

# THE SALLIE JOHNSON DERELICT

An Adventurous Voyage to the Saragossa Sea

By FREDERIC VAN RENSSLAER DEY

As near as I can make out from the details you have given me," said Captain Darrington, applying a lighted match to his freshly replenished pipe and for a moment vanishing amid the cloud of smoke which he ejected, "there is about as much chance of our finding the long lost derelict as there is of discovering the proverbial needle in the haystack." The records of the hydrographic office have demonstrated repeatedly that earth nor sky nor sea possesses a more erratic or unstable quantity than the wandering derelict of the south Atlantic ocean.

"Very true," responded the captain's vis-a-vis, whose personal appearance afforded instant evidence of what he was, a retired capitalist, not yet past the prime of life, who had attained the portly physique, plethoric pocketbook, placid countenance and easy conscience of the successful and not over-scrupulous business man. His dignity never deserted him, and yet it was always that easy dignity which is frequently mistaken for cordiality, but which is never really more than diplomacy. "Very true," he repeated after a moment's pause. "Nevertheless facts are facts, and the information that I possess is one that has frequently been re-established by those same official hydrographic reports. The derelict did exist up to a date not yet six months old, for she was at that time sighted, identified and reported. Prior to that time she had not been reported for almost a year, which is circumstantial evidence that she may be presumed to be in existence yet. If she is in existence, I believe that you can find her. If you discover her, the \$5,000,000 which she contains belong to us—fifty to you and the balance to me. Because I undertake to meet the entire expense of the expedition besides paying you a competent salary for your services. I cannot understand why you hesitate when you have everything to gain and nothing to lose and where even the element of personal danger need not be taken into consideration. Richard Darrington swung himself out of the chair in which he had been half buried and, striking a quarter deck attitude before his companion, with his feet wide apart as if to resist the lurching of a rolling ship, with his thumbs in the armbolts of his waistcoat and with his pipe held firmly between his white and even teeth, said deliberately, but firmly: "I will tell you in one sentence why I hesitate. It is because you have not told me half the story. When I was in the navy, I always left port with sealed orders which I could not open until I was far at sea. I am no longer in the navy, and I will not again, for you or any man, begin a voyage in that way. If you are willing to tell me all there is to tell, I will listen and doubtless accept the commission you offer me. Unless you are willing to do so, let us change the subject."

"There are others, Captain Darrington, who might not be so arbitrary," said the capitalist coldly.

"Then apply to them," responded Darrington. "As for me, I will have none of it upon any other conditions than those I have named." And the stern ex-naval officer relaxed the attitude he had taken and resettled himself in the chair.

For several moments Mr. Gregory was silent. His brows were knitted in deep thought, and he drummed the ends of his fingers against one another, keeping time with a low, tuneless whistling which escaped his lips.

"Very well," he exclaimed, with sudden impulse, "you shall have the story as I know it. Afterward, if you will go to my house with me, you shall see the proofs of its verity. All this, however, with the understanding that you accept the commission, and we sail within the week or as soon as our preparations can be completed. The derelict Darrington made no reply, and Gregory, accepting the silence as implied consent, continued:

"You are aware, Captain Darrington, that until a little more than a year ago I was engaged in the South American trade, and you should know, if you do not, that my success in that business was due almost entirely to the influence that I possessed with the foremost men of those revolutionary countries with which I did business. If there was a concession to be obtained, I could always secure it against every competitor. Even the private affairs of many of the great men of those revolutionary countries frequently came under my personal care. Such men as Blanco, Crespo, Ezeta, Salinas, Acosta, of Peru and others who were their political opponents and enemies consulted me or left their private fortunes in my hands for safe keeping or distribution when about to organize a fresh revolution. They knew by their own experience and by the experience of others before them that the trust would be fulfilled. It is in such a manner as this that I became possessed of the knowledge of the existence of the fortune in gold that is now floating aimlessly about the southern currents of the Atlantic ocean concealed in the hold of a waterlogged derelict and without a human being save myself (and you, now that I have told you of its whereabouts) in existence.

