

for thirty feet along the deck head foremost. Smith, seeing that the mate and his companions were about to revive, went back and finished them. It took but a few seconds to do this in style. Smith stood up and waved his hand.

"I'm the captain of this boat," he yelled in triumph, "let every man come forward and swear allegiance to me. I'm the captain of the Sarah Margaret, and my name is Constitutional Smith."

They came forward to a man. Most of them were in sympathy with him. But he had been watching the crew for several days and he picked out two or three suspicious characters and had them bound. They were probably the henchmen of Captain Jenks. Then he had Jenks and his mate and the other combatants placed in irons and left upon the deck, where they could be watched.

Two hours later all hands had a feast on deck. A rude table was constructed of some planks and around the outside were placed the viands. The new captain was blowing the crowd at the expense of the ship. To make the feast all the more suggestive, the unconscious form of Captain Jenks was lifted upon this table. At the close of the feast, when all hands were feeling happy, one man, raising his glass on high, dashed the contents of it in the face of Captain Jenks, as Jenks once had done to Billington O'Keefe. The members of the crew followed suit. Smith held his hand.

Captain Jenks groaned and opened his eyes. "Where am I?" he asked. "What has happened to me? Was it a tornado or a thunderbolt? What the devil is the matter?"

Smith dragged him off the table and propped him up in his own steamer chair. Jenks looked up at him with terror in his eyes.

"Help! Help!" he cried feebly. "Help!"

The next day Smith approached the pilot. "Do you know," he asked, "just about where we can run across the Isle of Swat?"

The pilot shook his head. "The Isle of Swat?" he said. "I never heard of it." Smith nodded and drew forth a piece of paper and a pencil. He jotted down a couple of figures.

"You make," he said, "for that there latitude and that there longitude. I don't know anything about 'em myself, but I guess you know a thing or two. You head it straight for that point and I guess we'll just about make for where we're going to. See?"

The pilot saw and headed it accordingly. Twenty-four hours later the pilot touched his cap.

"Land dead ahead!" he said to Smith, "and she's fetched the point you gave me."

Smith took the glass and peered over the bow. "Sure enough," he said, "that must be the Island of Swat."

"We'll anchor as far in as it's safe," he said to the pilot, "I've got to land there and see what like it is."

He still had some faith in the assurances of Billington O'Keefe. That night they drew well in toward shore and anchored. After they had done so, Smith had a heart-to-heart talk with his crew.

"Now, see here, you fellows," he said, "you do the fair thing by me and I'll do the fair thing by you. This here is a hostile island that we've come to, but the natives all know me and I know them. They'll treat me well, but nobody else can land. You fellows have got to lie out here until I give you the word to go. I'm going ashore. I'm going to leave the pilot in command. I may want to go back with you or I may not. I'll signal you from shore. I may want you to take a bit of a cargo back to Monroe. I don't know. I can't tell. But what I do want is your promise to stick to me. Stick to me and I'll stick to you. I've rescued you from Captain Jenks. I've been square to you. Will you be square to me?"

"We will!" yelled the crew.

"Grog all 'round!" commanded Constitutional Smith.

The next day Smith paid a visit to Captain Jenks. "Jenks," he said to that gentleman, with a smile, "I just wanted to tell you that my name is Constitutional Smith. Will you believe me, or do you want me to prove it?"

"No," replied Jenks feebly, "don't—don't prove it. I believe you."

"You—you made a bit of a mistake," said Smith.

"I made a horrible mistake," said Captain Jenks.

CHAPTER XIV.

Biron Wood Comes to Dunstane.

When Billington O'Keefe, with the aid of his friendly natives, had disappeared from the Island of Swat, the inhabitants of Swat wondered for about nine days what had become of him. His aides, fearing for their personal safety, did not divulge the reason. The Akood never inquired. He was satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. He had first believed with the rest of his subjects that there was something supernatural about this white man of the coiled serpent; he had expected nothing more nor less than that O'Keefe would be his immediate successor. He had stared in the face. And then—he had at the last maintained his supremacy and his rival had disappeared. It was all right, thought the Akood. He was glad to let well enough alone. And the

people, a stupid, simple lot—they did not care.

That is, they did not care for a time. But little by little they missed the beneficent influence of Oh Keefe, as they called him. They realized, as they had realized many times before, that O'Keefe was the benefactor of their kind. O'Keefe while he was there had changed their lot, which was a hard one, to a life comparatively easy and comfortable. Things went well for a week or two, and then the inhabitants of Swat began to pine for the man of the Coiled Snake. They needed the guidance of a born leader and an intelligent man.

FARMERS' Bulletin No. 23, just issued by the Department of Agriculture, gives information of value to the housewife who puts up fruit preserves and jellies. The author of the pamphlet is Miss Maria Parloa, the lecturer on cookery, while Prof. Conn of Wesleyan university contributes data regarding bacteria, yeasts, fermentation and molds, the enemies of canned goods.

