

BOYS.

Now, if anyone has an easy time... It is not the boy of the family... For his hands are always full.



FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

Saving the two shots from the first boat... a small arm had been fired by them up...

A sudden cry from the bow, soon followed by the sound of metal striking metal...

"There's a fair chance for a leap, Donald," he whispered. "The last tie is gone. Be it ready."

It was the culminating wave of disaster, and for the moment I felt like sinking beneath it.

"He lives, indeed," was the answer, "but whether or no he will bide long I cannot say."

CHAPTER XX. THE SHELL OF THE DINGY.

Never was my love of life or the certainty of my saving it greater than when I shot beneath the surface of the ocean.

With a few vigorous strokes I swam under it, and, regulating my rise as best I could, came to the surface within the shell of the wrecked boat.

Settled low as was the overturned dingy, my head barely cleared her bottom, but that was sufficient.

The sound of voices decreased as the moments flew, and when at last it seemed certain that I had gone to the bottom, there came a general awakening, and a sharp order was given to search the hull, strike the flag, and hoist the British ensign.

"Overboard that carrion, and then pitch it overboard!" This I knew must refer to the body of my poor friend, but before I could realize the necessity of the order thus brutally given...

"How's this, Scammell?" said Belden, evidently turning to that officer. "We saw three men aboard, and but two are accounted for. Thorndyke has gone to hell over the side, and this lad of yours is like to join him by another route!"

"There was no third," came the sharp response. "Two it was that smothered us below. I know of none other! no more does Lounsbury."

"Now I take it, lieutenant, that by rights the 'rat' is mine." "Ye've toasted mug!" demanded the unknown voice. "What mean ye?"

"The knowledge that Ames still lived gave me a quick sense of relief—a relief which fled on the instant as I thought of the probable future in store for him."

And yet was my reason against the idea of her self-destruction. There was mystery in her disappearance, but its solution lay not in that.

"Think you that dinky could be hauled aboard and repaired? 'Twas a neat shot, and the ball seems to have cleft her like a knife."

"So it looks," came an answer, "but I'll warrant you'll find her full of fissures. The work will barely pay the trouble."



"The ball struck Ames."

"He has cost us ten men in all, and only to give us the slip!" "Tis small wonder Lounsbury has the shakes at thought of him!

"Damn him!" was the retort. "What about the schooner? Lounsbury wants to take her in. There's nothing gone but the foretopmast, and with three men he could work her if the captain consents."

"After that the boats passed and recrossed as time dragged on, and finally the bulk of the vessel's captors returned to their own schooner, for, saving now and then the sound of a single man tramping the deck, the stillness was unbroken."

"It was with mighty satisfaction that I had heard the final order to cut the binding my refuge to the schooner. I gave no thought to what might come of my being edrift on the broad ocean."

"Well, by the powers, I suppose I must obey orders. If the boy is moved, he dicit—that's flat—an' by me soul, he may go, spite o' me skull!"

"No," answered Belden; "he's sent for by the captain. I'll fix the liquor, McCarry. Now, Mr. Lounsbury, you have heard your instructions. Follow us as soon as the wind rises; you will have it ere long—the glass has fallen. We will stand near you. Are you ready, Scammell?"

Further than that I must leave my shelter and gain the schooner. I could not proceed in laying my line of action. To use the wreck as a support and push the unmanageable thing for an uncertain number of miles to the Long Island coast would result, in my present condition, in collapse and death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YANKEE ADVERTISING DODGE.

An Instance in Which a Shrewd Hunter Makes a Good Clean-Up with Cheap Cigars.

An ex-collector of customs relates this as among his experiences: "Some years ago and shortly prior to the holidays a man came into the office and said that he wanted to talk with me personally."

"Mister," he began when we were alone, "I'm in a kind of a snarl and I've come to you because I want to do the square thing. I had a nice lot of Havany cigars shipped to Windsor, thinking I could do a stroke sellin' 'em here in Detroit."

"Then my honest Yankee made a special Christmas sale, patronized chiefly by ladies who did not care so much about price as they did about the credit of having once selected good goods."

"The woman of it. Postal Clerk—This letter is over-weight, ma'am. You'll have to put another stamp on it."

"Woman—I think the government is just too mean for anything. I know I've mailed hundreds of letters that weren't anywhere near full weight, so I think the least you can do is to let this one go through."

"A Pertinent Inquiry. Newlywed (complacently)—Oh! of course, all women have sharp tongues; 'every rose has its thorn,' you know."

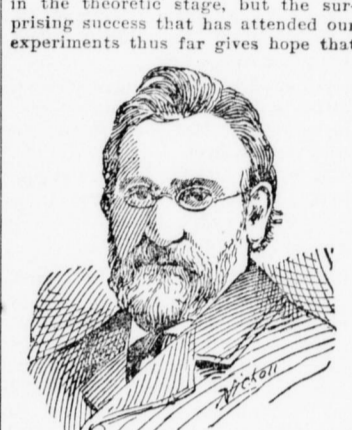
"Why is it that you got down to the office so early now?" "My wife's doing her own cooking, and I have to make her believe that I can't wait for breakfast."

"He said you were a bird." "Really?" she exclaimed, delighted. "Yes—a parrot!"

"You're toasted mug!" demanded the unknown voice. "What mean ye?" "Ay, only be right o' prize, I mean," was the answer.

TO CHECK SENILITY. Dr. Metchnikoff Claims to Have Discovered a Serum by Which Death May Be Warded Off.

Dr. Metchnikoff's discovery of an alleged means of checking senility is still the subject of intense interest at Paris, although the authors are still trying to prevent the premature publication of the results of their researches.



DR. ELIE METCHNIKOFF. (Reputed inventor of a Serum That Checks Senility.)

We soon shall be far beyond mere theory. Until the best serum for use to the end of strengthening and invigorating the nobler cells of the human body is found, we shall be defenseless against old age, but this one discovered, the cells needing it are armed for the conflict with their destroying neighbors.

Dr. Mirey, the newly elected president of the Academy of Medicine, expresses regret that this so-called discovery has received such wide publicity thus early.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

Determined to Remain in the Field, Although He Is Now the Richest Man in Great Britain.

The new duke of Westminster, who has just succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates, is the richest man in England and bears one of the proudest names in the British peerage.

It re-opens to all, and each story will be judged solely upon its merits without regard to the name or reputation of its writer; but no story will be considered at all unless it is sent strictly in accordance with the printed conditions, which will be mailed free, postage paid, to any one, together with 5 complete specimen stories, and many of the names and addresses, as references, of the men and women in all parts of America who have received more than \$30,000 Cash.

A Chance For Women!

For Black Cat stories. Thousands of men and women unknown to literary fame have seen enough, know enough, and are clever enough to tell a fascinating tale that will appeal to intelligent people everywhere.

A Chance For Men!

Do you cough? Don't delay! Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure.

"A Miss is As Good as a Mile." If you are not entirely well, you are ill. Illness does not mean death's door.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. The public schools of a certain New England city have recently taken to an exciting form of art.

Advertisement for Ayer's Pills, including a portrait of Dr. J.C. Ayer and text: "Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth?"

Advertisement for a story contest, featuring a black cat illustration and text: "A Chance For Men! Thousands of men and women unknown to literary fame have seen enough..."

Advertisement for Kemp's Balsam, featuring a portrait of a man and text: "Do you cough? Don't delay! Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure."

Advertisement for Riso's Cure for Consumption, featuring a portrait of a man and text: "Riso's Cure for Consumption. It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Group, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma."