

SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer Maggie. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adelbert F. Gibney, likable but eccentric, a man whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper, Neils Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the forecastle hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

**CHAPTER II.**—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the Maggie going ashore in a fog.

**CHAPTER III.**—A passing vessel halting the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to a towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the Yankee Prince, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tug boats succeed in pulling the Maggie into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away in the fog.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Furious at the deception practiced on them, Captains Hicks and Fisherty, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the "Yankee Prince" and, fearing ridicule should the fact become known along the waterfront, determine on personal vengeance. Their hostile visit to the Maggie results in Captain Scraggs promising to get a new boiler and make needed repairs to the steamer.

**CHAPTER V.**—Scraggs refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey strike with marvelous luck. Scraggs ships a fresh crew. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the Maggie. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a derelict and Gibney and McGuffey swim to it.

**CHAPTER VI.**—The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden. Its entire crew strikes with accuracy. Scraggs attempts to tow her in, but the Maggie is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$1000 apiece.

(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER VII.

When Captain Scraggs, after abandoning all hope of salvaging the bark Chesapeake, returned to the Maggie, the little craft reminded him of nothing so much as the ward for the incorrigible of an insane asylum. Due to Captain Scraggs' stupidity and the general inefficiency of the Maggie, the new navigating officer was of the opinion that he had been swindled out of his share of the salvage, while the new engineer, furious at having been engaged to baby such a ruin as the Maggie's boiler turned out to be, blamed Scraggs' parsimony for the loss of his share of the salvage. Therefore, both men aired with the utmost frankness their opinion of their employer. One word borrowed another until diplomatic relations were severed and, in the language of the classic, they "milked it." They were fairly well matched, and, to the credit of Captain Scraggs be it said, whenever he believed himself to have a fighting chance Scraggs would fight and fight well, under the Tom-cat rules of fistfights.

Following a bloody battle in the pilot house, he subdued the mate; following his victory he was still war mad, so he went to the engine-room hatch and abused the engineer. As a result of the day's events, both men quit when the Maggie was tied up at Jackson street wharf and once more Captain Scraggs was helpless. In his extremity, he wished he hadn't been so hard on Mr. Gibney and McGuffey, for he realized he could never hope to get them back until their salvage money should be spent.

Godless and wholly irreclaimable as Mr. Gibney and Mr. McGuffey might have been and doubtless were, each possessed in bounteous measure the sweetest of human attributes, to-wit: a soft, kind heart and a forgiving spirit. Creatures of impulse both, they found it absolutely impossible to nourish a grudge against Captain Scraggs, when, upon returning to Scab Johnny's boarding house, their host handed them a grubby note from their enemy. It was short and sweet and sounded quite sincere; Mr. Gibney read it aloud:

"On Board the Maggie, Saturday night, 'Dear Friends:

I am sorry. You hurt me awful with your kiddie when you took the Chesapeake away from me. To us is human but to forgive is divine. After what I done I don't expect you two to come back to work ever but for God's sake don't give me the dead face when we meet again. Remember we been shipmates once."

"P. P. Scraggs."

"Why, the pore ol' son of a horse thief," Mr. Gibney murmured, much moved at this profound abasement. "Of course we forgive him. It ain't mainly to hold a grudge after the culprit has paid his fair price for his sins. By an' large, I got a hunch, Bart, that old Scraggs's had his lesson for once."

"If you can forgive him, I can, Gib."

"Well, he's certainly cleaned him-

self handsome, Bart. Telephone for a messenger boy," and Mr. Gibney sat down and wrote:

"Scraggs, old fanciful, we're square. Forget it and come to breakfast with us at seven tomorrow at the Marigold cafe. I'll order deviled lam kidneys for three. It's alright with Bart also. Yours, "Gib."

