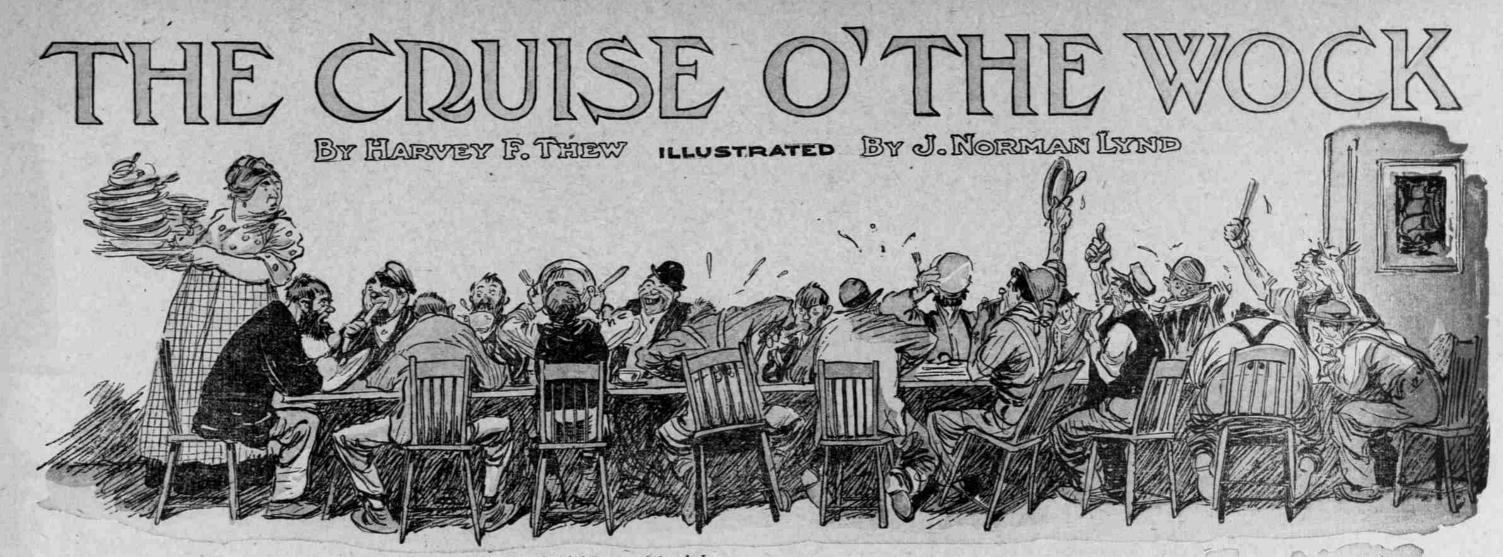
## . THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN. PORTLAND, OCTOBER 27, 1912.



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ITH a yawnin' an' terrible eight inch hole, as expected to last forever, the Wock, she was docked at the Dlamond Shoal in spite o' the efforts to patch her hol' an' she'd be there yet, as I'd bet my soul, if I wasn't so awful

clever. For there isn't a thing as I couldn't do, if I gets time to premedit. But in spite o' the fact that f put it through in shipshape style, an' most brilliant, too, the Captain, the Shanghaied Man an' crew endeavors to take the credit.

"An' I has no doubt as I'll be believed when I makes this explanation, for my words is true an' should be received by all as know how the truth is weaved, an' in case they're not it would make me peeved—but this was the situation:

"We was doin' our best for to fix the ship, as needed some good repairin', an' the Shanghaled Man, as had made a slip, an' me, we worked at a rapid clip, a-sawin' wood for to earn the tip, an' was both o' us nigh despairin'.

"A seafarin' man is a jovial dude, if he works, or he drinks or whittles. He is noted for strength an' for fortytood, an' attends to his work like a seaman should, but I've noted that often he ain't much good when he misses his reg'lar wittles. An' though we had a re-markable crew, as was never afraid of action, they begins to get sour an' lazy an' blue, an' grumbled at whatever work was to do when the grub gives out an'

the grog goes, too, creatin' some dissatisfaction. "An' sittin' around in a silent dock with nothing but expectations didn't suit the men o' the good ship Wock, who begins to mutter an' plan to hock such things as the helm an' the Captain's clock to furnish some further rations. An' all o' the time we two sawed wood, w'ich isn't a seaman's duty. An' though we was earnin' whatever we could, the money was never in-

off, as I tells you true, was nothin' like accidental, for we hopes to find a hotel or two as would board the Cap an' his lazy crew, includin', o' course, we clever -which idea was monumental.

two-which idea was monumental. "An' in half an hour why we finds a place, does me an' the Shanghaled Person, where a weighty dame with a smillin' face remarks as she's glad for to take the case an' feed us well for a certain space, an' her name it was Mis' McPherson. Her face was broad an' her hair was dyed like bricks in the rainy season. An' her neck was large, an' was well supplied with chins as was billowy-like an' wide, like mountains an' walleys along the Clyde, an' her weight was beyond all reason.

