"What?" they both interrogated.

"You two boys," continued Mr. Gib-

ey with aggravating deliberation.

ain't what nobody would call dum-

mles. You're smart men. But the

trouble with both o' you boys is you

aln't got no imagination. Without

imagination nobody gets nowhere, au-

less it's out th' small end o' th' born

Maybe you boys ain't noticed it, but

my imagination is all that keeps me

from goln' to jall. Now, if you two

and read the address on them two

boxes, it wouldn't 'a' meant pothin' to

you. Absolutely nothin'. But with me

it's different. I'm blessed with imagi-

them Chinaman tricks. Them two

loxes is marked 'Oriental Goeds' an'

consigned (here Mr. Gibney raised a

crimy forefinger, and Scraggs and Me

Juffey eyed It very much as if they

Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street,

now about what's inside the two

"Oriental goods, of course," said Mc-

Guffey, "They are consigned to a

rice, chop sucy, punk, an' idols an

"If there ain't Swiss cheese move-

acots in that head block of yours.

Mae, you and Seruggsy can divide my

share o' these two boxes o' glaseng

root between you. Do you get it, you

chuckleheaded son of a Irish potato?

Gin Seng, 714 Dupout street. Ginseng

n root or a herb that medicine is

ande out of. The dictionary says it's

a Chinese panacea for exhaustion, an

crates weighs a hundred and fifty

pounds each if they weighs an ounce."

"Great grief, Gib! Can this be pos-

For answer Mr. Gibney took out his

fifty-dollar bill and hunded it to-to-

McGuffey. He never trusted Captain

Scraggs with anything more valuable

"Scraggsy," he said solemnly, "I'm

willin' to back my imagination with

my cash. You an' McGuffey hurry

right over to the warehouse an' buts

in on the sale when they come to them

startin' now. Go as high as you this

you can in order to get the ginseng at

a profitable figuer, an' pay the au-

lioneer fifty dollars down to hold the

side; that will give you boys time to

rush around to dig up the balonce of

the money. Tack cight along now,

lads, while I go down the street an

get me some breakfast. I don't want

Blumenthal to see me protino that sale.

He might ger suspicious. After I car

I'll meet you here aboard th' Marade

With a fervent handshake at

After disposing of a hearty break

around, the three Majorates ported.

fast of devilled lamb's hidneys and

coffee. Mr. fillings invested in a ter-

cent Sailor's Delight and straiged daws

to the Maggie. Notic Halversen, the

ione deckhand, was abourd, and the

moment Mr. Gibney tred the Magazie's

deck once more as more by

exercised his prerogative to under

Nells ashere for the remainten

of the day. Since Bulyonen was not

in on the gitoreng deal, Mr. vistoney

concluded that it would be just as well

to have him out of the way should

Scraggs and McCluffey appear may

For an hour Mr. Gibnes sat on the

stern bitts and runinated over a few

advantageous plans that had occurred

to him for the bovestment of his share

an' we'll divide the loot."

two boxes. The sale is just about

trikes and the bases full.

than a pipeful of tobacco.

"Gawd!" muttered McGuffey

dble?" gasped Captain Scraggs.

"Well, that's up in Chinatown, all

San Francisco."

fun tan layouts."

**** T 4151 940

specied It to go off at any moment).

CHAPTER 1, — Captain Phineas P Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from mess boy on a river steamer, risen to the own crising of the steamer Magrie, Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, S raggs naturally has some difficulty in accurring a crew. When the story opens, Arielbert P. Gibney, likable but erratic, in man whom nobody hat Scraggs would litre, is the skipper, Nells Halyorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the focastle hands and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II.—With this motley crew and his ancient yeasel. Captain Strags is engaged in freighting garden truck from Halfmoon bay to San Francisco. The inevitable bappens, the Maggie going subtree in a for

ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III.—A passing vessel hailing the wreck, Mr. Gliney gets word to
a towing company in San Francis o that
the ship ashore is the Tankee Prince,
with promise of a rich salvage. Two
tugs succeed in ruilling the Magale into
deep water, and site slips her tow lines
and gets away in the fog.

