tains' room at Hallett's that a man could leave that sanctum shortly before turning out time and he forthwith kidnaped in the open streets of South Shields, every master mariner within hearing would have put him down contemptuously as a gratuitous liar. All opinions in the captains' room were expressed strong-

The place seemed to its frequenters the embodiment of homeliness and security. There was a faint smell of varnish in the atmosphere and always had been within the memory of the oldest habitue, and shipmasters came back to the odor with a sigh of pleasure, as men do return to the neighborhood of an old and unobtrusive friend. Captains met in that room who traded in all parts of the globe, talked and soon found acquaintances in common. was a sort of informal club, with no subscription and an unlimited membership. The holding of a master's "ticket" was the only entrance qualification, and it was not considered polite to ask your neighbor whether he was at that noment in or out of employment.

If you were a genuine master mariner, but of an unclubbable disposition, you did not go to the captains' room at made a point of getting rather red and speaking of it rather contemptuously when the place was mentioned afterward. If you did not hold a master's ticket, even if you were that dashing thing, a newly fledged mate, the barmaiden on guard spotted you on the instant and said "That door is private." and directed you to the smokeroom down the passage. Into this exclusive chamber Captain

Owen Kettle had made his way that day after tea and over two modest half pints of bitter beer had done his share in the talk and listening from 8 till 10:30 of the clock. He had exchanged views with other shipmasters on cargoes, crews, insurances, climates and those other professional matters which the profane world not in the shipping interest finds so dreary, and had been listened to with deference. He was a man who commanded attention, and, though you might not like what he said, you would not dream of refusing to listen to it. That special night, however, Captain

Kettle's personal views on maritime affairs were listened to with even more deference than usual. A large, red haired man swung into the captains' room some few minutes after Captain Kettle had seated himself, and after ordering his beverage and a cigar nodded with a whimsical smile in Kettle's direction and asked him how he liked the neighborhood of Valparaiso as a resi-

"I forget," said the little sailor, dryly

"All right, captain," said the red haired man. "Don't you mind me. I never remember too much myself either. Only you did me a good turn out there, although you probably don't know it, and I'd be proud if you'd have "You're very polite, captain."

ame? Half a pint of bitter, please miss, and one of your best fourpenny

The general talk of the captains' room, which had halted for the moment, went on again. One worthy clean bill of health in Barcelona and had been sent to do twenty days' penance at the quarantine station, which is in Port Mahon, Minorca. As a natu- yourself.' ral consequence, he wanted to give his views on Spain and Spanish government with length and bitterness, but comehow the opportunity was denied bim. The red baired man put in a sen- turn in here for the night and see her tence or two and a question, and it was Kettle's views on the question to which the captains' room found itself listening. A salvage matter was brought up by a stout gentleman in the Baltic timber trade who was anxious to air his the night. Mrs. Kettle's expecting me sentiments, but the red baired man And so on all through the evening. The red haired man did his work clevly, and no one resented it.

Now, Kettle was a man who liked eing listened to, and there is no doubt that his vanity was tickled by all this deference from his professional equals. security of Hallett's lulled his usual cense of wariness, which may in part And so, without further excuse for him, it is my painful duty to record that an hour after he left the captains' of artifices.

als time also, and together they went outside into the damp, dark main street of South Shields.

"Going back to your ship, captain?"

Hve here, and I'm off home." "Then I suppose I must say good against, and he swayed and then night. Hope to meet you again, though 1 pitched helplessly sideways to the car-"Well, I'm putting in a bit of a spell The last flickering gleams of con-

shipowner I care to serve under."

"you're very good. You see, I'm mar-ried, with children, and I've never Mrs. Kettle's next Sunday's dinner.'

The red haired man sighed, "Well, captain," he said, "you needn't thank Come along off to my steamboat."

"She's lying at a buoy in the river. We can get a boat from the steps." Nothing much more was said between them then. The big red haired man seemed indisposed for further talk, and Kettle was too proud to ask questions. overdone it?" she asked. Together they walked with their short He had not earned a day's wage for six months, and he was in such straits for want of money that he was grow-

They got down to the steps and took a waterman's boat, turned up the piece of plank which lay in the stern sheets and sat on the dry side and then pushed off into the dark river. The red haired man picked up the yoke lines and steered the boat among the dense shipping, past tiers of coasting schooners and timber droghers and out of work clinker built tugs, past ungainly iron steam tramps fishing craft dredgers and the other resting traffic of the Tyne, and finally rounded up under a frieze of sterns and ran alongside the gangway of a 200 ton steam yacht. ly and with due maritime force of lan-"Hello!" said Kettle. "Pleasure?"