"So we hurried back an' we tells the boss o' the scheme we're just a-startin'; an' soon we was eatin' the pie an' sauce, with no expense an' little o' loss, the pie an state, with no expense an little o loss, without expectin' to come across till it come the time for partin'. A countin' me, there was thirty-two, as could wittle along untirin'; an' the way that us an' the Cap an' crew heads into the beans an' the soup an' stew was a sight as is witnessed by very few, an'

was likewise most inspirin'. "An' for thirteen days we eats our fill, an' was right in a seaman's heaven, an' sings our songs as a seaman will, an' all o' us happy as guils until we fetches a sight o' the lady's bill, as was eighty-one seventy-seven. An' the Captain's face it gets apoplect, an' he lets out an awful holler an' goes to each o' the crew direct an' begins for to try the sum to collect, but all he could find, as you might expect, wasn't anything near to a dollar. So the Captain tells us one by one to skip out an' marcon her, by sneakin' away like we'd often done, an' crawl through the hedge an' get up an' run, an' to hide ourselves by delayin' none, on the deck o' our stranded schooner

"Wich the same we done in a manner neat, an' no one did no remarkin'. An' though I am large, I was allus fleet, an' reaches the Wock with my nim-ble feet, where we finds the fixin' is all complete, an' ready for prompt embarkin'. And the Cap gives orders to flood the dock, an' he stands on the deck a-cursin'. W'ile the waves rise up an' surround the Wock, w'ich steady rose from the lower block—when the Skipper gets a most cruel shock, for here comes Mis' McPherson.

"An' when he observes her to heave in sight, he is anything much but happy, for she holds aloft a dockyment white, as libels the Wock an' it does it right, an' she shows in her face as she m an' she allus was somewhat scrappy, "Well, there we settles an' there we stays devolded o' food an' raiment; an' the Cap, the Shanghai and me prays an' schemes an' devises all sorts o' ways, but we finds we are stuck for a number o' days till we makes some sort o' payment. An' the Cap he was doubled up in two with woe an' begins to wish we'd paid her; an' he raves an' curses an' yammers so the Shanghaied Feller allowed he'd go an' sing her such songs as he chanced to know-in other words, serenade her. "An' he sings this song in his sliver tones in a manner wild an' free o; o' desertin' chaps in the tropic zones, a voeman an' bos'n an' chap named Jones, as he heard in a show back in Tallyhones, an' the same it was called a trio:-

## An' so do I, An' I,

An' I! So we three have been converted An' respectfully deserted; An' the only thing that cheers In our hazardous careers Is the way we've dodged employers On torpedo boat destroyers, An' escaped from further service For the next few years! Makes the blood run high

We're the bos'n, An' yeoman, An' Jones; But we don't much care For to sad sea fare, For the dampness weakens our bones! Oh, a squally sky

Except in I. An' I, An' Il As for takin' tea On the rollin' sea, You will pardon me, An' me,

An' me! So we three have been converted An' respectfully deserted: An' the only thing that cheers In our hazardous careers Is the way we've dodged employers On torpedo boat destroyers. An' escaped from further service For the next few years!

"Now, maybe his voice was a little queer an' not on its reg'lar mettle, but all I knows I will tell you here that Missus McPherson did quick appear, an' fetched him abaft o' his starboard ear with the lid

vested in food, but went for repairin', which it done up good, with strength an' with grace an' beauty. "So I says to my partner, with somethin' o' awe, for I looked on him like as a brother, as the work was opposed to the seafarin' law an' was low an' disgustin', degradin' an' raw; so I trips accidental an' breaks off the saw, an' nobody knew of another. W'ich leaves the two o' us good an' free from the work as was not attractive, an' with lighter hearts, as was full o' glee, we toins the men o' the rollin' sea, an' my mate, the Shanghaled Chap, an' me, like them, become inactive.

"Till the Cap, as was famishin' like the rest, but allus a little braver, he rises up an' inflates his chest an' brushes the dust from his Sunday west, an', with fearful frown as contained no jest, he eyes us with marked disfavor. 'Do you think,' says he, 'as you louts can shirk an' still git your beer an' skittles? If so,' he adds, with a threat'nin' smirk, as reminds me

We're the bos'n, An' yeoman, An' Jones; But a life on the sea Is distasteful to we, For we don't like the manner it moans.

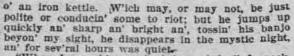
'An' I asks her plain on my bended knee for to stop her rough abusin'."

some o' a cruel Turk, 'you'll find as you'll have to get out an' work if you wish to partake o' wittles' "Then the Shanghaied Feller was sudden seized with a new an' brilliant schemin', an' he gives a smile such as shows he's pleased, an' he coughs significant-like an' sneezed, an' beckons me, an' the two o' us breezd away from the other seamen. Wich breezin'

Ob, the rollin' sea Is gay an' free, But it's not for me,

Or me, Or me! When the wind is high How the billows fly-

## J NORMAN LYND .



"When I sees him again he's a shrivelled speck, like any landlocked native; a-sittin' alone on the after deck, where he'd grunt embarrassed an' scratch his neck, with a sort o' defeated an' crushed effec' as was quiet an' meditative. When the Captain had sighted the Shanghaied Man, why, he comes abaft an' hailed him, but he sees at once, like a skipper can, as how his endeavor had failed to pan, an' the Shanghaied has an' his clearer plan had simultaneous Shanghaied chap an' his clever plan had simultaneous failed him.

