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The Story Of The CARGO OF MIXED PICKLES

BY GEORGE BARTON

It was just prior to the Spanish-American war that the Cuban insurgent was... the United States authorities were doing all in their power to observe the neutrality laws.

The representative of His Most Christian Majesty made life miserable for the head of the State department at Washington. He in turn passed the trouble on to the secretary of the treasury.

Very active in the game Barnes got his eyes on one "Clancy" Levi Cross, a sailor of fortune, who was deficient in what some persons call scruples.

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In spite of this visible evidence Barnes had the Golden Rod spotted all the time it was in the dock.

Shortly before noon Captain Cross called for a messenger and gave him a note to deliver. The boy had been conveniently provided by Barnes and as soon as he got the letter he went direct to him.

The old man hastily sealed the original letter in the envelope and bade the messenger deliver it to the address designated by Captain Cross.

"Dangerous business, isn't it, chief?" "What?" snapped Barnes.

"Intercept people's letters." "Clancy," said the old man solemnly, "there are times when your moral sense overclouds your gigantic intellect."

"All's fair in war, and this is war," he added sharply to close the discussion.

"You didn't get much," grumbled the faithful servant, who had been permitted to see the letter.

"If that's a question I'll answer it a little later," said Barnes. "But in the meantime let no one disturb me for the next half hour."

He entered his private office and closed the door behind him. Clancy's mind worked slowly and there were times when he could not comprehend his superior.

"It's all right, Clancy; it's all right," exclaimed the chief, putting his arms around the young man.

"What's all right?" asked Clancy, with a lamentable weak attempt at pretended ignorance.

"The letter," cried Barnes. "Get ready to leave town with me on the 3 o'clock train."

"Might I ask why?" said this look of injured dignity.

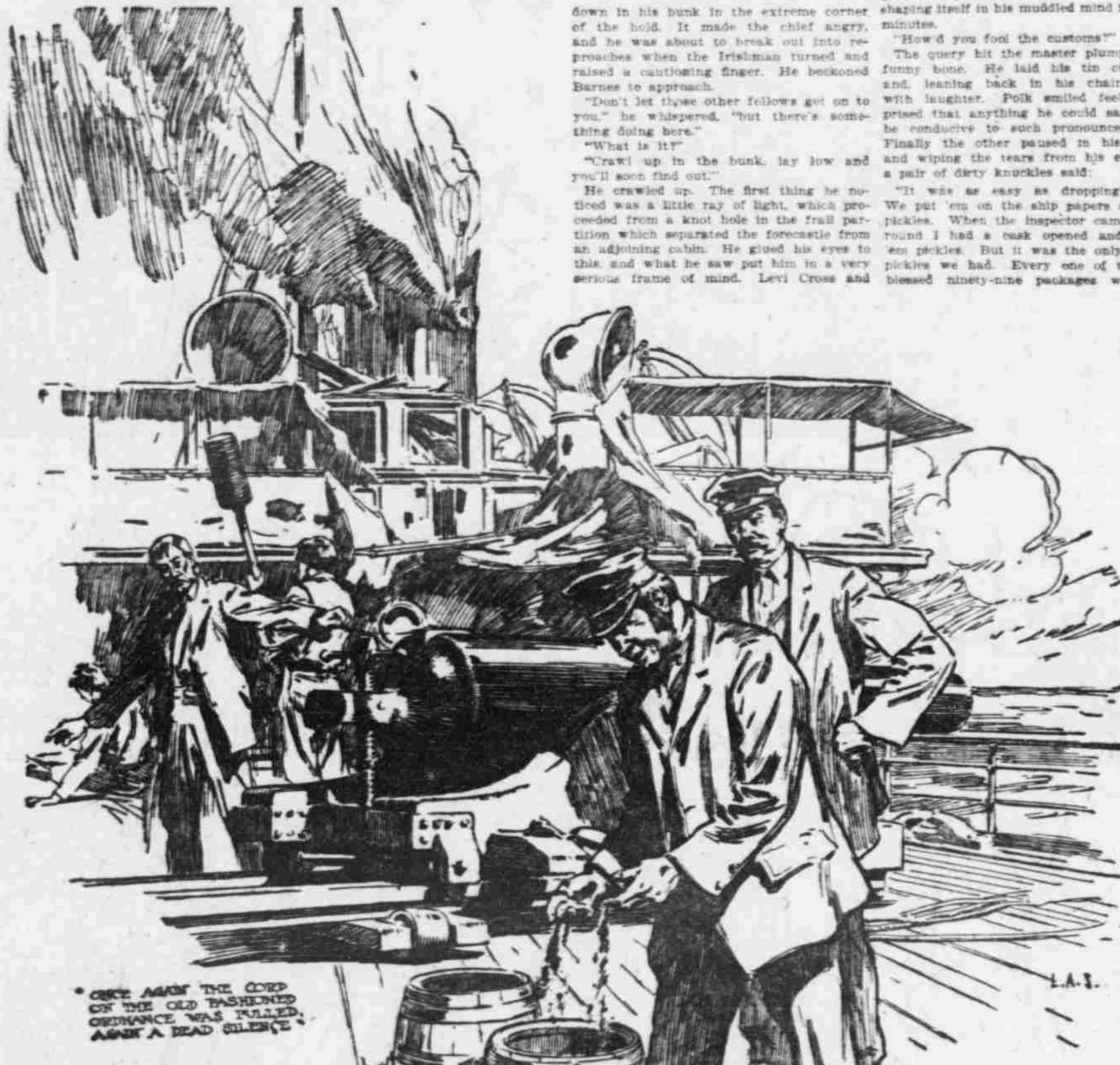
"Certainly," and he handed him the letter. "Look at that. I've underlined every fourth word, and the whole thing's as clear as daylight."

