

# The Raiding of Donna Clotilde.

By CECILIA HYNE.

It was any announced in the captain's room at Hallett's that a man could leave that sanctum shortly before turning out time and be forthwith kidnapped in the open streets of South Shields, every manner within hearing would have put him down as a madman, and a madman he was.

The place seemed to its frequenters the embodiment of homeliness and security. There was a faint smell of carbolic 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.

The holding of a master's "tick" was the only entrance qualification, and it was not considered polite to ask your neighbor whether he was at that moment in or out of employment.

If you were a genuine master mariner, but of an unobtrusive disposition, you did not go to the captain's room at Hallett's as a second time, and always 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 deflated motor, the bar-maiden on guard spotted you on the instant and said, "That door is private" and directed you to the smoke-room down the passage.

Into this exclusive chamber Captain Owen Kettle had made his way that day after tea and 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 is not in the shipping interest finds so dreary, and had been listened to with deference. He was a man who commanded attention, and he thought 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 captain's room some few minutes after Captain Kettle had seated himself, and after ordering his beverage and a cigar, he smiled with a whimsical smile in Kettle's direction and asked him how he liked the neighborhood of Valparaiso as a residence.

"I forget," said the little sailor, dryly enough. "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 had a drink or a smoke with me now in remembrance."

"You're very polite, captain." "Don't mention it, captain," said the red-haired man, and he struck the bell. "Same?" Half a pint of beer, please, and about some employment you could put in my way, captain," he added suggestively.

"Employment," said Douglas uneasily. "Oh, yes. Well, you see, captain, I've been thinking it over, and perhaps, in the whole, you'd better see her for yourself."

"Her?" said Kettle. "Is there a woman at the head of the concern?" "A body, call her. But look here, captain, you're getting sleepy. Why not turn in here for the night and see her 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 the night. Mrs. Kettle's expecting me at home, and I've never broken down for her since I was married. I should 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 it." He yawned and struggled with his heavy eyelids. "You must understand, please, captain, that time is scarce with me. I must get employment at once. I can't stand by and see my missis and youngsters hungry."

"Captain Douglas saves and hit the table with his fist. 'It's beastly hard,' he said, 'and I hate myself for bringing you here.'"

"What's that noise overhead?" said Kettle. "What are you crew doing on deck?" He tried to rise, but fell back languidly on the sofa. A harsh bell rang, and from somewhere beneath, and the slop slop of water came to him through the yacht's side. "She's swinging round in the stream, and some one's rung 'standby' to the engine room."

Kettle was too proud to ask questions. Together they walked with their short seaman's stride down the wet streets of the seaport, and Captain Kettle made his brain ache by hoping that this would not be another item to add to his long list of disappointments. He had not earned a day's wage for six months, and he was in such straits for want of money that he was growing desperate.

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 stored the boat with the dense shipping, past two of the crew, and out of work clamber built tugs, past ungainly iron steam trumps, past craft, dredgers and the other rusted traffic of the harbor, and finally roared up under a frigate of sterns and ran alongside the gangway of a 290-ton steamer yacht.

"Hello," said Kettle. "Please?" "Well, hardly that," said the red-haired man. "Step aboard, captain, and I'll pay off the waterman."

"I'd better wait to take me ashore again." "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, captain, here we are. Come below to the odor with a sigh of pleasure, as men do return to the neighborhood of an old and unobtrusive friend."

"Yes, I told you before, Donna Clotilde. You know her well enough." "You know quite well I'm not, so-called, 'La Touche'?"

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 topgallant rail. "My James," he murmured to the purple art of the night—"By James, that woman! What a ruddy mess!"

And then he broke off into dreary muttering. 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 penalty for not divorcing his own wife and marrying her, and now she was come to add to his other troubles by beginning to persecute him again. It was hard, bitterly hard.

By some subtle transference of thought the woman in her berth below became conscious of his regard, grew restless, woke, got more restless, "You are well paid on purpose to cover any risks," said the woman, with some contempt.

"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 matter. I glory in it. I am not one of your cold-blooded European women."

"Well," he said, "you're paying me a water jug, and I must be off to see the pilot take her out of the river without losing us any paint." And he went out of his room and left Donna Clotilde La Touche alone with this man by whom she was so fiercely attracted.

The yacht steamed out between Tyne pierheads, and the pilot left her in the boat which had been towing stern first alongside. Her destination was the Mediterranean, but she did not port her helm at once. Instead she held on straight out into the North sea and then turned off to make the Mediterranean, north about that is, through the Pentland and round Scotland. She kept clear of Ireland also, making a course for herself through the deeper waters 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 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 morose unconsciousness, 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 head 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 and his eyes were framed in black, disipated-looking rings. There was an evil taste in his mouth, too, which even a bottleful of water did not allay. However, all of these were minor details. They might be repaired afterward. His first requirement was revenge on the man who had lured him aboard.

