

Ways of British Seamen

James Foster, skipper of the brig Jane, and William Robinson, skipper of the three masted schooner Sally, sat very snugly in the Indian King, at the Yarmouth quay. They puffed their long churchwardens and discussed the merits of unending interludes—the merits of their respective vessels and the mutinous character of their crews.

"I tell you, furnished apartments in the garden o' Eden wouldn't satisfy 'em," said James Foster. "Would it they wouldn't want anything more. Sailors o' today are the dirtiest, mutinest lot o' scoundrels on the face o' the earth."

"The sea service is not what it used to be," replied his friend. "If a man or boy set up his lip to the captain in my 'prentice days, why, that man or boy carried a remembrance o' it to his grave. Now, the other week on the homeward voyage I had to hit a man with a handspike what does the bloomin' skunk go to do but summons me, and the judge o' a magistrate fines me £5 and said as how I had no business to hit a man with a handspike. I says to him, 'Your worship, there was nothing else handy to hit him with.' But, no, the piggheaded old fule wouldn't budge an inch. 'You just pay the fine,' he says, 'or seven days.' Fancy threatenin' a skipper with seven days' choky! Pah! And he struck a match viciously and re-lit his pipe.

"Yes, things is goin' to the dogs with a vengeance. Before long we shall have to provide the men for'ard with feather beds, scented soap, turtle soup and fancy biscuits. That's what things is comin' to, but it's the fault of the board of trade."

"My honest opinion you might get my crew toasted angels and then my grumble," replied Robinson.

"Well, for the sake o' peace and quietness I always gives 'em a delicacy now and again. You see, I'm not so young as I was, and fightin' 'em takes is out o' me and upsets the owners."

"What do you mean by a delicacy?" demanded his friend.

"Why, for example, here in Yarmouth I always lays in a cask of herrin's whenever I comes. It pleases 'em, and it saves the stores. At the same time I gets the credit o' bein' a better skipper than most." And he laughed at the idea.

"For about 4 shillin's you can get a barrel of red herrin's, but you save quite a lot o' £4 on the victuals for the crew."

"I don't mind buyin' 'em twenty barrels of herrin' if the beggars would only be grateful—only be satisfied for once in their dirty lives."

"No," said the other, "you'll never get that. Gratefulness is a thing quite unknown to 'em."

"Well, I'll try the herrin' dodge and see how it answers. Where can I get 'em?"

"Look here, I'll be orderin' mine tomorrow, so I'll order yours at the same time, and we can settle up when we meets in Sun'erland. The right tide, I suppose?"

"Yes, if the wind holds, we hope to get away then. Confound one more glass, and then I'm off."

Half an hour later the two men rolled out of the inn and took their way along the quay to their respective ships. A number of vessels, much alike, lay in tiers, but a special Providence seemed to guide these two men to their several charges.

Save for an occasional sprawl over a tarp here or a post there they managed to make their way without mishap.

Captain Forester's ship was lying outside that commanded by Robinson, but the latter stood by until he heard "A right," which announced that his ship was safely aboard his own vessel. Then he went below.

In a few minutes he sat on a locker in the evil, close smelling cabin, looking vacantly into the fire, wondering whether he could drink another glass of spirits and still be able to get into his bunk without calling the mate. With a sigh he came to the conclusion that to take more would mean the loss of steering way; so with many grunts he managed to get off his elastic snot boots and then with a satisfied snort rolled into bed by making one dive into the little stateroom. Next night saw the two brig's dropping down with the tide, the two skipper's fresh and rosy and their respective crews busily engaged in making hay.

Now, when the cask of herrings came aboard the Sally the opinion of the fore-castle differed as to its destination and purpose.

"It's a present for his missus to reward her over the old sinner's grumble," said No. 1 with a significant grin.

"Maybe it's for the owners," remarked another.

The cask stood on end amidships, and each time a man went below he cast longing eyes at the barrel, and when he came on deck again it was the first object he looked for.

