LLOYD OSBOURNE

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Here was certainly a chance for yhow, and Matt, with shoe factory ties dancing in his head. ab ed himself in the conquest of Mr Bates. After supper, over a pipe and a cigar, he continued the good work even broaching the subject tentatively

With a feeling that he already had uildogish grip on the shoe busi-, Matt said good night and went to his room, more than satisfied th his evening's work. As he ilt a atch, however, and touched it to the he was confronted by a sight that ve all these reflections from ad. The mattress was tumbled and ire: the bureau drawers were open room had been searched in ce, and the moment he recov w, a scrap of paper, anything the pelled by an unaccountable instin re below him under the street lat re two men in close conversa All at once they turned and gazed rd, revealing the faces of Mr. B and Mr. Kay, and then they passed nd were lost in the dim street.



There Below Him Under the Street Lamp Were Two Men.

The next morning Matt was scarcely surprised to learn that Bates had departed. The representative of the shoe company was no more—in any boarder sense—and all that remained of him was a two-dollar bill on his dresser. and Miss Gibbs' recollection of sundry creakings and tiptoeings in the middle of the night. Yes, he had vanished, that quiet, deferential, gray haired person with the gold tooth, and with him. also vanished Mart's job to the my-thical shoe factory. The marveling boarders would have marveled more could they have known of Matt's devastated room, but this he kept to him-self, and professed to be as much in the dark about Mr. Bates as any one

lse. Afterward he sallied forth in his best clothes, and as spruce and well groomed as he could make himself, to seek work. The first place he tried was Mr. Beckles' bank, a small brick atructure with plate glass windows Mr. Beckles received Matt effusively in an inner office, proffered a chair, and seemed readier than ever to talk about south sea maids, and the respective The stout old dreamer was frankly and unpleasantly gross. Matt. though far from squeamish, was disagreeably affected. The atrocious hypocrisy of the old fellow jarred on him. He would heve been wiser in his own interest had he pretended to a greater ensiasm. Instead, he switched off to the subject of his job with a suddenness that made the great Turk crimson to the ears and assume an expres-

sion of detected guilt Matt left not only without a job but with the consciousness of an active ill will behind him. He was disquieted, too, to learn that in spite of his reiterated denials he was regarded as a rich man, and, if not actually a Kanaka king, had the reputation of owning vast and far away estates in the south Pacific. Mr. Beckles had been sho really shocked—and bitterly offended, too, at the truth. He would have parted easily with \$1,000 to a swindler, but for the honest man in dire need of work he had nothing save a curt

ed a similar social tumble and a similar rejection. The engineer was at first incredulous and then downright a month. The world that loved a you say that."

As Matt left, flushed, and in Anderson's eyes a chest, he perceived that he chance with strangers with him, and in consequence was quite civil. Courtesy was about all he had to offer, for the company was this forceful colloquialism Matt was ded on his way again to try for a spot where the fires of com

burned less brightly.
Of course he could have gone to
Daggancourt, but at that his pride irew the line. The old mulatto, idering himself deeply ill used, had thrunk into his shell and adopted a en of frozen reproach. He had even eased to greet Matt any longer, pre-inding to look the other way when they met or assuming an abstracted slightest glint of recognition.

> CHAPTER XI. Discharged.

E sought out Mr. Doty inst little, flattered, easy Mr. Doty, who certainly must have conreadbare coat. Mr. Doty was sym-thetic; Mr. Doty understood. In Matt's case nothing could be simpler he sea for the sailor, of course, and they would go right off to his good friend, Captain Jim Bain, who owner half the coasting craft out of-

Oh, but Matt wished to stay in Manaswan! Oh, the old story-I see I see—a young lady, and all the rest of it! Well, well, well! Let Mr. Doty nk, let Mr. Doty think!

Half an hour afterward Matt was formally engaged as physical instruc-tor to the Young Men's Christian aslation at a salary of \$60 a month Unlike its sisters elsewhere, the Man aswan Y. M. C. A. was poorly sup orted, either by the moneyed peo le of the town or the horde of illit ate foreigners whom it was intended to

Mr. Cummins, the superinter very low voiced young man with eye es, laid less stress on Matt's capabilities as a physical instructor than whether be would be prepared to "help out." That had been the trouble with the previous instructors—they wouldn't "help out." Would Matt help out cheerfully? Matt promptly replied that he would, and smiling broadly to prove it, inquired for a more

precise definition of helping out.

