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## CONTROL OF WATER POWER SITES.

Attention is called by Collier's to the efforts made by large water power interests to secure the passage of bills in congress giving then valuable water power sites. Bills have been introduced giving away without compensation sites in Tennessee, Montana, Illinois, Iowa, Alabama and Missouri, aggregating in value more than $40,000,000. President Taft vetoed one bill granting a water power site declaring that it is just as improvident to grant such permit without compensation to the government as it would be to throw away any other asset of the government.

It is declared that an effort will be made during the remaining days of congress to pass these bills over the president's veto. Secretaries Fisher and Stimson and Senator Burton are among those opposing this move. "They do not want to keep these water power sites locked up and useless," Collier's points out. "They want them put to work, and just as early as possible; they want the work of development to be done by private capital; they want that private capital to have an adequate reward, even including some speculative reward for the capital that is willing to take the venture." Collier's adds that what these men, and other friends of conservation, insist upon is this:

That the state or federal government, before giving a franchise, shall retain sufficient control to prevent the amalgamation of all these power sites into one great monopoly.

That the government shall have the power, if necessary, to control the charges made to the public for light and power from these sites, and finally

That the franchise shall terminate within a reasonable time and give opportunity for revaluation from time to time.

The government has spent millions in making streams navigable and as an incident of this process water power of enormous value has been developed. Congress is being urged to prevent the growth of a monoply in a field that was only made possible of development by expending millions of government funds. Senator Burton fears that such a monopoly may arise as is indicated by a senate speech in which he said:

"Besides its enormous magnitude, this industry will become fundamental to many other industries which depend upon water power for their operation and success. The possibility of a control of the business of the country through the agency of water power is more imminent than any other form of control ever attempted in the history of human endeavor."

This is a case, Collier's points out, where the horse is not yet stolen; there is still time to lock the door.

## SCRAMBLED POLITICS.

The Illinois house has taken twenty-four ballots without being able to elect a speaker. The election has been complicated by the contest for the election of two United States senators to come up before the present session of the legislature. Laurence Y. Sherman, republican, was the choice of the people of Illinois for one of these senatorships, and James Hamilton Lewis, democrat, for the other. Both men received the indorsement of the people at the primary. But the Illinois legislature is seeking some means of getting around the primary, just as it did when Hopkins was the primary choice and Lorimer was elected senator. The legislature, it seems, has failed to profit from the experiences of its 1909 session.

Perhaps an explanation of the situation in the Illinois legislature lies in [t]he unusual tangle in which the poli[tic]s of the state finds itself. One [pa]per gives the political line-up of the [leg]islature as including republicans, [dem]ocrats, progressives, socialists, [prog]ressive republicans, reactionary [repub]licans, Sullivan democrats, [illegible] democrats, Harrison democrats, [illegible] democrats, "dry" democrats, Chi[cago de]mocrats, downstate democrats, [illegible] republicans, "dry" republicans, [illegible] democrats, Lorimer republi[cans, anti]-Lorimer democrats, and anti-[illegible] republicans. [T]his scrambled list of factions [illegible]ything is likely to develop in [the leg]islature.

## DRAINAGE PROBLEM.

[Ann]ouncement has been made of [the ann]ual convention of the Iowa [D]rainage association at Fort [illegible] February 18-19. The program [of the] convention has not been published and the Courier does not know [to what] extent the river improvement question will be discussed. [illegible], it would seem that the [illegible] association would be the [a]gency to bring this question [of i]mprovement before the peo[ple]. [illegible] [De]s Moines, the Cedar, the several of the smaller Iowa [illegible] subject to overflow almost [illegible]. Thousands of acres of valuable land along these rivers are practically useless, as it is too great a hazard to plant a crop on them. The draining of lakes and swamp lands in northern Iowa has been a benefit to that section, but at the same time it has increased the problem of keeping the Iowa streams within their banks in wet seasons, as the drainage water finds its way into the rivers and during periods of high water other land is flooded. Draining the water from the land into the rivers is only part of the problem. Some steps should be taken to keep the rivers within their banks. The streams should be straightened and deepened and improved for navigation and power purposes.

