

GEORGE BARTON NE of the most thrilling adventures in Barnes' official career occurred during the time he was

an actor in what has since come to be known as "the great mixed pickles plot.' It was just prior to the Spanish-

American war. The Cuban insurgents ere giving the king of Spain no end of trouble, although the United States authorities were doing all in their power to observe the neutrality laws. But in spite of extreme precautions munitions of war continued to leave this country and were eventually smuggled into the tebel lines.

The representative of his most Chrislian majesty made life miserable for the head of the state department at Wash ington. He in turn passed the trouble to the secretary of the treasury, and that official issued countless proclamations to the collectors of customs at the varius ports saying the violations of the law must be stopped at any cost, But the Cuban filibusters continued to be

as numerous and as active as mosqui-toes in a Jersey swamp. Very early in the game Barnes got his eye on one "Captain" Levi Cross, a sailor of fortune, whe was deficient in what some persons call scruples. The captain was a man who had his ups and downs in the world hur he was and downs in the world, but he was persistent and resourceful and would never stay beaten.

One morning maritime circles awoke One morning maritime circles awoke to find that the captain had chartered the tramp steamer Golden Rod for the purpose of carrying a cargo of food stuffs to Jamaica. When Barnes reach-ed his office he learned that the vessel was already loaded and that the enter-prising Cross had his clearance papers. A sense of duty prompted the chief to send an inspector to the wharf to make a careful examination of the cargo be-fore permitting the vessel to leave its dock. The man returned with the In-formation that everything was in propfore permitting the vessel to leave its dock. The man returned with the in-formation that everything was in prop-er shape. The principal item in the miscellaneous cargo was 100 casks of nixed pickles, the tops of which were all stamped with the trade mark of a well known firm. When the inspector showed some scepticism about this the captain seized a hatchet and pried open the top of the nearest barrel, revealing layer after layer of symmetrical pickles of various sizes and shapes. In spite of this visible evidence Barnes had the Golden Rod spotted all the time she was in the dock. During the morning the crew arrived. They were simple looking fellows, and there were not more than enough of them to barely navigate the boat. Shortly before noon Capt. Cross called for a mes-senger and gave him a note to deliver. The boy had been conveniently pra-vided by Barnes and as soon as he gof the latter he went direct to the chie! inspector's office and gave it to him. It was addressed to "Mr. John Polk," in care of a sailors' boarding house not many blocks away. The chief quickly conied the letter which read as fol-

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sively

vely: "Gunpowder-the finest gunpowder at was ever put in a cannon. We'll "Gunpowder-the finest gunpowder that was ever put in a cannon. We'll get big money for it, too, and you'll get your share, old shipmate." "The old shipmate grinned, showing a set of discolored teeth. Both seated themselves at a table, and the mas-ter reached over for a decanter and poured a big drink of whisky into a rusty tin cup. After he had drained the last drop of it the mate turned to him curlously:

him curlously "Where did you get the powder?" "Well," said the master, stretching his forehead with the four fingers of his right hand, "that's the curious part I got that stuff from an

Barnes, whose eye had been fastened to the knot hole all this time, with-drew it and, jumping out of the bunk, hastened to the deck, followed by Clancy. Cross was standing in the stern of the boat with a telescape to his eye. He closed the spyglass with a 'click and hurried down to the en-gine room.

gine room. "Put all the speed on!" he should to the engineer.

the engineer. "We're going as fast as we can," re-piled the grimy faced individual. "I know better," shrieked the master, "You can go faster-you must go fast-

er." A fireman was placidly smoking a pipe. Cross went up to him and shook his shoulder roughly. "Here, you, pile on more coal there, and keep piling it on-d'ye hear?" The fireman obeyed. He shovelled the coal on in wholesale quantities. The fire, already at white heat, crackled furiously. The engineer put ou more steam, and in the course of 10 or 15 minutes the Golden Rod was doubling its speed.

