

PROMINENT WOMAN ARRESTED

While picketing a restaurant in Chicago, Miss Ellen Gates Starr, one of a group of prominent clubwomen interested in the grievances of striking waitresses, and one of the founders of Hull House, was arrested and taken to the police station in a patrol wagon. Many society women are aiding the strikers.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPT. KETTLE A ROMANCE OF THE SEA BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—The British steamer Norman Towers, commanded by Captain Sarraday Farnish, finds itself, through the freak of a crazy engineer, adrift in the Sargasso Sea without coal while en route from Mexico to Liverpool.

CHAPTER II—The first mate, Owen Kettle, sets off in the lifeboat with a crew of rough-necks in the hope of finding a ship that will part with enough of its coal to enable the disabled vessel to reach Liverpool. He meets the steamer Rhein.

CHAPTER III—But the Rhein refuses to stop. A woman on board, Miss Violet Chesterman, sees the dire need, and influences a fireman, McTodd, to disable the engines.

CHAPTER IV—Owen Kettle then overtakes the Rhein, clambers up its side with his crew, forcibly assumes charge of the vessel, and navigates it to the point where the Norman Towers is drifting, and which he recovers.

CHAPTER V—Arrival of the Norman Towers at Liverpool. Mate Kettle surreptitiously drops out of the ship into the river, making this flight to save his captain from a possible scandal because of the inadequacy of his coal supply and too much liquor supply. Two river pirates assault and rob Kettle and leave him badly injured. He is rescued and nursed back to health by Miss Dubbs, barnmaid at the Massey Arms.

CHAPTER VI—Owen Kettle engages with Sir George Chesterman to go as captain of the Wangaroo and search the African coast for an abandoned ship laden with metal of great value.

CHAPTER VII—In Liverpool Captain Kettle meets McTodd, the man who had disabled the engines of the Rhein, and signs him as one of the crew of the Wangaroo.

CHAPTER VIII—In Las Palmas harbor Miss Dubbs appears on board the Wangaroo as stewardess, ostensibly at the suggestion of Sir George, but really because she wished to be near Captain Kettle, with whom she is in love and to whom she is engaged. Miss Violet Chesterman also becomes a passenger.

CHAPTER IX—The Wangaroo cruises up and down the West African seaboard, and Captain Kettle finally locates the missing treasure ship in an almost wholly hidden bay. She proves to be the old Norman Towers.

CHAPTER X—Distraught with jealousy, caused by Miss Chesterman, Miss Dubbs cancels her engagement with Captain Kettle.

CHAPTER XI—Captain Kettle perilously navigates the Wangaroo into the harbor where lies the Norman Towers, which is in possession of natives, who fire on the Wangaroo.

CHAPTER XII—Chief Bergash appears on shore at the Norman Towers from being and seeks an interview. He is invited aboard the ship. He proves to have been educated at an English university. Captain Kettle heartily entertains him. He tells the Englishmen that they cannot take the Norman Towers away. Miss Dubbs recognizes Bergash as one whom she had helped in a bicycle accident during his school days in England.

CHAPTER XIII—Kaid Bergash's stone castle in the Atlas mountains. Why his son was sent to England to be educated.

CHAPTER XIV—Natives attack the Wangaroo at night and are repulsed. Believed to have been instigated by Bergash, who is held captive on the vessel.

CHAPTER XV—The Berber queen, mother of Chief Bergash, calls in state on the officers of the Wangaroo and delivers presents to them. The officers are invited to make themselves at home on board ship.

CHAPTER XVI—Captain Kettle has a lively personal fight with Moors thought to have been up to mischief—Miss Chesterman declares to her brother, George, that she loves Captain Kettle, and will marry him if he asks her.

CHAPTER XVII—For the purpose of preventing the Norman Towers from being taken out of the harbor, the natives secretly build a stone wall around her under the water. A stealthy search of the vessel by Kettle and McTodd at night proves her to be in as good condition as she ever was.

CHAPTER XVIII—On his return from the search of the Norman Towers, Captain Kettle finds that Sir George Chesterman, Violet Chesterman and Miss Dubbs have been beguiled to visit the Berber castle in the Atlas mountains, by invitation of the queen and her son.