Some organization must take the initiative in this movement. The federal government has sent engineers to make surveys of the Iowa rivers. The government undoubtedly would do some work on the rivers of this state if the people of Iowa demanded it and if they showed some inclination to cooperate. It would seem that the Iowa Drainage association would find this a fruitful field and one in which, while aiding in the reclamation of wet lands, the purpose for which the association was organized, it would be performing a service for the entire state.

# Sidewalk Sketches

**By Howard L. Rann**

## WHY WHO'S WHO.

The question of whether whiskers are an asset or a liability has long played an important part in the political life of the nation. The nays appear to have it. The late Chester A. A. Arthur tried to set the style by blossoming forth in campaign posters with a pair of side whiskers which looked like a reverse view of a hedge fence, but few men in public life have had the temerity to follow his example. One of the conspicuous few is Chief Justice Hughes, former governor of New York.

Justice Hughes has a prolific crop of dark blue whiskers which have never come in contact with a curling iron, yet they toss their tall branches to and fro in a natural wave. If it were not for his whiskers, Mr. Hughes would be considered a plain dresser, but as it is his neatly parted foliage is viewed with suspicion by those of his colleagues who haven't anything on the door knob. If Justice Hughes were to suddenly shave the front exposure of his face, there would be no way to prove his identity except by his receipt for lodge dues.

As governor of New York Mr. Hughes overcame the [illegible] his whiskers and became popular with everybody except the members of the Barbers' Protective union. He was a diligent governor, and on account of not being obliged to wait around in a barber shop on Wednesday and Saturday nights for a close shave he accomplished a great deal of work. Numerous admirers have presented him with safety razors, mugs, strops, massage cream, shaving soap and witch hazel, as a delicate intimation of the trend of popular sentiment, but he remained unshaken and unshorn. When he went to Washington he took his whiskers with him, and uses them every day in construing the constitution.

During the recent campaign there was a loud demand for Justice Hughes to run for president on a platform calling for the full dinner pail and the full beard. But he knew what the cartoonists would do to him and his whiskers, and refrained. Besides, $17,500 a year in the hand is worth more than leading a forlorn hope with the bush.

## WHAT IOWA ROADS COST NOW.

The Des Moines Register and Leader thinks that not nearly enough attention is being given to what Iowa is now expending on roads. It publishes the following official figures given by the attorney general's office:

| | |
|---|---|
| County bridges | $3,059,319.68 |
| Township road tax | 2,644,168.66 |
| County road tax | 824,760.74 |
| Delinquent road tax | 110,452.61 |
| County drainage | 99,994.64 |
| Total | $6,638,696.33 |

To this must be added that part of the automobile tax given to the counties which for the past year was some over $400,000. The exact figures are:

| | |
|---|---|
| First payment | $ 240,152.18 |
| Second payment | 164,709.42 |
| Total | $ 404,861.68 |
| Road and bridge total | 6,638,696.33 |
| Grand total | $7,043,558.01 |

In many tables of comparative statistics of the road mileage of the several states, the Register and Leader says, Iowa is credited with 104,000 miles of roads. Mr. Eldridge of the government road department puts Iowa at about 80,000 miles of roads that are actually open and traveled. "But accept the biggest estimate of 104,000," the Register and Leader continues, "and we can determine by a simple process of calculation that Iowa is now expending annually on every mile of road in the state a fraction over $67 a mile.

"This means that on the road actually worked and cared for and properly bridged Iowa is expending over $100 a mile each year.

"The impression prevails that our present roads are costing little or nothing to maintain.

"The average cost of our present roads is more than $70,000 a year to the county.

"As tax levies have not been increased in recent years, this has been our rate of expense for a long time, to be minimized only to the extent that the assessed value of property has been less in times past.

"If all Iowa has spent to get and maintain her present roads could be calculated for a period of twenty-five years the total would make the most exaggerated proposition of the most enthusiastic good roads booster seem tame indeed.

"And out of it all Iowa does not have today even the foundation of good roads."

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The retiring president of the Woman's National Democratic league greeted the announcement of the election of her successor with these words: "I am very glad, ladies, that you have elected a new president. I do not care to preside over such a narrow-minded set of women." The ladies, bless 'em do not seem to be able to mix up in politics without getting riled up.

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A contemporary says its hardly fair to charge this coal snap to the incoming administration. California seems to have started it and Roosevelt carried California.

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"Strangers sojourning in our quiet little city," the Chicago Tribune solicitously advises, "must learn to hide their portable property where the pickpockets cannot get at it."

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"California's orange crop," the Des Moines Register and Leader observes, "is almost as badly damaged as the state's pride in her glorious climate."

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A Chicago mother, who was unable to care for a baby boy, has permitted a deaf and dumb couple to adopt him. Perhaps she wanted the boy to have a quiet home.

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Somebody sent a bag of onions by parcel post in Indiana the other day, and one of the postal clerks pulled this: "You may break, you may scatter the mail if you will, but the scent of the onion will cling to it still."

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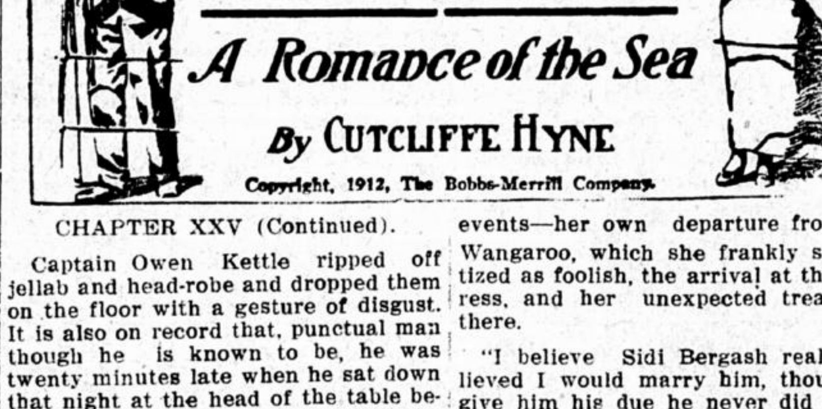
Noting Mr. Wilson's intimation that he will appoint to his cabinet only men who are foot loose, the Omaha Bee remarks that the woods are full of such persons.

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CHAPTER XXV (Continued).

Captain Owen Kettle ripped off jellab and head-robe and dropped them on the floor with a gesture of disgust. It is also on record that, punctual man though he is known to be, he was twenty minutes late when he sat down that night at the head of the table before the plate of tepid soup which the anxious steward had saved for him. But he was once more his spick-and-span self, and obviously pleased with the universe.

They had their after-dinner coffee out on deck under the wonderful African stars, and Captain Kettle found himself seated apart from the other men, but near Miss Violet Chesterman by that lady's skilful management. Her face was white and rather drawn, and there were heavy shadows under her eyes, all things that were easily accounted for by the recent distressing experiences she had undergone. But there was a brightness about her talk, and there was an indefinable something in her attitude that made the little sailor feel vaguely restive and uneasy.

She talked composedly over recent events—her own departure from the Wangaroo, which she frankly stigmatized as foolish, the arrival at the fortress, and her unexpected treatment there.

"I believe Sidi Bergash really believed I would marry him, though to give him his due he never did put it in so many words. But there is no doubt that both my brother and I were in extreme danger, and the way you got us out of his clutches is a thing that never can be properly rewarded." . . . And she said more, much more, in the same strain. It was flattering, it was fluent, yet somehow without being able to find out any definite cause of offense, Kettle found that it all in a vague way jarred on him. Up till now he had always enjoyed and, indeed, looked forward to Miss Chesterman's conversation, as of course she meant he should; and tonight's change disquieted him. For half an hour he listened there in the warm night under those southern stars without being able to define even to himself the subtle change that had come over her manner, but at last with a flash it dawned on him. There was a taint of patronage over this talk tonight. It was intended that he should grasp that indiscretions in the past were indiscretions, and that she was the great lady, and that he was the hired mariner.