"The bloomin' old cut raisin means makin' a profit out o' 'em," said the second mate, who lived forward; "buys 'em here at three a penny or less and sells 'em up north at a penny each."

However, while they were at tea, all speculation was set at rest by the skipper, who thrust his head down the fore-castle hatchway. "There's some real Yarmouth reds in that cask amidships, and you can help yourselves, lads. It's just o' bit delicacy like for you as I was persuaded to get."

Strange to say there was no reply to this generous offer. Sailors are suspicious, and they wanted time to think it over and see what such a voluntary act implied and how much it included.

"I sees his little game now," said the second mate. "Im and his delicacies! Pah! Nice sort o' delicacy red herrin's is!"

"Well, o' all the"—put in an A. B. "The old sinner means feedin' us on these 'ere things and savin' the proper wittles as is provided for the ship by the owners."

"I expect he's gone and drunk all the freight, thinkin' as how he'll make it up out o' herrin's."

"Out o' us, you means."

"Well, it's all the same."

"No, we ain't—at least I ain't a herrin'," said the cantankerous man, "so what's the use you sayin' that?"

"Hold your jaw and smell!" suddenly cried the second mate.

"Herrin's!" they ejaculated with one accord.

"They smell nice, too," was the comment of one man.

"I dare say they smells all right, but that's not the question. I votes that we have nuthin' whatever to do with 'em."

"Let's have one good tuck out," was the suggestion of him who liked the smell.

This caught on, but the second mate was firm. "No, lads; we must stop this from the beginnin'. We have a battle to fight." And then he made a certain proposal to them, and they resented.

Next morning the skipper and the mate walked the quarter deck together. Throughout the ship there was the reek of cooking herrings, which emanated from the gallery and pervaded everywhere. As a matter of fact, the men had been cooking herrings all night through, more or less, so that they might carry out their intention resolved upon during the foregoing conversation—to boycott them for the remainder of the voyage.

The quarter deck walk of the captain and the mate came to a sudden stop. The former uttered an exclamation which we omit, for there in the waist a man was busy raking good, wholesome, freshly cooked herrings off his plate into the sea, meantime elevating his nose in an opposite direction.

The skipper was purple with rage, but speechless. As a matter of fact he could not think at the moment of words strong enough to express the extent of the volcano within. While he stood another seaman came up from the fore-castle hatch with his plate laden with herrings and went through the same process of ostentatiously putting them into their native element. Having accomplished this, he disappeared with a grin to join his fellows. This procession of similar performances went on until the whole of the men forward had done the same trick.

"I'll make their eyes smart for this," snapped the skipper as he fumed and stormed with one explosion after another. Then he went below to think the matter out with the aid of a glass of rum and a pipe.

"Beg pardon, sir," as a head only was projected into the cabin—"beg pardon, sir, but the men for'ard want a word with you, sir."

"Wot about?" asked the skipper sharply.

"It's about the grub, sir, I thinks, though I'm not quite sure," replied the cautious mate.

"They don't get no word with me."

"Then there will be a mutiny this blessed night, sir."

"Mutiny? What do you mean?"

"Nothing, sir, only what I says. If you won't let the men speak to you, all I have to say is I don't sleep in that fo'c's'le another night. Not that I minds, only I have a wife as well as a family to consider, and I ain't insured. If I had been—just for a few pounds—even—I wouldn't have troubled you, and murder isn't a nice sort o' thing when a man has come to my time of life."

"Get out!" thundered the skipper.

All that day the crew were becoming mutinous, and the master was at his wits' end. He thought of signaling his companion in the brig, which was within biscuit throw, but the fear of being laughed at discouraged him. Everything cooked that day was promptly thrown overboard, and they took care so to do it always when the skipper was on deck. Just before sunset the second mate brought his bedding out of the fore-castle and threw it down at near the wheel.

"Put it below," yelled the captain. Thus it was that the second mate came aft to live, and with this somewhat doubtful welcome, he took possession of a sail locker.