His natural instincts of tidiness made him go through the ceremony of toilet, 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 inasmuch that the red-haired man whom he sought was himself standing a watch. He walked up to him without any concealment and then, swift as light, slung out his right fist, sending every ounce of his weight after it, and caught the red-haired man squarely on the peak of the jaw.

The fellow went down as if he had been poleaxed and Kettle promptly on top of him. The three other hands of the watch on deck were coming fast to their big captain's assistance, and Kettle made the most of his time. He had been brought up in a school where he was taught to hit hard and hit first and keep on hitting, and moreover, he was anatomically skilled enough to know where to hit with most effect. He had no time then for pantheistic fighting. He intended to mark his man in return for value received, and he did it. Then the three lusty deck hands of the watch came up and wrenched him off and hit him for their officer in turn to take vengeance on.

Kettle stood in his grip, panting and pale and exultant. "You good, ugly, red-poll'd beggar!" he said. "I've made your face match your head, but you needn't thank me for it. You'd do for 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 looking." "Lart!" said Kettle. "You saw me plain enough. If you were half a sailor, you'd never have been hit." "You're half my size. I couldn't fight you." "Tell your hands to set me adrift and

try." The big man was tempted, but he swallowed down his inclination. He ordered the men who were holding Captain Kettle to set him free and go away forward again, and then he 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 'I suit you, for, by Jove, if it doesn't, I'll shoot you like a rat with your own gun! You've lured me in a way no other man has done before, and so you can tickle your pride with that and stunner down. If you want to know, I was a man like yourself, hard 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 sadly, "but you've earned, 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 not entirely by my owner's orders." "Then, front out your owner, and I'll pass the time of day with him next. I'm not particular. I'll kill the whole blooming ship's company if I don't get my own way."

"A woman?" "Yes, I told you before, Donna Clotilde. You know her well enough." "You know quite well I'm not, so-called, 'La Touche'?"

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## APPRAISEMENT OF MERCANTILE TAX

### Of Montour County for the Year 1903.

List of persons and firms engaged in selling and vending goods, wares, merchandise, commodities, or effects of whatever kind or nature, residing and doing business in the County of Montour and State of Pennsylvania, viz:

- ANTHONY TOWNSHIP.
- Aere, C.
  - Dewald, J. B.
  - Houghton, W. C.
  - Stead, Boyd E.
  - Wagner, Miss L.
- COOPER TOWNSHIP.
- Waples & Garrison.
- DANVILLE, FIRST WARD.
- Abbott, C. F.
  - Amesbury, A. C.
  - Antrim, W. L.
  - Bailey, S. & Co.
  - Bausch, Mrs. E. M.
  - Butterwick, N. Z.
  - Curman, E.
  - Davis, Mrs. Letitia
  - Dietz, S. M.
  - Drumheller, O. R.
  - Evens, K. A.
  - Evens, T. J.
  - Gilley, James V.
  - Gosh, Wm.
  - Grand Union Tea Co.
  - Gross, A. H.
  - Hancock, C. P.
  - Harris, A. G.
  - Heldens, Daniel B.
  - Heldens, James C.
  - Hunt, D. C.
  - Hunt, G. Shop
  - James, U. Y.
  - Knoch, Paul
  - Leniger Bros.
  - Litz, Carl
  - Lowenstein, S.
  - Magill, R. D.
  - Marks, Daniel
  - Martin, James.
  - Moore, H. R.
  - Montgomery, J. Cooper
  - Owen, F. M.
  - Peters, F. G.
  - Phillips, A. M.
  - Riehl, James L.
  - Roat, George W.
  - Schram, Mart H.
  - Schoch, H. M.
  - Schultz, Andrew
  - Schuler, George R.
  - Shannon, J.
  - Thomas, Mrs. Wm. J.
  - Trumbower & Werkheiser
  - Williams, W. C.
  - Winterstein, George B.
  - Woods, Chas.
  - Yorgy & Reifsnnyder
- DANVILLE, SECOND WARD.
- Carr, John A.
  - Aren, W.
  - Eyerbrock, H.
  - Famet, Russell
  - Gilbert, John C.
  - Harner, F. R.
  - Hoffman, Theo. Jr.
  - Hoffner, George
  - Kemmer, Albert
  - Koos, Harry
  - LaRue, Abram
  - Mills, Samuel
  - Riehl, W. H.
  - Ritter, C. C.
  - Walker, W. H. N.
- DANVILLE, THIRD WARD.
- Byerly, Daniel
  - Boyer, Franklin
  - Beyer, Chas.
  - Berthelmer, H.
  - Bostlinger & Dietz
  - Cleaver, J. B.
  - Cole, J. H.
  - Cromwell, M.
  - Cochell, Frank L.
  - Cohen & Newman
  - Deffuss & Co.
  - Diez, L. C.
  - Dreier, Milling Co.
  - Dry, Henry
  - Dorner's Sons
  - Dougherty, James F.
  - Davis, L. J.
  - Daley, James
  - Elkenbusch Harry & Bros.
  - Eckman, D. R.
  - Evens, T. J.
  - Fry, J. H.
  - Foster Bros.
  - Fallon Bros.
  - Ganger, W. L.
  - Gearhart, J. B.
  - Goldman, H. & Bros.
  - Haney, David H.
  - Hill, Mrs. Emma
  - Haney, Charles W.
  - Howe, F. W.
  - Henric, J. A. F.
  - Johnson, O. C.
  - Jacobs, John Sons
  - Kinn, Chas. M.
  - Longenberger, H.
  - Longenberger, C. & M.
  - Lyon, C. S.
  - Lunger, W. E.
  - Lindam, M. L.
  - Lindberger, Wm. E.
  - McWilliams, Carl
  - Miller, Charles
  - Maters, Elias
  - Marks, R. L.
  - Martin, James
  - McCormick, D. O.
  - Murray, P. C. & Son
  - Murray, Bros.
  - McCarthy, Susan
  - McCormick, D. O. & Co.
  - McLain, G. L.
  - Myers, Geo. A.
  - Miller, R. S.
  - O'Brien, Mrs. Kathryn
  - Parsel & Montgomery
  - Pauls, W. R. & Co.
  - Persing, I. A.
  - Pezig, R. J.
  - Peifer, Clarence
  - Reifsnnyder, Geo. F.
  - Rieck, Caroline
  - Rosman, Geo. R.
  - Rosenstein, Mrs. R.
  - Rosenstein, B.
  - Rosenstein, A.
  - Riley, M. J.
  - Ryan, James
  - Roat, Wellington
  - Russell, Andrew
  - Remp, Henry
  - Russell, F. R.
  - Rogers, W. J.
  - Ricketts, S. F.
  - Rank, C. A.
  - Salmon, Harry G.