All Captain Kettle's rebellious nature leaped into arms at the discovery—and as promptly became limp and submissive. She had made a mistake; he had made a mistake; and if this was her way of putting things straight he ought not to be the one to complain.

"And now," said she, "I must speak to you on a more intimate matter, and that is about your attachment to my mai—to Emily. My eyes have told me what your feelings are in the matter, and both my brother and I wish to see you comfortably settled down. So we have thought out what seems to us a suitable wedding present, and my brother—ah, there's Rex, and there he is, George!"

"Yes, old girl. Having a talk with the skipper? Did you tell him our little scheme?"

"I left it to you."

"Well, Captain, it's this. In a moment of stress I told you I'd give everything I possessed in the world to be carried safely back on board here, and as you're the man who's done the magic trick, you are naturally entitled to the pay. Of course when it comes to the point I'm going to tell you I didn't really mean what I said, and all the rest of it, and so will you kindly waive the whole claim, and accept the Norman Towers, as she stands, in settlement?"

Captain Kettle swallowed hard. "I couldn't, sir, I really couldn't. I do appreciate your splendid generosity, but this is beyond all reason. Eight and a half per cent is what you promised me and that I'll take in all gratitude. But the whole; I couldn't. Why, ship and cargo together are worth two hundred thousand pounds."

The big man put his hands in the pockets of his loose shooting-coat, and made a mocking bow. The big retriever opened a laughing mouth. "If I value my only sister at one hundred fifty thousand pounds, which really seems an impertinently low figure, that only leaves fifty thousand pounds for myself, and in justice to my constituents I couldn't put it at less. But, Skipper, I prefer not to look on it in that light. I owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude that I can never repay. You are, I trust, going to marry Miss Dubbs, who is a girl I have a great liking for, and it will give me real pleasure if you will accept from my sister and myself a wedding present which will, we believe, provide for you comfortably. You'll find papers in this envelope which will form an efficient transfer of the steamer from myself as full owner to you. . . . And now, Violet, you're dead tired, and so am I. You'd better go below and turn in. That's what I am going to do myself. We'll see Captain Kettle at breakfast tomorrow morning."

* * * * *

An hour later Mr. Forster, the elderly second mate, knocked at the chart-house door, opened, and went in. He stood for a moment sniffing noisily at a smell of frangipani, and then looked heavily around the angle of the door. On the plush settee sat Captain Kettle and Miss Dubbs, her arm round his neck, his left arm round her trim waist, their right hands clasped, their lips together.

The second mate was a stupid man, and prided himself on his stupidity. "Captain," he said, "I've to report—"

"Get out."

"To—to report that—"

"Get to blazes out of this, you blundering elephant, or I'll throw you into the ditch. What in thunder do you mean coming into my room unasked? Get out, you armor-plated idiot, and shut the door."

Mr. Forster retreated slowly and heavily, shut the solid teak door to within five inches of the jamb, and fastened it there on the hook. Through the gap he stolidly completed his message. "There's a ship's life-boat rowing in here from the entrance of the lagoon. She's manned by white men. The moonlight shows them clearly."

"Callers at this time of night?" said Captain Kettle lightly, but within him he was conscious of a queer sinking feeling, and, as he confessed afterward, a premonition of disaster. But to his officer he added in his usual brisk tones, "Very good. You needn't report again unless they seem to want help, or till they come up alongside. Keep a bright lookout. And please remember I'm busy, and do not wish to be disturbed, unless on ship's business."

CHAPTER XXVI.

**The Surviving Farnish.**

"We'll have to married in the Church of England," said the little sailor, "because that's the tightest way of getting the splice made, but after you're Mrs. Kettle, I take it there'll be no more church for us, Miss Dubbs, dear."

"I suppose not, Captain darling, if you wish it," said that fine young woman rather wistfully. "But with this splendid fortune you've got, we could afford it, and there's no doubt about where the best people go to."

