

The Adventures of Captain Kettle

The Guns For Cuba.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ

"THE shore part must be entirely with you, sir," said Capt. Kettle, "I'm mixed up with the foreign enlistment and the Alabama case, and a dozen other things which may mean anything between jail and confinement, and my head isn't big enough to hold it. If you'll be advised by me, sir, you'll get a real first-class solicitor and still him a drink and pay him down what he asks right there on the bar counter and get to know exactly how the law of this business stands before you stir a foot in it."

"The law here in England," said the little man with a reminiscent sigh, "is a beastly thing to fall foul of; it's just wickedly officious and interfering, and never done a kick in its life since it got a fair start, and you never know where it will shove out its ugly hoof from next. No, Mr. Gedge, give me the water for rice, comfortable law, where a man can buy it by the yard for paper money down, and straight pistol shooting is always remembered in his favor."

The young man who owned the steamship Sultan of Borneo tapped his blotting paper impatiently. "You're not going to get any out of England now, and have nothing whatever to do with legal matters in America. As for your advice, I am not a fool, and can lay your ticks on it. I may tell you this, the shipment is arranged for."

"I'd like to see you cleared," said Capt. Kettle, doubtfully. "The clearance. The Sultan of Borneo will leave here in coal, consigned to Havana. A private eye will make use of it, and transport the arms out of sight of land."

"Type coal for Cuba?" They'd get their coal there from Cardiff or Newport.

"It seems not. This contract was placed long before a war was asked for to smother out the arms."

"Well, it looks fishy, anyway," said Kettle. "It can't help that," said Gedge. "It's not my fault. Now have you got any more objections to make?"

"No, sir," said Capt. Kettle, "none that I can see. Very well, then," said Gedge. "Do you care to sign on as the master for this cruise, or are you going to cry off?"

English port. No man ever stretched such a magnificent amount of work from his hands. But it was those other fallings which kept him what he was, the pitiful knockabout shipmaster, living from hand to mouth, never certain of his berth from one month's end to another.

That afternoon Capt. Kettle signed on his crew, got them on board, and with the help of his two mates kicked the majority of them into sobriety. He received a visit and final instructions from Mr. Gedge at six o'clock, and by the help of his mates he was ready to depart at seven, and stood anxiously on the bridge watching the pilot as he took the steamboat down through the crowded shipping of the river. His wife stood under the glow of an arc lamp on the dockhead and waved him goodby through the gloom.

CHAPTER III.

Capt. Kettle received his first fright as he dropped his pilot just outside the launch. The young man of war's launch steamed up out of the night, and the boarding officer examined his papers and asked questions. The pilot, who was a conscientious man, was neither of us anything to gain by it, and I've a lot to lose. I believe you'll run the cargo through now that you're put on your mettle, but I guess there'll be trouble for somebody before we're dealt out to the patriot troops. God bless the launch, changing many stars that the affair had ended so easily.

But Kettle rang on his engines again with very unpleasant feelings. It was not the pilot that the secret was oozing out somewhere; that the Sultan of Borneo was suspected; that his course to Cuba would be beset with many alarmed obstacles and his fourth week made his first rise out of the long succession which were to follow. Gedge had been insured by Tyne to a point deep in the North Sea, where a yacht would meet him to hand over the consignment of smuggled arms. He had been insured by Tyne to a point deep in the North Sea, where a yacht would meet him to hand over the consignment of smuggled arms.

CHAPTER IV.

A white mist shut the channel sea into a ring and the air was noisy with the grunts and screams of steamers' eyes. Capt. Kettle was standing on the Sultan of Borneo's upper bridge, with his hand on the engine-room telegraph, which was pointed at "full speed astern"; Carnforth and the second mate stood with their backs to the top of the starboard dogger; all three of them peered into the opaque banks of the fog.

They had reason for their anxiety. Not five minutes before a long lead torpedo had been fired from the upper bridge in glistering oilskins had sent across a sharp authoritative hail, and had been answered. "Sultan of Borneo, Kettle, master, from South Shields to Rhoda." "What cargo?" came the next question. "Coal."

"Then Mr. Tyne Coal for the Havana, just leave to what I send away a boat to look at you. I fancy you will be the steamiest I'm sent to find fetch back."

