

A Duel With Davy Jones

Some years ago Davy Jones was in Liverpool on business, says "J. M." in the Manchester Guardian. Davy used to spend most of his time in Simpson's, on the Land'ng-stage, looking out over the river at the ships. The Conway boys used to come there twice a week for Eccles cakes and buns, and Davy Jones was always pleased to see them. He used to listen to their talk and to laugh at the jokes they made, and when any very great boy came there, with a wisdom beyond his years and a promise beyond his years and a promise of future greatness, he would talk kindly to him. "You and I," he would say, "will be better acquainted by and by." He liked to see the boys, they were so fresh and merry. It always went to his heart when he heard that So-and-so, the handsome one, or So-and-so, the brave one, was about to sail. "You are safe here," he would tell them. "Out there you will not be so safe. It is a hungry thing, the sea—a hungry, hungry, hungry thing." They would laugh at this, because they were glad to be leaving school, and he would laugh back. "You and I," he would say, "will be better acquainted by and by. By and by we shall be better acquainted."

One evening as he sat there at tea, Bill Harker entered. Davy Jones had had his eye on Bill for some years, and knew him. It was very shocking to Davy Jones to see that the young man was crying, though he made brave attempts to chaff the waitress and to nick an extra rock cake as soon as her back was turned. "Harker," he said kindly, "come and sit down, boy. What's the trouble?" "She's married," said Harker, between his sobs. "She's married." "Ah," said Davy Jones, "and you were in love with her yourself?" "I love her, I love her," said Bill Harker; "I always loved her. And I threw her over, man, because she told me the truth about myself." "Truth is a rare gift, Harker," said Davy Jones. "Ah! she is beautiful. She is beautiful. She is not like me," said Bill. "Beauty is a great gift, Harker," said Davy Jones. "And she is married. And I threw her over. And she is in hell till she dies. And I shall love her forever. Forever." "Love is a sweet flame, Harker," said Davy Jones. "Truth and Beauty and Love together, Harker, are not things to throw in the dirt." "She is going broad," said Harker. "They are poor, and they are going abroad." "Ah!" said Davy Jones. "In what ship, boy?" "That is the curse of it," said Harker. "They are poor. And they are going in the old Glasgerion, the rottenest old hulk that ever was over-sea. She will never fetch to St. Mary's. She'll go down in the sea like a stone. And I shall have killed her." "We all kill our loves, Harker," said Davy Jones. "And so he's going in the old Glasgerion. I know the Glasgerion, Harker," said Davy Jones at last, "the Glasgerion will never fetch to St. Mary's." "Nev—" said Harker; "she's a doomed ship. I dream in the night that I saw it. And the sea was all crawling across her deck. Her deck was all crying with it. There were weeds in her love's hair," he added; "the gulls in the sea were crying at her beauty." "Ah," said Davy Jones. "And now you have killed her. 'Harker,' he added, after a time, "you say you love her. Do you love her very much?" "More than my life," said Harker. "I could die for that woman." "Even if she's married, Harker?" "Yes, even now, even now." "Suppose now," said Davy Jones, "that she could be happy with Hawk. Would you die, if that they could live and be happy?" "I would die," said Harker. "Life is a little thing to give for a woman like her." "So you would give your life for theirs, Harker?" said Davy Jones. "I would," he answered. They were quiet after that, till Davy Jones got up to go. "Harker," he said, "sometimes life is very bitter. Those who don't know me call me a hard man; but I am not hard. You would die for those two. When do you sail?" "To-morrow, by the morning tide," said Harker; "the Glasgerion sails the same time." "So you would die for them, Harker?" said Davy Jones. "So be it. I think you would die hard, Harker, from all I have seen of you. It is cold in the sea," he added softly, "but the buns are bright, and the multitude of drowned is past counting." "I am mainly tough to kill," said Harker, served my time on the coast. I don't shame my breeding when the bell comes." When Davy Jones had said, Harker looked at the old Glasgerion as she lay at her buoy in the river, with her ports all lighted like a ballroom.