CHAPTER IV.—Furious at the decep-tion practised on them, Captains Hick-and Flaherty, communding the two tur-boats, ascertain the identity of the "Yar-kee Frince" and, fearing ridicule shoul-the facts become known along the watefront, determine on personal venteans. Their hostile visit to the Margie remit in Captain Scrugges promising to get new boller and make needed repairs.

the steamer.

CHAPTER V.—Scragge refuses to fulfill his promises and Gibney and McGuffey "strike." With marvelous tool. Scragge ships a fresh crow. At the end of a few days of wild conviviality Gibne, and McGuffey are stranded and sevineir old positions on the Massic. They are hostilely received, but remain. On their way to San Francisco they sight a detelled and Gibney and McGuffey swince it.

CHAPTER VI.—The derelict proves to be the Chesapeake, richly laden, its en-tire crew stricken with scurvy. Terage-attempts to tow her in, but the Maggi-is unequal to the task and Glin y and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to Sac Francisco, their salvage money amount-ing to \$1,000 aplece.

CHAPTER VII.—Independently fich, on two adventurers will have a kindly feeling for the Maggie and, his ere y having deserted him, Captain Scrazge it duces them to return. At an "old horse sale the three purchase two mysterious boxes which they believe to contain smighted "Oriental goods." They find instead, two dead Chicamen.

He went first to the Senboard drug store, where he guizzed the druggle for five minutes, after which he con tuned his cruise. Upon reaching the Maggie, he proceeded to relate in de tall, and with additional details supplied by his own imagination, the story of his morning adventure.

"Gib," said McGuffey enviously "you're a fool for luck." "Luck," sald Mr. Gfbney, beginnin

to expand, "is what the feller calls a relative proposition-

"You're wrong, Gib," interposed Captain Scrages. "Relatives is unlucky an expensive. Take, f'r in

stance, Mrs. Seraggs' mother-"I mean, you lunkhend," said Me

Gibney, "that fuck is found when brains grow. No brain, no fuck. No fuel, no brains. Lemme Illustrate. thlevin' land shark makes me a present of lifty dollars had to butt in on their two boxes I'm tellin' you about. so" his gong wants them two boxe Pair crazy to get 'em. Now, don't ! stand to remain that them teller amove what's in them brokes, or the combin't give me fifty dollars to ha ship? Of course, it does, House, in order to earn that fifty dollars, playin' fair if I didn't. But that the sockett for from pattin' two dea - o mine Chere Mr. Ambuch circled Scraggs and McGuffey with

arm each) next to the secret which discovers, are if there's money in for old Hooky that buys me of. sands to reason that there's make in it for us three. What's to prove con an' McGuffey from goin' up 1 this old horse sale an' biddin' in this two boxes for the use and benefit of libney. Seruggs an' McGuffey, at chare an' share alike? You can bid us bigh us a hundred dollars, if moves "ury, an' still come out a thousand bectedly with the two cases of giafollows to the good. I'm telite you this because I know whit's in them

was buxes," McCluffey was staring laceitated at Mr. Glimey. Captain Scraggs clutched ils mane's arm in a frenzied chast, of the deal should Scraums and Me-

Guffey succeed in landing what Mr. Gibney termed "the loot." About eleven o'clock an express wagon drove in on the dock, and the mate's dreams were pleasantly interrupted by a gleeful shout from Captain Scraggs, on the lookout forward with the driver. Mc-Guffey sat on top of the two cases with his legs dangling over the end of the wagon. He was the picture of contentment. Mr. Gibney hurrled forward, threw out the gangplank, and assisted Me-

Guffey in carrying both crates aboard the Maggie and into her little cabin. Captaln Scraggs thereupon dismissed the expressman, and all three partners gathered around the dining room table, upon which the boxes rested.

"Well, Scraggsy, old pal, old scout old socks. I see you've delivered the goods," sald Mr. Gibney, batting the skipper across the cabin with an affeclonate slap on the shoulder,

"I did," said Scraggs-and cursed Mr. Gibney's demonstrativeness "Here's the bill o' sale all regular. McGuffey has the change. That bunch o' Israelites run th' price up to \$10.00 each on these two crates o' ginseng, but when they see we're determined to have 'em an' afa't interested in nothin' else, they lets 'em go to'us. McGuffey, my dear boy, whatever are you a doin' there-standin' around with your teeth in your mouth? Skip down into th' engine room and bring up a bammer an' a col' chisel. We'll open her up an' inspect th' swag."