This, it seemed, included washing the gymnasium windows, scrubbing the gymnasium floor, drying the bathsuits, cleansing the swimming tank, checking the towels, doing whatever painting or varnishing was required in the building, oiling and cleaning a dozen typewriter machines, and ther services that might be needed.

that he soon found himself on the roof, in a suit of borrowed overalls, assisting a deaf and dumb Swede in rengling it. In this work and others he nassed the day, and in the evening he taught in the gymnasium.

By 10 the gymnasium was clear, which showed his agitation. He grasp and he was free to return home, the ed Matt's extended hand in both his hole to crawl through," Daggancourt By 10 the gymnasium was clear, tiredest man in Manaswan, and happiest. He had got a job; he had already won praise; he foresaw promotion and Chris! He sat down and cratched off a glad little note; the good news was too big to keep; Chris should learn by the morning's mail that he had been unexpectedly—glori-

At breakfast there was one from her. which he tore open and read with a sickening, deadly disappointment. It

Desrest—It did not seem right not to tell papa, and now all that is left of me is a boor, limp little coward in the blackest disgrace. It was worse than his being cross—I could have stood that—but he took it dreadfully, more than I can ever bring myself to tell you. I have promised not to see you for three whole months and not to write to you again except this, and I promised for you, too, to do the same. Please, please don't blame me too much or reproach me. I had no choice—really I had not—and even the three months was a tremendous concession. He insisted I would forget you in three months, and it seemed wiser to take it as a sort of challenge, specially when he said I would be grateful to him all the days of my life. I must just show him that three months won't make the least, tiny difference—and then say, papa, I can't help it, months won't make the least, they diner-ence-and then say, papa, I can't help it, but I love him more than ever, My dar-ling, I will, I will, And do not doubt it or my heart will break. He has a right to know that it is serious, hasn't he? That's what he said over and over

he? That's what he said over and over again till I gave way.

I am determined not to wait a minute ionger than that, papa or no papa, and what you must do is to work hard and be able to support us when the time comes. I have to take your answer for granted, as I solemnly promised you would not write to me. Please don't, my darling, for otherwise you will add to my disgrace and make papa think I have no influence with you.

We're going to Washington today, so that I may be "distracted." I shall be that in all truth, but not in papa's sense, and with a heart like lead at leaving you. Don't blame me too much, for I love him too, you know, better than anything in the world except you. Try not to feel too badly, and remember I shall be thinking of you every minute of the time. I dread to stop, es I have said everything so badly, but it is not the you I love if you do not understand. You will, won't 'you' And love me better than ever, and don't forget that I will come.

Matt reread the letter many times.

Matt reread the letter many times, and his first sensation of utter abandonment imperceptibly altered to a more sanguine view. They were both saved at least the shame of a clandestine affair, with its unavoidable and mortifying discovery. Better to tell the general than to let him find out. Chris had been right there-bravely right. Three months would give Matt time to solidify his position in the Y. M. C. A. and apply leverage to that.

wer surely included Mr. Cummins es, a helping out, cheerful in-ter would soon he worth that ex-

The days that followed in the Y. M. C. A. were like the first, and by degrees the world contracted till it cond of nothing but the F. M. C. A. one end and Mrs. Sattage's at the er, with a mile of streets between Yet Matt was not unhappy. You be sure to be unhappy, and he was sus to succeed. That he was doing so waindubitable, and Mr. Cummins wa

Altogether, the new instructor had ood reason to be satisfied and might ok forward to a raise in salary as something he had well earned. He ild not overreach himself, however by asking for it prematurely. He was too wary for that and was playing for big a stake. With only three weeks gone from the three months he felt he had no time to spare. One morning Mr. Cummins called

him into the office and, fidgeting with some papers in his hand, regarded Matt with considerable embarrassment. "I'm afraid I have bad news you." he said in his very low

'I have been told to let you go." "Discharge me?" exclaimed Matt, unable to believe his ears. "You don't mean that I am—fired?"

pression almost as woenegone as Matt's. "It's none of my doing. Broughton," be explained. "You are the best man I have ever had in that

department, and it came like derciap to me. It's worse than un ust, and I said so flat out. But or ders are orders, and I am only the paid superintendent under the board." "But what do they complain of?" Mr. Cummins hesitated.