The next morning, as the Glasgerion slipped down stream, she passed the rannas bark, towing out, with a skiff tug ahead of her. They were going sailing in the Corunna, and the young man on the fore-royal yard leaped the Glasgerion narrowly as she thrashed past, sounding her siren. "Would die for her," he said; "life is a little thing to give for a woman like her." Four or five weeks passed before Davy Jones made any sign. The old Glasgerion arrived at St. Mary's, greatly to her owner's delight, and she was there condemned unawares. The Corunna beat away to the westward against fresh starry gales, but she was off to sea before it came on to blow. Then she was engaged with a roaring western

ocean fury, and the sea became iron-gray and grim, and the wind whipped the tops from the seas and flung them over the Corunna's bows as high as the foreyard. For three days the gale blow, and never once did they see the sun. It came down in a long screaming howl day after day. On the third day the sky cleared a little, so that the forlorn crowd clustered on the Corunna's poop could see Hog Island, on the lee beam, distant some two miles.

"I will let them have time to prepare," said Davy Jones.

The old man stood beside Bill Harker, under the weather-cloth, hanging on to a shroud. He looked at the sprays flying high over the rocks, and glanced at the young man beside him. "We're done, boy," he said; "she'd never stay." "There's room to wear, sir," said Harker. "Not there," said the old man. "You're old; that's what's wrong with you," said Bill. He made a jump for the wheel. "Hard up," he shouted. "Hard up. Hands wear ship." The men ran to the weather braces; the helmsman hove the wheel over.

"No, you don't," said Davy Jones.

He sent a green sea against the Corunna's rudder. The shock made the wheel take charge. The helmsman went over the box into the scuppers. "I think that's done you," said Davy Jones.

Bill hung a bight of the relieving tackle over the flying spokes. At the risk of his life he checked that wheel. "That was a near thing," he thought. The ship took in a green sea along her length. Very slowly she began to pay off.

"No, you don't," said Davy Jones.

The full fury of the gale beat upon them in a screaming gust. The two lower topsails split into rags and flickered away to leeward like dirty paper.

"That's done you," said Davy Jones.

The sprays boiled high close aboard, as the Corunna charged down, bows on. "You shall do it in style," said Davy Jones. "You have the gift of beauty. You shall die finely." A sea took her over the poop and washed Bill Harker forward. Wheel, chart-house, deckhouse, fo'c'sle, and cabin vanished into splinters before that sea. The old Corunna lay on her side, and broached to. The drowning men in the waist thought of the laughter of the captains. They clutched at brace-ends and buckets; they struggled up and swore. Bill Harker found himself inside the pigsty. "I was always fond of pork," he said. "But this is like moother on a washing-day." He saw the rocks and the white water; he thought of the old Glasgerion and flushed with the thought of the woman's beauty.

"You're done," said Davy Jones.

Bill swung himself into the fore-shrouds and spread his coat abroad. "It's a bare chance," he said, "but I'll go down fighting." The old man, lying on his back in the scuppers, uttered a choking cheer between the seas. The Corunna rose up and shook herself; she felt the new force; she wallowed up and trembled. Bill's coat split down the seam; and the ship wore like a child. Very tenderly and quickly they set the stormstaysails, and drew away from the land.

"You deserve to live," said Davy Jones. "You shall be my wedding present to Mrs. Hawk."

Which is Ed?

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed. Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future Senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

Great Chance of Marriage.

It is estimated that the women of Great Britain have nearly twice as many chances of being married as the women of any other nation in Europe. This is one of the facts shown in the annual statistical abstract from the principal nations of the world, issued by the English Board of Trade recently. The period covered by the figures is from 1893 to 1903. In each of these ten years there have been fourteen or sixteen marriages per thousand of the population of Great Britain, while in other countries the rate has remained steady at between seven and eight per thousand.

Roman Mint Found.

A completely equipped Roman mint was discovered in a cave in the neighborhood of Kayosovar, Hungary. Besides crucibles, which still contained bronze, there were three dies for the production of gold coins, dies of silver, bronze and iron ore and three hundred coins. The investigation made showed that the workshop dated from the first century of the Christian era. A number of neatly worked earrings, bracelets and other objects of bronze, as well as tools, such as hammers and tongs, were also found.