"Well, hardly that," said the red haired man. "Step aboard, captain, and I'll pay off the waterman." "He'd better wait to take me ashore

"No; let him go. We may have a long talk. I'll put you ashore in one of my own boats when you go. Now, "You've got steam up, I see," said

Kettle as they walked aft along the white, wet decks. "My orders," said the red haired

"May start any minute. We never know. My owner's a rare one for "Huh!" said Kettle. "Might be a

"Devillsh like a woman," said the red haired man dryly. He opened a door at the foot of the companionway and turned an electric light switch. This is my room, captain. Step right in. A drop of whisky would be a good thing to keep out the cold while we talk. Excuse me a minute while I go get a couple of tumblers. I guess the steward's turned in."

Kettle seated himself on a velvet covered sofa and looked round at the elaborate fittings of the cabin. "Satinwood panels," he commented, "nicke battens to put the charts on, glass backed bookcase and silk bunk cur tains; no expense spared anywhere. Lord! Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea? But the old man said she wasn't pleasure. I wonder what the game is? Contraband, I guess, Many a vacht's great on that. Well, any way, I've got to hear." The red haired man came back with

two half filled tumblers and a water "Here's the poison," said he. "That's rather more than my usual whack," said Kettle, eving the tumbler, "but it's a cold, wet night, so here's-By the way, captain, I'm afraid I've

forgotten your name." "My name?" said the red haired man. "Oh, yes; I'm Douglas-Captain Doug-

"Captain Douglas," said Kettle thoughtfully. "No; I can't say I recall it at present. Well, sir, anyway, here's your very good health and prosperity." "Same," said the red haired man, and he absorbed his whisky and water with the dexterity of an artist. Out, ter. I glory in it, I am not one of your of politeness Captain Kettle finished

about these matters.
Silence filled the cabin for a minute or so, broken only by the distant clata drink or a smoke with me now in re- 11:30 and Mrs. Kettle would be expecting him home. "Hello!" he said. "You're very polite, captain."
"Don't mention it, captain," said the red haired man, and he struck the bell.
"Firing up? Oh, I suppose you've got to keep steam in the donkey boiler while you're in the harbor to run your dynamo. By the way, you were talking about some employment you could put in my way, captain," he added

suggestively. "Employment," said Douglas uneasily. "Oh, was I? Employment-yes, mariner had recently failed to show a to be re. Well, you see, captain, it was my owner I was speaking for, and 've been thinking it over, and perhaps, in the whole, you'd better see her for

> "Her!" said Kettle. "Is there a wo man at the head of the concern? "A lady, call her. But look here, captain; you're getting sleepy. Why not

yourself in the morning? Kettle yawned, and his head nodded "I am sleepy, and that's a fact, though I don't know why I should be. But it wouldn't do for me to turn in here for at home, and I've never broken word skillfully intervened, and "Kettle on to her since I was married. I should salvage" was asked for and heard, take it as kind, captain, if you would give me some notion about this piece of employment now, so that I could see whether it's worth"- He yawned again and struggled with his heavy eyelids. "You must understand, please, captain, that time is scarce with me. 1 must get employment at once. I can't There is no doubt also that the snug stand by and see my missis and youngsters hungry Captain Douglas swore and hit the

*ccount for what happened afterward. | table with his fist. "It's beastly hard." he said, "and I hate myself for bringing you here."

"What's that noise overhead?" sail from the little sailor was entrapped Kettle. "What are your crew doing of and kidnaped by what to a man of his deck?" He tried to rise, but fell bac knowledge was one of the most vulgar stupidly on the sofa. A harsh be clanged from somewhere beneath, and He emptied his tumbler, stood up and the slop slop of water came to him aid he must be going. The red haired through the yacht's side. "She's man looked at the round cabin clock swinging round in the stream, and on the wall and mentioned that it was some one's rung 'standby' to the engine

"Sounds like it." the red haired man admitted.

Again Kettle tried to rise and, with **sked the big stranger.

"Why, no, captain," said Kettle. "1 an immense effort, tottered to his feet but he had been given a drug too powerful for even his iron will to fight

ashere just now, captain. Fact is, 11 sciousness were passing away from haven't come across any employment him, but the truth of what had hapquite to my taste lately. "Tisn't every pened had flashed upon him at last "No," said the red haired man. "They James, yes, shanghaied! That's what "Shanghaied!" he murmured. "By are brutes most of them. But look this means. Well, I pity the man that here, captain, there'd be no offense in shanghaled me. By-James-yes!" He my getting you the refusal of a berth, breathed stertorously a time or two more, as though trying to get out other Kettle flushed. "Captain," he said, words, and then dropped off into a deathly stupor.

