

men aboard her. No man, if he could help it, ever sailed in her after the first time.

It was to this man and to this ship that the young gentlemen with numbers and without names had consigned the unconscious form of Mr. Billington O'Keefe.

And she was a tramp boat, bound for everywhere in general and nowhere in particular, and she would not return for a year and a day or so, or more, as circumstances might direct.

A week later in Monroe a stranger entered town and made his way to police headquarters. He asked for the chief. The chief saw him.

"I'm from New York," explained the stranger, "and I'm reckoning up a chap that everybody's looking for. He's wanted on any number of charges. I've traced the fellow here and I want a little local help to find him."

The chief nodded. "Let's see your papers," he said. He looked them over. "We keep pretty close tab on things here," he said, "and I'll try and find out whether anybody's seen him. As it is, it's pretty late to do anything today. I'm going down to the hotel. You're from New York. You might as well come along, and I can show you a bit of the town. We've quite a place here, if I do say it myself."

They sauntered down to the hotel. After some slight refreshment they sat for a few minutes in the large front lounging window that overlooked the street. They engaged in a desultory conversation about nothing in particular.

Suddenly the New York man caught the chief by the coat sleeve. He pointed into the street.

"By George, man," he exclaimed, "there's my man! That's Constitutional Smith of New York, as sure as guns!" He rose from his chair and started out excitedly. The chief pulled him back and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Sit down," exclaimed the chief; "what's the matter with you, anyway? That ain't Constitutional Smith of New York. That's Billington O'Keefe of the city of Monroe."

"Billington O'Keefe," echoed the other man.

"In course," replied the chief. "I know him like a book, and so does everybody else. That's Billington O'Keefe, the Klondike king—that's all."

CHAPTER III.

Captain Jenks of the Merchant Marine

Billington O'Keefe slept for some eighteen hours. Art is an improvement upon nature. Mr. Smith's little saturated rag was responsible for this somnolence. The process of awakening was a gradual one, and beyond the fact that his bed was usually hard, Mr. Billington was quite unaware that he was not in his own home. His breathing was stertorous; he snored sonorously. This semi-conscious period, did Mr. O'Keefe only know it, constituted the happiest time he would experience upon the "Sarah Margaret" for many and many a day.

Finally he awoke. Awoke but to find himself with a splitting headache and a tendency to seasickness within. This latter sensation was due rather to the drug than to the motion of the boat, for the sea was calm.

At first O'Keefe could not see. He was in a narrow bunk in the hold of the vessel and the hold was dark. He could smell, however, and the odors of the hold did not please him. He could hear, and he heard many noises above his head and a few around him. These latter came from other snorers like himself, for no less than five men had been shanghaied upon this trip. Most of them, however, were merely drunk.

For many moments O'Keefe lay in his bunk, weak, supine, listless and wondering. He was not yet able to reason—he took everything for granted. He attempted to lift his head, but it fell back heavily upon the board that served him for a mattress.

Finally, however, he succeeded. He raised himself with great care upon his elbow and peered out over the side of his bunk.

"Good Lord!" he muttered to himself, holding one hand to his aching head, "what police station am I in? Where am I at?"

Gradually he made out that he was in a long and narrow room, and that on both sides of this room were bunks just like his own. He could make out the forms of men within these bunks. Then he turned and looked inside of his own bunk. He did not look very long. He concluded that that was not the place for him.

At the end of the room he saw a perpendicular shaft of light. He lifted one leg over the side of the bunk, and then, half cumbering, half dropping, he fell suddenly to the floor. There he lay, he knew not for how long. No one disturbed him.

O'Keefe was a man of action and he was rapidly gaining full possession of his senses. His spirit was willing and his flesh had to follow suit. He could not understand a good many things about his present plight, but he determined to find out about it at any rate. Finally he rose to his feet and staggered like a drunken man toward the shaft of light. Behind this shaft of light there was a ladder. He knew that the light was the place for him and that the ladder was the way to get to it. He determined to climb the ladder. He made a sudden spurlunge and climbed half

way up; his strength deserted him and he fell back ignominiously to the floor.