Captain Kettle went on, with the bright fixed eye of a man who sees the dearest project of his life within reach. "I was brought up part Bible Christian, and part Methodist New Connection. I've had the advantage also of trying the Wesleyans, the Spiritualists, and the Plymouth Brethren, and I've seen good points in all of them. You hear that grand instrument the harmonium in all their chapels, and there's no doubt their people do stick together. But between ourselves they all seem to me, when you come to analyze them, to lack what I might call 'snap,' and they're centainly short on poetry. Now I believe that you and I, Miss Dubbs, dear, when you are Mrs. Kettle, can run a brand-new religion of our own, and derive much benefit. I don't believe (as many do) in starting in a seaport town, and getting big congregations straight away. I know you can do that. A fool of a sailor (when he's ashore) will go and listen to any old tale, especially if it's set to a hymn tune. My idea is to set up in a country place, and the lonelier and more poetical, the better. I want poetry in mine, and hills, and rocks, and the blue sky over all, and the tinkle of a river flowing fast. You've never been in Wharfedale, dear; you told me so. But I was there once for a week-end, and I thought that if ever I'd the chance I'd buy a farm there that I know of, and rent a small chapel that is to let near it. You don't know what poetry there is in sheep and cows till you've lived near them."

"No, dear, but I could learn, though privately I believe I should do best with hens. But I think the chapel's a splendid idea. Besides, that sort of thing has always what I call more permanent interest in it than just gadding about to music-halls, which is what some girls like. It gives you a position at once, too, when you're known to be leader of the chapel set."

"It would be a splendid thing to be head of a religion of our own that was recognized by Whitaker's Almanack and all the great authorities. 'Particular Methodists,' I think, could be the name, 'Wharfedale Particular Methodists,' perhaps, to distinguish it from imitations. And I wouldn't take any convert that offered, either. I'd make it select—and strict. . . . And with money to back me up, unlimited money, as I suppose it will be when that copper ore's realized on, I could afford to run missionaries and send them out to the uttermost heathen whites—to Swansea, and to New York, to Cardiff, to Chicago and Glasgow even, and perhaps Manchester and New Orleans. . . . Yes, what is it? Come in."

The heavy hand of the old second mate was beating against the door panel. "It's that boat. She's alongside, and at the foot of the ladder. There's a party steering that looks like Noah, and as far as I can understand his jibber, he says the Norman Towers is his. Am I to let him and his people on deck? They're the raggedest looking crew of beach-combers I ever saw in all my going a-fishing. There's one of them seems to have gone clear loony. He's playing on the penny whistle. Spanish Ladies the tune is. He looks as pleased as if it was Saturday night and he was sitting on his own forecastle head."

Captain Kettle signed heavily. "Miss Dubbs, dear, I've a bad feeling we've made those plans too soon."

"So have I. I feel as if pa, or an angel or somebody has only to utter a spell like 'Time, gentlemen, please,' and we'd all wake up, and the money would be back in Sir George's pocket where it rightly belongs." She pressed the little sailor tightly to her ample bosom. "But sleeping or waking I've got you. You're real."

"I hope so," said Kettle miserably. "And now, my dear, if you'll excuse me, I must go."

Already the boat's crew had shipped their oars and made fast their painter, and the helmsman, a blowsy old man with untrimmed hair and burst carpet slippers had swung himself heavily on the ladder, and was plodding up the side. His shoulders were humped with failure. The young successful shipmaster met him at the head of the gangway.

"Come on board, my man, and let's see what we can do for you. I suppose it goes without saying you've met misfortune."

"Aye, you may call it that, Mr. Kettle, me man, or beg pardon, Captain Kettle as I see you are now by the stripes on your cuff. Terrible smart fellows for uniform, all you young officers nowadays."

"Who are you? By James, if poor old Captain Farnish weren't drowned and dead, I should say—Here, man, just step over into the light."