This note, delivered to Captain Scraggs by the messenger boy, lifted the gloom from the latter's miserable soul and sent him home with a light heart to Mrs. Scraggs. At the Marigold cafe next morning he was almost touched to observe that both Gibney and McGuffey showed up arrayed in dungarees, wherefore Scraggs knew his late enemies purposed proceeding to the Maggie immediately after breakfast and working in the engine room all day Sunday. Such action, when he knew both gentlemen to be the possessors of wealth far beyond the dreams of avarice, bordered so closely on the miraculous that Scraggs made a mental resolve to play fair in the future—at least as fair as the limits of his cross-grained nature would permit. He was so cheerful and happy that McGuffey, taking advantage of the situation, argued him into some minor repairs to the engine.

About nine o'clock, as Mr. Gibney was on his way to the Marigold Cafe for breakfast, he was mildly interested, while passing the Embarcadero warehouse, to note the presence of fully a dozen seely-looking gentlemen of undoubted Hebraic antecedents, congregated in a circle just outside the warehouse door. There was an air of suppressed excitement about this group of Jews that aroused Mr. Gibney's curiosity; so he decided to cross over and investigate, being of the opinion that possibly one of their number had fallen in a fit. He had once had an epileptic shipmate and was peculiarly expert in the handling of such cases.

Now, if the greater portion of Mr. Gibney's eventful career had not been spent at sea, he would have known, by the red flag that floated over the door, that a public auction was about to take place, and that the group of Hebrew gentlemen constituted an organization known as the Forty Thieves, whose business it was to dominate the bidding at all auctions, frighten off, or buy off, or outbid all competitors, and eventually gather unto themselves, at their own figures, all goods offered for sale.

In the center of the group Mr. Gibney noticed a tall, lanky individual, evidently the leader, who was issuing instructions in a low voice to his henchmen. This individual, though Mr. Gibney did not know it, was the King of the Forty Thieves. As Mr. Gibney luffed into view the king eyed him with suspicion. Observing this, Mr. Gibney threw out his magnificent chest, scowled at the king, and stepped into the warehouse for all the world as if he owned it.

An oldish man with glasses—the auctioneer—was seated on a box making figures in a notebook. Him Mr. Gibney addressed.

"What's all this here?" he inquired, jerking his thumb over his shoulder at the group.

"It's an old horse sale," replied the auctioneer, without looking up.

Mr. Gibney brightened. He glanced around for the stock in trade, but observing none concluded that the old horses would be led in, one at a time, through a small door in the rear of the warehouse. Like most sailors, Mr. Gibney had a passion for horseback riding, and in a spirit of adventure he resolved to acquaint himself with the ins and outs of an old horse sale.

"How much might a man have to give for one of the cutters?" he asked.

"And are they worth a whoop after you get them?"

"Twenty-five cents up," was the answer. "You go it blind at an old horse sale, as a rule. Perhaps you get something that's worthless, and then again you may get something that has heaps of value, and perhaps you only pay half a dollar for it. It all depends on the bidding. I once sold an old horse to a chap and he took it home and opened it up, and what d'ye suppose he found inside?"

"Bots," replied Mr. Gibney, who prided himself on being something of a veterinarian, having spent a few months of his youth around a fivory stable.

(Continued in Next Issue)

NOTICE

Applications will be received by the undersigned to be opened at a regular meeting of the City Council to be held on Monday, May 1, 1922, for City Engineer to be hired by the day or month. The City Council reserves the right to reject any or all applications.

Bemidji, Minn. April 22, 1922. BELLE DENLEY, City Clerk.



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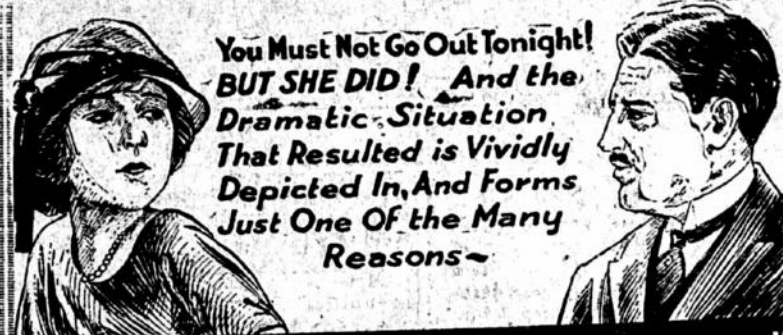
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