a tireless worker on deck, and below he was readiness not only to laugh in and out of a perfect godsend. His sunny temper, bubbling fun and inexhaustible stock of beholder to laugh, too. He it was who yarns made our gray lives happier than they broke the stony silence by saying in the had ever been at sea before. If we would "Is it all av us bhoys have allowed it he would have been a slave that does be goin' in the wan ship, I won- to all of us, for we carried no boys and all the odd domestic jobs of the folk'sle had to felt an inclination to smile, we hardly be done by curselves. As it was, he was knew why, but just then the swing door always doing something for somebody, and of the engaging room burst open and a as he was a thorough sailer in his general hoarse voice shouted, "Crew o' the Gareth handiness and ability, his services were highly appreciated. He made the Gareth a The words, like some irresistible cen- comfortable ship, in spite of her manifold

In due time we reached the forties" and began to run the Easting The long, tempestuous stretch charges beforehand, were seized with some- of the southern ocean lay before us, ship after all. Heavens! how we thrust and cheering. The Gareth, in spite of her huge proceeded apace, to the accompaniment of And, in accordance with precedent, we knew

as fate and the harks would allow. In head for the second dog watch smoke, but furious voice of the southern tempest teargood time we were all aboard, for ships for some time all seemed strangely disin- ing up the face of the deep and felt the were scarce, and all of us anxious to get clined for the desultory chat that usually away. But when we saw the vast, gaunt takes place at that pleasant hour. Pipes

> "I had a quare dhrame lasht night." meditative pulls at his pipe he went on:

and in that moment all our hearts warmed

Just then the voice of the bos'un sounded outside, "Turn to," and as we departed to ommence work, although not a word was said, there was a fierce determination among us to protect McGinty against any his disablement. There was too much of a bustle getting out of dock for any notice to be taken of his stiff leg, which he had so cleverly concealed while shipping, but the mate happening to call him up to the foreeastle head for something, his lameness was glaringly apparent at once to the bos'un, who stood behind him. For just a minute it looked like trouble, as the bos'un cripple, but we all gathered round and the

tore our way into the office, past the burly bulk, had given us a taste of her quality policeman who held every one of us at the when running before a heavy breeze of pinch of the door until he was satisfied of our right to enter. Once within, we felt safe, and stood nervously fingering our caps wettest of her class, a vessel that welcomed while the clerk gabbled over the usual every howling sea as an old friend, and formula, to which none of us gave the slightest heed. "Signing on" began and panse of her deck from poop to forecastle. tionality, last ship, etc., to which answers, if not promptly forthcoming, were, I am if not promptly forthcoming, were, I am afraid, supplied by the questioner. There as a subdued chuckle, and the man who may be cause shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas endurance, not only in the hope of making a quick passage, but because shortening sall after really hard running was such an awful strain upon the last extremity of canvas as if an angel from hiven spoke to me, an' I cried wid all me hearry an' me tongue: 'Here, mother, here I ami' have ever against the stinging fragments of ice.

An' she gathered me up in her arrums that we got the four huge tops is down, and, and the man who have a subdued chuckle, and the man that she would be driven to the last extremon" to the still enormous spread of sail remaining, until the gale blew itself out, or down into rest, happy as any saint in giory. we had run out of its vast area. But for some days the brave west wind lingered in all over me poor owld broken-up body. But ard and east'ard with trumpery little spurts the gnawin' ache at me heart." of northerly and nor westerly breeze. We had reached 47 degrees S and about 10 degrees E when, one afternoon, it fell calm. One of the most magnificent sunsets imaginable spread its glories over the western sky. Great splashes of gorgeous coloring stained the pale blue of the heavens and illuminated the fantastic crags and strokes on the little bell aft cleft the still ranges of cloud that lay motionless around air, and, in immediate response, one rose the horizon like fragments of a disintegrated

were puffed in silence for half an hour,

No one stirred or spoke, and after a few "I dhreamt that I was a tiny gorsoon again at home in owld Baltimore. I'd been hauls and spilling fines, while overhead we wandherin' and athrayin', God alone knows; could hear, even above the roar of the where, for a dhreadful long while, it seemed, until at lasht, whin I wuz ready t' fighting against the restraining gear. Then, die from sheer weariness an' fright, I with a hissing, spiteful snarl, came snow

AT THE SAME MOMENT M'GINTY'S ARM FLEW UP. HE CAUGHT AT THE E MPTY GLOOM ABOVE HIM AND FELL.