The new-comer dried moist eyes with the back of his hand and laughed wearily. "It's a great mistake a man not being drowned when drowned he's reported to be. We've found that half a score of times when we've put in at places where there was a consul and tried to raise a loan to victual the boat. 'I want to draw on my owners for a pound,' I'd say, 'to buy biscuit and a can of beef,' I'd tell him, and the consul would prove to me from Lloyd's reports that old Captain Saturday Farnish was drowned along with all hands that sailed on the Norman Towers, and then he'd pump out unpleasant talk about swindlers and confidence men before all the loafers in the office till I'd be fit to die of shame. Oh, I tell you, Captain Kettle, me man, the life of a shipmaster when he's alive is a dog's life, but when he's officially supposed to be dead (as you man be some day) it's plain hell."

Captain Kettle's mind flashed across to that comfortable woman in the bursting satins who lived in Mereyside Terrace, Birkenhead. "And you've never reported that you were alive?"

"I never had the heart to say the word, or a postage stamp to send it with."

"Then mother will have drawn your insurance?"

"There is none, Owen, me man. There's not a penny to draw. I got a bit irregular about my payments, being forgetful, owing to attacks of malaria, and the insurance has lapsed. It'll have been workhouse for the old woman and the girls, unless she's got a bit of washing, or unless the firm's done something for them, which isn't likely." He rubbed his sea-chapped hands together, and sniffed hungrily. "There's a rare tasty smell coming from below somewhere. Must be cooky's putting up a bit of a snack for the steward and himself before they turn in. D'you know, Owen, me man, an onion's a fruit I haven't touched for six months, and for that matter I haven't seen meat half a dozen times."

"Come away below, Captain. Mr Forster, send the boat's crew forward and see them well attended to and fed, and serve them out a good stiff tot of grog. Come away, below, Captain, at once. This lady is Miss Dubbs."

"You must pardon me, miss," said the old man, "for being so upset at the idea of grub, but you see Chips—my carpenter, I should say—who was in the boat with me, was a heavy eater, and he provided the music, and it was the music alone that kept the men from turning down the job, and stepping ashore and staying there whenever they got the chance. The captain here, who's a musician himself, will tell you what Chips could do with the penny whistle."

"He could play," said the expert. "I'll admit that."

"He reminded me of that party in the poem that I've seen pictures of, who played the penny whistle so well that he lured away the rats from a whole town full of fat old fellows who at that time were seeing them. Lord, Captain, me man, fancy getting a knife and fork in one's fists, and sitting down before a plate on a tablecloth. No, Steward, don't give me beef, I've not got my teeth on me this evening. Yes, some of that salmon. You've no idea how I've thirsted and hungered after some nice tinned salmon, miss, since I've been threshing about in that murdering life boat. To my mind, there's nothing so tasty as tinned salmon, unless perhap's it's finnan haddie if you put enough vinegar on it just to damp the microbes."

The shaggy man sat at the end of the saloon table eating steadily, eating as man only can eat after he has lived for months on the edge of starvation, and Miss Dubbs and Captain Kettle leaned elbows on the table on either side of him, and stared gloomily at one another and at him. Conversation came disjointedly, and between mouthfuls.

It appeared that when cargo shifted in the gale six months ago, and the Norman Towers lay helpless on her beam ends with the wind howling over her, Captain Farnish decided that she would sink, but made up his mind to go down with her after the manner approved by his tribe. He was "old and useless." He would "never get another ship." He would be "far better off comfortably drowned." There were institutions which "would help the widow of a shipmaster lost at sea," while "no institution on earth except the workhouse would assist the wife of a disrated, out-of-work sea captain." But certain of the hands impelled thereto by the musically-minded carpenter lugged him with them into the boat and once there his old trick of seamanship saved the lot of them. —"We old shellbacks can handle open boats in heavy weather in a way that would surprise you brass-bound swells of the newer school, Owen, me man." —They, too, saw the Norman Towers instead of turning turtle, shake her cargo amidships again, and blow off before the gale, and Farnish tried desperately to follow, but lost her in the driving sea smoke. But he was then and later bitten with the theory that she was either afloat somewhere, blowing about the seas, or neatly ashore and offering her cargo for salvage.