CHAPTER XIX—Captain Kettle recognizes the danger into which they have unwittingly fallen and starts in pursuit. His shifts, strategies and perils in reaching the foot of the castle.

(Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER XX.

A Little Berber Sport.

"I'll go on much more with this sort of game," Captain Kettle panted to himself, "my bolters will need re-tubing. I never knew how near a man could get to being burst by running uphill in these high altitudes."

He squatted behind a boulder at the head of the valley, and peered over it down the bare burnt slopes. The Berbers had carried out their frontal attack like the valiant men they were, and had scattered at the head of the ridge, and were hunting for the men who had attacked them, and who had so mysteriously disappeared.

"If I had the handling of you swine," the watcher mused, "I could make you into good troops. You've pluck, and that's a fact, but I think your heads are stuffed with porridge instead of brains. Well, I hope you find plenty to amuse yourselves with there for the next few hours. I shouldn't wonder but what you walk into a wild bear's nest if you rootle among those rocks for

sufficiently long. But as you're interested, I guess it will be best for me to be jogging."

The moon kindly slid away for the time being behind clouds, and so Captain Kettle was able to pursue his passage across the head of the valley erect and in the open. The journey was not a comfortable one. An icy wind roared down from the snow-clad peaks of the Atlas above, and whistled shrewdly through the pores of his loosely-woven jellab, and though the gloom of the night was kind enough to conceal his whereabouts from an active enemy, it also failed to show him the fissures and boulders that lay in his path; and as a consequence he stumbled severely and often.

But the sailor took these minor troubles philosophically enough, munched a biscuit by way of belated supper, or early breakfast, washed it down with a nip of Horner, and held steadily along his way. From his last halt he had mapped the contours of the hills carefully with his eye, and he now checked his course by occasional squints at a pocket compass, the card of which had been anointed with luminous paint. Automatically, too, he counted his footsteps and estimated the distance traveled.

It was no labor to him to do this. He was one of those rare men to whom map-making comes by instinct.

At the end of another four hours' rapid tramp, and the sailor had broken into a trot whenever the ground would permit the pace, he came to another divide, and looked over into what was obviously the valley Bergash had talked about. The moon had retired by this, but the clouds had gone, and the sky was lighted by the wonderful African stars, and earth below them stood out like a dark photograph.

He viewed the valley and its appurtenances with an inquiring eye, and was intent only on discovering a scheme that would profit his owners and relieve the present necessities of Miss Emily Dubbs.

The night was dark, and even the blaze of African starlight has its limit in illumination. To start with, Kettle saw no trace of the saint's fortress which he knew ought somewhere to overhang the valley. From where he stood, it lay, as a point of fact, against a black background, and was invisible even to any one who knew the country-side.

The two highest ambitions of that old Berber mercenary who had engineered it were that the place should be strong, and that it should not be conspicuous, and to this latter end he had dovetailed his buildings into the rock and built them of stones hewn from the rock itself.

Captain Kettle walked with head erect and ears cocked, and worked his way down-valley along paths that wound between the high stalks of the corn. The valley was filled for the most part with stillness, but now and again the faint sounds of moving things met his ear.

The great black mass of the fortress rock loomed higher and bigger against the Milky Way, and even Captain Kettle's brazen self-assurance began to be streaked with hesitation. This was not some cluster of tumble-down huts belonging to a handful of robbers, and perched on an easy crag that a bird's nesting boy could scale. Dislike for Sidi Mohammed Bergash had made him believe that the man bragged when he told about his ancestral stronghold, and here when it came to the point, the fellow had told a good deal less than the truth.

It was a fortress indeed, and measuring thoughtfully with his eye, Kettle reckoned that it might well be packed with as many as eight or ten thousand people. The sailor was a man of brazen courage, but he was no madman; he had ordinary prudence; and he saw that to march into this great hive of enemies would end his usefulness. This must be a case for strategy, and for the present he must keep clear of the fortress walls, till he knew more about the lay of the land and its possibilities.

