

Burnes, whose eye had been fastened to the knot hole all this time, withdrew 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 telescope to his eye. He uttered the exclamation of a "click" and hurried down to the engine room.

"Put all the speed on!" he shouted to the engineer.

"We're going as fast as we can," replied the grinning fellow.

"I know better," shrieked the master. "You can go faster—you must go faster."

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 pulling it on—d-y-e hear?"

The fireman obeyed. He shovelled the coal on in wholesale quantities. The fire in the boiler cracked, crackled furiously. The engineer put on more steam, and in the course of 10 or 15 minutes the Golden Rod was doubling its speed.

and encouraged the crew with his profane toast: "God bless the good ship and the good crew!" The est profanity Barnes had ever heard. A half hour and an hour passed, and the chief inspector of customs none the less, with delight that the revenue cutter was so well supplied with rum, stepped aboard the handsome white bow of the steamship. Capt. Farewell could be seen on the bridge in conversation with his lieutenant. Cross realized that the Golden Rod was losing ground, and he stormed about the deck in a rage of man. "You blundering fools," he shouted to the crew, "are ye going to stand there and let this hell hound of a government boat run ye down? Why don't ye do something? What are ye smirking about? That's good, ye are, and that's the first man in this crew to keep up the dignity of his position!" He tipped his forefinger to his cap.

"Cap'n, the men are doing all they can,"

the master's face flushed. The brutality seemed to ooze from the pores of his skin.

"You, too," he shrieked, "you dirty dog, to go back on me! I have a notion to throw you overboard!"

With a sudden start, the menacing motion toward the mate, Polk, regarding discretion as the better part of valor, executed a masterly retreat. This policy of non-resistance upset the captain's plans, and he decided to go into the cabin, there to wait for the Albatross 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 expanse of the open water. The captain wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He could see the Albatross now without the aid of his telescope. Just

as he looked the captain of the revenue cutter signalled a request for surrender. "Blast his impudence!" shouted Cross. "We'll show him how we'll surrender." Once more he retreated into the cabin. During the next 10 minutes he came down stairs five or four times. On each trip he took a drink of rum, and a cold beer and took a drink out of the rusted 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 starboard way and peeped into the ice cover. His worst fears were confirmed. The cooler contained Jamaica rum.

The Albatross still moved on with the grace and rapidity of the bird.

The officers, in their bright uniforms, could be seen patrolling both the port and starboard sides of the vessel. Captain Farewell, standing on the navigational bridge in front of the pilot house, lifted a megaphone to his lips and shouted:

"I call on you to surrender or accept the consequences!"

Cross, half maddened by his recent ordeals 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, a young man!"

Babb 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

"Now, you dough heads," shouted the master, "up with the powder and wadding—get your ramrods and load for action."

As this was done so quickly that Burnes and Clancy stood still, as stunned. A sack of powder was brought on deck, two sets of men got to work and the cannon were quickly loaded to the muzzle. Then to the master, who was sweating like a bull and swearing like a trooper. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Take my advice, Cross, and quit your shouting for a while."

Cross turned to him in amazement. The look on his face was murderous. The veins on the bull neck swelled leathemously. Rage halted his speech but his answer was not in words. He swung his gorilla-like arm wildly, and the thumbless hand struck Barno square in the face with terrific force. The chief lost his balance and fell on the deck with a thud. The admiral, the blond in Glancey's boat

up his first, struck the master full in the bulging neck. But his first 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, who fell in a heap by the side of his chief.

"Mutiny!" bawled the master, "Tie their hands and feet and throw 'em in the hold."

The struggle was brief. When it ended, Bessie 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 prisoners were left with their backs on the boards and their eyes gazing up into the unyielding sky.

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

The orders were quickly executed. The

pulse sent the master over to the main powder barrel.

He put his hand to his head and groaned about the gritty resistance made by the pale. He ordered an increased cascade. The tops were quickly raised out of them, and Cross put his foot on the gun simultaneously. When he looked up, the tops were dancing at him; they were possessed of a will of their own. He saw the tops of the sails left the bull neck, the masts were blown down and he fell back as the ship shivered.