Historic Drawbridge.

At Helmingham Hall in Suffolk county, in England, the drawbridge is always raised every night over the historic moat, which is more than seven hundred years old. The moat is not dry like so many of ancient date, but is filled to the brim. This is the only English castle where the historic right of raising the drawbridge has come down from the days of chivalry.

Domestic Tactics

Here's a man who has developed and put over what he calls a beat-her-to-it system for use in domestic skirmishing. He only puts the system into play when he's wrong and knows it.

He evolved the scheme a couple of months ago, and it worked out beautifully, just according to the plans and specifications.

On that occasion he had left the house about 7 o'clock in the evening to get a cigar at the shop around the corner. At the cigar shop he met a pal who exuded a buzz about a little four-bits limit game that was going to happen at the rooms of a mutual chummie that evening. The man who'd only left the house to get a smoke knew that if he went home and tried to frame up some scheme whereby he'd be able to get out for the night he had every chance on earth of falling down on it and would therefore miss the chance to kick in on the tidy little four-bits limit game. So he didn't go home at all, but accompanied the friend he'd met to the rooms where the game was to happen, figuring that he'd have to take his medicine when he got home, at the break-up of the game, for jumping his household at twilight "on pretense that he was going after a cigar," as he knew full well the matter would be expressed by his wife.

The game broke up along toward 2 o'clock in the morning, and the man with his wife yet to meet trudged home rather than wait for a car. He had plenty of time to think it all over on the train home.

"I'm wrong, of course," he reasoned out. "Had no license to jump out early in the evening and stay so late—or early, I mean, without saying anything about it. Of course I didn't know I was going to stay out like this playing poker, but I'd never be able to convince her of that, and there'd be no use in the world for me to say it. Well, I know everything she's going to say—I've got it all discounted in advance—unless I can think of some way out. Let's see; she'll open up by saying that—by cracky, that's the fine idea. I'll do it! I'll open it myself! I wonder how the scheme'll work out, anyway?"

He saw the bright light in the second-story windows when he came alongside his house, and he knew that she was waiting up for him, as he had confidently expected. He stepped briskly up the steps, didn't make any effort to creep or crawl or pad the sound of his footsteps as he mounted the stairs, and, when he entered the bedroom, to see his wife, stretched out reading a novel, but with a hard look in her eyes, he hustled right over to her and deposited a most penitential kind of a lip salute on her left eye. She gazed at him in amazement, for she had been expecting him to sink in with a hang-dog air, prepared either to brazen it out and take his part in the scrap or to stand utterly mute under her upbraidings.

But he took her right in his arms and began to knock himself.

"Look here, my dear," he said, rapidly. "I'm a mean mutt, and you don't have to tell me that I'm one. I know it. I'm ashamed of myself. Never felt so ornery in my life as I've felt all this evening for staying away from you like this. I sure hate myself for it; honest I do!"

"Well," she began, "I should certainly think you'd—"

"Yes," he broke in quickly, "and I do, too. It was perfectly contemptible on my part—utterly snide and brutal. I don't blame you for being hot about it. I'd be as sore as a butcher myself if I were in your place. No use in trying to phony about it, either—I was playing poker."

"But," put in his wife, viewing him suspiciously, "how did you happen—"

"Oh, it doesn't make any difference about how it happened, little one," he cut in. "I'm the mean skate for doing it, and there are no two ways about that end of it. The idea of me hiking off with a crowd of gambling bums and leaving behind the dearest and most considerate little woman on earth to sit up and wait for me and worry over me all this long time—somebody ought to put me to the bastinado for it and I'm just the lout that knows it."