Kettle turned to the left, keeping close in to the edge of the little scree of fallen fragments that fringed the foot of the rock, and craned his neck backward so as to take in every foot of the face.

He did not in the least expect to find a row of crevices or ledges by which he could climb to the top; by this time he was very thoroughly impressed by the accuracy with which the saint and his predecessors in the saintship had kept up their defenses; but he had, as I have pointed out before, a very clear eye for the detail of a country-side, and so he examined it automatically and stored up mental notes of what he saw without effort.

In this manner, then, he made a complete circuit of the rock as far as the other side of the entrance causeway, and so far noted nothing of any interest, and having also found no hiding-place for himself, he turned back again to make a fresh examination, and this time increased his speed.

Time was getting of value; dawn impended; and if he was caught in the open when day dawned, even though hidden among the corn, he would be within easy range of any inquiring eye that looked down from the fortress above, and subsequently a simple target for the crudest marksmen.

Nowhere could he have picked more unpromising ground for finding a hiding-place than the skirts of this great island of stone. The rock

slabs which formed the sides either by nature or by chiseling were as smooth as the sides of a house. Nothing but a lizard could have climbed them, and they would not have offered cover for a fly. A clump of red valerian here and there, or a tuft of purple aubrieta broke the sameness of the wall at rare intervals; but these offered no foothold, and, indeed, only tended to accentuate the steepness and the height of the great rock faces.

An owl whizzed in from the valley, swung past Captain Kettle's head, and then swooped upward and disappeared.

"Got a nest there, that fowl," he thought. "Or a roosting-place. There's been a bit of a fall of rock here; the outside's shelled off. I wonder—"

He ran out briskly into the plain and stared hard at the face of the rock. The night was thinning. Already the east was gray. Day would stare at him within a matter of minutes, and if he was to find cover, it must be before day showed him to the curious. Yes, in the edge of that rockfall there was a dark patch that might well be a hollow. There was a darker stain at the foot of it that merged into green below, and meant a trickle of wet.

It would be damp and uncomfortable in the hollow even if he could get into it, but he was in no position just then to pick and choose. He must take what offered, and if it turned out that the dark patch was merely shadow and not a hole at all, well, there was no getting over the fact that his position would be desperate. So he ran in once more, clambered up over the tumbling scree, and then with fingers and toes attacked the narrow ledges of the rock itself.

He went up, he crawled sideways, he went down and clambered up again with straining fingertips; and finally got to the middle of a fractureless slab of rock, and had to give up and go down and start afresh.

He prospected more diligently this time, traced a course, plotted it in his head, and attacked it with toes and fingers. This time he had more success. He dragged himself up hand over hand for six feet till once more he could find lodgment for the toes of his boots. And then came triumph. He put out a hand high above his head and got it in a firm hold. A second later he was in the place where his hand had been, and the owl, complaining noisily, flew outward past his ear. For a while Captain Kettle lay on the floor of the cleft, getting back his breath in labored sobs.

The cleft ran into the mountain, a stream tinkled at its foot; and it flashed on him that here was a place to ambush the Wangaroo's men if so be he found it necessary to bring a squad of those all-nation ruffians up to the valley.

All evidences showed that the cleft had been but newly opened. The rock slab that sealed its mouth had shelled away and tumbled down on the scree below only a matter of weeks before, perhaps days.

The hollow in which he lay and panted would harbor half a dozen men at a pinch—if they could get there. He rose to his feet and pressed on to the gloom at its farther end. The crack went on into the rock, and the stream murmured up into the black distance; but the rock walls drew together, and Kettle could not press even his slim body in between them. He shut his eyes tightly, and then peered upward into the gloom. Yes, there was a hole above him.

He pressed his toes, knees, and elbows into the rock walls and heaved himself up, chimney-sweep fashion, and presently stood in a channel above which appeared to lead directly in toward the heart of the rock.

He had matches, but they were few in number, and he did not want to waste them. So he went ahead into the darkness, exploring cautiously with hands and feet, and after removing the glass from his compass with the point of his knife, took bearings of direction from time to time by delicate finger touches on the bare needle. It was a nice piece of work, carried out by a remarkably clever surveyor.