"The funny thing is that I don't now," he replied at last. "I couldn't get a reason out of one of them. But omehow they are prejudiced against you-have instructed me to dismiss you at once. Your only means of getting back at them is to demand a full month's salary, and if I were you I ould do it and sue them if they re-

Matt's lip curled. "Give me what I have earned," he said. "To take more rould be like robbing the poor box. If I'm out, I'm out, and that's the end of it"

"A very Christian way to take it, Broughton—a very Christian and praise worthy way to take it. Get your things, and Mr. Phelps will settle with you at the desk."

Matt left the building with a check for \$47 and within his breast a heavy and anxious heart. The world was before him again and that \$75 was farther away than ever.

Forlorn and discouraged, Matt ought out the only man in Manaswan that he could rely on. He needed more than a job; he needed a friend, and where else was he more likely to | tale of Farelly's amazing pertidy. He fine one than in Victor's garage?

car, and it was not until he had been as it might seem, asked bimself nudged by a helper that he straighten whether there was not some connec ed himself and recognized Matt. He tion between it and this unexpected tried to look unconcerned, but there was a telltale quiver of the cheek and there was not somehow or other a startled, constrained air about him, mysterious connection with Mr. Kay.

hide his emotion. "We've both been fools, Victor," said Matt. "I was ashamed to tell you that said Matt. "It may be crazy, but let's they had stolen my money-yes, got try it. Here, I'll write it on the back clean away, with it in San Francisco- of an envelope." wasn't very considerate, I'll admit, and up into a thousand wrinkles. "Try I'm sorry, and"-

"That's all right. Marse Broughton," interrupted the mulatto, lapsing into a



"Can you make room for me?"

proader accent than was his wont. "A entleman can't say more than he's orry, and God knows you have made me mighty glad and thankful. didn't understand, that's all-I didn't

understand." "I'm pretty hard pushed. Victor, Can you find me anything here?" "Find you anything here, sir?"

Yes, a job. It needn't be anything much to begin with. Let me wash cars-anything."

"Is it as bad as that, Marse Brough-Daggancourt was shocked, and slowly took in Matt's shabby appearance and his tanned, careworn face. "Well, if that doesn't break me all up to hear ble ple?"

"It isn't much of a business." b said, indicating the carage. "It don't pay like mules but if you care to come in as a partner, you can have half of

"But I haven't a bent. Victor. didn't mean anything, like , that. want a Job-\$2 a day, perhaps."

"I didn't expect any money, Marse Broughton. You misjudge me whe you say that. They call me a cranky old nigger, and it may be I am, but I am most awful cranky in liking youand if you are willing, sure I am. The generosity of the offer overcame Matt, but he could not bring himself

to take advantage of it. The garage, small as it was represented the sav-ings of years; and to appropriate balf and give nothing but his unskilled ser vices in return was simply impossible It was finally arranged, however, that he was to be engaged at \$75 a month as "demonstrator" of the Jonesmobile with a percentage on all sales he might

Victor had recently acquired the agency for this vehicle. Matt's instructions began at once, and very delightful and inspiring it was, too, as he hung over Daggancourt elucidating mysteries, and asking a pupil's innum ran in that required gasoline or water. or a small adjustment, or a tire changed—and then Matt bestirred him-self to be useful. If only it were to pump till he was crimson, or hand too to Mack and Loney, Daggancourt's workmen.

CHAPTER XIL

A Mysterious Enemy. TH his \$75 assured, an interesting occupation before him and a partnership whenever he chose to take it. he felt that all his troubles were over and that his foot at last was on the ladder of independence. He was in a glow of co. tentment and good will.

It was sad, indeed, when it came to an end. One evening after supper Daggancourt took Matt to one side and with profound depression said that it was "all up."

"It came like a bombshell," he quav ered. "You know, I started the business on nothing four years ago and orrowed \$2,500 of Farley, the money lender. Now today he comes up to me and says, old Farelly does, out of a clear sky and without the least warning just as he was writing the receipt in my office with a fountain pen. ! have to call in that \$2,500, Victor, and will ask you to make an immediat set lement.' I said: 'Marse Farelly, that isn't fair. As God sees us, that isn't fair, and I could no more do it than I could fly.' Then he flubbles with his fountain pen and sticks it pack most careful in his vest pocket and says, 'Then you'll have to get