Thereafter his wanderings were worthy of Homeric verse. He was old, he was not too competent, he had no particular charm that I ever saw to attract men to him. He had neither money nor credit with which to buy provisions, and on the rare occasions when he went ashore—in Las Palmas, at Mogador, at Bathhurst, and in the Cape Verdes—he was received with derision and insult. It seems they lived for the most part on fish that they caught themselves when inshore and sun-dried as best they could for the blue water sections of their cruise. As regards water, they risked their lives a score of times in running the crazy boat through the surf when mad with thirst to fill her breakers.

Why the crew stuck by him is one of those things that seem to be in the teeth of all reason. His one explanation that they stayed for the mere pleasure of hearing the carpenter toot on the penny whistle is ridiculous but frankly, I have nothing much better to offer. There was neither gain, pleasure, nor advancement to dangle in front of the crew by way of lure, and, on the other hand, there was very certain starvation, hardship and danger to be earned in plenty. One can only conclude that for some obscure reason they must have loved the old man, and for that and no other possible cause they stuck to him.

It must have been the most hopeless kind of chase. He was ignorant about the more modern nicities of currents, unsound on his trade-winds, hopelessly out of date on the theory of storms. His dull rule of thumb science could not even form a theory as to where they had drifted to. But from some obscure pricking of the thumbs he had faith that she was either afloat, or neatly cast ashore, but, at any rate, waiting for him.

"I knew I should hit upon the old girl at last if only I could induce the hands to keep on long enough," said Captain Saturday Farnish. "Did you happen to find my old pipe in the chart house by any chance, or had the niggers scoffed it? Chips lugged me away in such a hurry I hadn't time to slip it into my pocket. I should hate to lose that pipe. It's the one mother gave me the year I earned all my bonus."

"I have it in my own chart-room, on top. There was mother's photo, too. I took that also."

Captain Kettle swallowed hard. Mention of that unclean meerschaum always upset him.

"You're a good lad, Owen, me man, and I'm glad it's you that's met with luck. You're young, and you've all the world before you, and now you needn't work. I'm old, and I'm out of date, and nobody wants me. Eh, well, I wonder when I shall eat onions and tinned salmon again? Never, probably."

"Tomorrow, if you like," said Captain Kettle.

"That's very good of you, Owen, me man. I suppose you'll give me a passage home. You'll find I'll not intrude. I am real glad that it's you that's picked up the old Towers, and made a fortune out of her, and—and—"

"And ruined you."

"Well, you didn't set out to do it, and don't think I bear you malice, though if it had been any one else I should have been fit to tear his throat out. It's not for myself I care. It's poor mother I'm thinking about. She's been the best possible wife to me. I—I did look forward to letting her have the balance of her days in comfort." The old man's unkempt gray beard drooped dejectedly on his chest.

The steward came up to Captain Kettle with a respectful whisper. "I've made ready for the captain the room the African ladies had, sir, trusting that's your wish."

"Very good." Kettle put a hand on his guest's shoulder, and shook him gently. "I think you had better turn in."

"Qui' ri,' my dear, ou' ri,' mother. Had a mos' important business meeting t' attend. You may put down that Malacca in the hat stand. Really no offense this time. Business negotiations entirely 'n your behalf, ol' lady, though unsuccessful I'm sorry to say. Future entirely hopeless. Help me to bed, bed, mother."

"Here, let me help," said Miss Dubbs, with suspiciously shining eyes. "No, don't you bother, steward. The captain and I can manage."

* * * * *

Once more they were in the chart house, siting side by side on the settee. Miss Dubbs stole out a sympathetic hand, and gripped Captain Kettle's with her very capable fingers. "It's been very hard for him, poor old man, but we have to face these misfortunes."

"Yes,' said Kettle, and drew his hand away.

"I suppose you'd like to do something for him?"

"Yes," said Kettle, and rested his torpedo beard in the heel of his fist.

"It would be a charity if you did."

