

By Sidney Smith

# West Wind Drift

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON  
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**THIS STARES THE STORY**  
The steamship *Dordine*, with Captain Tigger in command, sailed from a South American port bound for the United States. It was a new ship and was never seen again. Its disappearance was a mystery. Shortly after the vessel left port the wireless telegraph operator discovered a message. It informed the captain that he was to return to the world and that the night before sailing he had been to work under guard and while on duty recognized by Ruth Clinton as a man he had associated with on a previous voyage. The wireless telegraph operator of the *Dordine* reported the message to the captain, who was then in a *Wahook*, the wireless telegraph operator of the *Dordine* reported the message to the captain, who was then in a *Wahook*, the wireless telegraph operator of the *Dordine* reported the message to the captain, who was then in a *Wahook*.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
"Orders, sir?"  
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The young man started away, but the captain called him back.  
"What are you going to do after you have had him thrown into the water?"  
"Why, damn it all," exclaimed Percival, "what can I do but jump in and save his life? You don't suppose I'd let him drown, do you? And, God knows, nobody else would have it. They want to tar and feather him, as it is, or lynch him, or make him walk the plank."

## THE GUMPS—Inside Information

## SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Pests

**CHAPTER XII**  
The first of the two boats came alongside, and men began to go clumsily, even fearfully down the ladders. Throughout the early stages of activity on shore, the passengers and crew went out in shifts, no to speak, Percival and others experienced in construction work had learned that efficiency and accomplishment depend entirely on the concentration of force, and so, instead of piling hundreds of little men on shore to create confusion, they adopted the practice of sending out daily detachments of fifty or sixty, to work in regular rotation until all available man power had been broken in and classified according to fitness and strength. For example, certain men developed into able woodworkers, while others were useless in that capacity. Each successive draft, therefore, had its chosen specialties, its haulers, its "handy men," and its waterboys. Moreover, this systematic replacement of workers had the effect of those who were not accustomed to the manual labor to recover from the unusual tax on strength and endurance.

It should be explained, however, that this system was not applied to individuals selected for the purpose of exploration and research. Four parties, well equipped, were sent out to explore both sections of the island. These expeditions had numerous objects in view: to determine, if possible, whether the island had ever been visited or occupied by man; to determine the character of the fruits and vegetables; extent and variety of animal life; the natural resources, etc.

The groups were made up of men familiar with nature in the rough. Lieutenant Platt headed one group. Professor Flathead headed another. A Bolivian ranchman and an English horse buyer the remaining two.

Abel Landover was to have gone out with the first day's shift, but he had refused to leave the ship. This state of affairs lasted the next two days, the banker stubbornly ignoring the advice and finally the commands of Captain Tigger. In the meantime he had been joined in his rebellion—a word used here for want of a milder one—by half a dozen gentlemen who did a great deal of talking about how the Turks were maltreating the Armenians, for fear of being suspected of pro-Germanism, studiously avoided pre-war dissertations on the conduct of the Russian.

The first shift's turn had come around once more in the natural order of things, and practically all of the men had been landed. Landover had refused to go, and with either of the other shifts. He had stood his ground obstinately. Percival's ultimatum, sweeping like wildfire through the company, brought nearly every one on board to the point of seeing whether he would carry out his share. "Would you mind going for the capitalist, this mighty Cossack, this autocrat, into the sea?" cried Nickletock, Block, Shine and the other objectors. Landover was in his stateroom. "I'll be there in a minute," Percival called to the oarsmen, as they waited for him to give his place in the boat. "I'm a sickly fellow," he said, "I would have been in the boat for the last voyage, but I'm not fit for the sea."

"Where is Landover?" demanded of the crowd.  
"He went to his cabin a couple of minutes ago," said another volunteer. "It's Number 3 on the promenade deck." Percival rapped perceptibly on the door of Number 3.  
"We're waiting for you, Mr. Landover," he called out.  
"I'm here, and I'm damned," came strongly from the stateroom. "The door is unlocked. If you put a foot inside this door, I'll shoot you dead."  
"You will have the satisfaction of killing a mighty good dog," said Percival, "and I'll be the wiser for it. I did not enter the room, however. Standing just outside the door, he faced the banker. Landover held in his hand of the luxurious cabin, a revolver in his hand.  
"I mean exactly what I say, Percival. I will shoot the instant you put a foot through that door."  
"I don't believe you would," said Percival, "but, just the same, I'm not going to chance it. If I ever consent to commit suicide, I'll go off somewhere and blow my brains out with my own gun. At present, I have no thought of committing suicide, so I'll stay right where I am. I didn't come here to kill you, Mr. Landover. I have no quarrel with you. Simply came to tell you that the last boat is leaving, and we are waiting for you."  
For many seconds the two men looked straight into each other's eyes.  
"Are you coming?" demanded the young man levelly.  
"Certainly not," said Landover.  
Percival's shoulders sagged. His face wore an expression of complete surrender.  
"Well—if you won't, I suppose you won't," he muttered.  
A triumphant sneer greeted this abrupt backdown on the part of the would-be dictator.  
"I thought so," exclaimed Landover. "You're yellow. You can bully these poor fellows—"  
He never finished the sentence. Percival cleared the eight or nine feet of intervening space with the lunge of a panther. His solid, compact body struck Landover with the force of a battering ram. Before the larger and heavier man could fire a shot, his wrist and heavier arm was gripped in steel. As he staggered back under the impact, Percival's right arm was jammed up under his chin. In the fraction of a second, Landover, unable to withstand the sudden, savage onslaught, toppled over backward and a wildcat, found himself pinned down to the deck, inert and motionless.  
The revolver was discharged, the bullet passing through the door and the bullet passed into the water.

## The Young Lady Across the Way

## Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Fattest Woman in Three Counties

## SCHOOL DAYS

## PETEY—It's a Great Life!

## THE CLANCY KIDS—A Careful Mamma

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