It took him fifteen minutes to ascend that stairway. Once he was upon what he designated in his mind as the floor above he found that there was still another ladder to climb. He sat down and rested. All the while the sounds above kept up. There was also a swishing, gliding sound that in his bewilderment he could not place. He knew in a measure that all the sounds were familiar ones, and if he had looked about him and taken note of everything he would have understood. But he was too dazed. Still he saw no one.

Another fifteen minutes and he had climbed that other ladder and propelled himself, weakly and desperately, upon a sunlit floor and into the light of day. And then for the first time he saw where he was.

A hoarse shout greeted him—the shout of one man.

"Hell an' blazes!" called this man, striding rapidly toward him, "it's about time you were about."

O'Keefe looked uncertainly upon this man. This man, of course, was Captain Holdworthy Jenkins of the Sarah Margaret and of the merchant marine.

"Hell an' blazes!" reiterated Captain Jenks, "have you come to at last?"

"Where—where am I?" weakly demanded Billington O'Keefe. Captain Jenks informed him. He told him that he was on the "Sarah Margaret," a saller of so many tons' burden, laden with such and such commodities for everywhere in general and nowhere in particular; that she was headed southwest and that at present she was in latitude so and so, longitude this and that. At least, that is about the interpretation that O'Keefe, in his condition, was able to put upon Captain Jenks' words.

"You was drunk as a lord when you come in," volunteered Captain Holdworthy Jenkins, "an' when you signed with me you could hardly hold a pen. I never see such a sight. We're a good two an' a half days out, and you've slept ever since. You must a been on a big tear."

They were not two days out, but the "Sarah Margaret" had had a strong northeast breeze behind her that had pushed her along like a second-class steamer, and, of course, there was no land to be seen; and Captain Jenks desired to discourage any notion of his shanghaied bargain that there was a chance of getting back. Billington O'Keefe put his hand to his head and tried to think.

"You've got another guess," he answered, "I never signed with you. And, by George, I wasn't drunk!" He staggered to his feet and leaned against a rail.

"What the devil is this game, anyhow?" he asked. "Do you know who I am?"

"Know," retorted Jenks, expectorating, "I should think I did. You've sailed with me a half dozen times before." No man had ever sailed of his own accord two times with Captain Jenks. "Know? In course I know. You're able seaman William Green. Bill Green, that's who you are—Bill Green!"

O'Keefe drew himself up. "You've made a huge mistake, my friend," he said. "I'm Billington O'Keefe of the city of Monroe."

Captain Jenks doubled up with laughter. "That's good, too," he roared. "Say, Bullitt," he called to his mate, "here's Bill Green, got the 'd. t. s.' He must have been on a bat for fair."

The mate, with a grin on his face, approached and contemplated Billington O'Keefe with interest.

Billington O'Keefe was no fool. He was not born yesterday. And he had not knocked about the Pacific coast all his life for nothing. He soon understood the situation. He knew well enough that the Captain Jenks of the "Sarah Margaret" had not mistaken him for any William Green. He was quite sure, however, that Captain Jenks had never heard of Billington O'Keefe, the Klondike king, or, if he had, did not believe that his shanghaied bargain was none other than that famous individual.

They gave O'Keefe all the rest of the day and the ensuing night to get straightened up. On the following day, he understood, he must start into work.

"You'll toe the mark, too, understand," thundered Captain Jenks, after a lengthy argument. "I'll show you that this ain't no Sunday school excursion. I'll make you stand around."

Billington O'Keefe nodded. "You'll hear from this," he said quietly. Then he subsided. He thought it best.

At first he had intended to insist upon his identity. He had one way of proving that he really was Billington O'Keefe. But it was highly probable that the captain had never heard of him, and if he had the situation might be all the worse. A common seaman was one thing, but a man of wealth was quite another, and O'Keefe had seen quite enough of Captain Jenks to understand that he was a money grabber, and that with him the end invariably justified the means. Billington O'Keefe did not relish the prospect of paying out one-half of his pile as a ransom. So he concluded to make the best of it.