"No," said the little sailor, and stood briskly to his feet. "Miss," he said, "It'll be hard for you to understand, but that man's my old sea-daddy. His wife was all the mother I ever knew. The pair of them brought me up, and a hard enough pinch it must have been, but when there wasn't enough to go round, they were the once that went without. That happened more than once. There were times when employment was scarce, and they were nipped, miss, badly nipped; but there was always tucker for me, and clothes, and school-pence, and that's what I'm remembering now. When first I came to sea, Mrs. Farnish—I used to call her mother, y'know, miss—she said, 'You'll look after the old man, Owen,' and I said I would, and I've just got to. You see, miss, she was all the mother I've ever known, and anyway, I never went back on my word. I couldn't throw charity to Captain Farnish, Miss Dubbs. He's got to have his ship back, with all that's in her in the way of cargo, just as she was given to me by Sir George. And now, Miss Dubbs, dear, I know what you think, and you can say it presently. I know in my present state I'm no man for a splendid lady like you to marry, and so I want you please to consider our engagement at an end."

"You throw me off, do you, Captan?"

"If you put it that way."

"Then look here, young man, I'll sue you for breach of promise if you do as sure as my name's Miss Dubbs. After all the trouble I've had to get the man I wanted, I don't lose him like that."

"I'm just a pauper, and I don't think I'll ever be anything more. It will be work for mine all the days of my natural."

"Which is precisely what I looked forward to when I first permitted you to pay me attention at the Mason's Arms. I didn't mistake you for a bank manager in disguise, although you may have thought so."

The sailor clapped an enthusiastic arm round the lady's waist. "Miss Dubbs, my dearest, how splendid you are!"

"So that's all right," was her murmured retort. "You're mine, Captain, till death us do part, and don't you forget it. But it will be an upset for Sir George's plans."

"If you don't mind, we'll not tell Sir George. He doesn't know Captain Farnish, you see, and I should hate to have him think I was—well, you know what I mean. Time enough to transfer to the old man when we get home and the ore's realized on and the Norman Towers is sold.—It's—By James, how dare you poke your unpleasant head in at my porthols, McTodd?"

"Three o'clock in the morning and the skipper courting his girl. 'Oh, silver moon and Afric's stars, you've much to answer for.' G. R. Tennyson wrote that, and I aye thought it one of his finest poems. Man, but flirrting like this is a terrible example to some of the ship's company. Me, for instance."

"We're engaged," snapped Kettle.

Mr. McTodd rubbed his chin, and shut one eye. "Are ye telling me that as news?"

"It's the latest."

"Oh, vara humorous," said McTodd. "Puir young things, they've just discovered what this sma' worrld of a ship-board kenned since the day we first left Las Palmas. Miss, I kiss my hand to ye, and after I've been below to drink your health out of the chief engineer's whisky bottle which is under his bunk, I'll go to my chest, and see if I canna' find a suitable wedding present. But what I came to tell is this. That blue-eyed saint has swung off to the shore. Do ye think that man's straight, or just an African? And when is he going to take delivery of those Winchester rifles he's already paid for?"

(THE END.)

### Iowa Town Free of Debt.

Kirkman, Jan. 11—At a meeting of the town council an arrangement was made for paying off the remaining outstanding waterworks bonds, amounting to $500. This will clear the town of debt, and, when the water rents now due are collected, will leave a balance of some $500 in the treasury.

### BONAPARTE.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Roberts are the parents of a son born Jan. 7, 1913.

Miss Hazel Lane has returned to her home in Carthage, Ill., after a several weeks' visit here at the Lane home.

The members of the Baptist church held their annual church meeting and basket dinner at the church Wednesday. A large attendance made it an enjoyable affair.

Mrs. R. E. Meek has gone to Keosauqua for the winter.

Mrs. B. F. Meek was hostess to the Whist club Tuesday afternoon.

W. S. Blackford and C. M. Hornbaker are in Moline this week on business.

A party of young people enjoyed a picnic in the woods east of town on New Year's night. Lanterns and a camp fire furnished light and heat. Hot coffee and weinies were partaken of. This was certainly a novel experience for New Year's night.

W. S. Moore has gone to Cheyenne Wells, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rigler are in Springfield, Ill., this week exhibiting some of their thoroughbred chickens.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Wilson have returned to their home in Independence, Mo., after several weeks' visit here with relatives.

D. W. Riggle is visiting relatives in Des Moines.