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feathers in the snuggest of nests. I didn't its lair, and we slowly crept to the s'uth- bad as that wuz, 'twuz just nothin' at all to

Silence wrapped us round again, for who among us could find any words to apply to such a story as that? And it affected us all the more because of its complete contrast to McGinty's usual bright, cheery and uncomplaining humor. Not another word was spoken by any one until the sharp and smote the big bell hanging at the break world. A long, listless swell came solemnly of the forecastle four double blows, usherfrom the west at regular intervals, giving ing in the first watch of the night. The the waiting ship a stately, rhythmical mo- watch on deck relieved wheel and lookout tion in the glassy waters, and making the and we who were fortunate enough to have mimense squares of canvas that hung the "eight hours in" lost no time in seeking straight as boards from the yards slam our respective bunks, since in those stern against the steel masts with a sullen boom, latitudes we might expect a sudden call at Except for that occasionally recurring any moment. We had hardly been asleep ound, a solemn stillness reigned supreme. five minutes, it seemed, when a hoarse cry while the wide mirror of the ocean reflected came pealing in through the folk'sle door faithfully all the flaming tints of the sky. of "All hands on deck! Shorten sail!" And Quietly all of us gathered on the folk'sle as we all started wide awake we heard the massive fabric beneath our feet leaping and straining under the tremendous strain of her great breadths of canvas that we had

Out into the black night we hurried, meeting the waiting mate at the foremast, and answering his first order of "man the foretops'ls downhaul" with the usual repetition of his words. Weird eries arose as we hauled with all our strength on the downstorm, the deep boom of the topsails fiercely hearrd me dear mother's voice cryin': and sleet, lashing us like shotted whips, with a bottle of rum and a teacup, and no 'Where's Fonnie avic iver got to this long and making the darkness more profound be-

handful of men composing the crew. So wuz so soft an' cozy, till I felt as if I was without waiting for the order, started aloft that when once the light sails were secure, a little tired chick neshtlin' into its mother's to furl, the pitiful incapacity of our numbers go to sleep; I just let meself sink down, the wind was so great that it was no easy of experience, quite a little sum of money down into rest, happy as any saint in glory. matter to get aloft, but clinging like cats, port watch) on the foretopsail yard.

> The first thing evident was that the great sail was very slightly subdued by the gear; it hovered about the yard like a white balloon, making it both difficult and dangerous to get out along the spar. The storm scourged us pitilessly, the great round of the sail resisted all our attempts to "fist" it, and we seemed as helpless as children Some bold spirits clutched the lifts, and, swinging above the sail, tried to stamp a hollow into it with their feet, but against the increasing fury of the tempest we seemed to be utterly impotent. We were so widely separated, too, that each man appeared to be essaying a glant's task singlehanded, and that horrible sense of fastoozing strength was paralyzing us. Feeling left our hands; we smote them savagely against that unbending sail without sensation, and still we seemed no nearer the conclusion of our task. But suddenly the ship gave a great lurch to windward, and just for one moment the hitherto unyielding curve of the sail quivered. In that instant every fist had clutched a fold, and with a flash of energy we strained every sinew to conquer our enemy.

Tugging like a madman to get the sail spilled, I glanced sideways, and saw, to my horror, by a jagged flash of lightning, the rugged face of McGinty,

I had hardly recognized him when, with a roar like the combined voices of a troop of lions, the sail tore itself away from us, and with bleeding hands I clutched at the foot rope stirrup as I fell back. But at the same moment McGinty's arms flew up, he caught at the empty gloom above him and fell, gasping, "In manus tuus, Domine." Far beneath us the hungry sea seethed and whirled, its white glare showing ghastly against the thick darkness above. For two or three seconds I hung as if irresolute whether to follow my poor old shipmate or not, then the heavy flapping of the sail aroused me, and springing up again I re- caution. They get as shaggy as Shetland newed my efforts. The ship had evidently got a "wipe up" into the wind, for the sail was now powerless against us, and in less than five minutes it was fast, and we were descending with all speed to renew our desperate fight with the mizzen and jigger topsails. The decks were like the sea overside, for wave after wave toppled among them." inboard, and it was at the most imminent risk to life and limb that we scrambled aft, quite a sense of relief coming as we swung oursedves upward out of that turbulent flood into the rigging again.

But I was almost past feeling now. A duil, aching sense of loss clung around my heart, and the patient, kindly face of my shipmate seemed branded upon my eyes, as he lifted it to the stormy skies in his last supplicatory moan. I went about my work doggedly, mechanically, indifferent to cold, fatigue or pain, until, when at last she was snugged down, and, under the fore lower topsails and reefed foresail, was flying through the darkness like some hunted thing, I staggered wearily into the cheerless folk'sle, dropped upon a chest and stared moodily at vacancy.

Somebody said, "Where's McGinty?" That roused me. It seemed to put new life and hope into me, for I replied quite brightly, "He's gone to the rest he was talking about in the dog watch. He'll never eat workhouse bread, thank God."

Eager questioning followed, mingled with utter amazement at his getting aloft at all. But when all had said their say one feeling had been plainly manifested-a feeling of deep thankfulness that such a grand old sailor as our shipmate McGinty was where he fain would be, taking his long and wellNO BALD HEADS IN ALASKA.

Cold Climate Caused a Great Growth of Hair.