The bulletin was issued in response to many requests made to the department for information on the subjects discussed and sets forth in detail the proper method of preserving fruits as determined by scientific investigation. The methods in many cases are at variance with those in general use, which are based only on experience and household tradition; and the adoption of the new processes will result in a considerable saving in fruits now lost through fermentation, etc.

The time-honored idea that canned fruit and preserves worked and spoiled because air was allowed to reach them is erroneous. The investigation of scientists, particularly those of Pasteur, have shown that bacteria and other microscopic organisms are responsible for the trouble.

This has been proved conclusively by sterilizing the fruit thoroughly and then closing the opening of the bottle or the jar in which it was confined with cotton only. Fermentation does not then take place, because the bacteria and yeasts to which such changes are due could not pass through the cotton.

While nearly all the bacteria require air, some kinds do not, so that the exclusion of air from a sealed can is ineffectual if some of the latter species are permitted to remain in the fruit.

Bacteria and yeasts, says the bulletin, exist in the air, in the soil and on all vegetable and animal body, but although of such universal occurrence, the true knowledge of their nature and economic importance has been gained only during the last forty years. The rapid increase of bacteria under favorable conditions of moisture, warmth and proper food is astounding, it being estimated that one bacterium in twenty-four hours can produce 17,000,000 similar organisms. Yeasts grow less rapidly.

Temperature is an important factor in the growth of both, but the different species grow best at different temperatures, some thriving at a temperature even as high as 125 degrees. Almost all bacteria, however, are killed if exposed to the temperature of boiling water for ten or fifteen minutes. The spore-producing variety, on the other hand, requires boiling for an hour or two to insure their complete destruction.

Fortunately these species are not found in the fruits usually canned, which contain little nitrogenous material, so that boiling for ten or fifteen minutes is sufficient to destroy the bacteria and yeasts and preserve the fruit for at least a year, if properly sealed.

Absolute sterilization, therefore, is the secret of successful fruit canning, according to Miss Parloa. But this must be applied not only to the fruit, but also to the jars in which it is sealed and to all utensils used in the process.

Stewpans, spoons, strainers, etc., should be boiled ten or fifteen minutes. Tumblers, bottles, glass jars and covers should be gradually heated and boiled for a like period, while the straining cloths used in making jelly require even longer.

Great attention should be paid to the kitchen itself, which should be thoroughly cleaned and dusted with a damp cloth before beginning operations, and the clothing of the workers and the towels used should be clean, so as to eliminate as far as possible the danger from mold-spores, which are found in dust and adhere to such materials.

Miss Parloa urges the use of accurate proportions of sugar, fruit and water in canning fruit, all of which for the different fruits and berries are laid down to suit the varying conditions. She recommends the use of a syrup gauge in order to determine the precise quantity of sugar in the syrup.

She gives three methods of preserving, her preference being in the order named: First, cooking the fruit in the jar in an oven; second, cooking the fruit in the jars in boiling water, and third, stewing the fruit before it is placed in the jars.

Minute directions are given for canning raspberries, blackberries, currants, goose-

berries, blueberries, cherries, grapes, rhubarb, peaches, pears, quinces, crab apples, plums and tomatoes; for preserving many of those and strawberries, and for making fruit purees and marmalades, boiled cider, cider apple sauces and fruit juices and syrups.

A long chapter is devoted to jelly making and to telling why, apparently under the most favorable conditions, the housewife finds the product will not "jell" or harden, and at other times will candy or acquire crystals. Miss Parloa gives a scientific explanation of the principles of jelly making, and says the woman who studies it carefully will find the key to unvarying success in this branch of preserving.

"In all fruits, when ripe or nearly so," she says, "there is found pectin, a carbohydrate, somewhat similar in its properties to starch. It is because of this substance in the fruit juice that we are able to make jelly.

"When equal quantities of sugar and fruit juices are combined and the mixture is heated to the boiling point for a short time, the pectin in the fruit gelatinizes the mass. It is important that the jelly maker should understand when this gelatinizing agent is at its best.

"Pectose and pectase always exist in the unripe fruit. As the fruit ripens, pectase acts upon the pectose, which is insoluble in water, converting it into pectin, which is soluble. Pectin is at its best when the fruit is just ripe or a little before.

"If the juice ferments or the cooking of the jelly is continued too long, the pectin undergoes a change and loses its power of gelatinizing. It is therefore of the greatest importance that the fruit should be fresh, just ripe or a little unripe, and that the boiling of the sugar and the juice should not be continued too long."

Miss Parloa calls attention to the variation in the quantities of sugar, acid, pectin and gums in the composition of the different fruits, and gives in their order the fruits best adapted for jelly, as follows: Currant, crabapple, apple, quince, grape, blackberry, raspberry and peach.