minutes the Golden Rod was doubling its speed. The master stood in the pliot house and encouraged the erew with the flerc-est profanity Barnes had ever heard. A half hour and an hour passed, and the chief inspector of customs noted with delight that the revenue cutter was gaining on the traup steamer. Here was gaining on the tramp steamer. Her handsome white bow was in sight, and Capt. Farewell could be seen on the bridge in conversation with his iteu-tenant. Cross realized that the Golden

tenant. Cross realized that the Golden Rod was losing ground, and he stormed about the deck like a crazy man. "You blundering fools," he shouted to the crew, "are ye going to stand there and let this hell hound of a gov-ernment boat run ye down? Why don't ye do something? What are ye smirking about? What good are ye, anyhow?" The first mate, in a last effort to keep up the dignity of his position, tipped his forefinger to his cap. "Cap'n, the men are doing all they can."

can. The master's face flushed. The bru-tality seemed to ooze from the pores of

"You, too," he shricked, "you dirty dog, to go back on me! I have a no-tion to throw you overboard." The frenzied man made a menacing

motion toward the mate. Folk, regard-ing discretion as the better part of va-lor, executed a masteriy retreat. This lor, executed a masterly retreat. This policy of non-resistance upset the cap-tain's plans, and he decided to go into the cabin. In the meantime the Alba-tross steamed ahead with unerring certainty. Every revolution of the wheels brought her nearer to the Golden Rod. Both boats were coming out of the bay and emerging into the broad ocean. Cross came out of the cabin, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He could see the Albatross now without the ald of his telescope. Just



pulse sent the minister ... emptied powder barrel. He put his hand in it, and somehas about the gritty substance made ha go pale. He ordered up ito meto casks. The tops were quickly hack cut of them, and Cross put he have out of them, and cross put he have into both simultaneously. When a into both simultaneously. When a into both simultaneously and average davids the co boil. He rushed over and, doubling up his first, struck the master full in the bulging neck. But his fist bounded back as if he had hit a bale of wool. Simultaneously the chief mate put his foot out and dexterously tripped the young man and he fell in a heap by the side of his chief. "Muting!" bawled the master. "Tie their hands and feet and throw 'em in the hold."

the hold."

the hold." The struggle was brief. When it ended Barnes and Clancy were tied and lay helpless in the bow of the boat. One of the crew was for tossing them in the hold. The others thought the game not worth the candle, and the two pris-oners lay panting with their backs on the boards and their eyes gazing up into the unpitying sky.

"Now, boys," should the master hoarsely, "go at 'en with both guns; give 'em a broadside."

The orders were quickly executed. The orders were quickly executed. Two loud reports sounded across the broad expanse of water. One shot fell wide of the mark, and the iron ball fell into the fathomless depths of the ocean. The other grazed the edge of the wood-en mermaid which served as a figure-head beneath the bow of the Albatross. The officers on the revenue cutter con-ferred on the quarter deck. As they pareid it became evident that the chal-lenge from the Golden Rod was ac-cepted. The three guns on the star-board side were trained in the direc-tion of the fleeing steamer. Three vivid puffs of white smoke and then some-thing struck the tranp boat that made it quiver from stem to stern. it quiver from stem to stern.

It quiver from stem to stern. When the trembling ceased the Gol-den Rod looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone. One shot had taken away half of the smokestack; another tore open a side of the pilot house and scattered boards, glass and splinters all over the deck; the third cut away the upper section of the stern. The hapless Barnes and his assistant were covered with the debris. The face of Polk, the chief mate, became white as covered with the debris. The face of Polk, the chief mate, became white as chalk and he was incapable of speech. The crew clustered together and cow-ered behind the uninjured section of the pilot house like wet hens in a thunder storm. The master was the only one who had any nerve left, and he was hysterical from the shock, "Toad 'em up again" he shrieked

"Load 'em up again," he shrieked, "and be quick about it!" Polk pulled himself together and urged the men to speed. Another cask of powder was brought up and opened. The cannon was filled and the order

