

face there is from treacherous undercurrents and hidden rocks, and at handling small boats men of Latin blood are as brave as the best. But when it comes to fighting struggling canvas on lofty ice-coated pards they feel and show the fear of an unfamiliar danger.

Observation has led me to believe this. The best deep sea sailors, the most daring men aloft, are of Norse origin—Russian, Finn, Dane, Swede, Norwegian, Anglo-Saxon. These men, especially the Scandinavians, whose ancestors sailed the stormy Baltic and North sea, are universally acknowledged to be the boldest seamen.

Daring aloft is a form of bravery most keenly appreciated by seamen. The man who will crawl out on a yardarm in a howling gale of wind to pass a reef earing about its extremity is more admired than a man who would display coolness under fire. The latter is considered a passive kind of courage, while the other is actual daring by a man who knows his danger.

Almost all greenhorns show signs of fear upon going aloft the first time. Some sailors never get over a sense of nauseating uneasiness when aloft, even when in port. I once met a strange exception. He was a green boy who had never before been to sea. The first day out he climbed aloft, showing not the slightest signs of fear. He shinned up bare poles like a monkey, slid down stays and hung about in mid-air from ropes that were never intended for climbing. Finally, he reached the very top of one of the masts and deliberately sat on the truck—the flat gilt ball through which the flag halyard is rove. Without holding on he comfortably contemplated the horizon about him, dangling his feet against the bare mast underneath his perch. Meanwhile, all hands were watching him breathlessly from deck.

But the strangest thing of all was the fact that this boy was Swiss, coming from a country whose people never have been sailors. Perhaps absence of giddiness in his case could be attributed to his mountain climbing ancestors.

It is proverbial that sailors love fighting, especially of the rough and tumble order. Ordinarily this is only true of them when they are drunk. Still, some tough cases are found on American ships. The average mate of a Yankee vessel is ready and even anxious to fight against any odds at any moment. Some of them will even tackle a whole ship's crew at once, and their very audacity often wins them their battles. This is not because they are Americans, for many are foreigners, but for the reason that American ship owners demand that sort of officers to control the crews picked up in American ports, usually made up of the toughest cases in the maritime world. On the other hand, these bucko officers usually accept defeat as gracefully as they deliver it, afterwards asking those by whom they were vanquished how they did it.

One of these fellows, a notorious bad man, became stranded in Manila during the late war. He was at last driven by want to join a company of civilian scouts. He "made good," became the bully of the company, and was feared even by the officers until he had to face the enemy's fire. Then he turned tail and ran so far that he was never again seen that side of Manila.

Nearly all sailors are easily awed by mysterious natural phenomena or apparently supernatural manifestations. Earthquakes at sea, especially at night, will strike terror in the heart of the bravest seaman aloft, not so much on account of danger, which is never great, but simply because he feels himself in the presence of a great natural force against which he is perfectly helpless. The danger from wind and waves is a familiar one against which he has been trained to fight, but when a calm sea about him begins to boil and froth and form into whirlpools he stands conquered.

I was once aboard a large ship, the crew of which were all thorough seamen, most of them reckless west coast adventurers and several well known Honolulu smuggling desperadoes.

One night in the tropics their courage was tested and found wanting. The sea was calm and a full moon hung high in a deep indigo cloudless sky. Suddenly, over the creamy expanse of the sails, mysterious shadows appeared, which, to our excited imaginations, assumed the most horrible shapes. The men were panic stricken and crouched under the break of the poop in a frightened heap, too benumbed by terror even to exchange exclamations of wonder. Yet none of those men would have owned up to any superstitious beliefs, and they laughed over their fright next day.

But the nerviest case I ever heard of was that of a Norwegian sailor aboard the big American four-master Shenandoah. It was commanded by Captain Murphy, whose reputation extends all over the world among seamen. One day he ordered the Norwegian up to the royal yard to do some duty there.

"But, cap'n," protested the sailor, "it's not safe until the foot-rope's fixed. Let me fix that first."