"And didn't he make any explana-

Matt's attention was disturbed by a thought that grew and grew more insistent as the mulatto poured out the remembered his singular dismissa Daggancourt was working over a from the Y. M. C. A. and, incredible catastrophe and whether behind both

own and bent his gray old head to continued explosively, "not a week's grace nothing." "I believe I can get you out of this,"

and then you took it all wrong and Victor was astounded; his face, as froze up like a silly old iceberg. I withered as old leather, screwed itself

what?" he demanded. "You sit down and copy this off and have it in his letter box inside of an

interview, I fear I was not in a state best to explain the prosperous condition of the garage or how really unwise it would be garage or how really unwise it would be in your own interests to terminate my connection with it. The fact was that I was very much upset by another matter—a row I had had with my demonstrator shortly before you came in. This fellow Broughton acted abominably, and I had to threaten him with a constable before he would go, and afterward he came back again and tried to clean out the shop with a piece of lead pipe. Excuse me for bothering you with all this, but I am sure that if you will let me bring you the books and show you how well the garage is going you will reconsider your wish to call in the note. Our agency prospects are very bright, and the sale of two Jonesmobiles in eighteen days speaks for itself. I feel positive I can satisfy you in regard to everything if you will only be so very kind as to let me come and go over the kind as to let me come and go over the figures. Respectfully yours, "VICTOR DAGGANCOURT."

"And I'm to write him that?" asked the mulatto. "Sakes alive, Marse ghton, what in the name of goodness do you want me to do that for?" "Because I think I know what's the matter with Mr. Farelly. I may be wrong, but I believe the whole scheme s simply to get me out of my job. That's why I put in the lead pipe and all that—and mind you, stick to it, Vic-tor, for all you're worth."

"But why should Farelly do that? Excuse me. Marse Broughton, but you are all off. I might as well send bim a picture post card of the Masonic building as this here letter."

"Victor, it's like this: I have got hold of a little piece of a big secret-something extraordinary, inexplicable, in volving the best friend I have in the world, and I am on my honor to him to keep my mouth shut. If it wasn't for that promise I'd tell you everything. You get that letter off to Farelly as quick as you can."

"It ain't a bit of use, sir. and truly, Marse Broughton, it ain't a

"Do it to oblige me, anyhow." "All right, Marse Broughton; though couldn't you cut out some of the hum-

Not a bite of it! You write it just he way it is and then leave it at his

so late, indeed, that Daggancourt had ne returned soon with the tidings that he letter had been miraculously sucstal. Yes, old Farelly, after a pressed himself entirely satisfied; the notes were not to be called in: everything was to go on as before; the garage was saved!

What clinched it was when I said I'd have to find another boarding place," added Daggancourt, with a puckered grin; "said I was afraid to stop where you was, may the Lord forgive me. For God's sake, get away from here. Marse Broughton, or worse may come of it. Get away quick, and here's \$150 I drew at the bank."

Matt pushed the money back. "No, o, Victor," he exclaimed; "I'm going to stick it out. I am going to stay in Manaswan if it rains wildcats!"

After losing two more position through the machinations of his mys terious foes Matt succeeded in getting a job on the water front. But what he had not reckoned on was the overmastering, crushing fatigue that made it mpossible to keep it. A man unaccus med to severe and prolonged manual abor has little chance on the docks. Matt, working one day and often recu perating for two, exerted every nerve to ind less killing employment Sullivan the boss stevedore, told him the Moun tain View quarry was to be opened up with forty Hungarians and that he had recommended Matt for gang foreman of the place. "You're to drive out or Sunday morning and talk it over," said Sullivan.

The place was a lonely one. Matt, scenting trouble, took Daggan court, an auto, two mechanics and a shotgun for each. The quarry was deserted, but they found a highway man's mask on the ground and hurried away as fast as the auto tow wagor could go. The plot, whatever it was had failed when the unknown con spirators saw Matt and his armed companions. Miles away Matt and his friends stopped for luncheon. Soon Chris, riding beside her father, came



Suddenly There Was a Flash of a

Whip. past. Matt found himself holding her talking and listening with breathless animation. She had not been able to stay away longer. She ved him and would say it before the world, promise or no promise. It had en unbearable, and she was twentythree and her own mistress, and, oh, had he succeeded in what they had the ring-that's five more, seventeenplanned? No, he had not. It was a and the auto; I insist upon paying for bitter confession, but he had not. They had got him out of one thing aft er another; had forced him to his the train!" knees. He had been persecuted and hunted till he was well nigh crazy. Over all was another voice stridently crying: "Let go my daughter's horse, sir! Do you hear, sir? Let go my daughter's horse!" a voice vibrating with passion and yet immeasurably distant and as unconsidered as the

drone of a wasp. Suddenly there were a flash of a whip and a stinging blow cut across Matt's face. Another flash, a scream, and he had wrenched the whip from a wrinkled old hand and was about to lash out with it himself on that convulsive and raging figure. To his dying day he was thankful he threw it from him instead, dizzlly refraining as he realized it was Chris' father and that he must not strike an old man.