Next morning the mate came down and reported a mutiny. The men had positively refused to come on deck, and he finished up by suggesting that the captain should give them an interview. With sundry growls and curses this was acceded to, and they came aft in a body.

"What is the grievance?" demanded the master.

"It's the onchristian food," said one; "not fit for dogs."

"Is it the herrin's?" asked the skipper.

"There's nothing speshul amiss with them except as they are putrid," said the spokesman, and his companions growled assent.

"Who says they're putrid?"

"We does. Arsk the second mate there, as 'as tasted 'em. We didn't ship on this old tub to be starved to death by slow murder. All the stores is rotten, and we shall signal the first man-o'-war we falls in with, if she's only a revenue cutter."

"Aye, aye!" said the men in chorus.

"Then what do you want?" thundered the master in desperation.

"Nortink, sir, except a little food the same as you are avin' yourself. We don't mind what it is so long as it isn't rotten, and we don't mind how little it is so long as it'll keep our pore souls and bodies together until we gets to Sun'erland and can buy some for ourselves."

The old man saw there was nothing for it but surrender, so he gave way with a bad grace, and the men went forward, grinning at the success of their scheme.

For the remainder of the voyage they fed like fighting cocks on what is known as "cabin stores." But worse was to come. When the vessel arrived at Sunderland, the crew marched up in a body to the custom house and reported that they had starved on the passage home and that all the skipper would give them to eat were red herrings.

Then the captain cursed his friend and his delicacies.

That other astute master mariner had gone about his business in a different way.

"Put that cask o' herrin's in the lazarette aft. They are for cabin use," he shouted to the mate when they were shipped on board.

"For'ard, there! Bear a hand!" shouted the individual addressed.

"Tell the boy to cook some for tea, but only for me and you!" he shouted again at the top of his voice to his first officer.

The men who had been engaged in getting them below heard this and called the skipper a selfish old devil whom they would be even with. They stood round the galley and sniffed in the appetizing odor, awaiting a favorable opportunity to steal some of the herrings.

"Go and offer to buy some from the stingy old beast," suggested one. Then they withdrew under the shelter of the fore-castle and plotted. That they stole at least fifty of the herrings, the skipper heard them as he lay in his bunk stealthily creeping about aft, but he smiled to himself, for he knew their little ways.

Next morning he stormed and swore in a simulated passion of rage; but, although the ship reeked of herrings, no one had touched that barrel.

"Don't know nortink," was the reply from each when the question of herrings was put, and the men grinned at their skipper's anger and devoured in secret their stolen share. No happier crew could have been found on the whole North sea.

The captain cursed, the mate stormed, but all to no purpose. The herrings still disappeared. At breakfast, dinner and tea and at supper time as well a smell of fish cooking came from the fore-castle, and the thieves came up afterward to smoke and chuckle over the way they were "doing the skipper in the eye."

The galley was idle and the cook's office a sinecure—salt pork completely neglected. They would live on herrings because they were for cabin use. No sooner was she berthed in Sunderland docks than the men must needs steal some to take home for the missuses, and those who did not possess a "missus" stole because the others did and for the sake of stealing. By that voyage Captain Forster saved about £5 in victuals.

When the two skippers met, they compared notes, and there was more laughing and swearing over the ways of British seamen.—Golden Penny.

A Little Umbrella Story

One rainy evening when traffic on the elevated road was dull a guard on the Sixth avenue line found a comparatively new silk umbrella in one of the cars. When a lone passenger entered the car at Park place, the guard proudly showed his find.

"It comes in great for me tonight," he said. "This is my last trip, and I have a long walk. I had no umbrella."

The lone passenger, who was also without a rain protector, congratulated the guard.