"Do as I tell you," ordered the captain. "The foot-rope's all right."

The man went aloft. Ten minutes later all hands heard a yell and saw the Norwegian come tumbling down through the rigging, a distance of over 100 feet. He landed on the canvas tarpaulin of a boat, bounded off and rolled over onto the main hatch. Of course, everybody thought the

man dead, but when all hands gathered around him he showed signs of life. The fall on the boat had saved him. Presently he rose to a sitting position and rubbed his head in a dazed fashion.

"How d'ye feel, Johnson?" asked the captain, anxiously.

The captain's voice seemed to bring Johnson's senses back to him. He rose slowly to his feet, glaring wildly at the captain and at a piece of the foot-rope he still held fast in his hand. He deliberately pulled off his jumper and threw it upon deck.

"Cap'n," he said slowly, "you said that foot-rope was all right. Cap'n, you was a damn liar. Now, you come on and I smash your jaw. I give you all the fight you want. Come on, now."

But for the first time on record Captain Murphy took water. He wouldn't fight that kind of a man.

Unlike this particular Norwegian, few sailors, no matter how reckless, will defy the authority of an officer. That fear is deep bred.

In one fore-castle I was in there was a big six-foot Swede who had spent all his life at sea on coasting schooners, and consequently was not much of a seaman on a square-rigged vessel. This caused trouble, and it was not long before the Swede had a fight on with his watchmates. He beat one entirely and fought another to a standstill and was severely mauled himself.

A week later the mate called him down for incompetence. The Swede answered back, whereupon the mate, a small man with a stiff leg, slapped his face. This the Swede accepted meekly and afterward was kicked several times by the same mate, but never made any show of resistance. And the man the Swede had previously knocked out was twice the mate's size.

An incident which occurred in a sailor's home in England further illustrates the seaman's fear of authority.

A new arrival at the home was walking up and down the corridor when he swung suddenly around on a man who had passed him.

"Hey," he shouted, "ain't your name Sam Smart?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"Was you ever second mate on Typhoon?"

"Yes."

"Remember me?"

"No."

"Well, I am Tim Smith that sailed with you four years ago on Typhoon. You licked me four times that trip; now I am going to lick you once as good as those four."

And before anybody could interfere Tim Smith had knocked out his old bucko mate. In such a case interference would have been considered unseamanlike.

Over the Border

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

"The truth! The truth, at last the truth!" shouted Armstrong, as if a weight had fallen from his shoulders. "The truth has a ring like honest steel and cannot be mistaken when once you hear it. He led to me about you in Oxford, and I called him a liar, and would have proven it on him, but that he told me you were in danger. I should have killed the whelp this morning, but that he could not defend himself."

"The truth, yes; but only part of it. He did not rob you last night."

"Nonsense. He did."

"I robbed you. I stole into your room and robbed you. I carried the original of that document to Cromwell himself, and it is now in his hands. It was the price of my brother's life. My brother was set on your tracks by Cromwell, and, being wounded, I took up his task. Do you understand? That was my mission to Oxford. To delude you, to rob you, and I have done it."

"Girl, you are distraught."

"I am not. Every word I tell you is true."

"You are saying that to shield someone."

"Look, William Armstrong. For two hours or more last night you held me by the wrist. There is the bracelet with which you presented me, black proof of the black guilt I confess to you."

She held her hand aloft and the sleeve fell away from the white and rounded arm, marred only by the dark circles where his fingers had pressed.

"Do you say I did that?"

"Yes. If still you do not believe me, measure your fingers with the shadow they have cast."

She reached out her hand to him, and he took it in his left, stroking the bruised wrist with his right, but looking into her eyes all the while.

"Frances is it this secret that stood between us?"

"Yes."

"Is this all that stood between us?"

"Ah! Is it not enough? Ah! It is a mountain of sin that bears me to the very ground."

"Why, dear lass, did you not tell me?"

"Tell you? It was from you, of all the world, I must conceal it until now."