Then the door of the stateroom creakearned enough to put anything by. Be ed slyly open, and the red haired man tween men, I don't mind telling you started violently. He turned and saw I'm on my beam ends. If I can't get a tall, dark woman just crossing the hold of an advance note this week, it threshold. "Donna Clotilde!" he said will mean going to the pawnshop for nervously. "I thought you were

ashore. Then it was by your orders" "That the yacht was got under weigh? Si, senor. I saw you come on me. It's just my duty to my employers | board with the man we have been to put this thing in your way. But hunting for these last two years, and we'll not speak of it here in the open. as soon as the pair of you got below I sent word to the mate to call all hands "Right," said Kettle. "Where have and get out of the Tyne as soon as the pilot could manage it." She knelt be-plain enough. If you were half a sailor, es and artificial eyes supplied. She knelt beside Kettle's prostrate body. side Kettle's prostrate body and passed her hand caressingly over his damp you.

"I am sure of nothing like that," he The big man was tempted, but he



it all down at one mouthful "I don't see you need pity him much. He will be all right when he wakes." "When he wakes, it will be at sea, and I have heard him speak of his wife and kids. That's why I pity him, Donna Clotilde. Incidentally I'm a bit sorry for myself." He stooped over the prostrate man and took a revolver from the back of his trousers. "Look there! You see the fellow took a gun with him, even to Hallett's. It's grown to be a habit with him. He's a dead shot, too, and doesn't mind shooting."

"I didn't think you were a coward." "You know quite well I'm not, senorita, "but this Captain Kettle will remember that I was the fellow that decoyed him on board, and he'll be pretty anxious to square up the account when he wakes.'

"You are well paid on purpose to cover any risks," said the woman, with

"And I shall be earning my pay," said the red haired man doggedly. "This small person here's a holy terror. Well, I must be getting on deck to see the pilot take her down the river. Here, I'll put him on the bed before I go. He'll sleep it off more comfortably there."

"You shall not touch him," said Donna Clotilde. "I will do all that's needful. I have waited for this moment for three long years." "Well, you must be pretty keen on

him if you can sit by him when he does not know you." "I have loved him since the first moment we met, and he knows it, and I do not mind who else knows it also. I am entirely without shame in the mat-

cold blooded European women "Well," he said, "you're paying me to his tum! ler also. There is an etiquette run this yacht, and I must be off to see the pilot takes her out of the river without losing us any paint." And he went out of his room and left Donna tle locked at the cabin clock. It was Clotilde La Touche alone with this man by whom she was so fiercely attracted.

The yacht steamed out between Tyne boat which had been towing stern first alongside. Her destination was the Mediterranean, but she did not port with a start, stepped coldly aside and wildernesses of the north Atlantic avoiding the north and south traffic of the bay and, in fact, sighting scarcely a single vessel till the red haired man at last starboarded his helm and put hatred?" her east for the straits.

The voyage was not one of monotony. Captain Kettle lay for the first twenty-four hours in a state of snoring inconsciousness and when he did come to his wits again he found himself in a cabin alone. He got up and stretched His limbs were heavy and languid, but he was not conscious of having received any hurt. He clapped a hand to the region of his loins and nodded his grim head significantly. His pistol was missing. He looked in the glass and saw that his face above the red torpedo beard was drawn and white was an evil taste in his mouth, too. which even a bottleful of water did not allay. However, all of these were in the world." minor details. They might be repaired afterward. His first requirement was revenge on the man who had lured

His natural instincts of tidiness made him go through the ceremony of toilet, I want your wife may starve. So if and then he put on his cap and, spruce and pale, went out through the luxurious cabin and passageways of the yacht and found his way on deck.

The time was night, the cold air was full of moonshine, and fortune favored him insomuch that the red haired man whom he sought was himself standing | ter. a watch. He walked up to him with out any concealment and then, swift as light, slung out his right fist, sending every ounce of his weight after it, and the peak of the jaw.

the watch on deck were coming fast to not let you go again." their big captain's assistance, and Kettle made the most of his time. He had been brought up in a school where h was taught to hit hard and hit first and keep on hitting, and, moreover, h was anatomically skilled enough t know where to hit with most effect He had no time then for punctilio fighting. He intended to mark his ma in return for value received, and 1 did it. Then the three lusty deck hands of the watch came up and wrenched nim off and held him for their officer away a cold in the head in turn to take vengeance on.