And so he started in to work. He had thought that it would be hard work and nothing else. He soon found out his mistake. Captain Holdworthy Jenkins soon undecieved him. For with Captain Holdworthy Jenkins the desire to maltreat men had become a passion—it was a frenzy. No

monarch in the world held fiercer sway than Captain Jenks. He enjoyed it. Cruelty with him was innate.

And Billington O'Keefe soon found it out. He was kicked and cuffed with the rest of them, but he stood it for awhile, doing his work the best he knew how. He soon found out, however, that good work did not purchase immunity. For when he did good work Captain Jenks became at once irate because he had no cause for complaint. What Jenks wanted all the time was an excuse to be ugly, and when there was no excuse he was uglier than ever.

Now Billington O'Keefe had always been a man of rugged constitution. He had passed through hardships and he had come out whole. He was heavy and he was muscular. But he was untrained. He was a bit stout, too—good living had made him so.

He concluded several times that he was no match for the tall, bony, gristly form of Captain Jenks. Beside that Jenks had his mate and one or two other trusty henchmen behind him.

And there was nothing that Captain Jenks loved more than a fight. And Billington O'Keefe took quick note of all these things.

O'Keefe thought and thought and thought. And he kept his eye peeled for any chance of escape. One day when the captain was out of sight somewhere O'Keefe sighted a vessel off to starboard. The air was as clear as a bell; O'Keefe could see the vessel—she was a steamer—with distinctness.

There was little breeze and they were drifting along. Jenks was in his cabin sleeping off the effects of a debauch. The mate for the moment was out of sight. O'Keefe scratched his head and thought. As he thought his eye caught sight of the flag that the Sarah Margaret was flying. Quick as a wink he sprang to the mast and lowered the flag. Then he reversed it and hoisted it again, but this time upside down. It was the signal of distress.

He had not concluded his task when he heard a roar. It issued from the mate. The mate saw at once what he had done and made for him and for the halyard. There was a struggle. The mate was more active than was O'Keefe, but O'Keefe was able to keep him away from the mast, and did so by means of much scuffling and scurrying about. The crew looked on. Many of them caught the significance of O'Keefe's act. Many sympathized with it.

Two or three started forward. Then they fell back. For the mate, finding himself unable to manage O'Keefe altogether, had called, in a stentorian voice, for Captain Jenks. That name was magic. If there had been a suggestion of mutiny it was immediately stilled. One of the crew even, in response to the summons of the mate, ran to arouse the captain.

An instant later an answering roar was heard. The mate breathed more freely.

Captain Holdworthy Jenkins hove into view with murder in his eye. He did not know what was up, but he felt in fit shape to tackle anything. He was fighting drunk.

The mate, still struggling, told him what it was. He listened for an instant, then bore down upon the two fighting men. The other members of the crew looked on, half in interest, half in fear.

"Leave 'im to me, dad gast ye!" roared Captain Holdworthy Jenkins. "Leave 'im to me. He's my meat for fair."

The mate sprang away from O'Keefe and the captain took his place. The mate rapidly pulled down the flag hand over hand and ran it up again in proper form. Then, rapidly, one after the other, he ran up brief signals to the other boat that all was right. The steamer, which had paused, now blew an answering toot and proceeded on its way.

In the meantime Captain Jenks was working himself up into a fine frenzy. When Jenks was drunk he became wary and scientific. He could teach many a prize ring man a few tricks of the trade. He approached the matter in hand with an air of relish.

"So no, my buck," he exclaimed, siding up to Billington O'Keefe, "so that's your little game, is it? We'll see about it."

Billington O'Keefe was no coward. But he was no fighter. And there was something within him that bade him stay and have it out with this man before him—if need be to the death. There was something within him that said, "Away with fear!"