"What's the matter?" asked the mate.

Cross tried to articulate, and failed.

"Betrayed—sold out. We've got a cargo of—of sand."

"Yes, plain sand. Jack Fenwick evened up scores."

He raised himself feebly to his full height, shook convulsively, and fell back.

attered boards, glass and splinters all over the deck; the third cut away the upper section of the stern. The crew of the Barnes and Clancy were 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 covered around the uninjured section of the pilot house. The ship was hit by a thunder storm. The master was the only one who had any nerve left, and he was hysterical from the shock.

"Load 'em up again," he shrieked, and he pulled himself to it!

Polk bled himself together and urged the men to speed. Another cask of powder was brought up and opened. The caannon was filled and the order given to fire. There was no response. The man in charge pulled the stout

Barnes and Clancy were guests of honor on the government boat, although they had done nothing to merit them to speak honest. The thing they saw as they stepped ashore was the stark remains of Capt. L. J. Cross with the bull neck, the wrinkled weather beaten face and the tangled, gorilla-like hand, stretched out imploringly to the fleecy deck of the wrecked Golden Rod.

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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, and that official issued countless proclamations to the collectors of customs at the various 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 mosquitoes in a Jersey swamp.

Very early in the same Barnes got his command, the *U. S. S. Fish Hawk*, a small sailor of fortune, who was deficient in what some persons call scruples. The captain was a man who had his ups and downs in the world, but he was persistent and resourceful and would not be outwitted.

One morning maritime circles awoke

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 crowd thinned. 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 meeting and the men came in their platoons. The boy had been conveniently provided by Barnes and as soon as he got the letter he went direct to the chief inspector's office and gave it to him. It was addressed to "Mr. John Lolk," and the chief inspector's name was not many blocks away. The chief quickly copied the letter, which read as follows:

"Sorry you can't join us. All of us are in the city center, and time is passing. Ten o'clock. We're really glad."

"You didn't get much," grumbled the faithful servant, who had been waiting for some time.

"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 study, closed the door behind him. Clancy's mind worked slowly and there were times when he could not comprehend his superior, but what he lacked in keenness of intellect he more than made up for in loyalty. Barnes knew and appreciated this faithfulness, and although he occasionally twitted the faithful one he would not have parted company with him under any circumstances.

Clancy was standing in front of the door, pass-

"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 slowly spelled out the 10 word message, which, as the chief had underscored, it appeared in the letter as follows:

"Sorry you can't JOIN us. All of US remember you, especially AT me-time. Joe THOMPkins unexpectedly lost his VILLE yesterday. It happened AT a little before SIX—leastwise before 7 O'CLOCK. Won't you let

• ONCE AGAIN THE CORONER OF THE OLD FASHIONED ORDINANCE WAS PULLING AGAIN A DEAD SILENCE.

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 Capt. Farewell, of the United States revenue cutter Albatross.

The captain left to prepare the revenue cutter for action. Barnes and Clancy hurried to the beach and boarded a small gasoline electric car for Thompkinsville. By the time the chief had matured his plans they were landed in the picturesque Staten Island town. The old man had a high opinion of his own judgment to a shop and purchased two second hand sailor suits. The obliging proprietor cheerfully permitted the two men to change their civilian clothing for the uniforms and agreed to hold the discarded suits subject to their orders.

The sight of the chief in a jaunty sailor cap filled Clancy with mirth. Barnes, however, was too busy with the details of his mission to see the humor of the situation, and, ignoring Clancy's hyster-

In the boat. The mate followed, and four of the men seizing the oars, rowed rapidly in the direction of the steamer. During the ride the chief had an opportunity of scrutinizing the men in the boat. There were eight of them, and they looked fit for any sort of enterprise. The mate stood up in the stern of the raft and directed the movements of the oarsmen. They worked with such a vim that they were soon beneath the shadow of the tramp steamer. In a few minutes they were all on the deck of the Golden Rod and the lifeboat had

and the disproportionate and ridiculously small ears on each side of the face. He raised his head and continued reticulously to trace hundreds of tiny wrinkles which crossed and recrossed the weather-beaten skin until it resembled a network of delicate veins. He raised his head again and flung 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 hairy hand had an inhuman—a gorilla-like—appearance.