Then the two horses took fright and bolted, burling Matt to the ground; from which he looked after them on one elbow, oblivious of everything but Chris' safety. But she was as good a rider as her father and as spirited as her own thoroughbred. She was keeping her seat in that headlong gallop and, leaning back like a little jockey, was jerking manfully at the curb. But nothing could have checked those their terror. Straining neck and neck.

they diminished and disappeared, leaving that gick with fees

ing Matt sick with fear. Christine was not injured, and that evening a plain, middle aged woman came to the boarding house and gave him this note:

My Darling-I am sending you this by my Swiss mald. Flexner, whom don't trust too much. She will tell you what I have planned, for I am so used up, so distract. planned, for I am so used up, so distracted, that I cannot write it, though I have tried twice. I am at the end of my courage and everything, and if we don't snatch at our happiness now we shall lose it forever. It was wicked of him to strike you. Wicked, wicked, wicked! Let Flexner do all the talking till you understand. Don't

ed her 2000 dols, and that is a fortun her country, where I suppose she wi ttle down and yodel for the rest of ac

Matt pondered a moment and the quired. "You are Flexner?"

"Yes, sir." Will you please give me your mes

My young lady wishes to do a very foolish thing," said Flexner, with a disapproving, pursing of her mouth She wants you to run away with he morrow morning. You are to get a carriage, or, better, an automobile and pick her up tomorrow morning at 4 o'clock at the Fair Oaks' entrance Previously I shall have packed a small portmanteau and placed it outside the ouse, and all next day I will inform her father that she is ill and cannot be disturbed. By this means you reach Middleborough without trouble and get married, and then take the train to New York. From New York you will travel to San Francisco, and there you stay, no matter how poor, how starving, till the opportunity arrives to go to that place where you have a friend-a very rich, queer man whom once you served and who will take you back in employment.

"John Mort." said Matt to himself. She says it must be now or not at ill, for she cannot be so brave twice. she says desperate people have to take desperate chances. She asks you to answer yes or no."

Matt made a hasty calculation. He nad almost a hundred dollars. This, with Chris' \$82 would easily get them to California, with something to spare. He told Flexner that his answer was "Yes" and put into the word a warmth that he hoped she would carry to her mistress. She was to say that he had \$97 and would carry out his instructions implicity; was also to say that she was the pluckiest girl in the world. At half past 3 Matt and Daggancourt were at the gates of Fair Oaks.

There was a sound of voices, of feet running, of muffled exclamations in the dark. A slight figure murmured pantingly, "Oh, Matt, is it you?" and clung to him. In an instant they were speeding through the deep defile again, ngulfed in the night.

Matt's recollection of his elopement was both strangely blurred and strangely vivid. He was tired to exhaustion, and so was Chris. Nothing could keep them long awake, not even the ecstasy of being together. Yet that dawn was the most imperishable memory of his life as he looked down at her, nestled beside him, with the heavy lashes fringing her cheeks. She opened her sleepy eyes and nestled closer-and closer still when he whispered it was their wedding day.

They say responsibility gravitates to the shoulders fit to hear it. In this case the shoulders were Daggancourt's, and his was the directing spirit. He had charged himself with the whole business and had thought out a plan of campaign in which the others were merely to do what they were bid. They did so meekly, bewildered and happy at this fresh instance of the irst being last and the last first.

The ring was bought, the license obtained, and a benignant fossil recited the marriage ceremony in a stuffy parlor. Victor slipped a ten dollar note in his not unwilling hand, and the couple left the stuffy parlor-mar-

ried. At Claremont they caught the New York express, and Daggancourt, who had taken the tickets, hurried them through a Pullman to the compart-

ment he had reserved. "How do we stand, Victor?" Matt asked, "Two for the license, ten for Mr. What-dye-call him, and, oh, yesthat-and the tickets. For heaven's sake, be quick about it or they'll start

"Marse Broughton, you aren't as well fixed as you ought to be," said Daggancourt. "and-and so I think we'll just let it stand over if you don't mind."

