

DAN KNAAPP, T. A. B.

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND.

BETTER chuck your duds into your kit and come along with us," said Knapp.

"Go with you where?" I asked in surprise.

"Knapp has anticipated me as usual," said the doctor. "It's like this, Mr. Brown. We've got a tight little schooner that we picked up at quite a bargain and we've just finished fitting out for a trade cruise around the Philippine archipelago."

"Well," drawled Knapp, "let's put it on a business basis, then you can tell better how you stand. Boles and I have got this schooner and we're going to run over to Manila and get our trading stuff, and then take a cruise around the open ports of the southern islands of the group, on the lookout for a cargo of hemp, which we'll trade for coffee, tobacco, coffee, copra, curios, pearls, silks, pino, or any darn thing we can lay hands on at a reasonable bargain."

"I looked from one to the other in much perplexity and doubt. "Gentlemen," Boles said, "this is a very generous proposition, but it is so unexpected that I don't just know how to regard it."

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"I wished him 'good-day,' and for a few minutes talked in a circle, exchanging compliments and felicitations. He was a rather good looking Spanish Visayan mestizo, and seemed a person of breeding and poise. Soon I introduced him to Knapp, who crumpled his nose, and explained that we were Englishmen and on a little trading cruise, and hearing so much of the wealth and resources of his well known city, as well as of the great personal charm of its president, we had put in while passing, and the president himself came out to greet us."

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indeed, ridiculously small. In confirmation, he showed me a roughly drafted contract from the owners of the schooner to pay the money down as soon as the hemp should be delivered on board. This I showed to Knapp, who studied it carefully.

"Now, kid," he said at length excitedly, "is the chance for you to get in your due work. Tell this old Greaser that, although disappointed in getting our cargo, we bear no ill-will, and invite him and these other Greasers out aboard to lunch. Tell 'em we've got a bully cook, and the best booze that

"Savvy?" said Knapp, when I had finished. "I think so," said Boles, "but it's a slightly dangerous game, and we've got no right to mix Brown up in it without his permission." He turned to me.

"Knapp's scheme is this, Brown: to get these two scoundrels off here and lay the keel for a jag—a seagoing jag that will last for twelve hours or so. Then, when they're well sewed up, take 'em back aboard their schooner and leave them in the meanwhile we'll do a little financing with the

know, because I know about what he has hit the proposition will always remain a dark secret. When finished, it was a rather pleasant and harmless enough tasting prescription, but, as Knapp afterward said, it was sighted for 5,000 yards, and ten drops was a dose for an adult. Boles served it out in long whisky-and-soda goblets of course, if Knapp and I had had any sense we would have gotten rid of ours over the side, but, somehow, that struck us as unsportsmanlike, and he afterward said that he felt the same way. As for Boles himself, nothing

ter for me, I suppose, I never yet knew of a man that didn't get a little better from D. T.'s. The companionway was stiff proposition, but, once up, the cool air revived me.

"The schooner was still at anchor, but her main and foreails were set, and the anchor hove short up. The decks were covered with long, golden-yellow hemp fibres, which my eyes came open wider still.

"For the Lord's sake—" I began in amazement, but Boles tapped me on the shoulder.

"Oh, never mind that," he said. "Look over there!"

I looked, and what I saw sobered me up like a cold plunge. Just under our stern lay the schooner of our rivals, and astern of her, not a cable's length away, there lay a newcomer, a little brigantine of about our own tonnage. Her boat lay alongside the schooner, but no one was in sight. I looked aloft, then on all sides. Not a breath of air was stirring.

"The plot thickens," said I, turning to Boles.

"Well, rather. There are four white men on that ship, and I don't doubt know how many natives. The worst of it is that we were taking on the last of that hemp when the brig came. Otherwise we might slip out before they get wind of what was up."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"I'm rather hard to say, but I shouldn't wonder if Knapp had the right idea."

I looked around, and there sat Knapp at the edge of the hatch cleaning a rifle.