The experience of Roderick Dhu Smith, to furl, the pitiful incapacity of our numbers who recently returned to San Francisco most glaringly apparent. The pressure of from the Klondike region with a big budget and a head of hair which almost qualifies we presently found ourselves (six of the him to take an engagement as a Circassian girl in a circus, is of especial interest uable as regards material than any bridge of west of here, is under water, and about to a large contingent of his fellow men and women. For be it known, relates the San reaccisco Call, that Roderick, before making his perilous way to the Arctic regions, though otherwise pleasing to look upon and Francisco Call, that Roderick, before makthough otherwise pleasing to look upon and still on the sunny side of 40, was the owner of a head which made theater ushers, whenover there was a ballet on the program, escort him down to the front row without even glancing at his seat check.

While this might have been considered an advantage by some people it was not pleasing to Mr. Smith, who is an essentially modest man and averse to being made unduly prominent on any occasion. It is said, too, that his baldness was the real cause of his starting out in search of gold, since he had spent all his patrimony in the purchase of hair restorers and it was necessary for him to do something, no matter how desperate, to retrieve his faller fortunes. Be that as it may, he went to Alaska and

after a two years' residence there has returned a modern Samson, as far as chevalure is concerned, and he declares that the transformation is entirely due to the rigors of the climate in that quarter of the globe. "The intense cold kills all germs and microbes," he asserts, "and stimulates the scalp and nature does the rest," and he proudly exhibits his lion-like mane as proof of what nature can do when she takes a fancy, unassisted by washes or oils or unguents of any kind.

P. J. McLeod, who has spent twelve years in Alaska and the northwest, although he has not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Smith personally, and did not therefore see the sprouting and the bourgeoning of his especial crop of modified epidermic cells, still corroborates his story as to the virtues of that frigid clime as a hair producer.

"My hair always was thick," he says, "s I cannot speak from personal experience, but the way dogs put on hair up there is ponies, and now I think of it, I never saw a baldheaded fellow anywhere around there. To tell the truth, they all look, after they have got to work, as though a razor and a pair of scissors were far more needed than a hair restorer, and I think a missionary barber could do good work

G. H. Henderson, who has a claim on Dominion creek, and has been up in that vicinity for two years, heartily echoes Mr. McLeod's sentiments. There is something about the intense cold, he asseverates, that makes the hair on man and beast flourish mightly. Dandruff and falling hair are unknown in that part of the country, but he thinks that the fact that people are too busy to "bother with their hair has something to do with its unusual growth.

"The man who is vain enough to put his time in on trying to increase the thickness of his hair," is this gentleman's decision, will generally manage to worry off what little belongs to him naturally. He will scrub it and put fertilizer on it, and lay awake nights thinking about it until his head is as hot as a furnace and burns the roots of it to ashes, and end by getting up the shinlest kind of a baldhead, but up there it is too cold to fool that way, and the hair gets a chance for its life."

J. S. Woodstock, an Alaskan of five years' standing, puts in his testimony in regard to the efficacy of good freezing weather as a hair rejuvenator or resurrector. and another gentleman recently returned from the Arctic gold fields, who, not having "made his pile" as yet, is averse to having his name in the papers, says he is seriously considering the practicability of establishing a hair sanitarium in some reasonably accessible spot, where he will, for a satisfactory consideration, entertain bald-headed which was swept away by the floods in 1893, guests and tell them pleasing little tales. A similar bridge was constructed during the about Alaska,

Natural Bridge of Agate. The most valuable natural bridge in the world is to be found in Arizona, lying across

about 100 feet in length. It is pure agate all through and therefore is much more valmarble or granite would be. But the most expensive material of which a bridge has ever been built is probably telegraph wire.

first Soudan campaign over the Kokora river for military purposes.

Elk River Overflows.

pendence, Kan., eays: fallen here for the last two days and are general over southeastern Kansas and In dian Territory. Elk City, twelve miles twenty families have had to leave their homes on account of high water. Elk river



WALKING GOWN OF FUSTIAN FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

A model garment that follows the design of a handsome gown recently built by Paquin and published in Harper's Bazar, has a long tunic, finished at the lower edge square scallops that lap over flat flounces similiarly finished and applied to the lower skirt. The skirts are sheath-like and close in a closely hooked seam in the center of the back. The Eton jacket meets the skirt about the waist line and closes over a suggested vest attached to left side of the front of the jacket. The latter is fitted to the form by single darts on each side. The original model was of gray fustian, a heavy cotton cloth. The Greek scallops were outlined with blue taffeta and edged with dark blue ribbon velvet. The ornaments upon the waist were of blue taffeta edged with narrow blue satin ribbon shirred. The turn-over collar and piping about the waist line were of dark blue velvet and the cuffs of the sheath sleeves were trimmed like the fronts of the jacket. The introduced west was a band of ochre yellow cloth embroidered with gold thread and blue chemille figures. The costume would be effective if rendered in any medium weight cloth and trimmed with military braid, with Persian embroidery yest.

To make this costume of cloth forty-five inches wide over a sham skirt of silk seven and one-half yards will be required. Of taffets silk for the sham skirt nine yards will be required.