It was Captain Levi Cross, master of the Golden Rod.

There was no coward, but this instantaneous 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 men and his eight recruits. The full north wind whistled through the

The 100 casks of mixed pickles. They were carefully stowed away in the extreme corner of the bow. A dirty lantern hung from the ceiling and cast a dim light about the apartment. The men were told to sleep in pairs, and Clancy, who had ingeniously when occasion required it, contrived that he should occupy the bunk with 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 Golden Rod

“Take another drink. He forgot to ask me to join him, but that funny, not at all abashed, found another cup and helped himself liberally. The men had been drinking for some time, and their faces were flushed and their voices husky. Polk struggled to press a question that had been gnawing at himself in his muffled mind for many weeks.

“How do you foot the customs?”

“That’s the master pump on a funny bone. He laid his tin cup down and, leaning back in his chair and smiling with laughter, Polk smiled back, surprised that anything he could say should be conducive to such pronounced merriment. The other men, seized in his hilarity and, wiping the sweat from his eyes with a pair of dirty rags, said:

An airy light flashed from under the heavy eyelids and the straight shut very tight. He jumped to his feet and in the act overturned the de-ster and the tin cup half filled with lisky. A cloud of thoughts filled his self awakened mind, but only two words came from his mouth: "The devil!"

He staggered unsteadily up the stairway. The chief mate looked longingly at the spilled liquor, and then regretfully followed his master onto the main deck.

The officers, in their bright uniforms, could be seen patrolling both the port and starboard sides of the vessel. Capt. Farewell, standing on the navigational bridge in front of the pilot house, lifted a megaphone to his lips and shouted:

"I call on you to surrender or accept the consequences!"

Cross, half maddled from his recent ordeal, 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 our peril!"

But he thought this mere babbling, and was soon undecided. The master gave some orders to the chief mate. He in turn communicated with the crew. A half dozen men rushed to

"You're guilty laws. Fire one of those cannon on a United States vessel and you become a pirate."

Cross turned to him in amazement. The look on his face was murderous. The lump on the bull neck swelled. Pathomely, Rage halted his speech, but his answer was not in words. He swung his gorilla-like arm wildly, and he thumbless hand struck Barnes square in the face with terrific force. The chief lost his balance and fell on the deck with a thud. The net landed in the blood in Clarence's body.

The orders were quickly executed. The men dived across the broad expanse of water. One shot fell to the bottomless depths of the ocean. The other grazed the edge of the wooden mermaid which served as a figurehead. The officers on the revenue cutter conferred on the quarter deck. As they retired it became evident that the challenge from the Golden Rod was accepted. The three guns on the starboard side of the ship of the Admiralty of the floating steamer. Three vivid jets of white smoke and then something struck the tramp boat that made it quiver from stem to stern.

When the trembling ceased the Golden Rod looked as if it had been struck by a giant hand. The ship had taken away half of the smokestack; another lay open a side of the pilot house and

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raised himself feebly to his feet, shook convulsively and fell back, from an apoplectic stroke which had reared the timbers of the crippled steamer.

James realized the significance of the scene. He shouted to the mate, "Zulek, untie me! I may save one of the Albatross fires again."

But the mate was distrusting. He thought Zulek's no time for beating the air and commanding the crew to release. He released the prisoner, and as the cords were loosed he jumped to his feet and, grabbing the ship's wheel by the spokes, turned it a click to the right. The captain of the Albatross, Zulek, "All right," and the pirate was prepared for the former's surrender.

Less than an hour later, crew and prisoners were released, and the "Golden Bird" was being towed back to port by the revenue

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