A noise astern of us caught our ears. We looked back and saw four men come up the companionway of the schooner. Boles leveled his glass.

"There are our friends of yesterday," he remarked, "and they act as if they were vexed about something."

money can buy. They'll come—or Greasers are a lot different in this part of the world than they are anywhere else. Then we'll go back aboard and talk to Boles, and deliver the stuff to us. The president's agent will receive from me the sum agreed upon, for which he will receipt. In case there is any delay in loading, or getting out of this hole tomorrow morning, it is easily possible that we may have a little fight on our hands. Now what do you say?"

"As far as I'm concerned, go ahead," said I, "entertaining my long suit, and if I can't beat that hairy gorilla to death as I'd like to, perhaps I can drink him to death, or into 'D. T.'"

I dodged the slap on the shoulder that I saw coming from Knapp.

"That's the talk, youngster. We'll make a roaring buccaner of you yet. Now let's unlimber for the fray."

A little after 12 we saw our guests making their way up cautiously, and their sentiment is a little marred, their outfit was alongside.

Our Chinese cook gave us a very good dinner indeed, and from the fact that he had in our wine locker, and set to work.

What he put in that four decoction I

short of sulphuric acid could have ever put his steady head on the bias.

We stuck at it, drink for drink, for about four rounds, and then the blow fell. We seemed suddenly to have run into a fogbank—then it cleared a bit and I saw the two Spaniards dancing furiously up and down, locked in one another's arms—and wondered how they ever managed to do it with the schooner on her beam ends. Thereupon I was lost in admiration for their cleverness, and wanted to go over and embrace them, as they weren't such bad fellows after all. But when I got up, a sword must have gotten under her, for the deck rose with me.

I dimly overheard Boles saying to the president: "And then Emilio might tan a course at Julius."

When I awoke it seemed to me that I had just gone over Niagara falls, and was about to enter the rapids. I rose suddenly upright, and it did not seem the thump that I gave my head on the deck above to remind me that I had one. Knapp was standing beside my bunk with a grin on his face and an empty bucket in his hand. Behind was Boles, wearing a worried look.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, not so bad; I'm more used to this kind of hardship," said I, beginning to "take notice." "What time is it?"

"Six o'clock."

"Morning or evening?"

"Morning," he answered with a bit of a smile. "Getting your bearings?"

"Yes," said I, thinking a bit. "We had a time, didn't we? How about the hemp?"

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"My ear was caught by a little tapping noise aloft. Looking up I saw the mainsail gently stirred. Outside a dark blue streak appeared on the horizon. A puff of air caught my cheek.

"Hooray!" I exclaimed, "there comes the breeze!"

"Yes," said Knapp, "and here come the greasers."

Boles waved his hand aloft, and the next moment we heard the iron rings of the jib scraping along the forestay. Slowly the schooner began to pay off. But the boat was now close alongside, and coming on as if they meant to board us. In the stern sat our gorilla-like friend and his evil-looking mate. The sight of them sent little shivers through me and down my spine, but I think that it was excitement rather than fear.

Boles hailed the boat and waved them back with his hand.

"Go back, my friends," he shouted, "and can't receive you, as we are going out. Adios."

The boat kept right on its course.

"Stop, stop," called Boles again. "I say you cannot receive you. Another stroke at your peril."

The boat still kept on.

"Shoot high, boys," said Boles. "About a foot above their heads. Let them feel the wind!"

Our rifles rang out, and the boat immediately held water. The gorilla rose to his feet.

"But why is this, amigos?" he called reproachfully. "I do not understand. We have had come to bid adios to our kind hosts."

"Then for what purpose are the weapons which I saw but a moment ago in the stern of the boat?" Boles replied.

The face of the gorilla underwent a change. His brows came down and his mouth opened with an expression of malignant ferocity.

"Ah—Dios!—pigs of Englishmen, you have stolen our cargo, first having poisoned us with your vile deception!"

"That's not the only one," I said to myself.