Kettle stood in their grip, panting and pale and exultant. "You great, ugly, red polled beggar!" he said. "I've made your face match for it. You'd dare to shanghai me, would you? By James, I'll make your

ship a perfect hell till I'm off it!" "You hit a man when he's not look-"Liar!" said Kettle. "You saw me

you'd never have been hit." "You're half my size. I couldn't fight forehead. "You are sure you have net | "Tell your hands to set me adrift and | Tel phone 1436

seaman's stride down the wet new answered grimly. "But I gave him the swallowed down his inclination. He streets of the seaport, and Captain dose you measured out yourself; so ordered the men who were holding Kettle made his brain ache by hoping what's done is your own affair. I only Captain Kettle to set him free and go that this would not be another item to added enough whisky to drown the away forward again, and then he add to his long list of disappointments. taste, and the poor little beggar drank thrust his own fists resolutely in his pockets. "Now," he said when they were alone, "I'll own up to having earned what you've given me, and I hope that 'll suit you, for, by Jove, i it doesn't, I'll shoot you like a rat with your own gun! You've handled me in a way no other man has done before, and so you can tickle your pride with that and simmer down. If you want to know. I was a man like yourself. ard up, and I was paid to kidnap you, and I'd have kidnaped the devil for money just then."

"I know nothing about the devil," said Kettle acidly, "but you've got me, and you couldn't very well find a worse bargain. If you are not a fool, you will set me ashore at once." "I shall act entirely by my owner's

"Then trot out your owner, and I'll pass the time of day with him next. I'm not particular. I'll kill the whole looming ship's company if I don't get ny own way. 'Man, don't be a fool. You can't hit

"A woman?"

"Yes; I told you before Donna Clo tilde. You know her well enough." "Donna Clotilde who?"

The stiffening seemed suddenly to go out of the little man. He stepped wearily across the deck and leaned his elbows on the yacht's polished topgaliant rail. "By James." he murmured to the purple arch of the night-"By James, that—that woman! What a ruddy mess!" And then he broke off into dreary musing. He had known this Donna Clotilde La Touche before; had entered her employ in Valparaiso; had helped her revolutionary schemes by capturing a warship for her. In return she had conceived a mad infatuation for him. But all the while he regarded her merely as his employer In the end he had been practically set adrift at sea in an open boat as a penance for not divorcing his own wife and marrying ner, and now she was come to add to his other troubles by beginning to per secute him again. It was hard, bitterly

By some subtle transference of thought the woman in her berth below became conscious of his regard, grew restless, woke, got more restless,



He slung out his right fist.

dressed, came on deck and saw this man with whom she was so fiercely enamored staring gloomily over the bulwarks. With her lithe, silent walk she stepped across the dewy decks under the moonlight and without his hearing pierheads, and the pilot left her in the her leaned on the rail at his side and

her helm at once. Instead she held on saluted formally. He had an eye for a straight out into the North sea and good looking woman, and this one was then turned off to make the Mediter-deliciously handsome. He was always ranean, north about—that is, through chivalrous toward the other sex, whatthe Pentland and round Scotland. She ever might be their character, but the kept clear of Ireland also, making a fact of his own kidnaping at the mocourse for herself through the deeper | ment of Mrs. Kettle's pressing need made him almost as hard as though a man stood before him as his enemy. "Miss La Touche," he said, "do you wish me to remember you with "I do not wish you to have need to

remember me at all. As you know, I wish you to stay with me always." "That, as I told you before, miss, is impossible for more reasons than one, You have done me infinite mischief already. I might have found employment by this time had I stayed in South Shields, and meanwhile my wife and children are hungry. Be content with that and set me ashore." "I repeat the offer I made you in

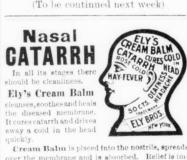
South America. Come with me, get a divorce, and your wife shall have an income such as she never dreamed of and that his eyes were framed in and such as you never could have got black, dissipated looking rings. There her in all your life otherwise. You know I am not boasting. As you must know, I am one of the richest women "Thank you, but I do not accept the

terms. Money is not everything." "And meanwhile, remember, I keep you on board here, whether you like it

or not, and until you give way to what she and your children are in painful straits you must recollect that it is entirely your fault. "Quite so," said Kettle, "She will be content to starve when she knows the Donna Clotilde's eyes began to glit-

"There are not many men who would

refuse if I offered them myself." "Then, miss I must remain curious." She stamped her foot. "I have huncaught the red haired man squarely on gered for you all this time, and I will not give you up for mere words. You The fellow went down as if he had will come to love me in time as I love been poleaxed and Kettle promptly on you. I tell you you will, you must, you top of him. The three other hands of shall! I have got you now, and I will (To be continued next week)



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McCaffrey, Susan

McLain, G. L.

