

QUIN JAMESON

JOHN JAMESON
IRISH
Established 1780

and makes it impossible for her commanding officer, the commander of the "Blues,"

The Prophetic Story.

The remarkably prophetic story may be summarized as follows:

The scene is the English channel, off Portsmouth. The British fleet has been divided into two fleets. The first fleet, the rendezvous of the first is the Irish Sea, and it has sailed for the south of the continent last night.

The second fleet is the culmination of the manoeuvres. Party Officers Moorhead, Pycroft, and Morgan, and Morgan (signal officer), of the crippled torpedo boat Two-Six-Seven, have been left behind as a ruse because of a slight malfunction. They are to be completed in time to sail with Blue fleet. The ingenious Pycroft, who has been several times shipwrecked in his life, conceives the idea of rushing the repairs and changing the appearance of the boat.

funnels of canvas, distended by hoops and supported by a wire, between the bowsprit and the mainmast, and the crew and foreboard of a destroyer belonging to Red Fleet were crowded under the canvas of black cloth along the edge of the deck, outside the bilge. Thus rigged the funnel-shaped "McEachern" boat becomes perfect.

pretending to be the destroyer "Gnome" which was the Reserve at Portsmouth, the daredevil Pycroft steams alongside the flagship and carries a copy of the secret signals to be used in the approaching battle.

Returning with follow-up to the pretended destroyer "Gnome, the fake funnels are lowered "like an accordion," and "the McEacherns" follow the

Narrowly escaping collision with the fishing craft, Pycroft steams alongside. He has an idea. He offers to

[illegible]

"This fog is the best thing could have happened to us," said Moored. "It gives us our chance to run in the quiet. Halo!"

"A cracked bell rang. Clean and sharp (beautifully grained, too), a bow-spoke splintered, and the bobstay confidently hooking itself into our forward rail.

"Saw Fyocrom's arm fly up, heard at the same instant the severing of the tense rope, the working of the

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bearing hobstays removed. Half a dozen men of the foc'sle had already thrown out fenders and stood by to bear off a just visible bulwark.

"Still going astern, we touched slowly, broadside on, to a suggestive crunching of fenders, and I looked into the deck of a Riritham trawler, her crew struck

"Any luck?" said Moorshead politely.
"Not till we met you, was the answer. 'The Lord he saved us from the big ships 'e spilled by the little wan 'Where be 'e gwine tu with our fine nobbostay?' You see, he had to, 'e pulled it loose the quick rakers at the fl. off. Aren't they rowing navy yonder?"

"True," said Pycroft, listening retreating cars. "It's time to go when snotties (mishpimen) begin to think."

In the morning in Torquay

"Yes, we always do that. Don you want a tow to Brixham?" said Moore.

"A great silence fell upon those wet men of the sea,"

"What for?" said a puzzled voice.

"For love; for nothing. You'll be abed in Brixham at midnight."

"Yiss, but trawl's down."

"No hurry, I'll pass you a line and

"'But, what in the world do you want him for?' I asked.

"'Oh, he'll come in handy later.'

"At no time could we see the trawler go. The fog was too thick.

"'Catch a Brixham trawler letting go of a free tow in a fog,' said Moorhead, listening.

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How the Ships Were Torpedoed.

The fisherman enters into the plot and agrees to play his part. "I'm no blind hare or boy to be coaxed with

your 40-mile rowing and run atop of all. There's none more sober to Brizman this side. I don't care who 'tis, than me. I know—I know. Yonder'm two great king's ships. You'm wishful to sink, burn and destroy they while us kips 'em seel' busy fish. No need tall me so wanty toime over. Us'll

find they ships! We'll find them, if us has to break our fine new bowsprit so close as Crump's bull's horn! . . . We'll go look for they by hand. . . . We'll give they something to look upon, an' do 'ee deal with them faithfully, an' say the Lord have mercy on your souls! Amen. Put it in dinghy again."

When in close proximity to H. M. S. Cryptic, 12,000 tons, a volunteer crew enters the dinghy of "Two-Six-Even," pulls alongside with a trawler's stroke and stencils "G.M."—Morgan's initials—in nine places upon the great hull of the war ship. The dinghy's crew then goes to H.M.S. Devolution and puts

three similar works upon her sides
and attaches a wooden torpedo to her
sternpost.

The torpedo nets of the great cruiser
are not down, the captain trusting to
the fog. While the war ships were be-
ing marked—vaccinated, Pycroft calls
it—the trawler's crew kept up the same

But nobody wanted to buy any fish. The manoeuvre was nearly detected, however, by a midshipman, when the assailants pretended to give "three cheers for the real man-o'-war."

"Said a boy's voice above us, just as we dodged a jet of hot water from

There's the man behind the pick,
And the man behind the beard,
There's the man behind the jokes
And the man behind the rhymes,
But I'd rather be behind the-a-a-a
Than the man behind the times."
—Joe Come in

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