Watches

Polk pulled himself together and urged the men to speed. Another cask, of powder was brought up and opened. The cannon was filled and the order given to fire. There was no response. The man in charge pulled the stout cords, the caps snapped, but the big guns were slient. Once again the were pulled, and once again all was dead slience. Some unaccountable im-

ward, from an apoplectic stroke with shock that shivered the timbers of a crippled steamer. "Quick, untile me'. I may sue so the scene. He shouted to the mile "Quick, untile me'. I may sue so before the Albatross fires agals." Polk's look was distrusting, butas was no time for hesitancy. Beila b noted a commanding ring in her volce. He released the prisone b soon as the cords were loosent b chief jumped to his feet and, sak a white shirt that lay near by, fased it to a stick and waved it furget. The captain of the Albatross sgals back, "All right," and the pirate set prepared for the formal surealer. In less than an hour mate, creat a the Golden Rod was being towed back to port by the revenue cutt. Barnes and Clancy were guests of ho-or on the government boat, athen they modestly—and with some trun-insisted they had done nothing to b title them to special honors. The las thing they saw as they stepped abu-was the stark remains of Capt Li Cross with the buil neck, the winked weather beaten face and the tim-less, gorilla-like hand, stretched st imposingly on the forcasile deckda-wrecked Golden Rod.

they were possessed of devis the ou-left the bull neck, the firm nec-drooped and he fell back as lmp at a

et rag. "What's the matter? Speak, mage

should the mate. Speak mare cross tried to articulate, and failed he tried again, and was just able to mare "Betrayed-sold out. We've go a cargo of-of sand."

"Sand!" "Yes, plain sand. Jack Fervice,

Tes, plain series, Jack Feinek, evened up scores." He raised himself feebly to his ful height, shock convulsively and fell as ward, from an apoplectic stroke with

shock that shivered the timbers of the

PIRATING FOLEY'S HONET 10 TAR.



many blocks away. The chief quickly copied the letter, which read as fol-

Sorry you can't join us. All of us remember you, especially at meal time. Joe Tompkins unexpectedly lost his ville yesterday. It happened at a little

ville yesterday. It happened at a little before 6-leastwise before 7 o'clock. Won't you tell this to John this eve-ning, and do it sure?" The old man hastily sealed the orig-inal letter in the envelope and bade the messenger deliver it to the address designated by Capt. Cross. Clancy watched the proceedings with an un-friendly eye. Finally he unburdened his mind rejuctantly, but with a sort of nd, reluctantly, but with a sort of

chance. "Dangerous business, isn't it, chief?" "What?" snapped Barnes. "Intereptin' people's letters." "Clancy," said the old man solemn-r, "there are times when your moral ense overclouds your gigantle intel-

The blank look on the face of his assistant made the chief laugh. "All's fair in war, and this is war." he added sharply to close the discus-

All's fair in way, and this is way, he added sharply to close the discus-sion. "You didn't get much," grumbled the faithful servitor, 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 offica and vorked slowly and there were times when he could not comprehend his superior, but what he lacked in keenness of Intellect he more than nade up in loyalty to his chief. Barnes hew and appreciated this faithful-ness, and although he occasionally witted the faithful one he would not have parted company with him under any consideration. Clancy particled how by saler to prevent any ono to in herrupting the old man. Ten, to and then 29 minutes went by and still Barnes remained closeted in his super tert company with him under any consideration. Clancy particled how he was a cry of hy. The door way when a loud shout came from within in was a cry of hy. The door way in the still, beckoning exultantly to his and then 29. The door way in the still berther. "The all right." Clancy: it's all right," exclaimed the chief putting his acms. "What's all right?" asked Clancy. <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

THIS to John this EVENING, and do it SURE

While Clancy was still gasping for While Clancy was still gasping for breath over the solution of the seem-ingly innocent message Barnes went to the telephone and got in communi-cation with Capt, Farewell, of the United States revenue cutter Albatross. Five minutes later the officer, a manly looking fellow, hastened to the custom house to get a more coherent account of the case. The alacrity and the in-telligence of the captain delighted the chief inspector. The Golden Rod had already started down the river, and telligence of the captain delighted the chief inspector. The Golden Rod had already started down the river, and as a result of the conference between the two men it was decided that the Albatross should follow as soon as its was possible to get up steam. "We must make another search of the Golden Rod before it gets out to sea." declared Barnes with emphasis. "It's too bad." said the -captain musingly, "that you didn't get one of your men on the boat before it started down the river." Barnes' eyes glittered. He spoke confidently.

nndently.

confidently. "If you overtake her I'll guarantee that you'll find one of our men ready to welcome you when you climb over the side of the Golden Rod.".