Myers, Geo. A.

Miller, R. S.

Peters, A. M.

Persing, I. A.

Peifer, Clarence

Rieck, Caroline

Rosenstein, B.

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Riley, M. J.

Ryan, James

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Mahoning Township-Lewis Seitz, Charles Uttermiller, Thomas Madden, Peter Mottern, James C. Lake, Lloyd Krum, William Jordan, Jr., Anthony Deihl. Fred Becker. Valley Township-E. J. Beyer, Samuel Fausey, Samuel Kester. Washingtonville-B. F. Umstead.

Grand Jurors.

The following is the list of jurors for May term of Court : First Ward, Danville-John F. Hixson, William F. Johnson, A. S. Patton, Thad. S. Vincent. Second Ward, Danville-John Lor-

Third Ward, Danville-Jacob Fischer, Thomas T. Schott. Fourth Ward, Danville-John Carodiskey, Thomas Dempsey, Thomas H. Lee. Samuel Lormer, Miles Welsh, Renovo..... William Zeilenbach. Anthony Township-John Dennen,

Joshua Hagerman. Cooper Township-Alfred Blecher. Derry Township-C. S. Mourer. Liberty Township-Robert C. Auten, F. M. Millheim. Limestone Township-George W.

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EAST.

Thirty dollars was stolen at the Officers' club in Tientsin, China, and the members of the club resolved, if possible, to catch the thief. A German captain volunteered to manage the affair, and the first thing he did was to summon all the native servants of the club. He them said to

"Some money has been stolen here, and I am looking for the thief. I shall find him in an hour, not before, since I need that much time in order to get instructions from a celebrated magician in Germany."

An hour later all the servants again summoned, but this time i dark room, in the middle of stood the table on which the money

stolen had been laid. "Each of you, now," said the officer, "must go up to that table and press on it first your right and then your left hand, and when that is done you must raise your two hands over your head and step into the next room."

The servants did so, and as the last one stepped into the adjoining room the officer followed him, and after looking for a few moments at the many uplifted hands he pointed to one man and said, "You are the thief." The Chinaman to whom he pointed nearly fell to the ground with fright and admitted his guilt and promised to make restitution.

Very simple was the method adopted by the officer for discovering the culprit. While the native servants supposed that his spirit was in Germany communion with the celebrated magician he was carefully smearing the surface of the table in the dark room with fat and oil, which he then blackened by means of soot. The innocent servants naturally pressed their hands on the table, according to his instructions, but the culprit, though super-

stitious, did not do so As a result, while the uplifted hands of all the others were coal black, his were of a natural color, and thus his guilt was clearly proved.—Detroit Free

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, TIME TABLE

In Effect May, 25, 1902. Scranton(D&H)|v Notice is hereby given to all concern-

A. M. \$9 38 | 1 42 \$4 27 f 10 00 \$ 2 10 4 52 Notice is hereby given to all concerned in this appraisement, that an appeal will be held at the Commissioner's Office at the Court House in Danville, Pa., on Wapwalopen. \$10 35 || 2 45 \$6 00 ... f 10 42 f 2 52 f6 07 ... 10 50 3 01 6 17 ... 11 07 3 20 6 37 ... 11 16 3 31 6 47 ... 11 26 3 42 7 00 Saturday, May 30th, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., when and where A. M. P.M. 11 55 12 52 22 45 1 11 3 05 1 18 3 15

Pittsburg.....lv | P. M. | P. M. | A. M. | A.

A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M. Harrisburg... lv 3 35 7 55 11 40 3 20 Sunbury... ar 5 00 9 36 1 08 5 6 05

lym'th Ferry: f 9 03 12 02 3 57 f 7 2 Vilksbarre 9 10 12 10 4 06 7 3

Pittston(D&H) ar | 9 | 29 | 12 | 55 | 4 | 56 | 8 | 36 | 8 | 5 | 10 | 08 | 1 | 24 | 5 | 24 | 29 | 05 |

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V. W. ATTERBURY. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass'n'r Agt

ther information apply to Ticket Agent

P. M. A. M. A. M. P. K.

A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. 1. V. 2 6 45 1 9 35 2 2 00 8 5 25 6 7 11 10 17 2 21 5 6 6 08 7 7 37 10 43 2 43 6 15 7 42 10 6 6 19 7 52 10 56 6 19 7 52 10 56 6 50 8 8 02 11 05 3 05 6 40

A M A M P. M. P M 7 32 10 38 2 36 6 08 8 23 \$ 5 05 2 7 00

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