Upon McGuffey's return, Mr. Gibney took charge. He drove-the chisel under the lid of the nearest crate, and prepared to pry it loose. Suddenly he pansed. A thought had occurred to him.

"Gentlemen," he said (McGuffey nodded his head approvingly), "this world is full o' sorrers an' disappointments, an' it may well be that these two cases don't contain even so much as a smell o' ginseng after all. It may be that they are really Oriental goods. What I want distinctly understood is this: no matter what's inside we share equally in the profits even if they turn out to be losses. That's nderstood un' agreed to, ain't it?" Captain Scraggs and McGuffey Indi-

sated that it can "There's a element o' mystery about hese two boxes," continued Mr Gibney, "that fascinates me. They sets my imagination a-workin' an' joggleup all my sportin' instincts. Now, just to make it interestin' an' add a spice t' th' grand openin'. I'm willin' to bet nghlu my own hest judgment an' lay you even money, Scraggsy, that it nin't ginseng, but Oriental

goods "I'll go you five dollars, just f'r ducks," responded Captain Seraggs heartly. "McGuffey to hold the stakes an' decide the bet."

"Done," replied Mr. Gibney. The money was placed in McCluffey's hands, and a moment later, with a mighty effort, Mr. Gibney pried off the lid of the crate. Captain Straggs had his head inside the box a fif h of a second later.

"Scaled zine box inside," he as nounced. "Get a can opener, C(b, ta) nation enough to see right through boy."

"Glaseng, for a thousand," mourns Mr. Gibney, "Stranger, you're for dollars of my money to the good. Git seng always comes packed in air-righ boxes."

He produced a can opener from the hem two boxes is consigned to the cabin locker and fell to his work on a corner of the hermetically scaled box. As he drove in the point of the can opener, he passed, hammer in hand, "ght," admitted Captain Scrages, "but and gazed solemnly at Scrages and McGnffey.

"Gentlemen," (again McGaffey nodded approvingly) "do you know what a vacuum is?"

Chinaman, an' besides, that's what it "I know," replied the imperturbable says on the cases, don't if, Gib? Ori-McGuffey. "A vaggum is an emoty hole that ain't got nothin' in it." 5537 "Correct," said Mr. Gibney.

head is a vacuum. Me talkin' abouginseng root! Why, I must have we ter on the brain! Ginseng be dog goned! It's optimit"

Captain Scraugs was forced to grad the sear of his chair in order to keep himself from Jumping up and classes ing Mr. Gibney around the meek. Forty dollars a pound," he gasped

"Gib-Gib, my dear boy-you've made is wenlihy-

I happen to know that it's worth five Quickly Mr. Gibney ran the can dollars a pound an' that them two peter around the edges of one corner I the zinc hox, inserted the claws of the hammer into the opening, and His auditors stared at Mr. Gibney with a quick, inclodramatic twist, bensuch as might a pair of baseball fausat the hero of a home run with two

back the angle thus formed. Mr. Gibney was the first to get a

"Great snakes?" he yelled, and fell back against the cable wall. A hourse cremia of rame and horror broke from uptuin Sernges. In his engerness be had driven his head so deep into the box that he came within an Inch et desing what the box contained which imprened to be nothing more nor less than a dead Chinaman! Mr. McGue fey, niwnys slow and unimaginative, shouldered the skipper aside, and calmly surveyed the ghastly appari-

GibY' said McGuffey; "one eye half. open for all the world like he was winkin' at us an' enjoyin' th' joke."

muscle twitched in McGurfey's Hibernian countenance, Hoscratched his bend for a moment, as: a sort of test aid to memory, then turned and bainfed Mr. Gibney ten dol-

"You win, Gib. It's Oriental goods,

"Robber!" shricked Captain Scragus. and flew at Mr. Gibney's throat. The to take no chances, and scouted the sight reminded McGnffey of a terrieworrying a massiff. Nevertheless, Mr. Others was still so universed at the discovery of the horrible contents of the box that despite his gizentic proportions, he was well-nigh helpless. 'McCinfley, you swith," he welled, "Pluck this maritime ontiny off my

necks He's (earln' my windpipe our by the conts." McChiffey choked Captain Scraggs until he reluctabilly let go Mr. Gibney, whereupon all three fled from the cubin as from a positioner, and garbered.