The side of the Golden Rod."-The captain left to prepare the rev-enue cutter for action. Barnes and Claney hurried to the street and boarded a swift electric car for Thompkinsville. By the time the chief had matured his plans they were landed in the pictur-esque Staten Island town. The old man who knew the place like a book, hur-ried to a shop and purchased two sec-ond hand sailor saits. The obliging proprietor cheerfully permitted the two men to change their civilian cloth-ing for the uniforms and agreed to hold the discarded suits subject to their orders.



been hauled up and fastened in its place. The mate, addressing the men collectively, asked: "Where's the captain?" At this a loud voice broke out from the companionway near the bow of the steamer. Barnes looked in that direc-tion and present back steamer. Barnes looked in that direc-tion, and presently a great big head, jammed down between a pair of pow-erful shoulders, emerged from the open-ing. The stocky bull neck, which creased in layers of fat in the back, was Ing. The stocky built neck, which creased in layers of fat in the back, was defiantly free of collar or tie. The sleepy eyes were half closed by heavily furrowed lids, while a studby nose sat mockingly over firmly shutglips, which in turn drew a straight cynical line above a strong chin. The only sign of weakness in that braitally mascaline countenance was in the short, closly cropped side whiskers, which empha-sized the disproportionate and ridicu-lously small ears on each side of the man's face. Age and vice had com-bined remorselessly to trace hundreds of tiny wrinkles which crossed and re-crossed the weather beaten skin until it resembled a network of delicate strings. He raised his arms and pulled off his slouch hat in awkward fashion, displaying a round skull covered with short cut gray hair. The thumb of the right hand was missing, and the hafry wrist gave him an inhuman-a gorilla-like-appearance.

It y aptain Levi Cross, master of

he Golden Rod.

It was Captain Levi Cross, master of the Golden Rod. Barnes was no coward, but this in-stantaneous mental photograph sent a chill quivering down his spinal column. The captain's body followed his head until he stood on the deck facing the mate and his eight recruits. The full length picture did not improve the au-tocrat of the Golden Rod. Nature, which sometimes layes to pile on the agony, had given him a long body and short legs. He turned to the mate shortly: "What made you late?" "It's not late," expostulated Polk, pull-ing out an open faced watch the size of a paneake, "It's not 6 o'clock yet." The master ignored the reply. He wayed the thumbless hand in the di-rection of the forecastle. "Send those fellows below. We're go-ing to get up steam and pull out of here in a jiffy." Down they piled, like convicts going

ere in a jiffy." Down they plied, like convicts going nto cells. Barnes paused on the first tep of the steep stairway and cast n anxious glance across the horizon. Its countenance tell. The Albatross nto cella. Fils constenance tell. The Albarross was not in sight. He proceeded to the forward hold of the vessel, and the first objects that greeted his eyes were the 160 casks of mixed pickles. They were createring theorem was in the exthe low cases of mixed pickles. They were carefully stowed away in the ex-treme corner of the bow. A dirty puthed lantern hung from the ceiling and cast a dim light about the apart-ment. The mea were told to sleep in pairs, and Clancy, who had ingenui-ty when occasion required it, contrived that he should occupy the bunk with Barnes. Barnes.

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 Godien Rod

"Yes: Jack Fenwick. We were in a little game together about 10 years ago. He got pinched and I escaped. Some people said I saved myself at his exas he looked the captain of the revenue

people said I saved myself at his ex-pense. Anyhow, he got five years in the penitentiary. Well, I met him a few weeks ago for the first time since --since the unfortunate occurrence. I was a bit chary of him at first, but Jack didn't bear me any ill will. No, not at all. He heard that I was in the filibustering line and was making a little money selling supplies to the insurgents, and he offered to put me on to a good thing. A week after ha took me to a place where they had these hundred casks of powder. I gave him \$100 for the lot, and if I don't get 20 times that much for 'em I'll eat my 20 times that much for 'em I'll eat my

After this candld recital the master After this candid recital the master took another drink. He forgot to ask the mate to join him, but that func-tionary, not at all abashed, found an-other cup and belped himself liberally. The men had been drinking for some time, and their faces were flushed and their voices husky. Polk struggled to express a question that had been shap-ing itself in his multfled mind for many minutes.