"Stand over? I should say not! Here, take thirty-five and call it

"It can never be that between you and me, sir," returned Victor, with a droop of the lower lip that made him look the embodiment of guilt. "I'm powerful fond of you, Marse Broughton, and-and it would be a great favor if you would just accept it-temporary. Like you might from a white man," he added stammeringly, "only temporary, till you sort of get settled, and"-

"I'll take it," Matt said brokenly, "and I won't pretend it isn't a gift,

either. God knows, I need it, Victor, and 1-1 thank you." They waved farewell, as it well all their past life as well as to that shabby figure receding behind them. The new one seemed to date from the moment they found themselves alone together for the first time since dawn: as they looked at each other-that haginto their own hands.

HRIS, who was sitting on the bed in a cheap rooming house in San Francisco, lookestness: "Matt, I want to tell you something." "Why, what is it?" he asked care

lessly. "We were followed all the way up from the ferry."

"Followed?"

"Yes, a man followed as: I'm pestof it" She rose, and going to the vindow, looked out. "Oh, Matt. there be is "Come quick."



She Opened Her Eyes

But Matt was too late; the man had disappeared in the direction of a

Matt had intended to go to Speed & Hargrenves and, demanding an explanation of their outrageous conduct, force them to a settlement. His position was unassailable. If they could show him no ring-and he knew they did not have it-he could threaten them with the police and press them to the wall. But the unwisdom of such a course grew more and more apparent. It would be tantamount to announcing his arrival to Mr. Kay, with unforeseeable dangers and consequences.

Snood & Hargreaves were put; by as a last resort, only to be braved in the extremity of misfortune. Instead, Matt would make the round of the business houses with which he had formerly dealt on John Mort's behalf and borrow sufficient money, if he could, for a steerage passage in the mail steamer to Samoa.

Chris accompanied him. It was plustering, windy day, bleak and erless, and it seemed to become bleaker and more cheerless still as Mart was denied at one office after another. He was the victim of bygone zeal, of bygone loyalty and bonesty. However lightly be had spent his own money, he had always been a hard bargainer where John Mort's was concerned. How remorselessly that "5 per cent for cash" now rose in judgment against him-that "I can do better at Turner's," or whatever it was-

to bring down the price. By 4 o'clock be had to confess himself beaten. Except for a ship chandler at the foot of Market street, the list of sible lenders was exhausted. But he had never put much business in this man's way, whose last name he had some trouble in remembering. Yes, foily old Englishman as round as a

tub. Coleman greeted him heartily-so heartily that Matt was ashamed of the

surprise he was about to spring. "You'd better be careful, Joe." he said, with a wretched effort at a smile. "I'm on my uppers, and every shake of my hand may cost you \$5."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Coleman in sham trepidation. "Here, sit down on that barrel and have a cigar. Bless you, lad, it's like old times to see you Joe was a common old fellow, but his robust good will and sympathy

were very warming. Puffing at his cigar and leaning against an anchor, he told Matt "to get on with his tale of Matt obeyed, but with reservations, saying briefly that he had tried shore life and failed and wanted to return to

"That's easy," said Coleman. "No eed to be so blue about it. I'm good for a hundred dollars. I always liked ou. Broughton, and when I like a man it don't stop at the trousers pocket. Bless your handsome face, it don't All you've to do is to catch the mail boat and make a bee line for the co-

coanuts and the girls."

"I have mine with me, Joe., I'm mar-"Oh, I say!" Coleman exclaimed, rubbing his chin and looking worried. "You've been going it, haven't you? A hundred dollars is about my limit. I couldn't go more than a hundred, and that's what they charge for a single passage to Samoa. Hold on, though, I

have it! Ship steward or work your way and let wifey be the passenger."

Coleman suddenly dashed to the loor and grabbed the arm of a man who had stopped for a moment to peer in. He was a short, thick set person of a seafaring cut, with the appearance of a north German or a Scandinavian and popping blue eyes that danced with good humor. He was constrol introduced to Matt as Captain Schwartz of the schooner Es-

meralda. "I fancied you had up with the mudhook and cleared a month ago!" cried

"No such luck," growled Captain Schwartz in a strong German accent. "Everybody behind; everybody humbugging; drouble, drouble, drouble all the time."

To be Continued

Sang E From The Anglo saw the first recders as

listory was met around mbera an

Mr. A. the chorus OUR L

sion of opi was such significant ing. Why The proble shires and towards or rivalry is a for both th