an anary and desopposited group, set "Opining" jewest Captain Serngers with tears of more in his voice, "Ginseing! You and your thankbucklon, you

swime, you'll that off my ship, you look, or I'll anussier see Mr. Gibney hing his bend. "Sernggay un' you, too, McGuffey-

I got to admit that this here is one on

Adelbert P. Gibney, I—I—"
"Oh, hear him," shrilled Captain Scraggs. "One on him! It's two on you, you bloody-handed ragpicker. suppose that other case contains opium, too! If there ain't another dead corpse in No. 2 case I hope my teeth may drop overboard."

"Shut up!" bellowed Mr. Gibney, in a towering rage. "What how have you got comin'? They're my Chinamen, ain't they? I paid for 'em like a man, didn't 17 All right, then. I'll keep them two Chinamen. You two ain't out a cent yet, an' as for this five I wins off you, Scraggs, it's blood money; that's what it is, an' I hereby gives it back to you. Now, quit yer whinin', or by the tall o' the Great Sacred Bull, I'll lock you up all night in th' cabin along o' them two defunct Celestinis."

Captain Scraggs "shut up" promptly, and contented himself with glowering at Mr. Gibney. The mate sat down on the batch coaming, lit his pipe, and gave himself up to meditation for fully five minutes, at the end of which time McGuffey was aware that his imagination was about to come to the front once more,

"Well, gentlemen," (again McGuffey nodded approvingly) "I bet I get my twenty bucks back outer them two Chinks," be announced presently, "How'll yer do it?" inquired McGuf-

fey politely.

"How'll I do it? Easy as fallin' through an open hatch. I'm a-goin' t' keep them two stiffs in th' boxes until dark, an' then I'm a-goin' to take 'em out, bend a rope around their middle, drop 'em overboard an' anchor 'em there all night. I see th' lad we opens up in No. 1 case has had a beautiful job of embalmin' done on him, but if I let them soak all night, like a mackerel, they'll limber up an' look kinder fresh. Then first thing in th' mornin' PH telephone th' coroner an' tell him I found two floaters out in th' bay an' for him to come an' get enough t' know that th' lad that picks up a floater gets a reward o' ten del-Adelbert P. Gibney breaks even on th' deal, all right.'

was unstrung. You're still mate o' th' welcome to th' ship. All I -

you nall up your property, Gib, an' remove it from th' dinin' room table. I want to remind you, however, Gib. don't stand for you shoulderin' any goods. We was t' share th' gains, if any, an' likewise th' losses."

"That's right," said McGuffey, "fair shipmates. Me an' Scraggs each owns one-third o' them diseased Chinks, an' we each stands one-third o' th' loss, If any,

"But there won't be no loss," protested Mr. Gibney. "Drayage charges, Gib, drayage

tow 'en down t' th' ship," "Forget it." answered Mr. Gibney magnanimously, "an' let's go over an' get a drink. I'm all shook up."

CHAPTER VIII.

Had either Mr. Gibney or McGuffey been watching Captain Scraggs after been much puzzled to account for that worthy's actions. First he dodge around the block into Drumm street and then ran down Drumm to Califor nia, where he climbed aboard a cabl car and rode up into Chinatown, Ar riving at Dupont street be alighte and walked up that interesting ther oughfure until he came to No. 71-He gianced at a sign over the door an was aware that he stood before the entrance to the offices of the Chines Six Companies, so he climbed upstair and inquired for Gln Seng, who pres ently made his appearance.

Gin Song, a very nice, fat Chine man, arrayed in a flowing slik gown begged, in pidgin English, to know it what manner he could be of service.

"Me heap big captain, ailee same ship," began Captain Scraggs, "Or board ship two China boys have got." (Here Captain Scraggs winked know ingly.) "China boy no speak Eng-

"That being the case," interpose Gla Seng. 'I presume that you and I understand each other, so let's cut out the pidgin English. Do I under stand that you are engaged in evading the immigration laws?" "Exactly," Captain Scraggs managed

to gasp, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment. "They showed me your name an' address, an' they won't leave th' shin, where I got 'em Jocked up in my cabin, until you come an' take 'em away. Couple o' relatives of yours. I should imagine.

