

"I've a greaser down yonder who can open the throttle," said McTodd gloomily, "but he's got no notion of nursing sick engines like these, and as like as not he'll drive them off their bedplates in a score of revolutions. You'd better let me keep the engine room myself, captain. I'm a sick man, and I'm no fit for fighting with my throat as dry as it is now."

Captain Kettle poured out a liberal two fingers of whisky and handed it across. "Now, Mac," said he, "wet your neck and let's have no more of this nonsense. You'll have to fight for your life inside of ten minutes, and you'll do it better sober."

The engineer eyed the whisky and poured it slowly down his appointed path. "Mon," he said, "ye've an awful poor opinion of my capacity. I'll just be off and give you oodly greaser instructions and get my side arms and be with you again in 40 clock ticks."

"I pity the nigger that comes to hand grips with McTodd," said Kettle when the grimy man in the gray pyjamas had left the charthouse. "He's an ugly beggar to handle when he's sober as he is now. We'll get ready now, sir, if you please. You go to the after end of the bridge deck with McTodd and the second mate, and I'll look after the forward end with the old mate and the second engineer. When they try to rush the ladder, McTodd will give them the steam, and they'll never be able to face it. All you and the second mate have to do is to see they don't climb up over the rail."

"I wish it could be avoided," said Cortolvin sadly. "That high pressure steam will scald some of them horribly."

"It will do more than that," said Kettle. "It will strip the meat clean off their bones."

"I have lived among those men or their sort for two solid years, and many of them have shown me kindnesses."

"You should have thought of that, sir, before you came to me here in the charthouse."

"I did think of it, but I couldn't be a renegade to my color, and so I came. But, captain, will you let me speak to them? Will you let me tell them that their scheme is known and prepared for? Will you let me explain to them what they will have to face if they start an outbreak?"

Captain Kettle frowned. "You will understand that I am not frightened of the beasts," he said.

"I quite know that," said Cortolvin, "and I am sorry to spoil a fight. But it is their lives I am begging for."

"Very well," said Kettle, "you can fire away. I don't speak their bat, and it is as well they should know from some one who they have to look forward to. Here's a life preserver which you may find useful. It's the only weapon I have to offer you. My pistol is the only gun we have in the ship."

The pair of them went outside the charthouse and walked to the head of the forward ladder. A steam pipe lay on the deck planks, and the second engineer stood beside it with thumbs in his waist strap. On the deck below the pilgrims no longer squatted on their carpets, but stood together in knots and talking excitedly. Cortolvin clapped his hands, and the sea of savage faces turned toward him.

There were representatives in that mob from half the Mohammedan peoples of northern Africa. There were lean Arab camel breeders of the desert, jet black farmers from the great lakes and the upper Nile, Hausas from the western Sudan, limp fellahs from lower Egypt, an Egba who had served in the British police force at Lagos, merchants from the back of the Barbary States, workers in metal from Sokoto and weavers from Timbuktu. They were not all holders of the title of hadji, for, though by the Mohammedan law every male must make the Mecca pilgrimage at least once in a lifetime, unless debarred by poverty or lameness, it may be done by deputy, and these deputies, fierce, truculent ruffians, who had lived their lives among incessant wars and travel, were perhaps the most dangerous of all the lot.

They listened to their late associate with a momentary hush of surprise. He spoke to them in fluent Arabic. He did not appeal to their better feelings. He knew his audience. He said it was written that if they tried this thing, if they attempted to capture the steamer, they should surely fail, that all things were prepared to give them battle and that a horrible death awaited those who persisted in their design, and then he tried to point out the nature of the Saigon's defenses, but there he failed. It is ill work to explain the properties of high pressure steam to savages. A murmur rose among them which grew. They roared defiance, and then the great black mass of them rushed for the iron ladder.

Captain Kettle clapped a whistle to his lips and blew it shrilly. "Now, then, Mr. Cortolvin," he cried, "away with you aft to help McTodd. The cattle here want something more than talk, and I'm going to give it to them."

In answer to his whistle steam had been turned on from below. The second engineer unhitched his thumbs from his waist belt, took a lump of waste in each grimy hand and lifted the iron pipe. It was well jointed and moved easily, and he turned the nozzle of it to sweep the ladder. In that baking air the steam did not condense readily. It traveled three yards from the nozzle of the pipe before it became even thinly visible, and it infringed upon the black, naked bodies and burned horribly without being seen.

At first they did not flinch. With a dreadful valor they faced the torment and fought with each other to be first upon the rungs, and then when those in front would have held back the mob behind pressed them irresistibly onward. In a moment or so the first rank began to go down before that withering blast, and then others trod on them and fell also till the hill of writhing black humanity grew to half the height of the iron ladder, and in the meantime

others of the pilgrims were trying to storm the bridge deck at other points, but on the port side, the gray headed old mate fighting bareback with an ax and to starboard Captain Kettle, with pistol and knuckle duster, battled like wildcats to keep the sacred planking inviolate.

