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SEAMEN'S STRIKE.

Brer' Sovay, of the Aberdeen Bulletin, thus writes of the pending strike among the coast sailors:

"Advice from San Francisco convey the information that there is no prospect of immediate settlement of the strike of the seamen of the coast. It was reported last week that efforts to get the warring factions together would probably be successful, but it seems that there was no reason for this sanguine feeling.

"A. B. Hammond of the Astoria railroad is one of the member of the ship-owners' associations, and he is authority for the statement that the owners mean to hold out against the demands of the men. Mr. Hammond states that the shipowners are a unit in their determination to combat the demands of the sailors, firemen, cooks and stewards, and that at no time have they considered the question of arbitration. He adds that the business is quickly getting into normal shape. Most of the steam schooners are running, and he believes this will continue if the vessels are given protection.

"The employers have met with considerable success in engaging non-union men, and it begins to look as if the sailors had no chance whatever of winning. That the present strike has lacked the approval of the public there can be no doubt, and this alone would suffice to ruin the strikers' chances of success."

Have You a Cough

A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold? Try it for whooping coughs, for asthma, for consumption, for bronchitis. Mrs. Joe McGrath, 327 E. First street, Hutchinson, Kans., writes: "I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for five years and find it the most palatable medicine I ever used. Sold by Hart's drug store.

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SHAKESPEARE IN '06

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

ONCE there was a storm in whatever puddle it is that moistens the deckle edges of a two-by-four country named Illyria. When the waves had shut off a large percent of their steam and the clouds were breaking away, a barefooted commodore, who was rummaging among the driftwood for a new battleship, saw a drabbed girl drying her petticoats in the sun.

"That's a great piece of flotsam," remarked the sailorman to himself. "I didn't know which way I was walking but I know now."

So he sauntered over that way and heard the girl say:

"What country, friends, is this?"

There were some sailors around, but of course the commodore outranked them, and did all the talking. He told her where she was, the name of the ward boss, where the postoffice and drug store were, the nearest trolley station, which store gave the most trading stamps, and what day the marked down sale usually was.

"Who's doing the doking for you now?" she asked.

"Orsino. Two attempts have been made to have him removed. Our congressman has had three petitions, each containing the names of more people than live in the district. But Orsiny seems to have a cinch of the leaden tubular variety, and we suspect that he must know something we don't know about our representative. He duked right on."

"Why, even in the country where I live I've heard my pa speak of this man Orsino. Pa said he was a hach then, in spite of his graft, that would make life a large, succulent tapioca for some able-bodied girl. Am I right?"

"Perfectly, and he's in the same happy fix yet. Wouldn't it jar you?"

This girl stated that her name was Viola, took a fresh hold on her gum, patted her pompadour, felt to see if her placket was gaping, and said:

"Say, admiral, I've got a scheme. Nobody in all this bunch of country knows me. I butted in by water last night. I started in on a Slocum life preserver, when the ship went into voluntary bankruptcy. My brother went one way and me the other, and so far as each of us is concerned the other is drowned. He was hugging a rolling pin or some other sort of household goods at his last appearance, and I had a push album for mine. Finding that I couldn't save both the life preserver and the family album, I let the former sink and swam ashore on the latter. First time I ever went much on my relatives. Now, my scheme is to get a job as hired man at the duke's house, and get wise enough to him and his ways to cop him out for a husband. I am a strong, willing girl of marriageable age, though I won't be much longer. I'll put on some boy's clothes and ask for a job. You look like a close-mouthed guy, and I bet you won't tell. Is it a go?"

She chuckled him under the chin, and what could he do? It had to be as she said; for the commodore couldn't help noticing as her hair dried and the mollusks were brushed out of her eyebrows, that she would be a keen looker if she hadn't just been in swimming.

"Is the duke man sweet on any skirt at the present writing?" asked the busy girl from behind the sand dune, where she was changing into a Peter-Pan suit.

"He is abundantly, extensively, and elaborately stung by a girl named Olivia. Her father was some swell in the neighborhood, and when he cashed he left his job to his boy. The boy quit paying board not long after, and Liv has been so out of fix over it since that she won't even look at a man. Of course that makes Orsy worse, and he keeps her hitching post worn with his horses' halter strap. But nothing doing."

"Gee, ain't she the keen one!" commented Vi, who knew a good piece of go-go work when she saw it, and would lay aside professional jealousy any time to admire it.