Gin Seng smilled his bland Chines smile. He had frequent dealings with ship masters engaged in the dangerons, though furrative, trade of smug "Twig the vellow beggnr, will you, gling Chinese into the United States and while he had not received advice of this particular shipment, he decides to go with Captain Schurgs to Jackson street bulkhead and see if he could not be of some use to his countrymen.

As Captain Seraggs and his Chinese companion approached the wharf the skipper glanced warlly about. He had small fear that either Gilmey or Me-Guffey would show up for an hour, for he knew that Mr. Gibney had money in his possession. However, he decided vicinity thoroughly before venturing abound the Margie. These actions served but to increase the respect of Gin Sere for the finister of the Maggie and configured blue in his belief that the Mounte was a summater.

Carrier Seringus took his visitor in with the little cubin, carefully locked and bolted the door, lifted the zine lap back from the top of the erate of "Oriental goods" and displayed the face of the dead Chinaman Also he pointed to the Chinese characters on the wooden lid of the crate.

"What does these hea serntches testi " dummided Scrapes "This man is remed Ah Ghow and

belongs to the Hop Sing tong." "How about his pal here?" "That man is evidently Ng Chong You the is also a Hop Sing man " Popitale Serages wrote it down. "All

obliged. Now, what I want to know is what the Hop Sing tong means by shipping the departed brethren by freight? They go to work an' fix 'em up nice so's they'll keep, packs 'em away in a zinc coffin, inside a nice plain wood box, labels 'em 'Oriental goods,' an' consigns 'em to the Gin Seng company, 714 Dupont street, San Francisco. Now, why are these two countrymen o' yours shipped by freight -where, by the way, they goes astray,

old horse sale?" Gin Seng shrugged his shoulders and

for some reason that I don't know

nothin' about, an' I buys 'em up at a

replied that he didn't understand. "You lie," snarled Captain Scraggs, "You savey all right, you fat old idol, you! It's because if the railroad company knew these two boxes contained dead corpses they'd a-soaked the reintives, which is you, one full fare each from wherever these two dead ones comes from, just the same as though they was alive an' well. But you has 'em shipped by freight, an' aims to spend a dollar an' thirty cents each 'em, by markin' 'em 'Oriental goods.' Heliuva way to treat a relation. Now, looky here, you bloody heathen. It'll cost you just five hundred dollars to recover these two that every day a feller can turn an McGuffey declared, sorrowfully. stiffs, an' close my mouth. If you don't come through I'll make a beich t' th' newspapers an' they'll keel haul fey demanded. an' skulldrag th' Chinese Six Companies an' the Hop Sing tong through the courts for evadin' th' laws o' th' interstate commerce commission, an' make 'em look like monkeys generally. An' then th' police'll get wind of it. Savey, thuds on the deck. Gibney winked at policee-man, you fat old murderer! McGuffey. Th' price I'm askin' is cheap, Charley. How do I know but what these two poor boys has been murdered in cold blood? There's somethin' rotten in Denmark, my bully boy, an' you'll mye time an' trouble an' money by figgin' up five hundred dollars."

Gin Seng said he would go back to Chinatown and consult with his com-'em. I been along the waterfront long gany. For reasons of his own he was sadly trightened.

Scarce had he departed before the lars from th'elty. You can bet that watchful eye of Captain Scraggs observed Mr. Gibney and McGuffey to the offing, a block away. When they "Glb, my dear boy," said Captain game aboard they found Captain Scraggs admiringly. "I apologize for Scraggs on top of the house, seated on my actions of a few minutes ago. I an upturned fire bucket, smoking pensively and gazing across the bay with American steamer Maggle, an' no wich, an assumption of lamblike innocence on his fox face.

He soon departed, but Mr. Glbney was suspicious. "He's got his lines fast somewhere-you can bank on that as shipmates me an' McGuffey that," was his comment. "While we was away he rigged up some kind of loss on them two cases o'-Oriental | deal, Bart. It stands to reason it was a mighty profitable deal, too. My imagination may be a bit off the course at times, Bart, but in general, an' square. No chellyachin' between If there's a dead whale floatin' around the ship I can smell it."