What was going on at the after end of the Saigon they could not tell. From behind them came the roar of the fighting Hausa and the savage warcries of the desert just as they rose up from before their faces. But in its first flush the fight was too close for any man's thoughts to wander from his own immediate adversaries.

It seemed, however, that the battle was over first in the after part of the steamer, and whether this was because the attack there was less heartful or because Mr. McTodd's artillery was the more terrible cannot now be known. The question was debated much afterward without coming to a decision. But anyway, by the time Captain Kettle's adversaries had ceased to rage against him, Cortolvin was free to come and stand by his side as interpreter. The wounded lay sprawling and writhing about the iron decks below them. The survivors—and scarcely one of those was without his scald—huddled against the forecastle, and the grimy second engineer held the steam pipe upward so that a gray pall hung between the Saigon and the sun.

"Now, sir," said Kettle, "kindly translate for me. Tell those animals to check all their hardware over the side, or I'll cook the whole lot of them like so many sausages."

Cortolvin lifted up his voice in sonorous Arabic. "It was written," he cried, "that the gnomer should prevail. It is written also that those among you having wit shall cast your weapons into the sea. It is written, moreover, that those of you who do not on this instant disarm shall taste again of the scorching breath of Eblis."

A stream of weapons leaped up through the air and fell into the swells alongside with tinkling splashes.

"It would be a weariness to guard you," Cortolvin went on. "Swear by the beard of the prophet to make no further attempt against this ship, or we shall jail you fast in death."

A forest of trembling black hands shot up before him.

"We swear!" they cried.

"Then it is written that you keep your vow," said Cortolvin. "God is great. See now to your sick." He turned to Kettle and touched his ragged turban after the manner of an officer reporting. "The mutiny is ended, sir," he said.

Captain Kettle swung himself lightly on to the upper bridge and telegraphed "full speed ahead" to the engine room.

"There was none actually killed at my end," said Cortolvin.

"I dropped four," said Kettle. "I had to. It was either me or them. And my old mate axed half a dozen before they let him be. We'd a tight time here while it lasted."

"It will require a good lump of backsheesh to explain it all satisfactorily at Kossair."

"Oh, I can't go near there now after this! No custom house for me, sir. I shall just run inshore a dozen miles short of it and put the beggars on the beach in my boats and let them get into Kossair as best they can. I suppose you'll come back with me?"

"I suppose so. Anyway I can't go on with them."

"I can imagine," said Kettle dryly.

"But what about yourself? If by chance this affair gets into the newspapers inquiries will be made, and you'll very possibly find yourself in an ugly hole."

"It won't get in the papers," said Kettle thoughtfully. "The pilgrims can't tell, my officers aren't for their own sakes, and you leave me to see my coolies don't. Newspapers," he repeated dreamily, "queer the hint should have come like that."

"What hint?"

"I remembered then where I'd seen your name, sir. It was in The Times of India, general news column."

"What was said?"

"Well, sir, I suppose you'd better be told, but you must hold up for a hardish knock. Will you come into the charthouse for a minute and have a peg?"

"No. Get along, man, get along!"

"I think it was about your wife, sir. Does she hunt?"

"All the season."

"Then it will be her. I remember now it said Richmond, in Yorkshire, and the name was Mrs. W. H. Cortolvin. She's broken her neck, sir."

Cortolvin clutched at the white rail of the bridge. "My God," he cried, "dead! Julia dead!" He then turned away and walked to the end of the bridge and staid there for awhile, leaning against an awning stanchion, staring at the baking levels of the Red sea which were slipping past the Saigon's rusty flanks. And then he came back again and stood at Kettle's side, looking down at the pilgrims anointing their scalds below. "I have learned to be something of a fatalist, captain," he said, "when I was among those people. This is how I sum the situation: 'It was written that my wife should die while I was away. It was written also that I should live. God ordered it all. God is great.'"

Captain Kettle gripped his hand in sympathy. "I'm sorry for you, sir. Believe me, I am truly sorry. If you think a bit of poetry about the occasion would help you at all, just you say, and I'll do it. I'm in the mood for poetry now. All things put together, we've been through a pretty heavy time during these last few hours."

"Thanks, skipper, thanks," said Cortolvin. "I know you mean well. And now, if you don't mind, I'll leave you. I think I'd like to be alone for a bit."

"You do, sir. Go and lie down on my bunk. I'll have you a beautiful elegy written by the time you're back on deck again. It will comfort you."

THE END.

A BUTCHERLESS FUTURE.

Thanks, thanks, most researchful of doctors! My feelings with gratitude thrill as I welcome this latest, this greatest, display of your chemical skill. Your synthesis, though it is simple, the scientists say is complete. And it is to be long to accomplish the total extinction of meat.

It points to a butcherless future, it heralds a butcheryless age. When the pleasures, so called, of the table will be no longer engendered. And when the now exigent scurvy performance quite contented will be. With a nutritive lozenge for luncheon and a succulent tabloïd for tea.

The steak that is tough and the mutton that only too often is cold. The fish that is persistently stringy, will pass like a tale that is told. And instead we shall feed on a substance, which no one's digestion can mar. Prepared from the divers waste products of gas works, especially tar.