"The senior is surely in error," attacked Boles politely. "It is true of us we have had a few bales of very poor hemp—but for all of it we have paid a good price and received a receipt. As we were stowing the last of our cargo with deep regret that our schooner had been mistaken for yours, and it is probable that the mistake has not yet been discovered. But what would you with a man of your business, and a man must look after his own interests—is it not so?"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and for that reason I have the honor that unless he delivers over the cargo to us we will come and take it by force."

He smiled, and his yellow gleamed through his bristling moustache.

"What does he say?" demanded Boles.

"As if he had been a child he picked him up in his great hand, carried him below. I put one of the Japs at the wheel, motioned to the cook to watch the prisoners and followed him.

Boles was still at the wheel, and a glancing ball along the side of the head, and the other a bullet clean through the lungs. When Knapp realized that his own shot had been so fatal to save his friend his grief and self-reproach were pitiful to see. But it was all unnecessary, for the doctor made a good recovery from both wounds.

When we got off the end of the point, safe from all pursuit, Knapp hove the schooner up an anchor. The prisoners ashore, as we had no earthly use for them, I suppose they made their way back along the beach. We had made Boles as comfortable as possible, and after he came out of his faint he calmly superintended our rough attempts at a surgical dressing. Strange to say, the pain through his chest had almost immediately, but he told me that this was very apt to be the case in wounds of this description.

Knapp was a poor hand at navigation, but under Boles' direction we managed to find Manila again in about a week. We stopped at one little place on the way and got a little more hemp and some tobacco.

When we got back to Manila I found that I really had no desire to leave the schooner, and as they were very anxious to have me stay with them, and Knapp even offered to pay me an even share, I decided to remain for a while longer. Of course, I declined, in fact, absolutely refused to accept any of the money profits of the enterprise, considering myself to be more than amply repaid in the benefits of my health and the grand impetus given to my work. For a man may study, sketch and read, but until he has laid his naked life in the hollow of the hand of the great ocean god on his own domain, he has yet to feel the Spirit of the Sea.

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Shown Him My Half-Filled Sketch-Book.

Woman's Background, Fortress and Refuge

By Margaret E. Sangster

Home is woman's background, fortress and refuge. That would not be a real home in which was no womanly presence. A feminine touch must adorn the rooms, and dictate their arrangement to make them wholly agreeable. The setting of the home is woman's peculiar province. Business gives a man little daylight time in his home, which is woman's little kingdom.

I doubt whether a mere man can quite understand a woman's love for chairs and tables, mirrors and vases. These may have associations with happy seasons in the past, or may mean a victory over the tyranny of circumstances. One adores what she has longed for during months, and denied herself many little luxuries to purchase. One even treasures old things that seem to the outsider of no account.

The setting of a home should be attractive, and in the furnishing should be no discords. We multiply possessions till they become an incumbrance. They control, dominate, consume energy and occasion nervous prostration. The moment our things become a worry they become a menace to health, and their sentiment is a little marred, yet how can we help it? The rubbing by crack or nick of a piece of fine china almost breaks the true housewife's heart. An old book left out in the rain cannot be adequately replaced by a new one. Alas, the more one has the greater one's anxiety. Witness the solicitude with which we lock and bar the house against the sneak thief and the midnight prowler.

The atmosphere of the place was permeated with repose. When one is obliged to thread his way gingerly through a drawing room that is filled to the overflow with easels and statues and busts and spindle-legged tables and fragile chairs and obtrusive footstools, in danger of being crushed under the weight of something over, things are wrong with that setting.

children were careful not to usurp this throne of the serene and beautiful matron, who dwelt in the dark, but liked to have everything cheery about her. Sometimes a stranger, not knowing the traditions of the home, would install herself in the mother's place, but was always gently conduced to another seat. The setting of that house was not perfect unless the mother took her accustomed place. When she was gone forever, the mistress of the house rearranged every room, and carried that sofa to another part of her domain. She felt that, for awhile at least no one else could sit there; the old sofa, in her thought was sacred and would almost feel profaned if used by others than the one to whom it had belonged, through so many pleasant seasons.