"What do you make out o' that fat Chinaman cruisin' down the bulkhend In an express wagon an' another Chinaman settin' up on the bridge with him?" McGuffey demanded. "Seems to me they're comin', bows on, for the charges. We give a man a dollar to Maggie."

"They tell me to deduct somethin" Bart. Wait a minute till we see if they're comin' aboard. If they are-' "They're goin' to make a landin', Gib."

"-then I deduct that this body snatchin' Scraggs-"

"They're boardin' us, Gib."

"-has arranged with you fat Chinanan to relieve us o' the unwelcome presence of his defunct friends. He's gone an' hunted up the relatives an' made 'em come across-that's what he's done. The dirty, low, schemin granddaddy of all the foxes in Christendom! I'll fish around an' see what figuer Scraggs charged him." and Mr. Gibney stepped to the rail to meet Gin Seng, for it was indeed be

"Sow-see, sow-see, hun-gay," Mr. Gibney saluted the Chinaman in facetious attempt to talk the latter's language, "Hello, there, John Chinaman, How's your liver? Captain he alle same get tired; he no walted Wha's mallah, John. Too long time you no come. You heap luzy all time." Gin Seng smilled his bland, inscrutable Chinese smile. "You ketchum two China boy in box?" he queried.

"We have," boomed McGuffey, "ar beautiful specimens they be." "No money, no China boy," Gibney

ndded firmly. "Money have got. Too muchee mon ey you wantee. No can do. Me pay two hundred dollah. Five hundred dol-Inh heap muchee. No have got." "Nothin' doin', John. Five bundred

dollars an' not a penny less. Put up the dough or bent it." Gin Seng expostulated, Hed, evaded

and all but wept, but Mr. Gibney was obdurate and eventually the China man paid over the money and departed with the remains of his countrymen. "I knew he'd come through, Bart," Mr. Gibney declared, "They got to ship them stiffs to China to rest alongside their ancestors or be in Dutch with the sperrits o' the departed forever after.'

"Do we have to split this swng with that dirty Scraggs?" McGuffey wanted to know. "Seein' as how he tried to give us the double cross-"

"We'll fix Scraggsy-all ship-shape an' legal so's he won't have no come-

They had not long to wait. Upon his arrival at Gin Seng's place of business Captain Scraggs had been informed that Gin Seng had gone out twenty minutes before, and further inquiry revealed that he had departed in an express wagon. Consumed with misgivings of disaster, Scraggs returned to the Maggie as fast as the cable car and his legs could carry him. In the cabin he found Mr. Gibney and McGuffey playing cribbage. They laid down their hands as Scrages entered.

Mr. Gibney began at once: "To show you what a funny world this is, while me an' Bart's settin' on deck a-waitin' for you to come back, along breezes a fat old Chinaman in an express wagon an' offers to buy them two cases of Oriental goods. He makes me an' Mac what we considers a fair offer. Lemme see, now," he continued, and got out a stub of lead pencil with which he commenced figuring on the white oilcloth table cover. "We paid twenty dollars for them two derelicts an' a dollar towage. That's twentyone dollars, an' a third o' twenty-one is seven, an' seven dollars from twenchald," he said cheerily; "much ty-five leaves eighteen dollars comin" te reu. Here's rour eighteen dollars.

Sernggsy, you lucky old vagabond-all clear profit on a neat day's work, no expense, no investment, no back-breakin' interest charges or overhead, an sold out at your own figger."

Captain Scragge' face was a study in conflicting emotions as he raked in the eighteen dollars. "Thanks, Gib,"

be said frigidly. "Me an' Gib's goin' anhore for lunch at the Marigold cafe," McGuffey announced presently, in order to break the horrible silence that followed Scraggsy's crushing defeat. "I'm willin' to spend some o' my profits on the deal an' blow you to a lunch with a small bottle o' Dago Red thrown in. An' I figured you was my friend!" How about it, Scraggs?"