So up to the Orsino doorbell went Vi, and asked for a job. She sang the duke a few popular airs, concluding with that touching thing, "Meet Me in Du-bu-que, Dukie," which was then in vogue. There was something about this new boy that was different, though the duke didn't get wise even for a minute as to what it was. The boy talked nice and had a lot of little tricks that were all to the very well. So he got hired right away.

About the first thing Vi was assigned to, as confidential secretary to the boss, was to get up some sort of communication with this exclusive Olivia girl. Vi winked at herself and started on her grander of mercy with Orsy's letter in a large valise. When she got to Liv's place she was given the usual not-at-home story, but it didn't go down. Vi just brushed off her trousers and planted

them on the top step to wait. She had brought a few yellow-backs along and could linger very comfortably, thanks.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said Liv, when the flunky reported the new stoop ornament.

When Liv had got the third porch bulletin and learned that the messenger from Orsy was eating his lunch there, using the rainwater barrel for a finger bowl and wiping his hands on the morning glories, she said:

"Well, Orsy sure is in earnest by this time. I'm getting him right where I've wanted him. He seems to sure mean business. I'll see the adhesive kid."

When Vi came in with the letter in the large canvas telescope, Liv said to herself:

"Oh, the sweet thing! Why he's got the duke skinned both ways from the jack, for looks and manners and everything else. And the nerve! Gee, you couldn't shake it with a ton of dynamite. No duke for mine, if I can put the handcuffs on this. Huh-uh!"

Vi managed the love affair carefully so that the foxy Liv could get stuck and stucker on her instead of on the duke, in the meantime doing all she could to make herself as necessary as a morning's morning to the boss himself. Liv was as patient as possible with her butler and a few other ciphers who were foolish about her because manual or other toil was distasteful to them, and kept on thinking about this cute boy of the duke's.

Liv had hired a girl named Maria, who was a case. She had three gentleman friends besides the policeman and the iceman, and she kept all of them doing charades. Malvolio, Liv's butler, had such a case of swelled head that the others of the help were all sore at him, so Maria, who could write her mistress' hand to the "t," put up a job. She wrote letters in Liv's mitt and left them scattered about the place where Mal would pipe them. These letters told him to do all sorts of foolish things, and he was sucker enough to bite and do them. Maria had put the gang wise, and they very nearly died laughing the next few days at Mal's capers. To top it off, they had an insanity commission sit on him, and the report was that his head was in a worse fix than a packing house in a jungle. So he was taken away to the dippy domicile, where a comedian rigged up as a priest went and kidded him. They were the real village cut-ups.

Meanwhile, things were getting badly muddled with the leading man and woman and their understudies. The duke was getting worse and worse wrapped up in Vi and thought it was Liv he wanted. Though Vi knew better and didn't worry. Also, Liv was getting to the sleepless point about Vi, and Vi was chewing holes in the pillow slips every night thinking about Orsy. Wasn't that a kettle of peaches?

One of Liv's taggers was so sore at Vi that he challenged her to a duel. Vi couldn't play boy on that worth a whoop and was scared to a pale mauve color trimmed with robin's egg blue.

But just then things began to straighten out. They had to. It was getting near 10:45, and the cabs were beginning to stop in front of the theatre.

Vi's brother Sebastian, came along, and they were such ringers for each other that Liv got stuck on him, and never knew the difference until after they were married on the quiet, and then she didn't care. Sebastian was just as smit with Liv as Liv was with him, so it was mighty fine. Orsy kept up his spiel at Liv, though it had merely become a habit, and he didn't mean it as much as he used to, and Vi kept a gentling bit on him all the time without his knowing it. Brother Sebastian took part in that duel that Vi was so scared of, because the other man took him for Vi and tackled him on the street corner.

What Bas did to the other fellow kept three surgeons busy with their sewing machines for a week. So Vi had earned a reputation as a scrapper.

Then came the finish. Liv met Vi in Orsy's presence and called her "hubby." Vi renigged indignantly, and tried to square herself with Orsy, who was mighty sore to think his valet had cut him out. Liv got on her high horse because she thought her man was renouncing her in company, and nobody can blame her, either.

But just then Bas sauntered in, his cleaver still steaming with the corpses of the chap he had sliced, and in a few minutes things were clearer. Vi and Bas were as surprised about it as any one, for each one thought the other was dead and that there were spooks walking.

When it finally got through the duke's occipital bone what had happened, he was the tickledest duke you ever saw. He said he had been keeping up a forced feed pressure all the time on that Olivia stunt, ever since he had taken in Little Breaches, there. And he told Vi to hike for the commodore's house and get her dress, so they could be married before he was out of the notion.

Moral:—When a woman starts after a man, he has his choice between prussic acid and a marriage license.

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