The cleft he was in was an old water channel, now dry, which had broken through in places to a newer water channel below. It was level in floor and roof, smooth in sides, and for the most part beyond his reach in width, though here and there it contracted to a waist. These narrow were never too strait for navigation. And so he came on till the cleft abruptly ended in tooled masonry, and a path (on testing) proved itself to fork off at right angles, and up a steep incline.

"I reckon," said Kettle, "that this puzzle earns a match, though I hate to waste one. So here she goes, and the Lord grant the box isn't wet."

The match gleamed out with astonishing radiance. Kettle cupped his hand behind it as a reflector and peered ahead. The path rose sharply; it was just about as steep as one could walk on without holding to the sides. It ran (the compass told him) due northwest, and within range of the match light he saw it turn at right angles, and the commencement of another incline that ran northeast.

"My Great James!" said Captain Kettle. "Here's more of that infernal saint's fairy story coming true. This is the well his forbears dug in the middle of the castle square when they were besieged, and

had a bit of spare time on their hands. A dozen feet or so every hundred years, wasn't it? Also the air was bad; well, that's a lie, anyway. The air here's as sweet as gin. Wait a bit, though. What about the hole I got in at? That's new. The outside cake of stone shelled off perhaps only a week ago—I believe that's the very ticket, and the bad air's another piece of truth to the blackguard's credit. The water's in a sump at the bottom all right, and that trickle down the creek is just the overflow.

"The only question is about that last hundred feet at the top. If that's ladder, well, here's as neat a back way in as any quiet-minded man would wish to find. But if they operated it with a rope and windlass, and the rope's pulled up, why then I guess I'm as far away as I was at the foot of the rock itself. However, I'm not likely to find a netted sailing directions, and there's only one way to make sure, and that's go-look-see. So here's for the trip."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Saint Proposes.

"TELL you it's no use the girl trying further," said Miss Dubbs. "I've not learned four words from her since I came here, and it's my belief I never shall. I never had any talent for languages, Mr. Bergash."

Sidi Mohammed Bergash laughed. "My dear girl, I didn't expect you to learn Arabic—or the Berber dialect—in a matter of four short days. But if you stuck to it for three months you'd be able to get along passably, and at the end of a year you'd speak it as easily as you do your own mother tongue."

Sidi Mohammed ran an appreciative blue eye over Miss Dubbs' elaborate black hair, her full color, her deep bust, her well-rounded form. He laughed shortly. "It's a wonder you've escaped marriage so long."

"Getting married is a matter of taste. But in my case, Mr. Bergash, I can assure you it has not been for want of opportunities. I've had my offers. And though, to be sure, we ladies in our profession have more admirers than most, being as you may say brought into contact with a great many gentlemen every day of our lives, I can tell you plain, I know I've only had to nod at least a dozen times, and I could have settled down, and a house of my own, within three months. But I preferred my liberty. And do still."

"A girl with your attractions ought to make a great marriage."

"Oh, I don't undervalue myself. But I don't intend to get married. So we'll please change the subject. Of course I'll keep it confidential, but are you really a Sidi?"

"I'm the genuine article."

"Meaning saint?"

"That's it. Beware of imitations. I insist on having the one and only original."

"But some one told me—I mean I was told that one always addressed a Mohammedan gentleman in Algeria as 'Sidi' or 'Sidi,' just as we say 'Mister.'"

"That's perfectly correct, and I'd like to bet you a pair of gloves I could name your informant."

"Well, I won't bet. But it was Captain Kettle."

"Precisely. He's tried to throw doubt on everything about me, from A to Z. I wonder why the man detests me so heartily?"

"I should say the reason's perfectly clear. You cut him out with his young lady."

"How do you mean?"

"After you turned up with your tale of being a saint and all that, Miss Chesterman would barely so much as look at the captain. Why, till you came I looked upon them as good as engaged."

"Did you indeed? About that saintship; it's genuine enough. If I were to die tonight my people would put a nice neat tomb down in the valley there, with square corners, and a round domed top, and they'd drop attending at the late saint's tomb, and come and say their prayers at mine."

