

Smoked Skipper

By W. W. JACOBS, Author of "Many Cargoes" and "The Skipper's Flogging."

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The master of the Susan Jane watched him blankly for some time and then looked around at the mate.

"You won't get much change out of 'im," said the latter, with a nod, "insultin' little devil."

"The other made no reply, but as soon as his potatoes were finished set his young friend to clean the brasswork and after that to tidy the cabin up and help the cook clean his pots and pans.

"I can't make head or tail out of what you're reading, George," he said snappishly. "Who was Rudolph? Read straight ahead."

"Just what I should have expected of 'im," said the skipper after the mate returned from a fruitless search in the boy's chest.

"The next few days the boy divided between seasickness and work, the latter being the skipper's great remedy for practical yearnings.

"Be a good boy," said the skipper, pausing on the companion ladder, "and you can stay with us if you like. Better turn in now, as you'll have to make yourself useful again in the morning working out the cargo."

He went below, leaving the boy on deck. The crew were in the fore-castle smoking with the exception of the cook, who was in the galley over a little private business of his own.

"Where's the boy?" he demanded, taking Jem by the arm and shaking him.

"The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of his craft, said nothing. He began to think that she had escaped after all.

"It's old men's work," said a voice. The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of his craft, said nothing.

"That's about the size of it," groaned the mate. "We'll be the laughing stock of the town."

"Why, it's gone, it's gone," he said, peering about, stooped suddenly and with a sharp exclamation picked up something from behind a damaged case.

"That's a letter planned to my pillow," said the cook in trembling tones as he held it to the lamp.

Tired of the Trip.

SO HE GOT OUT OF THE BALLOON BY THE JUMP ROUTE.

And Then He Told the Englishmen He Was What He Had Done They Considerably Carried Him On to an Insane Asylum.

"I went up in a balloon once, and I never want to make such a trip again," said Colonel A. Noel Blakeman.

"The balloon was a feature of some big exhibition, and every day it was inflated and made an ascent, with four or five passengers, in charge of an experienced aeronaut.

"All this was very interesting, but we did not seem to be making very much progress toward the point where we would have to look out for the descending folds of the collapsing balloon."

"I asked the landlord how far it was to London, and he told me it was eight miles. I ordered a carriage to take me there, and while I was waiting the landlord asked me where I had come from."

"I took him to the door of the inn, and pointing to the balloon, which was then sailing along about a quarter of a mile above the ground, I said, 'I jumped out of that.'"

"The man looked at me in alarmed fashion, and after I had returned to the sitting room I noticed that several people peered through the window at me."

"I finally my four wheeler was ready, and I set off for London. After we had driven along for half an hour or so the coachman suddenly turned the horse in through a gate, and we drove into a big courtyard."

"I was a hinson busy, sir," he replied. "When you said you had jumped out of that balloon, we thought you were crazy and maybe you was a escaped patient from the asylum."-Washington Post.

"Now you are tired of me and abuse me," sobbed the young wife whose beauty refused to die another maid to take care of her pet dog. "Yet," she continued, "not two years ago you were just crazy to marry me."

"I see that somebody says Edmund Kean, the most famous of English actors, lived to adapt the kind of meat he ate to the part he had to play, choosing pork for tyrants, beef for murderers and mutton for lovers."

"That's a great idea. I suppose when he had to play several parts in one evening he ate hash."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

People of the Day

Rostand One of the Immortals.

Edmond Rostand has been elected a member of that exclusive circle, the Academy. He had a close call; but, it is said, the friendship and active support of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt won for the famous dramatist the coveted



EDMOND ROSTAND.

place. Rostand needs no introduction to the American reader. We have all either seen, read or heard of his "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon."

"Mr. Hill was one day walking down Third street, once a flourishing thoroughfare, but now deserted by the general public. He stepped into a little tobacco shop kept by a German who had known him in the village days of 1850."

"I took his canteen and hurried down to a branch at the foot of the hill, where the first thing I saw, by the way, was the corpse of a zonave floating in a pool."

"The Confederate Veterans' reunion recently held in Memphis was the most successful meeting ever held by that organization. There were more than 2,300 delegates present. General John B. Gordon of Georgia was re-elected commander in chief without opposition, and the way it was done must have warmed the old warrior's heart."

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"One Still Nicer." Mrs. Newma-Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely!

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After the Battle.

A VETERAN'S STORY OF A TASSELED TURKISH FEZ.

The Grewsome Incident in Which He Participated at the Second Battle of Manassas-A Brave Boy and His Dying Request.

"Whenever I see a tasseled Turkish fez," said a Confederate veteran whose attention had been attracted by a smoking cap of that pattern in a Canal street window.

"During the previous day's engagement you may remember that a regiment of freshly recruited New York zouaves held the crest of a hill and were charged and almost annihilated by Hood's brigade."

"Being just from the outfit, all this fine regalia was perfectly fresh and new, and somehow or other it added to the ghastliness of the spectacle on the hillside."

"The gentleman who used to be a pastor of a church in Kansas City says that on one occasion he had rather an amusing experience in marrying a young couple in that city."

"The gentleman," said the clergyman, "was a handsome, noble looking young man and the bride to be more than usually beautiful."

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Capital Wanted. To extend certain Departments, purchase Fall Stock, and develop to fullest extent one of the oldest and largest Mail Order Houses on the Coast...

Blake, Moffitt & Towne. Importers and Dealers in Book, News, Writing and Wrapping Papers...

The Custer. Nicely furnished rooms for the day, week or month, en suite with bath, on a high location...

Must Healthful Coffee in the World. All the world knows that coffee in excessive use is injurious. And yet the coffee lover cannot stand tasteless cereals...

Cafe Island. Pronounced café-fay-accent on last syllable. It is interesting to recall that, just as Edward VII of England chose his second baptismal name as the one by which he wished to be designated...

Wonderful Musical Memory. Sir John Stainer had a wonderful musical memory. It was put to the test once at the Crystal Palace when he had to play the organ in the "Messiah" and a folio copy, on which alone he could see the score, was not forthcoming...

The Toothpick Habit. "I'd like to know what my customers do with all the toothpicks they carry away," remarked a restaurant proprietor the other day.

When Matches Were Introduced. The Atlas, a London newspaper, published on Jan. 10, 1830, the following paragraph under the head of "Instantaneous Light: Among the different methods invented for obtaining light instantaneously ought certainly to be recorded that of Mr. Walker, chemist, Stockton-on-Tees...

Don't wait until your friends are dead to give them flowers.-Atchison Globe.

Smuffed Out. Friend-What became of your poem called "Light, Beautiful Light?" Poet (sadly)-The editor turned it down.-Philadelphia Record.