"I'm on." Scraggs sought to throw his gloom and appear sprightly. "What'd you peddle them two cadavers

for, Gib?" Mr. Gibney grinned broadly, but did not answer. In effect, his grin in formed Scraggs that that was none of a mighty good sale an' I congratulate You sure take the cake." I think tuebbe I might ha' done a little bette myself, but then ti sighteen-dollar trick on a corpse "Comin' to lunch with us?" McGuf-

"Sure. Wait a minute till I run forward an' see if the lines is all fast." He stepped out of the cabin and presently Glbney and McGuffey were conscious of a rapid succession of

"Nother new hat gone to h-L" murmured McGuffey.

CHAPTER IX.

Even after allowing for the expenditures on the engine weighing heavily on Captain Scraggs, that individual continued morose and more than ever inclined to be sarcastic. Mr. Gibney ommented on the fact to Mr. McGuf-

"He's troubled financially, Gib." "Well, you know who troubled him

Ion't you, Bart?" "I mean about the cost o' them repairs in the engine room. Unless he can come through in thirty days with the balance he owes, the boller people are goin' to libel the Maggie to protect their claim."

Mr. Gibney arched his bushy eye-"How do you know?" he debrows. manded. "He was a-tellin' me." Mr. McGuffey

admitted weakly. "Well, he wasn't a-tellin' me." Mr Gibney's tones were ominous; he glared at his friend suspiciously as

from the Maggie's cabin issued forth

Scraggsy's voice raised in song. "Hello! The old boy's thermome ter's gone up, Bart, Listen at him. 'Ever o' thee he's fondly dreamin'. Somethin's busted the spell an' I'll bet a cooky it was ready cash." He



"Bart," He Demanded, "Did You Loan

Scraggsy Some Money?" menaced Mr. McGuffey with a rigid index finger. "Bart," he demanded, "did you loan Scraggsy some money?" The honest McGuffey hung his head "A little bit," he replied childishly.

"What d'ye call a little bit?" "Three hundred dollars, Gib," "Secured?" "He gimme his note at eight per

cent. The savin's bank only pays Your.' "Is the note secured by endorse ment or collateral?"

"No." "Hum-m-m! Strange you didn't say nothin' to me about this till I had

to pry it out o' you, Bart." "Well, Scraggsy was feelin' so doggoned blue-

"The truth," Mr. Gibney insisted firmly, "the truth, Bart," "Well, Scraggsy asked me not to say anythin to you about it."

"Sure. He knew I'd kill the deal He knew better'n to try to nick me for three hundred bucks on his danged, worthiess note. Bart, why'd you do

"Oh, h-Il, Gih, be a good feller," poor McGuffey pleaded, "Don't be too hard on ol' Scraggsy."

"We're discussin' you, Bart. 'Pears to me you've sort o' lost confidence in your old shipmate, nin't you? Pears that way to me when you act menky like."

McGuffey bridled. "I ain't a sneak." "A rose by any other name'd be just as sweet," Mr. Glbney quoted. "You poor, misguided simp, If you again you'll be a lot older'n you are college. Recommendations oriered in this publication are based on inbusiness. The fact remains, Bart, that you conspired with Scraggsy to keep things away from me, which shows you ain't the man I thought you were, se from now on you go your way an'

I'll go mine. "I got a right to do as I blasted please with my money," McGuffey defended hotly.

lectured to."

"Considerin" the fact that you

wouldn't have had the money to lend if it hadn't been for me, I allow I'm insulted when you use the said money to give aid an' comfort to my enemy.

I'm through." McGuffey, smothered in guilt, felt nevertheless that he had to stand by his guns, so to speak. "Stay through, if you feel like it," he retorted, "Where d'ye get that chatter? Ain't I frea,

white, an' twenty-one year old?" Mr. Gibney was really hurt. "You poor boob," he murmured. "It's the old game o' settin' a beggar on horseback an' secin' him ride to the devil, or slippin' a gold ring in a pig's nose.

"Well, nin't I?" "Fooey! Fooey! Don't talk to me. You'd sell out your own mother." "Gib, you tryin' to pick a fight with

"No, but I would if I thought I wouldn't git a footrace instead," Gibney rejoined scathingly. "Cripes, the latter's business—and Scraggs as what a double-crossin' I been handed! Honest, Bart, when it comes to that Gib, whatever you soaked him, it was sort o' work Scraggs is in his infancy.