"The decks of the uncomfortable warship had hummed with men, a pair of dark devils had swung aboard, and the boat had been armed and manned with naval noise and quickness. But just then a billow of fog, which had driven down upon them, blanketed in its thickness, which closed all human vision beyond the range of a dozen yards, and Capt. Kettle jumped like a terrified sheep on to the deck. He sent his stamer hard astern with a slightly ported helm, and whilst the torpedo catcher's boat was searching for him toward the French shore, he sent a van-hall into the white banks of the mist, he was circling slowly and silently round toward the English coast."

So long as the mist held the Sultan of Borneo was as hard to find as a needle in a cargo of hay. What the steamer had done was a single instant she would be noticed and stand self-confessed by her attempt to escape; and as a result the suspense of physical nausea. He had not reckoned on this complication. He was quite prepared to risk capture by Cuban and machine guns and ammunition under the daze of helping insurgents. He was not at all prepared to risk capture by a British gunboat. He was not at all prepared to risk capture by a British gunboat.

On the other hand, if he refused to leave the result would be equally sharp; the warship would sink him with her guns inside a dozen minutes, and reckless daredevil though he might be, Kettle knew quite well there was no chance of avoiding being hit like a tonic; and when an hour later the Sultan of Borneo was steaming merrily down channel at top speed, he had a sudden and unexpected visitor in the little skipper whistled duncie on the upper bridge and caught the notion for a most pleasing moment. That he knew came first in a state of mild mutiny, and Kettle attended to their needs with gusto.

He professed his remarks by a slight exhibition of marksmanship. He cut away the vane which showed dimly in the foretopmast truck with a single bullet, and then after a lunge over the white rail of the upper bridge with the weapon in his hand.

CHAPTER V.

They saw the coast first as a black line running across the dim gray of the night. It rose as they neared it, and a foot stepped in white mist from out of which came the faint yellow light of a searchlight. The searchlight picked up his marks and steamed in, and then the searchlight picked up his marks and steamed in, and then the searchlight picked up his marks and steamed in.

CHAPTER VI.

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lacked stern. But the war steamer did not move. Her machinery was broken down. She had already got a heavy list towards her wounded side, and every second she was increasing as the sea water poured in through the shattered plating. Her crew was busy with despatches, and it was evident that the vessel had but a short time longer to swim, and their lives were at stake. They had thought of vengeance. Their weapons lay deserted on the sloping decks. The grimy faces from the forward gun were from below, and one and all they clustered about the boats with frenzied haste, as they saw the water.

CHAPTER VII.

"I'm afraid," said Capt. Kettle, "that the Sultan of Borneo is about done. She's settling down by the head already. Didn't you see those rats of men scuttling up for forward, and then after we'd rammed the rat? I guess that was a bit of a surprise for them, and they'll be glad to get down there to be clear of the shooting, and they found themselves in the most ticklish part of the ship."

"There's humor in the situation," said Carnforth, "but that will keep for the present it strikes me that this old steamboat is awfully fast."

"She'll have a lot of plates started forward, I guess. But I think she's come out of it very nicely," said Kettle. "She'll have a lot of plates started forward, I guess. But I think she's come out of it very nicely."

CHAPTER VIII.

"There's nothing else for it," said Kettle. "The Sultan of Borneo is about done. She's settling down by the head already. Didn't you see those rats of men scuttling up for forward, and then after we'd rammed the rat? I guess that was a bit of a surprise for them, and they'll be glad to get down there to be clear of the shooting, and they found themselves in the most ticklish part of the ship."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

DOROTHY'S ECONOMIES

By Alice Edna Crawford.

Dorothy climbed upon Tredgar's knee. "I want to consult you," she announced. Tredgar smiled indulgently. "Then you may have half of Rhoda's," she announced comfortably. "Neither shall I," she said. Rhoda had been a torment ever since she had begun to realize her power over him. That she liked him he knew, but she would never permit him to make her tender speech or approach a proposal. "Let's go in and get some candy," he suggested as they headed past a shop. "I've a box of sweets," she said. "I'll take a box of sweets," she said. "I'll take a box of sweets," she said.



She was sitting on the Steps With the Box in Her Hands as He Came Toward Her.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.