"It is not necessary that I should mention the names of those who were originally interested in this fortune. Suffice it to say that there is no person now alive who possesses or who may possess any legal claim to this amount in gold, which is stored in ten different compartments of the wandering derelict. The compartments were prepared expressly for what they now contain, and \$500,000 was stowed in each one of them. I have in my possession a set of blue print tracings of the vessel showing where each of these compartments is located and how they may be discovered and made to discharge their treasures.

"I have thus far neglected to mention the name of this derelict," interposed Darrington quietly, but not without irony.

"Be patient," was the quick response, "for since I have chosen to relate the story I will tell it all. She was called the Sallie Johnson of Yarmouth. When she entered the South American port, from which she subsequently sailed laden with gold, but ostensibly with a cargo of fruits and spices consigned to my house, of which I was at that time the head, she had been purchased and fitted up expressly for a treasure ship. Her original officers and crew were discharged, well paid for their consent to forego the shipping articles they had signed. The name of the vessel—she was a bark—was changed to La Paloma and under that name she cleared for New York, although the formality of painting out her former name and port of calling was neglected, and as a derelict, which she now is, she is known by the name which she bore when she left the stocks and glided down the ways at Yarmouth. The United States hydrographic office records her as the Sallie Johnson. Does that explanation satisfy you?"

"Quite so," Mr. Gregory. Your information seems to be exact. It will, however, be difficult to locate her, if indeed, she still floats. When was it that you saw her? She was last reported—

"About six months ago."

"Where was she at that time?"

The capitalist took a memorandum from his pocket and after studying it for a moment read aloud as follows: "Derelict, Sallie Johnson, reported by Captain Graham of the steamer Scorpion, bound from Buenos Ayres to Liverpool. In the tail end of a gale on east by east, still raging at No. 3, sighted about four bells in the morning watch Dec. 3. No observation except dead reckoning for three days. Location of derelict probably 41 degrees 20 minutes west longitude, 28 degrees 15 minutes north latitude. Platonic saw name Sallie Johnson, Yarmouth, as she pitched in the heavy sea. Derelict headed west, but owing to the gale making sternway turned to leeward. Decks awash. Hull comparatively buoyant. If gale continues, in my opinion she will make the Saragossa sea and disappear. There, captain, you have a literal copy of the last report concerning her. I have the hydrographic official tracings of her supposed wanderings since she became a derelict, during which time she has covered approximately 5,000 miles over a zigzag course between the Caribbean sea on the west, the neighborhood of the Azores on the east, latitude 48 degrees on the north and the margin of the Saragossa sea on the south. Somewhere within those boundaries I believe that we will find her if she is still afloat, unless, indeed, she has lost herself among the weeds and debris of the Saragossa region. And, man," he exclaimed, leaping to his feet, with more excitement than he had yet shown, "we must penetrate even there, if need be, to find her."

"Humph," said Captain Darrington, complacently leaning back in his chair and emitting a volume of smoke worthy of the funnel of a man-of-war. "Have you any idea what the Saragossa sea is like? Do you know how impossible it is to penetrate it or, having penetrated it, to escape again into the open sea? If your Sallie Johnson has found entrance there, \$5,000,000 is too small a price for her deliverance, or \$500,000,000, for that matter. Once involved in that labyrinth of weeds and wrecks, there is only one exit for a sailorman, and that is straight to the coral beds beneath it. However, she may not have entered there. The Saragossa sea, although deadly in its embraces, repulses with the same power aggressions upon its domain. I had some weeds which entangle and hold everything they grasp repulse with cushionlike obstinacy the storm driven wrecks and derelicts which wind and currents force that way. A derelict wandering at the will of wind and waves will glide for hundreds of miles along the edges of that dreary place bold never more there, but when one is driven by the force of a gale such as Captain Graham describes, end on against it, it is more than likely that the violence of the storm has opened crevices in the woody mass, through which the wreck may be forced and forever lost to human knowledge. I have no doubt that there are wrecks and derelicts in that mysterious region now which have been afloat for scores of years and which may continue to float as many more. I have no doubt that there are other fortunes there as great as this one which has excited your cupidity and mine. I say this, Mr. Gregory, not to argue against the expedition we are to undertake, but to impress upon you the absolute futility of continuing the search beyond the margin of that sea of weeds should we ultimately decide that the Sallie Johnson has fallen into its embrace."