"But didn't you stop to think of—"

"Did I? I never had my mind off of you the whole evening but I was ahead of the game early in the evening—away out in front in fact and, of course, I couldn't cash in and crawl out when I was so much to the good, especially as I couldn't get 'em to name an hour when the game was to finish, and so there I was, with a big double stack of chips in front of me; and no chance to vamp home here, even though I was frightfully nervous and bothered all the time, for I knew that you'd—"

"Yes, and I've been worried to death for three or four hours, for fear you'd—"

"I knew it all the time, and I kept looking at my watch, so as to give those fatheads in the game the hint that I wanted to get out; but they professed not to see my nervousness. I could picture my little baby doll just worrying herself to the verge of hysteria, and it put me into a perfect rage and fury with myself and I made up my mind right then that the next time I—"

"But when you thought of me here all alone with nobody to protect me in case of burglars or—"

"Oh! I think of it? Well, if I have

not added a whole lot of gray hairs to my night thinking of it then I don't know, I was keenly conscious the whole evening that I wasn't behaving right by you—but what could I do? I knew very well that you wouldn't have me such a mean piker as to get cold feet and quit the game when I was prancing away out in front and yet there were times when I felt like throwing my chips out of the window and just rushing home to you anyhow. Dog-gone my ornery hide honey, I sure have a grouch against myself for staying any old place away from you till such an hour in the middle of the night as this, and there's only one thing for me to do, and that is to try to square it with you, that's all. You just overlook it this time and you watch me."

"Well, I must say, this is the first time that you've opened up to it that you weren't treating me right, but if you—"

"No, I've been pretty pig-headed about it, I have no doubt, but I guess I can see as far through a stone wall as the next one, and I'm just the Indian that can skate to the centre and admit things when I see I'm dead wrong. Yes, ma'am, 'dead I am! What an ass a fellow is, anyhow, to stick around with a bunch of popt-eyed cardrifiers when he might be spending a nice, pleasant, uplifting evening at home with the dearest and nicest and prettiest little wife on earth, and get in his full night's sleep, and—"

"Well, John, I certainly did mean to say a great many things to you about the way you have been treating me, but since you show that you really are sorry, why, of course, the only thing I can do is to try to forget."

"That's it, precious—just forget it. I'm not going to be a mean, neglectful skeezicks all my life, you can bet all you've got on that, and the next time I leave you in the lurch this way— But, at that, I'll tell you what I did just to get back to you. I was still away to the good in the game when it got close to 2 o'clock, and I was determined to quit at that hour, no matter what the mullets in the game thought, and so I deliberately over-played two or three of my hands and lost my velvet, and so I cashed in just exactly even to a penny, and then you ought to've seen me hustling home here to you—didn't even hang around for a car, I was so eager to get back and try to square myself, and being, the next time I make a loafer of myself like this I want you to give me the swellest calling down that ever happened, for it'll be only what's a-coming to me, and—"

"Well, I must say, you certainly are a dear to own up so sweetly, and of course I couldn't reproach you after you've been so nice about it," &c.

This is what the man calls his beat-her-to-it system. It sounds pretty good for a one-time thing. It might at a venture even be put over twice, with a properly lengthy interval between the two attempts. But the wise old fish of a married man who investigates and gives a bit of thought of this beat-her-to-it scheme will probably reach the conclusion that it couldn't possibly work if used as a steady thing and that the man who tried to get by with it for say, the third time would have his line of bunk eaten alive before he'd emitted more than fourteen brief words of it. —Washington Star.

Parrots in Nebraska.

Only a few naturalists and early territorial settlers know that parrots were once numerous in Nebraska, says the Lincoln State Journal. Fifty years ago they were still seen along the Missouri River in southeastern Nebraska, but disappeared very suddenly after the first settlement in that region. The Nebraska parrot was the Carolina parakeet (cornus Carolina). It had a beautiful green and yellow plumage, so striking in appearance as instantly to arrest the attention of the early hunter. Besides this the birds gathered in large flocks and were so exceedingly tame and simple that the whole flock was easily killed. Add to this that the birds were fine eaters and their feathers attractive trophies of the hunt and the fate of the Nebraska parrot was assured.

Too Fat to Squeal.

