

ALPHONSO M'GINTY.

By FRANK T. BULLEN.

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

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Who is there among British seafarers that does not know the "Chain-locker"....

But the outward-bounder, his hands thrust deep into empty pockets, the bitter taste of begrudging bread parching his mouth, and the scowling face of his boarding master....

But there suddenly appeared in our midst a square built, rugged-faced man of middle height, whose gray eyes twinkled across his ruined nose....

The words, like some irresistible centrifugal force, sucked in from the remotest corner of the large area every man....

"How old?" said the clerk in a voice still tremulous. "God befriend me, I forgot. Say thirty-five."

So, with even the Dutchmen laughing and chucking in sympathy with the fun they felt, but didn't understand, we all dispersed with our advance notes to get such discount as fate and the banks would allow....

All turned toward him, where he stood, with a bottle of rum and a tuscup, and one needed a second call.

one needed a second call. When the bottle was empty and our hearts had gone out to the donor, he said, clearing his throat once or twice....

Just then the voice of the bos'un sounded outside. "Turn to," and as we departed to commence work, although not a word was said, there was a fierce determination....

We never regretted our consideration, for while it was true that he couldn't get aloft and those mighty sails would have been a handful for double our number....

In due time we reached the "roaring forties" and began to run the Easting down. The long, tempestuous stretch of the southern ocean lay before us, and the prospect was by no means cheering....

Except for that occasionally recurring sound, a solemn stillness reigned supreme. The sea and the sky slowly merged...

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NO BALD HEADS IN ALASKA.

Cold Climate Caused a Great Growth of Hair.

The experience of Roderick Dhu Smith, who recently returned to San Francisco from the Klondike region with a big budget of experience...

While this might have been considered an advantage by some people it was not so to Mr. Smith, who is an essentially modest man...

Be that as it may, he went to Alaska and after a two years' residence there has returned a modern Samson...

"The intense cold kills all germs and microbes," he asserts, "and stimulates the scalp and nature does the rest..."

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...

J. S. Woodcock, an Alaskan of five years' standing, puts in his testimony regarding the efficacy of good freezing weather as a hair rejuvenator...

Natural Bridge of Agate.

The most valuable natural bridge in the world is to be found in Arizona, lying across a deep chasm forty feet in width...

Elk River Overflows. CHICAGO, July 6.—A special from Independence, Kan., says: Heavy rains have fallen here for the last two days...

A model garment that follows the design of a handsome gown recently built by Paquin and published in Harper's Bazar...

A model garment that follows the design of a handsome gown recently built by Paquin and published in Harper's Bazar...

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...



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



cause of the impossibility of opening the eyes against the stinging fragments of ice. But, after much stumbling and struggling...

The first thing evident was that the great sail was very slightly subdued by the gear; it looked about the yard like a white balloon...

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...

But I was almost past feeling now. A dull, aching sense of loss clung around my heart, and the patient, kindly face of my shipmate...

Somebody said, "Where's McGinty?" That roused me. It seemed to put new life and hope into me...