"How'd you fool the customs?" The query hit the master plump on the funny bone. He laid his tin cup the runny bone. He laid his tin cup down and leaning back in his chair roared with laughter. Polk smiled fewly, surprised that anything he could say should be conducive to such pro-nounced mirth. Finally the other paused in his hilarity and, wiping the tears from his eyes with a pair of dirty knuckles, said: "It was as easy as dropping apohor

"It was as easy as dropping anchor. We put 'em on the ship papers as mixed pickles. When the inspector came fooling round I had a cask opened and showed 'are bickles. and showed 'cm pickles. But it was the only cask of pickles we had. Every one of the other blessed 99 packages was filled with Al gunpowder." The chief mate thought this was

one of the other blessed 39 packages was filled 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 load knock at the cabin door disturbed the potations. "What d'ye want?" growled the mas-ter in deep bass tones. "Nothing, sir," called out the volce of the cabin boy, "except to say that the Albatross is in sight." The look of stupid indolence on the man's face disappeared. The veins in the bullneck stuck out in purplish lines. An angry light flashed from un-der the heavy eyelids and the straight lips shut very tight. He jumped to his feet and in the act overturned the de-canter and the tin cup half filled with whisky. A cloud of thoughts filled his daif awakened mind, but only two words came from his mouth: "The devijt"

"The devij!" He staggered unsteadily up the stalr-way. The chief mate looked longingly at the spilled liquor, and then regret-fully followed his master onto the main deak

cutter signalled a request for surren-

"Blast his impudence!" shouted loss, "We'll show him how we'll sur-ender."

Tender." Once more he refreated into the cab-in. During the next 10 minutes he went downstairs three or four times. On each trip he turned the spikot of an ice cooler and took a drink out of the rusty tin cup. On his last return to the deck he walked aft to give some directions to the men. Barnes, taking advantage of his absence, slipped down the stair-way and peeped into the ice cooler. His worst fears were confirmed. The cooler contained Jamaica rum. The Albatross still moved on with the grace and rapidity of the bird after which it was so aptly named. The officers, in their bright uniforms, could be seen patrolling both the port and starboard sides of the vessel, Capt. Farewell, standing on the navigating Once more he refreated into the cab

Farewell, standing on the navigating bridge in front of the pilot house, lift-ed a megaphone to his lips and shouted

ed: "I call on you to surrender or ac-cept the consequences!" Cross, half maudlin from his re-peated visits to the ice cooler. lifted his thumbless hand high in the air and, doubling up his fingers, shouted drunkenly: "Come on, curse ye; come on, at your perill" Barnes thought this mere babbling.

Come on, curse ye; come on, at your perill" Barnes thought this mere babbling, but was soon undeceived. The master gave some orders to the chief mate. He in turn communicated with the crew. A half dozen men rushed to either end of the boat and began pull-ing a pile of canvas from two bulky looking objects. In a minute a pair of old-fashioned cannon stood reveled, Crude derricks were quickly erected, the guns were raised with elevating gear and revolved on a swivel. "Now, you dough heads," shouled the master, "up with the powder and wad-ding—get your ramrods and load for action."

master, "up with the powder and wad-ding—get your ramrods and load for action."
All this was done so quickly that Barnes and Clancy stood still, as if stunned. A sack of powder was brought on deck, two sets of men got to work and the cannon were quickly baded. At this point Barnes came to his senses. He ran to the master, who was sweating like a bull and swearing like a trooper. He touched him on the shoulde.
"Take my advice, Cross, and quit; you're being chased now for violating the neutrality laws. Fire one of those cannon on a United States vessel and you became a pirate."
Tross turned to bim in amasement. The voins on the buil neck swelled loathsomely. Rage halted his speech, hut his answer was not in words. He swung his gorilla-like arm wildly, and the thumbless hand struck Harnes the toker to bits his balance and fell on the deck with a that."

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SAL SICKLE, the Jeweler Watches

