

Fine Passenger Boat

DESCRIPTION OF NEW
STEAMER FOR GOOS BAY

Thousand Tons Register and Nearly
a Thousand Horsepower—One
of the Finest of Her Class

(New Orleans Pleasure, Jan. 15.)
(By Courtesy of the News)

The American steamship Breakwater, of the United Fruit Company Line, was sold yesterday afternoon to the Spreckels, of San Francisco, and in a few days she will begin the long journey through the Straits of Magellan and around into the Pacific Ocean, and up the coast to her future port.

The Breakwater was built by John Roach & Sons, at Chester, Pa., in 1890, and ever since she has been running out of this port in the fruit trade of Central America. Nearly all these 14 years she has carried the mails between the United States and ports of Spanish Honduras, Guatemala and British Honduras, and has always been looked upon as the most popular ship of the line. Being of American construction, every attention was paid to the comfort of the passengers and crew, and there is no ship in the tropical trade which is better and more comfortably equipped. For a vessel of her size she is a remarkable carrier. She measures 210 feet on the water line, 30 feet beam, and has a depth of hold of 19.3 feet.

She was designed and built for the coast trade of the North, but was exactly suited for the service of the Royal Mail Line, which bought her, and she has since performed excellent service for the United Fruit Company.

About two years ago she was completely overhauled, and in place of coal bunkers, oil tanks were installed, and the ship became the first oil burner running out of this port. The use of oil proved a complete success, the ship making better time at a much smaller cost until the oil market began to climb.

For some time she has been on the big dock at the Naval Station, and the oil tanks have been transformed into bunkers again, the oil burners removed from the fire boxes, and all arrangements are being completed for the re-establishment of the coal service. A new wheel is also being put on in place of the oil propeller.

The Breakwater has triple expansion engines of 940 indicated horsepower, is 1,065 tons gross and is built of iron plates.

When the Breakwater was hauled up a couple of years ago and oil burners established, the United Fruit Company spent \$125,000 on improvements, making the ship as good as new.

During the war of 1898 the United States Government took the Breakwater as a transport, and she was one of the fleet ships which carried the soldiers out of Tampa round to the south coast of Cuba. She was then under command of Captain Rivara, who commanded the ship for a good many years.

During the years of service in the tropical trade the faithful vessel has seen some very lively times, but has weathered every blow in great shape, having but one accident, and that was when she broke her shaft and was compelled to look for safety under the lee of the islands off the coast of Yucatan.

Mr. Samuels, manager for the Spreckels Lines, arrived in the city a few days ago with Captain Seaman, and yesterday afternoon these two gentlemen made a careful inspection of the ship. They were perfectly satisfied with her general condition, and the deal was promptly closed. The closing of this deal rested upon the condition of the ship itself, for the matter of price and tonnage of the vessel were perfectly satisfactory.

Captain Seaman will take charge of the Breakwater at once, and the mark of the United Fruit Company will be removed from the smokestack forever.

Just as soon as the new wheel has been fitted the Breakwater will be coaled and stocked up for the long voyage. This voyage will take about sixty days to complete, and many of the older crew will accompany the ship around the Horn, and then return overland to resume their service with the Company. Captain Rivara will be given another vessel of the line.

Manager Samuels, who conducted the transfer of the vessel, is a son of the famous Captain Samuels who made the record run across the Atlantic in the famous old clipper ship Dreadnaught, many years ago, when the "wild-wagons" of America were considered the fastest craft afloat.

"The place in the mail route once occupied by the Breakwater will be taken

for the present by the Olympia, and she, with the Anselm, will fill that trade.

The Breakwater, after reaching San Francisco, will be put in the coast freight and passenger service touching the ports north of San Francisco as far north as the Oregon coal fields.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR

Notice is hereby given, to all persons whom it may concern, that in pursuance of an order of the County Court for Coos county, State of Oregon, Letters of Administration were duly issued out of said Court to James W. Rooke, Sr., the undersigned, appointing him administrator of the estate of Helen M. Rooke, deceased, and authorizing him to act as such administrator.

Now, therefore, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, with the proper vouchers, duly verified, within six months from the date of this notice, to said administrator at the law office of McKnight and Seabrook, in the city of Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.