"I do not wholly agree with you, Darrington," Mr. Gregory replied after meditating for some time upon what the captain had just said. "I realize that my ignorance concerning these matters is as profound as your knowledge is complete. Nevertheless I do not agree with you, and my reasons are these: First, I have absolute confidence in your ability as a sailor and as an executive officer, and I have entire faith in your courage; second, I believe that you know what you know to be, with the exception of the interior decorations, the sister ship to William K. Vanderbilt's Valiant. She is fully stocked and stored in preparation for this cruise, and she is manned by a crew that, almost without exception, have been with me since she was launched. She has a coal capacity for 8,000 tons, which is almost unprecedented in a vessel of her size and build, but I sacrificed much to gratify that one whim. She is strong and fleet and is provided with duplicate and often triplicate parts to her machinery. In addition to these virtues, she possesses one which, I believe, will save her from the Saragossa sea should she become involved in it. I refer to an invention of my own which, in few words, is a hydraulic steering gear, but which may also, if occasion demands, be utilized as a motive power as well. With it I can force her through the water not more rapidly than three or four knots per hour, but it is a force which seems irresistible up to that point. It affords no impediments, such as propeller shafts, rudders and steering gear, to become entangled in your Saragossa weeds, but, on the contrary, assumes the utility of both. That is why I do not dread the Saragossa sea. That is why I honestly believe that I can force my vessel through it from one extremity to the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"There are others, Captain Darrington, who might not be so arbitrary."

## NEW SHORT STORIES

### A HORSE AT THE SHOW.

Story of a Ribbon Winning From an Equine Viewpoint.

One of the popular features of the annual horse show in New York is the squad of park police horses that is always entered. The winning of a blue ribbon by one of these police horses is told in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford, from the viewpoint of the horse. The author says:

It happened that one morning Skipper heard the sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the horse show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure as it's apparin' before all the swells in town ye'll be, me b'y. 'Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad, an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The horse show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light air dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him, but he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly and soon felt at ease on the tank.

Then there was a great crash of noise, and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was four abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, which in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

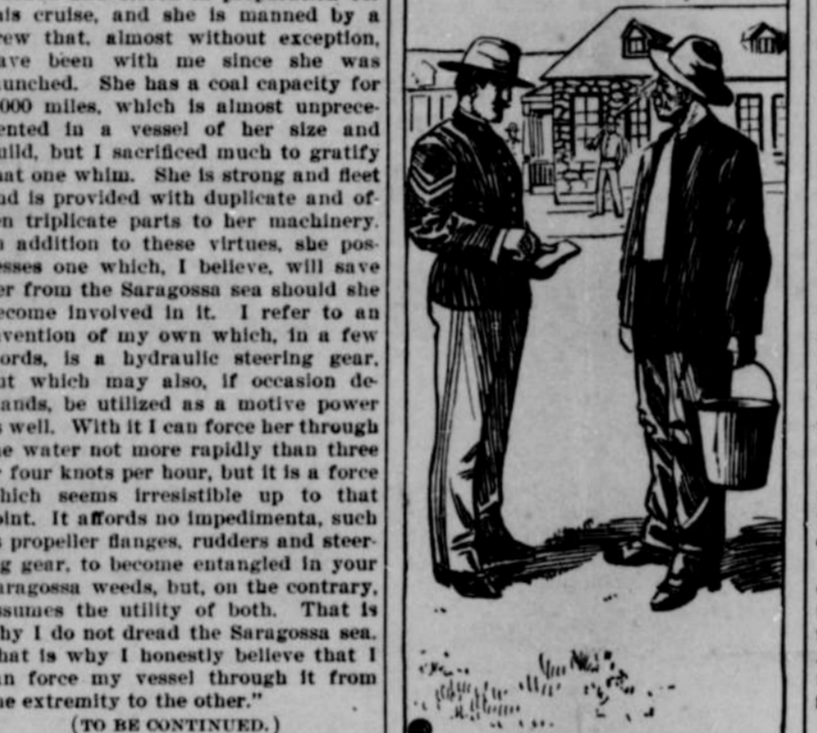
After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall, black hats, showing much white shirt front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could wait in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples, one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him his pictures in the paper.