He laughed very quietly, fondling her hand.

"Fless me, how little you know! What is quarrelling king or rebellious country to me compared with you? No wonder my beating heart did not awaken me with your hand upon it, for it was co-conspirator with you, and wholly your own. Heaven

mend my broken patriotism, but if you had asked me I would have ridden myself to Cromwell with the king's signature."

"Do you—can you forgive me, then?"

"Forgive you? You are the bravest lass in all the land," and with that, before she was aware or could ward off his attack, if she had wished to do so, he reached impulsively forward, caught her off her horse and held her in his arms as if she were a child, kissing her wounded wrist, her eyes, her hair, her lips.

"And now, do you forgive me, Frances?"

"Oh, willingly, willingly. Trespass for trespass. As we forgive them that trespass against us. But set me on my horse again, I beg of you."

"I can hardly believe you are here yet."

"Cease this fooling. The moments are too precious for it."

"This is no fooling. I never was in earnest all my life before."

"Will, Will, I implore you. Do you not understand? You are jesting on the brink of the grave. De Courcy has crawled to Cromwell ere this, and that grim man is fighting the north against us. They are now on our track."

"The way is clear. There is no one in sight and we can outride them when they come."

"They are riding across country to intercept us. Oh, let not my arms hold you back for destruction. Cromwell himself told me he would hang you if he had to take you openly."

"He dares not. Have no fear."

"He dares anything. You do not know that man, and your condemnation, this document, rests now on the heart it would still. Cromwell will move the world to tear it from you. If you love me as you say, let us to the north at once."

Well he knew the truth of her warning, new that he understood the case, but was reluctant to let her go. The last appeal had its effect, and he placed her once more on her horse. Together they set off again, through a land that seemed silent and at peace, but it was only seeming.

(To be Continued.)

Flat Dwellers

(Continued from Page Five.)

may be addressed by, turns on her tormentor. "Shut up!" she snaps and walks on; and the mashers refrain from merriment.

Nor is it infrequent for several young girls out in company to stop and talk with these boys, when such sentences are caught:

"Girls, don't believe them. They ain't tellin' us their right names."

"My name? Oh, it's—say, girls, what are our names?"

"We'd treat 'em to soda water if we had the money, wouldn't we, Billy?"

"Ain't that a fine walk? I just dote on dancing."

"Bur-rr, she gave me a frost, fellows," as the girls walk off.

Such is the park on a summer's night while the band plays. But when the music ceases and the cornetist puts his instrument in its case and the bass horn disappears in a big black bag, then the mothers and fathers arouse sleepy and sleeping children, the solitary figures on the edges of the park break their reveries and slip back whence they came, and behind them sounds the shuffling of many feet pointing homeward—of parent and child, of incipient masher, of all the people within the gloom of the trees except the lovers.

In the words of a policeman whose beat takes in one of these metropolitan trysting places, "They sit and spoon and look at the moon till all hours, and you can't drive 'em out with a nightstick. Lord, I've heard so much 'do-you-love-me-dearie' talk since I've been on this beat that I dream of it and talk it in my sleep every night."

"Yes, sir, that's true—leastways, that's what my wife says. And before she got on to the cause of it she was fighting jealousy. Thought my guilty conscience was giving me away while I slept. Yes, sir; but now she knows better, and when I talk particular bad she says next day:

"Must have been an uncommon lot of spooners in the park last night?"

"And I don't say a word, but just wearily nod my head."

Handling a Liner

(Continued from Page Four.)

of the heavy hawsers which held the vessel alongside the dock. In a word, if he is to be of much use on the liner he must be a seaman, though his opportunities for the use of seamanship are not such as they used to be when he trod the deck of the sky's-yarder and was obliged to "hand, reef and steer" in very truth every day of his life.

Yet the old-time crew survive on the

liner today; the old-time seamanship is there, too, though much of it is little called on under the new conditions, which have brought into play, however, a new seamanship that is superseding the old and that requires as bold, as brainy and as alert men as did the other.

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