A Pekin correspondent says: "It is no uncommon sight to see twelve or thirteen enormous fat pigs with their legs tied huddled close together having a ride in a Chinese cart with some sort of light cargo on top of them and a man sitting on the cargo. The pigs are silent and consequently one would think they should not be objects for the action of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The fact is that the animals are too fat and lazy to make any noise until disturbed at their journey's end, when gaggles are as Italian opera to the terrific squealing heard."

Tax on Cats.

Every cat owner in Berlin has now to pay a tax, which is equivalent to a license, and each cat has to wear a metal disk round its neck as evidence that the tax has been paid. Any cat found on the streets without this metal disk is taken off to the municipal lethal chamber by the police. This method has already considerably lessened the number of cats in Berlin. The Emperor—who has a hatred of cats almost amounting to a mania—is said to have induced the Berlin municipality to take action.

Professional Pride.

"I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence."

"Yes," answered Mr. Graftwell, "your hearing of it would indicate very crude work on somebody's part."

An Aparian Renaissance

By TOM P. MORGAN

THE softly-sighing breeze, that straying in at the window of Prof. Humboldt Mellick's chamber, brings the fragrant breath of Araby the Blest and Hunkthunder's soap-factory, dandles with the whiskers of what looks a good deal like a large and knobby blood-pudding, with hair and a few features on it. This is the result of Prof. Mellick's recent tempting of fate with his latest invention, the Eureka Effluvent.

In the other room lies another and darker-hued victim of the inefficiency of the Effluvent. This is old Uncle Rufus White, the scientist's colored man of all work.

The professor became the possessor of bees because of a young and accomplished conversational who was going about, as Scripture says, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he could sell the plans and right to build a Complex Reversible Bee-house.

The reversible part was a great boon, from Booneville, Kentucky. If the owner did not like the appearance of the front, he could, with a little more than a day's labor, turn the back side of the bee-house around in front.

The young man kindly proved to Prof. Mellick that the air-line to the possession of great riches lay through the Complex Reversible Bee-house. He showed how the late Mr. Croesus laid the foundation of his justly-celebrated fortune by propagating bees in one of these houses.

The young man also imparted to Prof. Mellick a reminiscence of Captain Kidd, who, though not particularly religious was credited with wonderful fluency in taking up collections, and afterwards slaughtering the collectors with neatness and dispatch. Prof. Mellick was astounded to learn that Mr. Kidd really accumulated the money, which he afterward buried all along the coast from Goth to Askalon, by the continued use of reversible bee-houses, and not by means of his self-invented process for expeditiously jerking the financial cuticle off over the heads of all whom he met, after which he proceeded to plow the Spanish Main some more, singing in a low, cooling refrain, his celebrated song, the chorus of which mentions incidentally that he sailed and did a few other things, among which was that he murdered William Moore and left him in his gore and kept right on sailing.

With the shining examples of these gentlemen before him, Prof. Mellick speedily purchased the right to make

THE TRIAL OF A NEW INVENTION

Professor Humboldt Mellick's Experiments with the "Eureka Effluvent" are the Source of Dire Consequences and Result in Unforeseen Calamities and Pain

house upon the inside, Prof. Mellick set fire to the odoriferous powder.

The result was as unexpected as it was uncomfortable. Instantly the little house was filled with a blinding cloud of smoke that totally eclipsed the odor of triple extract of skunk-bias, and made Prof. Mellick gasp like a lizard. Instead of quieting the bees, the effluvia seemed to irritate them almost to frenzy, and they poured out of their hives and fell upon the pundit, who was groping blindly about in the choking vapor in search of the door, which seemed, to his excited senses, to be travelling around the sides of the house just fast enough to elude him.

Then ensued a sound of revelry by night. The bees devoted their time and attention solely to the scientist. They whetted their stingers anew, and formed a halo about his head. They crawled up his sleeves and trousers-legs, and down his neck. They promenade up and down his spine,



The Bees Devoted Their Time to the Scientist.

encircled his neck and danced on his wish-bone. They stung him from Genesis to Revelations.

The pain tortured him almost to madness, and the smoke nearly smothered him. He tore around in the murkiness of the bee-house, trying to find the door which he had so thoughtfully fastened, and which now seemed always upon the opposite side of the bee-palace. All the time, he uttered soulful yells loud enough to raise the defunct Ramesses II.