> "I nin't got the heart to clout you an' make you cat them words," Mr. "You mean you ain't got the guts," Mr. Gibney corrected him. "Bart, I

ot your number. Goodbye." Mr. McGuffey had a wild impulse to cast himself upon the Gibney neck and weep, but his honor forbade any such weakness. So he invited Mr. Gibney to betake himself to a region several degrees hotter than the Maggle's engine room; then, because he feared to linger and develop a sentimental weakness, he turned his back abruptly and descended to the said engine room,

On his part, Adelbert P. Gibney enered the cabin and glared long and nenacingly at Captain Scraggs. "I'll have my time," he growled presently. "Give it to me an' give it quick."

The very intonation of his voice warned Scraggs that the present was not a time for argument or trifling. Silently he paid Mr. Gibney the money due him; in equal silence the navigating officer went to the pilot house, unscrewed his framed certificate from the wall, packed it with his few belongings, and departed for Scab Johnny's boarding house.

"Hello," Scab Johnny saluted him at his entrance. "Quit the Maggie?"

Mr. Gibney nodded. "Want a trip to the dark blue?" "Lead me to it," mumbled Mr. Gib-

ney.
"It'll cost you twenty dollars, Gib. Chief mate on the Rose of Sharon bound for the Galapagos islands seal-"I'll take it, Johnny." Mr. Gibney

threw over a twenty-dollar bill, went to his room, packed all of his belongings, paid his bill to Seab Johnny, and within the hour was aboard the schooner Rose of Sharon. Two hours later they towed out with the tide. Poor McGuffey was stunned when he heard the news that night from Scab Johnny. When he retailed the information to Scraggs next morning, Scraggs was equally perturbed. He

guessed that McGuffey and Gibney had quarreled and he had the poor judgment to ask McGuffey the cause of the row. Instantly, McGuffey informed him that that was none of his dadfetched business-and the incident was closed. The three months that followed were the most harrowing of McGuffey's life. Captain Scraggs knew his engineer would not resign while he, Scraggs, owed him three hundred dollars; wherefore he was not too particular to put a bridle on his tongue when things appeared to go wrong. McGuffey longed to kill him, but dared not. been extended sufficiently far down the coast to enable the farmers to haul their goods to the rallroad in

went out of the green-pea trade; simultaneously, Captain Scraggs' note to McGuffey fell due and the engineer demanded payment. Scraggs demurred, pleading poverty, but Mr. Mc-Guffey assumed such a threatening attitude that reluctantly Scraggs paid him a hundred and fifty dollars on secount, and McGuffey extended the balance one year-and quit.

trucks, the Maggle automatically

"See that you got that hundred and fifty an' the interest in your jeans the next time we meet," he warned Scraggs as he went overside.

Time passed. For a month the Maggie plied regularly between Bodega bay and San Francisco in an endeavor to work up some business in farm and dairy produce, but a gasoline schooner cut in on the run and declared a rate war, whereupon the Maggle turned her blunt nose riverward and for a brief period essayed some towing and general freighting on the Sacramento and San Joaquin. It was unprofitable, however, and at last Captain Scraggs was forced to lay his darling little Maggie up and take a job as chief officer of the ferry steamer Encinal, plying between San Francisco and Oakland. In the meantime, Mr. McGuffey, after two barren months "on the beach," landed a job as second assistant on a Standard Oil tanker running to the west coast, while thrifty Neths Halvorsen invested the savings of ten years in a bay scow known as the WIL lie and Annie, arrogated to himself the title of captain, and proceeded to freight hay, grain and paving stones from Petaluma,

(To be continued next week.)

Vegetable Bulletin Out. The value of garden vegetables grown in the state exclusively for sale amounts annually to approximately \$1,500,000. As necessary crops in the farm home garden the value of these products exceeds \$2,750,000 yearly, according to a bulletin on Vegetable Gardening in Oregon, by A. G. B. Bouquet, provestigational data and general servations of crops in the fi crops in the field

Use no potatoes for seed that show brown discolorations near the surface when cut across the stem end. Such potatoes often have wilt, a disease that seriously reduces the "I aln't no child to be yield of potatoes in many sections of Oregon.-O. A. C. Experiment

greenhouse, and frame.