Dated this 20th day of January, 1904.
JAMES W. ROOKE, Sr.,
Administrator of the Estate of Helen M. Rooke, deceased.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THIRICE-A-WEEK EDITION

Read wherever the English Language is Spoken

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CENTRAL HOTEL

Corner of Front and A streets,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON,
JOHN SNYDER, Proprietor

THIS WELL-KNOWN AND FAVORITE HOTEL has just been entirely refitted and refurnished throughout and is again open to the public for patronage.

New beds and spring mattresses have been placed in almost every sleeping room of this house and neither trouble nor expense has been spared to put everything in first-class order.

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Board and lodging, per week..... \$5.00
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A Bird Friendship

The rector of Woolstone, Mr. Gilbert Coventry, told me of a wild rock dove which one of his stable boys had reared from the nest. It slept in the open, however, and had full liberty. Soon the good things on the rector's table attracted it, and it would appear through the open window at mealtimes, take hot soup with much zest and even sip sherry from a wineglass. At night it often slipped in and slept in the rector's bed on its back under the coverlet. One Sunday morning during the reading of the lesson the dove flew swiftly through an open window into the church and settled on the rector's head. Broad smiles spread over the faces of the elders and audible utterances came from the youngsters. A gentle touch sent the bird down to the edge of the clerk's desk below, where it sat undisturbed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

His Ideal

Editor—What do you mean by "a girl of rare intelligence and one who refused to take advantage of alleged advantages offered her?"
Critical—Simply this: She does not dance, sing or play, but she can sharpen a lead pencil, drive a nail and keep a secret.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
Copyright, 1902, by Stewart Edward White

Continued from Fifth Page

What are you driving at? My time's valuable."

"Well, put her at four, then," agreed Thorpe. "That makes your saw logs worth over \$20,000. Of this value Radway added \$13,000. You have appropriated that much of his without paying him one cent."

Daly seemed amused. "How about the million and a half feet of ours he appropriated?" he asked quietly.

"I'm coming to that. Now for your losses. At the stumpage rate your million and a half which Radway appropriated would be only three thousand. But for the sake of argument we'll take the actual sum you'd have received for saw logs. Even then the million and a half would only have been worth between eight and nine thousand. Deducing this purely theoretical loss Radway has occasioned you from the amount he has gained for you, you are still some four or five thousand ahead of the game. For that you paid him nothing."

"That's Radway's lookout." "In justice you should pay him that amount. He is a poor man. He has sunk all he owned in this venture, some \$12,000, and he has nothing to live on. Even if you pay him five thousand, he has lost considerably, while you have gained."

"How have we gained by this bit of philanthropy?" "Because you originally paid in cash for all that timber on the stump just \$10,000, and you get from Radway saw logs to the value of \$20,000," replied Thorpe sharply. "Besides, you still own the million and a half which, if you do not care to put them in yourself, you can sell for something on the skirts."

"Don't you know, young man, that white pine logs on skirts will sell utterly in a summer? Worms get into 'em."

"I do," replied Thorpe, "unless you bark them, which process will cost you about \$1 a thousand. You can find any amount of small purchasers at reduced price. You can sell them easily at \$3. That nets you for your million and a half a little over \$4,000 more. Under the circumstances I do not think that my request for five thousand is at all exorbitant."

Daly laughed. "You are a shrewd figurer, and your remarks are interesting," said he.

The whole affair was finally compromised for \$9,000. Radway, grateful beyond expression, insisted on Thorpe's acceptance of an even thousand, and with this money in hand the latter felt justified in taking a vacation for the purpose of visiting his sister.

For the purposes he had in view \$500 would be none too much. The remaining \$500 he had resolved to invest in his sister's comfort and happiness. He had thought the matter over and had gradually evolved what seemed to him an excellent plan. He had already perfected it by correspondence with Mrs. Renwick. It was, briefly, this: He, Thorpe, would at once hire a servant girl, who would make anything but supervision unnecessary in so small a household. The remainder of the money he had already paid for a year's tuition in the seminary of the town. Thus Helen gained her leisure and an opportunity for study and still retained her home in case of reverse.

Thorpe found his sister already a young lady. After the first delight of meeting had passed she sat side by side on the haircloth sofa and took stock of each other.

Helen developed from the school child to the woman. She was a handsome girl, possessed of a slender, well rounded form and deep hazel eyes, with the level gaze of her brother, although a figure rather aloof, a face rather impassive, but with the possibility of passion and emotion and a will to back them.