Clancy shortly spelled out the eleven word message, which, as the chief had underlined, it appeared in the letter as follows:

"Sorry you can't JOIN us. All of US remember you, especially AT meal time. Joe TOMPKINS unexpectedly lost his FIVE yesterday. BY a little before SEVEN leave for SEVEN O'CLOCK. Won't you tell THIS to John this EVENING, and do it SURE."

While Clancy was still gasping for breath over the solution of the seemingly innocent message, Barnes went to the telephone and got in communication with Captain Cross of the United States revenue cutter Albatross.

The captain left to prepare the revenue cutter for action. Barnes and Clancy hurried to the street and boarded a swift electric car for Tompkinsville. By the time the chief had matured his plans they were landed in the portmanteau of a detective.



ONCE AGAIN THE COP ON THE OLD FASHIONED SNEAK WAS NEEDED, AGAIN A HEAD SILENT.

The discarded suits subject to his orders. The sight of the chief in a jaunty sailor cap filled Clancy with mirth. Barnes was too much filled with the importance of his mission to see the humor of the situation, and, ignoring Clancy's hysterics, promptly returned to the water front.

"Well, jump in then," growled the mate, for it was John Polk to whom the mysterious letter had been addressed. "You're not very punctual."

Barnes and Clancy climbed down the side of the wharf and seated themselves in the boat. The mate followed, and four of the men setting the oars rowed rapidly in the direction of the steamer.

At this a loud voice broke out from the companionway near the bow of the steamer. Barnes looked in that direction, and presently a great big head, tanned down beneath a pair of powerful shoulders, emerged from the opening.

It was Captain Levi Cross, master of the Golden Rod. Barnes was no coward, but this instantaneous mental photograph sent a chill quivering down his spinal column.

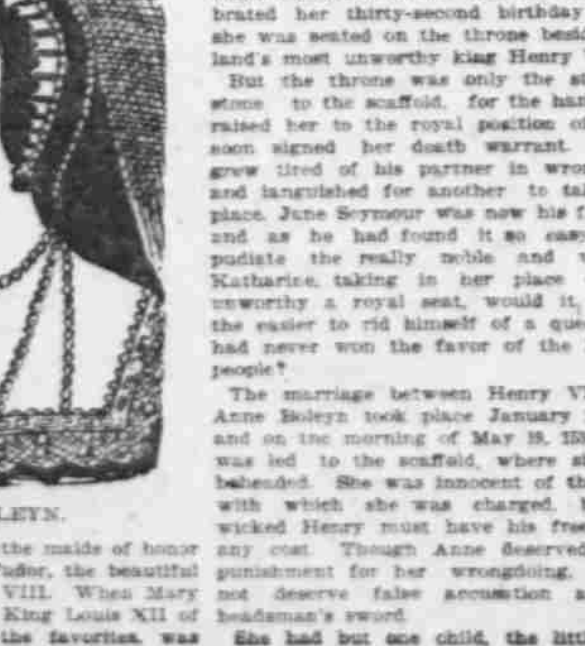
"I'm not late," expostulated Polk, pulling out an open-faced watch the size of a penny. "It's not 6 o'clock yet."

The mate knickered the reply. He waved the thumbs-like hand in the direction of the forecastle.

It was a long night, but by the time the first hint of daylight streaked the horizon the chief and his assistant knew that the men on the Golden Rod were fighters of fortune about to join the Cuban insurgents for a consideration.

Polk, the master and the mate, were in the room. A cask was on the floor—one of the hundred casks of mixed pickles which figured in the papers of the Golden Rod.

Queen of England. Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII of England, was born at Bocking Hall in Norfolk, England, about the year 1533.



ANNE BOLEYN.

with Al gunpowder. The chief mate thought this was good enough to deserve another drink; so did the master. On the theory that one good turn deserves another they took a second drink.

A Fish Story. This is a most pathetic tale of a boy who was slow as a snail. One day he did what he was slow for.



IRISH WIT. Pat, in looking through his pockets one morning, missed some money.

cross Elizabeth, who became in after years queen of England. MARY GRAHAM. "Oh fare—oh fare, did ye say? Bedad, are ye again to California?"

Pat was a widower, and on St. Valentine's Day went to pay his respects and to offer himself to a widow who was no longer young and charming.



There were some strange folk came to town from a place little known to renown.