"And who was the late saint?"

"My father, to be sure. I follow on, whether I like it or not, and the people are annoyed with me because I show no present signs of providing a successor to myself. They say it's time I had a queen."

Miss Dubbs looked out over the fertile valley. "A queen!" she murmured.

"That's the idea. But of course that doesn't interest you."

"And why not?"

"Because—well, because you are engaged, aren't you?"

"Kettle—so I gathered."

Miss Dubbs put back her shoulders, and showed the whole of her splendid height and figure.

"I'd scorn to deceive you, Mr. Bergash—or I should say, Saint. I was engaged to the captain once. But it was a mistake, both on his part and on mine, and it's over and done with. I wouldn't marry him now, no, not if he was to come down on his bended knees to me, no, nor even if he was to ask me on paper. If any lady's seen the foolishness of marriage, without going so far as to have her finger burned with a ring, it's me. That's straight. You can look upon me as an old maid, and glad of it. No, Mr. Saint, there's no marrying for yours truly."

"Romance flies out of the window when there are not enough dollars on the hearth to keep it warm," quoted the Sidi. "For myself, I've always been one of those ordinary

men who have never known what it is to be otherwise than well-off. I've always had more money than I knew how to spend, and more servants than I could keep amused, and more power than I really knew what to do with. Ever occur to you that in my small kingdom up here I'm the most absolute monarch now reigning on earth?"

"You ought to be happy."

"I ought. I believe I should be if my father had not made that one fatal blunder of sending me to England for an education. It was good for the tribes: I admit that. But it has just been hell for me. After I have seen English women like yourself, who are free, practically, as men; who ride, dance, play tennis, write books, ride to hounds, how could I marry a woman of my own people, who has been brought up behind a veil, and thinks it immoral to know how to read and write, or to have any idea of her own?"

"But wouldn't your people be annoyed if you went outside the district for your wife?"

"Annoyed with me? They don't know the meaning of the word."

Miss Dubbs referred to some of the distasteful domestic practices she had noted in the castle and said pointedly, "You'd better not let your Miss Chesterman know about them. At the same time I'll trouble you not to scowl at me like that. You'll kindly remember that I'm a lady and intend to be treated as such."

With an effort Sidi Mohammed Bergash did not beat the table. "I should have thought it might have occurred to you by this time that I am not altogether a man to be fooled with. We will leave Miss Chesterman out of the conversation, if you please."

"Then the conversation, as far as I am concerned, will end."

"Not at all. If you wish me to explain, I will do so. I brought Miss Chesterman and her brother here as a means to an end."

"Precisely."

"You say precisely. Then you recognize that it was to bring you here, Emily, that I used them?"

"I recognize nothing of the sort. And you will please remember that my name to you, and for that matter to everybody else, is Miss Dubbs."

"For the present, if you like, Miss it shall be. For the future we shall see. In the meanwhile I have the honor to offer you marriage."

"What do you want to marry me?"

"As you have known perfectly well all along. Now come, my dear girl, let us look facts in the face. You are plucked for the moment and raw (if you like) from a trivial disappointment. From your own telling, the Kettle affair was only one of many."

"It was nothing of the kind."

"Well, have it your own way. But your engagement with him is at an end. Now look at what I can offer you—lands, houses, servants, wealth, power. Did you ever think of the sweets of absolute sway, Emily? You will be a queen, with power of life and death over all your subjects, and if I know your capacity I shall be one of those subjects also. You will want an English girl as companion. I give you Miss Chesterman. If you wish for a larger kingdom I will conquer it for you. Everything that power can get and love can think of will be yours. And please remember this: I have loved you from the first moment I put eyes on you, and determined then to make you my queen if love could do it."

Miss Dubbs stood up and looked steadily down into the man's blue eyes. "I'm sorry you've spoken," she said. "But you'll give me credit for trying to head you off from proposing."

"I know that, but I'd too much at stake to take your hint. Besides, I wanted to lay out fairly before you what I have to offer."