"Oh, but you're tanned and—and big!" she cried, kissing her brother. "You've had such a strange winter, haven't you?"

"Yes," he replied absently. "Things came a little better than I thought they were going to toward the last, and I made a little money."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried. "Was it much?"

"No, not much," he answered. The actual figures would have been so much better. "I've made arrangements with Mrs. Renwick to hire a servant girl, so you will have all your time free, and I've paid a year's tuition for you in the seminary."

"Oh," said the girl, and fell silent.

After a time, "Thank you very much, Harry dear," then, after another interval, "I think I'll go get ready for supper."

Instead of getting ready for supper she paced excitedly up and down her room.

"Oh, why didn't he say what he was

you from the drop of the hat through every court in Christendom."

"Fight ahead," advised Daly sweetly, who knew perfectly well that Thorpe's law was faulty. As a matter of fact, the young man could have collected on other grounds, but neither was aware of that.

"Furthermore," pursued Thorpe in addition, "I'll repeat my offer before witnesses, and if I win the first suit I'll sue you for the money we could have made by purchasing the extra million and a half before it had a chance to sell."

This statement had its effect, for it forced an immediate settlement before the pine on the skirts should deteriorate. Daly lounged back with a little more deadly carelessness.

"And, lastly," concluded Thorpe, playing his trump card, "the suit from start to finish will be published in every important paper in this country. If you do not believe I have the influence to do this you are at liberty to doubt the fact."

Daly was cogitating many things. He knew that publicity was the last thing to be desired. Thorpe's statement had been made in view of the fact that much of the business of a lumber firm is done on credit. He thought that perhaps a rumor of a big suit going against the firm might weaken confidence. As a matter of fact, this consideration had no weight whatever with the older man, although the threat of publicity actually gained for Thorpe what he demanded.

The lumberman feared the noise of an investigation solely and simply because his firm, like so many others, was engaged at the time in stealing government timber in the upper peninsula. He did not call it stealing, but that was what it amounted to. Thorpe's shot in the air hit full.

"I think we can arrange a basis of settlement," he said finally. "Be here tomorrow morning at 10 with Radway."

"Very well," said Thorpe.

"By the way," remarked Daly, "I don't believe I know your name."

"Thorpe," was the reply.

"Well, Mr. Thorpe," said the lumberman, with cold anger, "if at any time there is anything within my power or influence that you want I'll see that you don't get it."

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"Oh, why didn't he say what he was

about?" she cried to herself. "Why didn't he? Why didn't he?"

The days, however, passed in the main pleasantly for them both. They were fond of one another. The barrier slowly rising between them was not yet cemented by lack of affection on either side, but rather by lack of belief in the other's affection. Helen imagined Thorpe's interest in her becoming daily more perfunctory. Thorpe fancied his sister cold, unreasoning and ungrateful. And yet this was but the vague dust of a cloud. They could not forget that but for each other they were alone in the world. Thorpe delayed his departure from day to day, making all the preparations he possibly could at home.

Finally Helen came on him busily unpacking a box which a dray had left at the door. He unwound and laid one side a Winchester rifle, a variety of fishing tackle and some other miscellaneous of the woodsman. Helen was struck by the beauty of the sporting implements.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried. "Aren't they fine? What are you going to do with them?"

"Going camping," replied Thorpe, with his hand in exclamation.

"When?"

"This summer."

Helen's eyes lit up with a fire of delight. "How nice! May I go with you?" she cried.

Thorpe shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, little girl. It's going to be a hard trip a long ways from anywhere. You couldn't stand it."

"I'm sure I could. Try me."

"No," replied Thorpe. "I know you couldn't. We'll be sleeping on the ground and going on foot through such extremely uncouth country."

"I wish you'd take me somewhere," pursued Helen. "I can't get away this summer unless you do. Why don't you camp somewhere nearer home, so I can go?"

Thorpe arose and kissed her tenderly.

"I can't, little girl; that's all. We've got our way to make."

She understood that he considered the trip too expensive for them both. At this moment a paper fluttered from the excelsior. She picked it up. A glance showed her a total of figures that made her gasp.

"Here is your bill," she said, with a strange choke in her voice, and left the room.

"He can spend \$80 on his old guns, but he can't afford to let me leave this hateful house," she complained to the apple tree. "He can go way off camping somewhere to have a good time, but he leaves me sweltering in this miserable little town all summer. I don't care if he is supporting me. He ought to. He's my brother. Oh, I wish I were a man! I wish I were dead!"