Old Rufus heard the racket, and, club in hand, came on the run. He had scoffed at the professor's bees and bee-house, but he was now going to lie supinely upon his corrugated spine and let midnight robbers carry off the treasures of his employer.

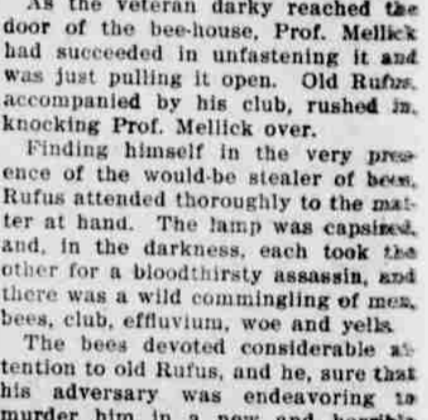
As the veteran darty reached the door of the bee-house, Prof. Mellick had succeeded in unfastening it and was just pulling it open. Old Rufus, accompanied by his club, rushed in, knocking Prof. Mellick over.

Finding himself in the very presence of the would-be stealer of bees, Rufus attended thoroughly to the matter at hand. The lamp was capsized, and, in the darkness, each took the other for a bloodthirsty assassin, and there was a wild commingling of men, bees, club, effluvia, woe and yells.

The bees devoted considerable attention to old Rufus, and he, sure that his adversary was endeavoring to murder him in a new and horrible fashion, nearly drove that learned gentleman's head into the floor. Had the club not slipped from the irate darty's grasp it is my firm belief that the erudite Mellick would have been driven so far into the floor that nothing short of grease eradicator would have extracted him.

Then there occurred a variation to the programme. The professor's hand came in contact with the lost club and he used it in quick succession upon the scone of his adversary so liberally that Rufus ceased trying to tear the mouth of his employer clean out of his head. The overturned lamp set fire to the straw on the floor of the patent reversible apiary.

A few minutes later a passing pedestrian was startled to see two



Prof. Mellick Set Fire to the Odorous Powder.

a bee-house for himself, with the privilege of turning the back end toward Main street whenever he liked.

The building was nearly completed before Prof. Mellick bethought himself of the fact that he had no bees to put in it. As a bee-house without tenants could hardly be considered a source of revenue, Prof. Mellick purchased several hives of early dwarf bees, warranted to be sound in wind, limb and stinger. The hives were placed in the bee-house, and the scientist sat back and waited for the bees to roll up their sleeves and make honey till you couldn't rest.

Old Rufus scoffed at the idea that they would improve each shining hour to the extent of increasing the assets of their owner. This angered the scientist so that he forbade the old darty's approaching the bee-house—exactly what the sable schemer was working for.

Soon, Prof. Mellick was attacked by a haunting fear that the bees would swarm and thus cause a great amount of trouble. To prevent this he invented the Eureka Effluvent—a powder, which, when burned, would give out a smoke, the smell of which was louder than calls for reform, and was calculated to make the bees settle down in somnolent content.

Not being familiar with the habits of bees, Prof. Mellick feared they might swarm at night, and so, for a week after their purchase, he visited the reversible house three times each night, while Uncle Rufus White, secure in his scorn, snored serenely.

Last night, about one o'clock, upon making his visit to the bee-house, he discovered that something was wrong. The inmates were buzzing angrily, and Prof. Mellick was sure that they were about to swarm.

Hurrying to his laboratory, he speedily returned with a lamp and a pan of the Effluvent. The bees were buzzing and crawling about in their hives. Fastening the door of the bee-



Old Rufus Rushed In.

figures burst out of the blank side of a blazing bee-house totally ignoring the location of the door.

After they had put out their hair, raked the bees off from themselves and recognized each other, Prof. Mellick and Rufus sat down side by side, and with the keenest satisfaction watched the burning of the complex reversible bee-house.

Then they crawled off to bed, and the groans from Prof. Mellick's chamber were answered by moans from the bedroom of Uncle Rufus White.