'So I hurries back to the lady's place, where we'd had the cold estrangement, an' I meets the woman, an' face to face I does my best to explain the case, an' face to face I does my best to explain the case, a-tryin' with all o' my native grace to make some new arrangement. An' I asks her plain on my bended knee for to stop her rough abusin' an' to join the Cap an' the crew an' me an' the Shanghaled Chap on the lovely sea, explainin' that wittles an' drink is free, for a month o' delightful cruisin'. "'For the Cap,' I says, 'is a gallant boy an' is never afeard or scary; but his lonely life is devoid o' log an' by wild adventures begins to cloy, though

o' joy an' his wild adventures begins to cloy, though he loves the men in his own employ, an' he's eager like to marry.' When I says these words in my sol-emn style, like I's half afraid to lose 'em, the lady gives a bewitchin' smile an' smoothes her hair for the briefest while, an' throws herself like a cedar

spile right square on my manly bosom. "Well, it doesn't take awfully long for me, as is bright as they ever happen, to gather my scatterin' wits an' see as how I am right when I think that she is willin' to throw up her work an' flee, providin' she weds the Cap'n. So I offers my arm with pronounced

## "An' reachin' out through the swayin' lines he holds the paper to her." respec', an' gallant like did hand 'er, an' leads her on

quished crew around him; an' I hails him pleasant an' brave an' bold, an' tells him how he had best enfold in his manly arms this lady cold, as had come aboard

"An' the Captain raves an' begins to shout an' in-

wents some Sunday cursin'. An' he shakes his fist at my honest snout an' tears a part o' his whiskers out when he learns I'd promised beyond a doubt as he'd

marry Mis' McPherson. An' he swears as how he would sooner see all hands consigned to Hades, in-

cludin' the crew, as was filled with glee, an' even the Shanghaied Man an' me, afore he'd ever consent to be

further question, he would take us out on the ragin

main an' make us fast with an iron chain, where we'd benefit from the wind an' rain, for makin' the bare

afeard o' what may happen, an', speakin' slow from the place he sets, expresses a handful o' deep regrets

an' offers to square up his recent debts by playin' the part o' Cap'n. Then the skipper raises his bushy head an' ceases his threats o' killin', and says he re-

pents o' the words he said, but if the feller was so misled as to take the lady away to wed, why, the Cap'n

from the Shanghaied Person, an' I takes his shoulders

an' gives him a shove through the hatchway door to

glove, he surrenders to Mis' McPherson. But when

"Then a heavy sigh, as was not o' love, rolls up

deck above, where, face to face an' with hand in

"Till the Shanghaled Feller he nervous gets an'

"An' furthermore, as he makes it plain without any

an' found him.

suggestion.

the

was surely willin'.

entangled with the ladies.

the lady had merely spied the chap, why, she waxes frantic. An' waddling back where the deck was to the stranded wreck, where she goes aboard o' the wide she stares at him, then she shrieked an' cried, ship direc', and I leaves her there on the upper deck, then throws herself o'er the wessel's side with a splash in the cold Atlantic. while I tells our brave commander." "The Cap was there in the lower hold, with his van-

"An' the same was a gratifyin' thing to the Cap, who yells improper, an' straight begins for to dance an' sing, while I goes abaft for the copper ring, which the same I am active an' prompt to bring, an' over the side I drop her.

"An' while the lady, as straight grew pale, an' tends to our complainin', was trying hard for to ride the gale, the Cap an' crew, why, they makes a trail an' all hands leans on the starboard rall, where they laughs without restrainin'. When the Cap had laughed till his face was blue he thinks as how he'll brave her. So he gets a pencil an' paper, too, and writes that if she forgives the crew an' signs as how they had paid their due he would do his best to save her.

'An' reachin' out through the swavin' lines he holds the paper to her, while she scowls a while, but at last resigns, an' takin' the pencil an' sheet she signs as how she'd been paid for her meals an' wines an' as nothin' more was due her. Then the Cap'n he calls for a hip hurray, three cheers an' a happy cackle. Then orders the crew to get under way, to pipe, all hands for to quick belay an' to rig the winch

an' he live an' gay an' out with the block an' tackie. "So we rigs a derrick along the side abaft o' the for ard funnel, an' drops a line in the ragin' tide, an' soon the dame, as was large an' wide an' cured of hopin' to be a bride, was holsted across the gun't, An' not a word did the lady say, but, lookin' limp an' sadly, she went below, where she lay au' lay, while the Wock she quickly gets under way, an' present we reaches Savannah Bay, where she went ashore most gladly.'

Next Week---For the Cap an' us, as I'd have you know, had formed a resolution to take on a hundred guns or so aboard the gallant ship.