The druggist in flesh forming oxides and acids peptonic will deal. Instead of a carte a prescription will furnish the plates of a meal. A duly diplomated dispenser our orders for dinner will book.

While with rapture we lead an existence uncurbed by the demon plain cook.

Yes, doctor, you open a vista of days when the banquet shall cease. And when orators, now so loquacious, shall hold their postprandial peace.

For how could the readiest speakers the toast list wade steadily through. After dinner on phenolic jujubes and an albumen capsule or two?

—London Truth.

The Matter of an Allowance. "My dear," whispered the young man, "as we are soon to be married we should take a practical view of life and profit by the mistakes of others. For instance, there is the subject of a regular allowance every week for spending money, you know."

"Oh, I've thought of that," she replied sweetly.

"Have you?"

"Yes, indeed. Hundreds and hundreds of times, and lately I haven't thought of much else."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Your income is \$2,000, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I want it to go as far as possible toward your happiness."

"Of course. Well, I've talked it over with mamma, and she thinks an allowance of \$1 a week will be plenty."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. You can walk to the office, you know, and carry your lunch, you know, and so you can use the whole dollar for cigars and neckties and things."

DENISON FRATERNITIES.

DOWDALL LODGE NO. 90, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, McHenry hall. Visiting members always cordially welcome.

SYLVAN LODGE, NO. 507, A. F. & A. M. Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon. Special meetings 2d Tuesday following, Laub's Hall. Visiting members in the city are urged to attend.

SYLVAN CHAPTER, NO. 207, O. E. S. Regular meeting first Tuesday evening after full moon in Laub's Hall. Visitors welcome.

DENISON LODGE, NO. 628, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Odd Fellows visiting in the city are especially invited.

SIDONIA LODGE, NO. 393, I. O. O. F. (German). Meets every Friday night, in Laub's Hall at 8 o'clock. Visitors especially welcome.

HAWKEYE CAMP NO. 75, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD. Meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in Laub's Hall. Visiting sovereigns invited.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ST. ROSE OF LIMA—Catholic. Services every morning at 7:30. First and third Sundays in each month services at 10:30. Parish school in connection taught by Sisters of St. Francis. Every body invited.

GERMAN M. E. CHURCH. Services every Sunday. Sunday School 9:30 to 10:30. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. (Class meets at 11:30). Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening.

METHODIST CHURCH. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday School at 11:45. Junior League at 3:00 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Teachers' meeting following prayer meeting.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Lutheran. Regular services at 10:30 a. m. on Sundays Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

BAPTIST. Preaching services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young People's Union Monday evenings at 7:30. Prayer meetings Thursdays evenings at 7:30. Ladies' prayer meetings Friday afternoons at 3:00 o'clock. Covenant meetings before first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:50.

PRESBYTERIAN. Sabbath services after first day of May at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. and Young People's Christian Endeavor at 7:30 p. m. Weekly prayer meetings Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Bible class and Teachers' meeting immediately after prayer meeting. Choir practice Friday at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid every third Wednesday at 3 o'clock, and Ladies' Missionary Society every second Friday of the month.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST—L. D. S. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST—Scientist. Services every Sunday at 10:30 and Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock. Services in McKim Hall. Reading room in connection. Open from 3 to 6 p. m. The public is invited to call and acquaint themselves with the teachings of Christian Science.

Original notice. In the District Court of Iowa for Crawford County.

Stone & Temple, Plaintiffs, vs. Benton Miles, Defendant.

To the above named Defendant: You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of Crawford county, Iowa, a petition by the plaintiff, Stone & Temple, a partnership, claiming of you the sum of \$91.00, with interest thereon at 8 per cent from March 25th, 1898, and statutory attorney fees and cost of suit upon one promissory note given by you to the plaintiff, which petition further asks an attachment against your property.

For particulars see petition when on file. Now unless you appear in ratio and defend before noon of the second day of the next term of said court commencing at Denison, Crawford county, Iowa, on the tenth day of October, A. D. 1898, a default will be entered against you and judgment rendered as prayed.

J. P. CONNER, Attorney for plaintiff.



The Lonesome One—Dese lovesick fools make me stomach ache. Dat's right.—New York Journal.

Briefs From Billville. The rain has ruined the cotton. This was providential, as it saves us from selling it at 5 cents.

The Billville boys have been mustered out and have gone to Washington to join the pension department.

Now that the war is over most of the generals have gone to fighting each other. The war was so short that very few had the opportunity of being made colonel by simply fighting for it.—Atlanta Constitution.

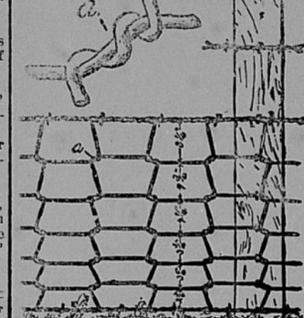
Good Idea. "I'm going to the Philippines to start a paper there."

"What kind?"

"Why, a colored weekly, of course."—New York Journal.

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