## CATCHING A THIEF.

An Old Method (utilized by a German Officer in China.

Thirty dollars was stolen at the officers' club in Tientsin, China, and the members of the club volunteered, 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 then said to them: "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 were again summoned, but this time in a dark room, in the middle of which 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 in communion with the celebrated magician he was carefully sneering 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, excepting to his instructions, but the culprit, though superstitious, 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 Press.

**Sitka Mourning.**  
In Sitka an Indian wife shows her sorrow for the death of her husband by painting the upper part of her face black.

**MORE LIVES ARE SAVED BY USING...**  
**Dr. King's New Discovery,**  
Consumption, Coughs and Colds  
Than By All Other Throat and Lung Remedies Combined.

This wonderful medicine positively cures Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough. **NO CURE, NO PAY.** Price 50c. & \$1. Trial Bottle Free.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.**  
TIME TABLE  
In Effect May 25, 1902.

**Traverse Jurors.**  
First Ward, Danville—John Jacobs, Sr., John G. Peifer, Oscar G. Reilly.  
Second Ward, Danville—Frank J. Boyer, Thomas Black, Sr., Jacob Berger, Patrick Griffin, Charles Leightown, George Schick.  
Third Ward, Danville—Conrad Ate Simon Brown, Con Conler, D. O. McCormick, Wellington Roat, James Riffle, Albert Young.  
Fourth Ward, Danville—Charles Ford, John Krieger, Hugh McCaffrey, John Merrill, Patrick Scott.  
Anthony Township—Frank E. Diel, W. O. Krumm, Joseph W. Switzer.  
Cooper Township—John Casey, Sr., Charles Fry.  
Derry Township—C. H. Springer, George Raup.  
Liberty Township—John F. Ack.  
Limestone Township—Calvin W. Derr, David Foust, Charles Goldt, C. J. Minceymer.

**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 Lorner.  
Third Ward, Danville—Jacob Fischer, Thomas F. Scholtz.  
Fourth Ward, Danville—John Carodiskey, Thomas Dempsey, Thomas H. Lee, Samuel Lormer, Miles Welsh, 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. Derr.  
Mahoning Township—William Fern, Charles H. Rudy.  
Valley Township—Philip E. Beyer, Robert M. Blue.

**Sick Headache?**  
Food doesn't digest well? Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills; they cure dyspepsia, biliousness.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**  
Wash your materials or board a beautiful brown or rich black. Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the purpose. Sold by all druggists.

## JACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

New York	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Seranton	7:45	10:15	1:30	4:45
Buffalo	11:30	2:45		
Seranton	5:55	9:05	1:30	4:45
Seranton	9:35	10:15	1:30	4:45
Bellevue	10:20	11:30	1:30	4:45
Taylor	10:35	11:30	1:30	4:45
Lackawanna	10:45	11:30	1:30	