The two carried on a pleasant conversation, only interrupted by stops at stations. In time the train reached the Eighty-first street station, where the passenger was to get out. The guard had carefully deposited his umbrella in a corner of the front platform of the car. While he was busy opening the gates the passenger quietly lifted it from its resting place and left the car. As the guard closed the gates and gave the bellcord a vigorous pull he saw his former passenger walking along the platform carrying the umbrella.

"Hey, there! Stop it! Bring that back!" shouted the guard.

"I need it myself," replied the recent passenger.

"Come back, I say! You are a thief!" cried the guard as the train slowly pulled out.

The new proprietor of the umbrella only smiled as he walked down the steps. He now shows the umbrella to his legal friends and quotes the old adage, "Possession is nine points of the law."—New York Times.

Cure too Expensive

Warts are curious things. They come and go mysteriously, although their going is frequently marked by exasperating delays, and there are almost as many infallible cures as there are warts, the only trouble with these cures being that they are useless when applied to the particular wart you happen to have. They are only good for other people's.

"In my opinion," said a clubman, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excrescence. Get rid of that, and it goes away."

"Let me give you a bit of my own experience," he continued. "Last year I went to Europe. For about three years I had had a wart on my little finger, on which I had tried everything I could hear of, but without effect. It only grew larger."

"Well, in the excitement of preparing for the trip and of the journey itself I forgot all about my wart, and when I looked for it about six weeks later it had vanished without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on. I see you have one on the back of your hand. Forget all about it for a few weeks, and it will go away of itself."

"Yes," said the other clubman, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't afford to take a trip to Europe for the sake of curing one wart!" —Youth's Companion.

Shortstop Arrested

St. Paul, June 16.—Danny Shea, shortstop of the local American Association team, was arrested last night as he was taking a train for San Francisco, where he expected to join Captain Shugar's ball team, on a charge of securing money by false pretenses. The local management believed that he proposed to jump his contract and claimed that he had drawn \$150 more money than was due. He was arraigned in court today, and after a conference with Captain Kelly, he pleaded guilty of breaking the "Lumber Jack Law," paid a fine of \$25 and promised to repay \$138.28, which he had overdrawn. He will be allowed to join the San Francisco team without further trouble.

Strike to Terminate

Whatcom, June 11.—The strike of the hod carriers and mixers, which commenced here Monday morning, bids fair to be terminated this afternoon. Last night the brick and stone masons who have indorsed the strike and declared that they would not work with non-union carriers and mixers, rescinded this resolution and passed around the effect that the carriers and mixers, to obtain their support, must complete all quillings now in the course of construction, at the prevailing wage scale.

If their demand for a raise of wages is formulated and given to the contractors so that they may know how to figure future contracts, then the masons will support the movement. All the masons returned to work this afternoon. The carriers and mixers held a meeting this afternoon to consider the masons' action and will most probably acquiesce therein. If they do not, operations will be resumed tomorrow with non-union carriers and mixers.

quasily tough beef.—London Telegraph.

Just Once

It was Charley's first game of golf. His patient friend had taken him sadly around the eighteen holes and watched him hack-the ball into small bits and cut up the green as though it had been plowed by shrapnel. After the game Charley and his patient friend were talking to a few of the golfers on the clubhouse veranda.

"That was a beautiful shot you made this afternoon, Charley," said his patient friend.

Charley brightened up and flushed happily, while the young woman looked at him admiringly. "Which one?" he asked eagerly.

"Why," said the patient friend, "the time you hit the ball."—Chicago Tribune.

"What's yer daddy a-doin' these days?"


"Well, when he ain't a-fishin' he's a lyn' roun', an' when he's a-fishin' he's a-lyn' apyhow!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Giving Her a Lesson

The habit of describing things as "awfully jolly" was amusingly satirized by a gentleman who came home prepared to chat on events of the day. An acquaintance had failed in business. He spoke of this incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden in an omnibus with a friend whom he described as "horribly entertaining," and to crown all he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at his restaurant as "divinely rancid."

"Why, dad, you are going off your head," said his youngest and most pertinent daughter.

"Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this ex-



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