At this juncture the other man tapped him with his open hand upon the face. It stung and goaded Billington to frenzy. He lunged forward with all his strength, aiming for the other man's ear. Jenks laughed hoarsely and sidestepped with alacrity. The force of O'Keefe's lunge threw him almost directly in Jenks's way. Jenks straightened him up with a blow from his right.

O'Keefe then threw all caution to the winds. He had become a maniac. Jenks usually was the fronsied one. But now it was O'Keefe.

With all the energy within him, backed up by all the memory of the ill-treatment he had received at the hands of this brute before him, O'Keefe sprang forward and delivered a terrific blow directly upon the nose of Captain Jenks. Jenks had been too reckless. He had left his head unguarded. He was unprepared for a sudden rush. He had been careless, because he knew that the other man was no match

for him. Now, still guarding himself, he felt quickly of his nose. It was still intact—it had been broken so many times before that it would break no more. Then, with a red stream spouting from his proboscis, Jenks started in.

Few ever knew what happened. Jenks did.

Suddenly, with a quick movement, he sprang forward, delivered a double blow with both arms, and lifting the other man high in the air with that same blow, dropped him with a heavy thud on the deck.

It was all over. Billington O'Keefe was down and out. Jenks had won and there had never been any doubt about his winning. And he knew it. But he glowed with victory.

"Geel!" he exclaimed with satisfaction, wiping his nose on his sleeve, "it takes Captain Jenks to do it. Here," he growled to his mate, "serve grog to everybody. We'll drink to the corpse. We'll have a wake, by George!"

They left O'Keefe where he had fallen. The grog was served out. Jenks drank his share. The crew sighed with relief. They knew the captain would be in good humor for many hours to come.

"That's the way, my bucks," yelled Captain Jenks, swinging a glass of grog above him; "that's the way to do it, an' no mistake. An' it takes me to do it. I kin tell you that. I'll give it to you straight that I'm the champion o' the world."

He raised his glass aloft and then, swinging it downward, emptied it on one swig.

Pouring out another, he drank that down. Pouring out still another, he held it for an instant in his hand and then flung it, glass and all, at the figure of Billington O'Keefe. The glass struck O'Keefe heavily upon the head and cut it open, but did not break. The grog poured over the face of the unconscious man and trickled down upon the deck.

"Now, we've all had grog," remarked the captain; "we've all had grog, an' the corpse has had it, too."

That was the kind of man who sailed the Sarah Margaret upon the briny deep; that was Captain Holdworthy Jenkins of the merchant marine.

They did not leave O'Keefe there, however. He was still too valuable a man not to be revived. He was a good seaman, and Jenks knew it. And, besides, Jenks had no pleasure in store greater than to lord it over the man whom he had just knocked out. He knew that day after day he could beat and cuff this man to his heart's content with none to say nay. He smiled. It was the gristly smile of the victor over the vanquished. It was the merciless grin of the captor upon the captive. It was triumph incarnate.

They carried O'Keefe into the hold and dumped him into his bunk. They examined him to see whether he was still in the land of the living and felt his heart carefully to make sure. When they did so there fell from his pocket—from the breast pocket—a long folded piece of paper. The mate stooped to pick it up. "He'll be all hunky-dory," he said to the captain; "he'll be all right in the morning."

The captain granted his approval. He pulled a flask from his pocket and took another swig. Then he looked at the paper. The paper contained writing in a large, bold hand. The captain read it. Then he started and caught the mate by the arm.

"Hell an' blazes, Bullitt!" he exclaimed, contritely, "what 'ave we gone and done?" (To be continued.)

Glimpses of Mythology

Bacchus had just rung for ice water. "Shades of Achilles!" he groaned. "They told me yesterday that it was going to be a sane Fourth."

Holding his throbbing temples, he tried to remember where he had taken his last glass.

Neptune was driving his dolphins through the waves.

"This old shell makes mighty poor time," he said, "but I believe at that I could show up on the Wisconsin crew."

Pushing on the reins, he hastened westward.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