"I would rather you did not go on, because there can be only one answer, and that's 'no.' There could be no lady more conscious of the compliment you have paid me, Saint, and the offer to make me a queen is, of course, extremely fascinating. But marrying's a thing I'm set against, and there you have the whole tale in a nutshell. And now it would be more comfortable for both of us if you changed the subject."

"No." The Berber chief's blue eyes grew hard, and his brown beard stuck out aggressively. "I have offered you the easy path, Emily, and I have made my proposal to you on honorable English lines. But there is too much at stake to let you upset all my schemes for the sake of a paltry whim. To this valley and this rock you have come, and here you will stay for the rest of your natural life. Make no mistake about that. Again I ask: will you be queen?"

"I'd rather die first," said Miss Dubbs shortly.

"You can guess the alternative?"

"I prefer to remember that you are a gentleman with an English education, and that, therefore, you won't make threats."

"It would be better if you made no allusion to the unfortunate circumstance of my upbringing. I can tell you it has been the curse of my existence, and the detail of my gentility is beginning to wear very thin. At present, Emily, I am supreme kaid of the Western Atlas Berbers, with power of life, and death, and fortune over everything within my marches, and am in no mood to be thwarted." The blue eyes gazed hungrily on the English girl's splendid

womanhood. "So you can be assured of just one broad fact. My wife you are going to be, and it would be more comfortable for both of us if you came to me willingly."

"That I never will."

"Then I shall leave you for the time being to think out for yourself the obvious alternatives. I am sure that when you have connoered the matter coolly, you will take the sensible view. You are a sensible level-headed girl, Emily, and I believe it is that which attracted me to you at the first. I will go now. And I will come back for your favorable decision at ten o'clock tonight."

(To be Continued.)

For a Special Use.

Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House, tells a story of her ancient colored cook, who took a liking to every article in her mistress's wardrobe. It was "Please give me this" and "Please give me that," until Mrs. Clark took a trip to St. Louis and laid in a generous supply of hosiery and underwear and outer garments for the old mammy. The gifts were received with gratitude, but presently the old cook was at her old tricks, asking for stockings, aprons and wrappers. "What did you do with all those things I brought you from St. Louis?" demanded Mrs. Clark. "Why, missie," answered the woman, "I couldn't use them things. Not for nothing. I am saving them all to be buried in."—Washington Herald.

Pastor's Revenge.

In that one of the hundred best books Vallery-Radot's "Life of Pasteur" we read the story of his misery. It is nothing to say that the war nearly broke his heart. But it broke neither his faith nor the straight line of his work. Only a sort of rage possessed him to redeem and console France by working for her. "Henceforth," he said, "every one of my books shall have written on it these words, Revenge, revenge, revenge." And this was his revenge, to set the name of France in the honors list of science higher than ever: to give the rest of his life to her service, and to wear himself out for her sake.—Spectator.

Sings Hymns to Her Chickens.

A woman living near here never says "Chicky, chicky, chick" when she wishes to feed her chickens. When she goes to the henhouse with feed she sings a church hymn, such as "Rock of Ages" or "Holy Bible, book divine; precious treasure, thou art mine!" and the "biddies" make a bee-line rush toward her from all parts of the yard. The chickens recognize her voice, and will not rush to any other person with the same speed, even if the same hymns are sung.—Clay City correspondence Indianapolis News.

A Portrait of Charles Anthon.

His outward personality was unlike and impressive. He was a trifle under the average height, erect as an Indian and inclining to portliness. His head was superb and his features strong and finely cut. He was punctiliously neat in his dress, the style of which was never varied. A short sack coat hung straight from his ample shoulders, merging in front into a black satin vest and a very small gold pin, the whole surmounted by a black satin stock and a high standing collar with rounded corners.

Broke 62,458 Bottles.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, the cellar of Paul Masson, a wine merchant of San Jose, Cal., contained a stock of 125,000 bottles, all neatly arranged. Then came the earthquake and when the proprietor was able to enter his cellar again he found that 62,458 bottles, by actual count, were broken and the remainder thrown about in the wildest confusion. It is curious, with such a large number of bottles, that the quake should have come within a few dozen of demolishing an exact half of the stock.—Wide World Magazine.

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