

# COMICS

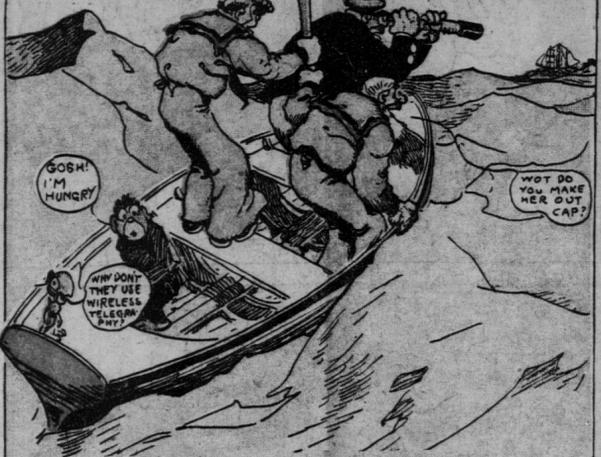
## ST. PAUL GLOBE

SUNDAY OCTOBER 27<sup>th</sup> 1904

### BINNACLE JIM SPINS A RUM YARN



1. "I won't forget in a hurry the time we took that cargo o' rum t' Lisbon. We was about twenty days out o' Jamaica I rick-o-lee' when it tyrued foul an' commenced t' blow blisters. Th' Capt'in ordered th' foresail reefed and set, th' foresheet hauled aft an' th' helm set hard-a-weather, but we 'us struck so sudden 'at afore Bill an' me could belay th' fore-down-haul th' ship had sprung, an' we had t' take to th' longboat.



2. "It 'us a mighty tryin' thing t' leave th' ol' ship that way, but when we see 'at she 'us doomed, each feller 'us tryin' t' see who'd be first t' git off. Th' result bein' 'at nobody thought o' provisions 'til we'd cut away. Well, we soon lost sight o' th' vessel, an' drifts for nine days afore sightin' anything solidier than salt water.



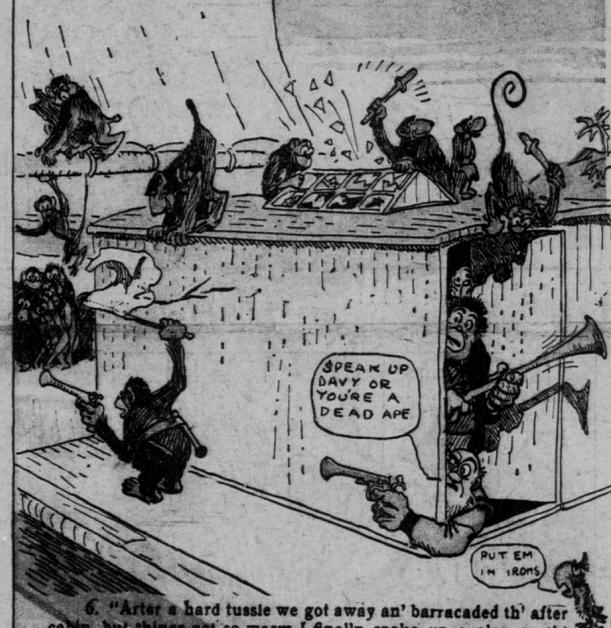
3. "When th' ol' man made out an island through his glass he couldn't believe his own eyes, an' neither could Bill an' me when we made th' landin' later on, fer perched up there on th' rocks, high an' dry, 'ith an even keel, set th' very image o' th' 'Dancin' Sal', rigged jis' as we'd left her. Well, sir, we all thort our heads 'ad been turned by pryvations, an' sent Davy up t' speak th' thing.



4. "You wouldn't believe it, but it turned out t' be th' ol' ship herself, carried up there by a tidal wave er somethin' more an' likely, Bill sed. Arter we'd satisfied our hunger an' thirst, we took a look over th' side an' saw as how we was anchored on one o' them coral islands, an' likely t' rot there, bein' out o' th' path o' vessels.



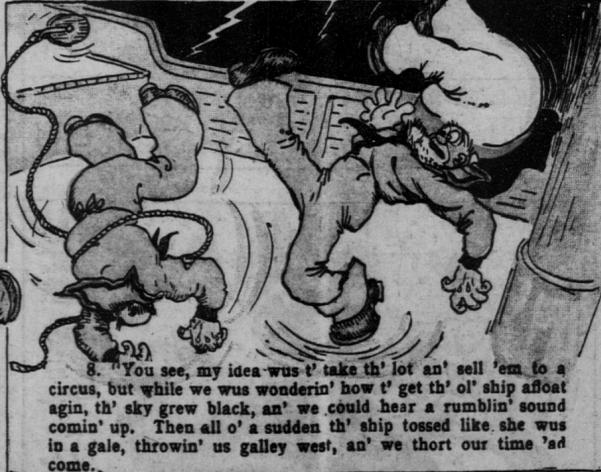
5. "We was too tickled t' be aboard t' worry, however, an' we all turned in our bunks fer th' first good night's snooze we'd had in a fortnight. We was woke up next mornin' by th' sound o' scratchin' an' chatterin' on deck, an' when th' Capt'in sent Bill an' Davy t' see wot was up, you never heard sich a row. You see, th' vessel had been boarded by a army o' apes durin' th' night.



6. "Arter a hard tussle we got away an' barricaded th' aft cabin, but things got so warm I finally spoke up a plan to th' Capt'n, and this was it. Davy, bein' one o' them, you might say, an' speakin' their lingo, was to go out an' make terms, flyin' a white flag, while I covered his rear with a pistol. It was a long parley, but when we told 'em about that rum in th' hold they started below.



7. "That's wot we'd a-been waitin' fer, an' when they was putnigh all below, we made a run fer it, an' clapped down th' hatch afore they knowed wot was comin', an' th' Capt'n bein' excited kicked poor Davy in by accident. But there bein' no help fer it, th' only thing t' do wus t' let th' poor critter take his chances with th' rest.



8. "You see, my idea wus t' take th' lot an' sell 'em to a circus, but while we was wonderin' how t' get th' ol' ship afloat agin, th' sky grew black, an' we could hear a rumblin' sound comin' up. Then all o' a sudden th' ship tossed like she wus in a gale, throwin' us galley west, an' we thort our time 'ad come.



9. "We picked ourselves up an' ran to th' side. Well, you can belay me if that island hadn't been swollered up by an airthquake.



10. "We'd let a few o' them apes out at a time, an' appointed Davy as second mate, t' learn 'em seamanship, an' they wus so smart 'at afore long Bill an' me didn't have a tap t' do but set an' look on while Davy made 'em scrub deck an' shorten sail. They was three casks o' rum missin', wot came out o' Bill's an' my pay, an' th' Capt'n must 'a' sold th' monkeys hisself, fer we never see 'em arter."

Copyright, 1904, by C. J. Hirtz. (All rights reserved.)