Three days later Thorpe left for the north.

GRANGER'S ISLAND

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

I had been sent to a hospital at Singapore with fever, and upon convalescing and while looking for another berth as mate I ran across an American named Granger. He had been, according to his statements, a passenger on a vessel cast away in the China sea, and all hands had been lost save himself.

A part of the island was sterile and rocky, and amid the rocks he one day found a pirate's cave. There were, he contended in the most earnest way, thousands of pieces of silk and other costly goods, boxes of pearls, chests of jewelry and kegs of coin. He roughly estimated his find to be worth \$2,000,000.

What the American wanted was to charter a ship to fetch away the treasure, and when he learned that I was a navigator he made me an offer that I closed with at once. The man seemed to have plenty of money, and in the course of a week he got hold of a schooner which was for charter, and ten days later she had been fitted out for the voyage.

We cleared for a port in Japan and dug away with a fair wind, and during the two weeks it took us to work up to the locality of Granger's island all went well with us. He had located the place on the chart as being about fifty miles to the east of the island of Hainan.

Granger had been swept ashore at night. He had landed on one side of the island and been taken off on the other. He claimed to remember certain landmarks, however, and for ten days we threaded the channels of the islands, and he took a close look at every one. It was on the twelfth day of our search that we came to his island, and the finding of it gave us all a queer feeling. There were no such landmarks as he described, nor was the lay of the land at all according to his drawings. It was a totally different island in size and appearance, and yet he stonily maintained that it was the one we had come in search of, and that there could be no mistake.

We carried deep water to within half a mile of the beach, and then the schooner was anchored, and we pulled ashore in the yawl.

We landed on a sandy beach, and

Granger headed into the forest without hesitation. After walking for half an hour he said that he recognized certain landmarks, and that the treasure was not far away. Presently he remarked that something had worked into his shoe, and, telling us to keep right on till we reached the rocks, he sat down and began unlacing his shoe. We left him behind in a moment, as the bushes were thick, and though we walked for half a mile we found no rocks. In going a distance of less than a mile we struck the other shore.

Granger had not yet joined us, and after waiting fifteen minutes I sent one of the men back to ascertain the cause of the delay. Failing to find the man, the sailor kept on to the beach, and then returned to us with the announcement that the yawl was missing. All my suspicions were now aroused, and we broke into a run as we made for the spot where the boat had been beached and left to care for herself. We got to the shore to see her alongside the anchored schooner. Two men had been left aboard, and as we stood there we saw Granger drive them into the yawl at the point of a pistol and command them to row for the shore. We yelled and shouted and demanded explanations, but he gave us no attention whatever.

Well, there we were, eight of us, ashore on a small island and an insane man in possession of the schooner. He had firearms, and we had only our knives. It would have been no trick at all to go off to him in the boat, but with his pistols he could have shot every one of us before a man could have reached the deck.

Granger's conduct showed that he was out of his mind. He could not run away with the craft, but what we feared was that he would scuttle her or set her on fire. We made our beds on the sands that night and slept soundly enough, and when morning came and Granger still refused to answer our halloo we made up our minds that something must be done before the day was out.

After two or three hours of watching on our part and having seen no stir aboard one of the men climbed a palm tree and from a height of fifty feet got a fair view of the schooner's deck. Nothing was to be seen of Granger. He might be watching us from the galley or the cabin, but we must take our chances of that.

It was soon after noon that we all got into the boat to scull quietly down on the anchored craft, each man being armed with a club. Had he appeared we were prepared to put back at once, but foot by foot we approached the schooner without any alarm, and at length we were alongside. Five minutes after getting aboard we found him hanging by the neck in the cabin, and the state of the body proved that he had been dead for hours.

Who was Granger? He had paid a round price to charter the vessel, and yet he had come on a fool's errand. He could never have been wrecked as he stated, and there was no treasure house. Why did he tell such a yarn? We knew that he had been a sea captain, and the only explanation of his strange conduct was to believe that he had gone treasure mad.

We sent the schooner back to Singapore and made a report of the case and were subjected to a long legal examination, but, though thirty years have passed away, the identity of that man has not yet been established, nor his singular conduct satisfactorily accounted for.

M. QUAD.

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