The varying amount of moisture and of sugar contained in the same fruits under different seasonal conditions plays an important part in jelly making, but this can be regulated by the use of the syrup gauge, by which the proper amount of sugar can be determined. Crystallization can also be prevented by the use of the gauge, which, together with the proper care against too violent boiling, Miss Parloa considers will do away with all uncertainty in jelly making.

Directions are given for preparing the different kinds of jelly, the several processes necessary and the methods of covering and keeping it. Recommendations are also made for packing jellies and canned and preserved fruits for shipment and finding a market for home-made goods not needed at the farmhouse.

The noted soldier and historian, Theodore Ayrault Dodge, was educated in Berlin, and at a dinner party, apropos of German military discipline, he once said:

"The German soldier must never appear in public except in uniform. Even when he is on furlough he must not, under any circumstances, wear civilian dress.

"Well, Swartz, a young lieutenant of cavalry, during my residence in Berlin was one day engaged in some adventure or other and put on to disguise himself a suit of black cloth. Dressed in this suit he was passing down an unfrequented street when he came face to face with his colonel.

"Detected in so grave a misdemeanor, Swartz proved himself the possessor of a resourceful mind. He said to the colonel, in a bass voice, different from his own:

"Can you tell me, sir, where Lieutenant Swartz lives? I am his brother from the country and I have come to pay him a visit."

"The colonel readily and politely gave the required information and passed on.

The lieutenant congratulated himself on his escape. He hurried home and put on his uniform. Duty late that afternoon called him before the colonel again. He saluted with confidence. The colonel regarded him oddly.

"Lieutenant Swartz," he said, "I wish you'd tell your brother from the country that if he pays you another visit I'll put him in close confinement for ten days." — Philadelphia Record.

Preserving Time Advice

They had begun to taste civilization, and they liked it; they wanted more.

"Oh Keefe! Oh Keefe!" was the cry. "Where is Oh Keefe?"

Now Billington O'Keefe had evolved, with reference to Constitutional Smith, a great and glorious scheme. In the few months that O'Keefe had been away from Monroe he had suffered the tortures of a lifetime. He had come into contact too many times with brutal strength and unrelenting cruelty. He had determined to get even with the man who had set the wheels in motion. He wanted to put the screws on this man Smith. He wanted Smith to have a taste of what he himself had suffered. He knew that if he himself had attempted to sail again with Holdworthy Jenkins in the Sarah Margaret he would be utterly annihilated. It was his purpose that Smith should take his place. He knew that if Smith did survive the fury of Captain Jenks that he could not escape the battle with the Akood, who would brook no rivalry. An ordinary man would have delivered Smith up to justice, but O'Keefe was different. He felt that ultimately Smith would be delivered up to justice anyway, and in the meantime he preferred that his personal vengeance be wreaked upon the strong-arm man. He had so arranged his scheme that if Smith did escape before he reached the vessel he would probably be seized by the officers of the law; if he were not, that Captain Jenks would reckon with him; and if by any hook or crook he escaped the wrath of Jenks, the Akood and his gang would finish him up in style. It was not a bad scheme this of Billington O'Keefe.

But the one thing that he did not know was that down in the Isle of Swat the people were calling constantly and yearningly upon the name of "Oh Keefe, Oh Keefe."

The natives of the island of Swat had observed the "Sarah Margaret" when, pursuant to the orders of Constitutional Smith, she had anchored just outside. The Akood sent a number of his warriors down upon the beach to make a hostile showing, and they stood there, drawn up in battle array, as a small boat approached the shore. There was something about this army that distinguished it from other armies. Later it will appear just what this was. Suffice it to say that but one other army in history or fiction had made the strange showing that this army did.

The boat drew nearer. A big man in the bow sat shading his eyes and glancing anxiously toward the group upon the shore. But he did not flinch. The boat came on.

Suddenly from those on shore there came a wild shout of recognition of welcome, of gladness.

"Oh Keefe!" they yelled. "Oh Keefe, Oh Keefe has come again!"

Their shouts attracted others, and the populace rushed pell mell down to the beach.

Constitutional Smith, in the little boat, was somewhat dazed. He had been somewhat feazed by the peculiar appearance of the Isle of Swat. For above it, and about fifteen feet higher than the ground, there hung a thin, black cloud. It was this cloud that puzzled Smith. As he drew nearer this cloud seemed to undulate; here and there it swooped down toward the earth; here and there it rose much higher.

But the strange thing was that the inhabitants of Swat, including every soldier in the army, waved in his hand a good sized bough covered with green leaves. Smith had mistaken this peculiar demonstration, at first, for a fresh growth of small trees upon the shore. And he noticed that where this shouting, howling, laughing mob stood the thin, black cloud had disappeared. Ever and anon, in their frenzy of delight, the inhabitants of Swat smote their faces, their arms and breasts, and those of their fellows. And continually they kept up a steady movement of the fresh green boughs.

"Oh Keefe!" they yelled. "Oh Keefe!" (To be continued.)

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