### Going For Water.

An Irish soldier was crossing a bar-track square with a pail in which he was going to get some water. A sergeant passing at the time noticed that Pat had a very disreputable looking



"What! in those trousers?"

pair of trousers on and, wishing to make a report, stopped the man and asked, "Where are you going?" "To get some water." "What! in those trousers?" "No, sergeant, in the pail."

### A Strictly Accurate Witness.

Douglas Grand, who was the principal witness for the crown at the recent trial at Ennis, Ireland, which resulted in the committal for trial of Major Studdert and others, tells the following story regarding the examination of one of the witnesses:

"Did you sell Major Studdert a horse?" asked counsel.

"No, sorr," replied witness.

"Did your father sell Major Studdert a horse?"

"No, sorr."

"Well, then, did your grandfather sell him a horse?"

"No, sorr."

"Did any member of your family sell Major Studdert anything?"

"Yes, sorr."

"Who did, then?"

"I did," replied the witness.

"And what did you sell Major Studdert?"

"I sold him a mare," replied the witness, to the chagrin of counsel and the delight of the court.

### Peduncles and Pedants.

The daughter of John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. E. Parmelee Prentice, is credited with this capital pun. Mrs. Prentice's brother said to her one day:

"What is the technical name for the foot stalks of flowers?"

"Peduncles," Mrs. Prentice, who is learned in botany, replied.

"I knew they were called of some sort," said Mr. Rockefeller.

"Yes, they are peduncles," answered Mrs. Prentice, "but the word is one which is only used by ped-ants."

### McKinley's Delicate Compliment.

Wishing to take Mrs. McKinley for a drive, the late president asked of a guest the weather indications.

"Nothing to mar a clear blue sky except a cloud the size of a man's hand," reported the gentleman.

"Then we will take our mackintoshes," said President McKinley. "Had you said a cloud the size of a woman's hand," glancing at Mrs. McKinley's hand, "then I would have suggested wearing a straw hat and duster."

### Ostrich Plumes.

In each wing of an ostrich twenty-five long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecru or gray. The short feathers are plucked for tips, and each wing furnishes seventy-five of these. The tail feathers are of a deep old ivory color, and sixty-five of these have a commercial value. In a plucking at the Coronado ostrich farm 300 feathers were obtained from one bird. The female ostrich lays seventy eggs a year.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### A Street Suit.

Brown continues to be one of the best liked colors for street suits, and many of the new spring suits are being made in some shades of this pretty and serviceable color. The modish suit here il-



BROWN CLOTH AND TAN.

lustrated is made of brown cloth with pipings of tan. The skirt has a plain front breadth with broad stitched tucks on each side. Starting from the front breadth, three graduated flounces of peculiar cut finish the bottom of the skirt. The jacket is trimmed with pipings of the tan cloth and has Parisian embroidery and tiny silk buttons as an additional decoration. The skirt has a slight train, and the sleeves are full, while the jacket is collarless, slightly bloused and made with a plenum.

### Drusy Spring Wraps.

Gray is a popular color for coats of coarse canvas. Handsome lace collars are much worn. Pongee is used to make collars and cuffs. Cords, tassels and dangles are much used in the trimming of spring coats. The linings are as pretty and dainty as the coats themselves. Occasionally one sees a coat belted in at the waist on the Russian blouse order or cut after the Louis models. The favorite among spring coats as a rule is loose, with a straight box back and straight front. It comes a little below the hips or is three-quarters length. The sleeves are elaborate and baggy.

### The Spring Box.

The dainty felt tippet or boa is in great demand, composed of ermine, gupure, taffeta, mousseline and embroidery. They make attractive neck adornments. All elegants now occupied choosing their toilets think their outfit not complete without one. They are invariably shaped similar to a shoulder cape, either pointed or round, terminating in long stole ends in front. Made in this manner they combine a useful and exceedingly pretty shoulder covering for the theater, ballroom or casino.

### Airy Fashions.

Fashion seems averse to anything cumbersome or heavy in the way of trimming. Small flowers arranged in airy sprays and garlands are popular. Hats this spring are faced with silk or gauze flower petals. For bows the thinnest of taffeta, gauze, mousseline de soie and lace are most in request. In fact Dame Fashion has decreed that this is to be an airy, gauzy, gossamer summer.

### Collure Effects.

One of the loveliest wreaths for the evening collure is made of honeysuckle leaves and blossoms, all airily carried out in gold. Another effective spray is of green leaves and black mountain ash berries, while very sweet and girlish is a winsome trail of violets and gardenias.

### A Spring Hat.

The spring hat shown is of satin finished red straw and is trimmed with



SATIN FINISHED STRAW.

clusters of ripe strawberries and foliage. Red velvet forms the scarf and ends at the back.

**Sadly Behind Time.**

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "isn't it a pity that the morning newspapers are so much behind time?"

"In what respect?"

"Why, they never print the name of the winner of a horse race until the next day, when it is too late to bet."

**Dissected.**

Willie—Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?

Ma—No. Don't be ridiculous.

Willie—Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to the Adirondacks for his lungs.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

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## WHY WE ARE AGENTS

Here Are Some of the Convincing Facts That Caused us to Take the Agency for the Fulton Compound, the First Things Known that Cure Chronic Kidney Diseases.

First, let it be distinctly understood that every one of the cases below had been diagnosed by one or more physicians as chronic and incurable; second, note the certainty of the results as shown by the recovery also of the friends they told who were similarly afflicted with supposed incurable kidney diseases.

Charles Engelke, editor of the German paper, San Francisco, recovered himself and told to a number of his recovered, one of them being Charles F. Wacker, the 81st street merchant.

Edwards Short of the San Francisco Call recovered, also three of his friends, William Martin, Captain Hubert of the Honolulu mail, and William Hawkins of the U. S. Quartermaster's Department of San Francisco.

John A. Phelps of the Hotel Regency, San Francisco, and two of his children.

The kidneys are the sewers that strain the poisons out of the system. We can stand the drainage for a short while, but when the interference becomes chronic (permanent), as it does in the case of chronic kidney disease, the 81st and 82nd month. The above cases were recoverable by all other means. People having kidney disease should begin at first with the Fulton Compound. It is the only one that will cure it. It is the only one that will cure it. It is the only one that will cure it. It is the only one that will cure it.

## Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The census of 1900 shows that about one in every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the teeth erupting, the skull closing up and its teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for material that is very serious means. The systems are deficient in the result. It is weakness, weakness, weakness, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1900 under three years were 300,000. The statistics of the vast number outside the big cities that were not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, warty or cry out, when he or she wakes at night, when neither medicine nor narcotics, what the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Baby Food, which is made of the finest materials, is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby.

Paternalism, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles that impeded dentition. A large percentage of infantile ill and fatality are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising results. The child I have mentioned, given with your regular food, has not failed to check the infantile diarrhoea, which is the most serious complaint. I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly taken. It is the absolute necessity of the mother of the child. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Paternalism, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case of infantile ill and fatality. It was brought to me from another town for treatment. After a few days of teething the baby came out of its coma. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders languid and a blessing to the baby to not wait for treatment. It is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby. It is the only one that will save your baby.

### Sonnambulism?

What is it? Did you ever walk in your sleep? If so, you know just about as much about this strange use of the faculties and senses of the mind as I do. Then so it is now. There are so many explanations that even the physician is puzzled to decide which to accept.

In a Quandary.

"Mary gets so excited when she reads history."

"Does she?"

"I should say she did. She's been reading English history, but she had to stop when she got to the Wars of the Roses."

"Why did she stop?"

"She couldn't tell which rose she preferred to have win."

Chicago Journal.

### Why He Moved Away.

Kind Lady—So you were in one place three years? Why did you leave?

Tramp—I wuz pardoned, ma'am—Chicago Journal.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.—Plato.