The GREEN PEA PIRATES

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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"By the tail o' the Great Sacred Bull," chattered Scraggs. "Gilt's right," McGuffey was plainly disappointed. "I hadn't thought o' that at all Gilt. I been cheatin' the thought o' runnin' the whey out'n that mate, but if you say so I'll give up the idee. Now I'll bringin' the Maggie II into the bay. Here now is justice—justice to the innocent—to the guilty! So do with him!"

Scraggs gave Gilt a sea-arch, cunning smile. "We'll give him to the Pirates' mate, few grafts."

Captain Scraggs bounded out of his chair, struck the hot dock with his bare feet, rowed, and hopped back into the chair again. McGuffey stared incredulously. "Oh, my dear Sir!" quavered Scraggs. "say that agin."

"Yes," continued the commodore placidly, "we'll just get shet o' her somehow like by gittin' her to sea. Mebbeby we could, Scraggs, oil up the yet, if it ain't too late. Then, I'll tell you, Scraggs, I'm a Republican. I'm sot in my convictions, but I'm open to conviction. If you're entrusted rash to me in the southern."

McGuffey subsided, grunting, and Mr. Gilmore continued to talk.

"When we're ready to leave Bodega Bay, I'll have a little talk with Mack, make him a kind Christian talk an' give him the Maggie II with the compliments o' the season. Half-think our sufferin's on that island has turned us with religion an' kill be so tickled he'll keep his mouth shut. Then, with a little bit o' smoke an' oil on the mess, an' the evidence off'n the yet, we can start for the real Frisco an' try an' look around for some sort of a profitable business."

The commodore sighed. "Here's a case of a boat an' it breaks my heart to give up the only command I've ever had. But I'm willin' to make the sacrifice for the betterment, as we don't need her, an' we can't sell her because she owned a pile loan on it. We can't engage a crew an' satisfactorily into. Anyhow we didn't own no crew, an' there ain't no real financial loss if we give her to the mate. He'd be glad to get her if she had yellow jack aboard, an' if I have wought with her I'll be glad to do the expiation. When you've wought with the fronts in your command, you're entitled to a few privileges, an' the hardest favors a man can ask is a shoestring on the mate's."

Captain Scraggs picked his escapade teeth with the little blade of his jack-knife and explained a solution.

"Well," he announced presently, "I'll be it from me to fix it for the fine o' Selma's death. I've made a heap o' money, Selma; Gilt's advice an' help has not-only if I don't stay put on me. Oh, it's your matter all!"

"Well, I'll follow suit Gilt's got on the trousers. I'll command the expedition. We got plenty o' dough an' no boats; we can charter one an' we'll load what we want off the dips on somethin' good."

"How about a crew?" asked Gilt.

"Why, we can engage one in Frisco," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Don't ask me questions that's unsensitive of you," said Mr. Gilmore severely. "I don't want to see none o' them green-pea trade settlers creepin' up to you, Scraggs. If it wasn't for that Swede the ex-pilot I'd be afraid to go ashore. Tell Nolte Halvorson to be shaded in the southern for a couple o' days."

"Amen." This from the honest McGuffey.

Selma's acquiesced, said Captain Scraggs briefly.

Under the direction of the crafty commodore, the valuable cargo of the Maggie II was disposed of in three lots. During the period while the schooner lay at the Inlet discharging Captain Scraggs and McGuffey confidently remained in the cabin with the partitions mute. In order that, should an investigation be undertaken later by the Treasury department, no such sleight-o'-hand that the real Fitzhugh Scraggs, Eldredge, had been in Bodega on a certain day, and that the impostor crew of the schooner Mr. Gilmore soon had a crew with an old shipmaster friend found for New Guinea, so that testimony was out of the way for a while at least.

When the Maggie II was finally discharged and the proceeds of her fruity cargo nestled, in crisp bills of large denomination, in a money belt under Mr. Gilmore's armpits and sent its rustle only when he purchased tickets or paid assumed names for himself, Scraggs, Gilmore and McGuffey and Halvorson on the liner Hilonian, due to sail at noon next day.

Then Scraggs attended to the Maggie II and saw that she was properly moored in the quarantine station. The mate was then brought on board and made to confront the prohibition officer.

"Now, Mr. Mate," the commodore began, "that you was an American born in on the profits o' this expedition, so is a moment o' human weakness you did your employers an evil deed. We had it all figured out to feed you to the sharks on the way home, because dead men tell no tales, but our sufferin's on that island has wrought us all to be like unto a soldier eye on more human shortcomin's. The fact that you've been a pirate an' a murderer you as we forgive, but what troubles us is that you've likely allyanced to the Japanese, that you was wicked life to the fact that Scraggs's got religion an' McGuffey ain't much better. But we got all the money we need an' we're goin' to Europe to enjoy it, so before we go we're goin' to pass sentence upon you. It is the verdict of the court that we present you with the power schooner Maggie II free gratis, an' that you accept the same in the spirit in which it is tendered. Also, I'm bonded. Havin a schooner o' your own you can navigate her back west to the southern."

"Scraggs, you will—"

"Never mind the navy, Mr. Gilmore," said Scraggs. "I'll be it from me to fix it for the mate. He's got to navigate back west to the southern. Now, Mr. Mate, you're up to a certain pressure, Halvorson, but another admin' it. You're forgotten him. Take the Maggie II with my blessin', organize a cowpiky, an' go back to Kenkiwa an' make some money for yourself. Scraggs, are you a-willin' to prove that you've given this navy mate complete forgiveness to shak' hands with him?"

"I forgive him freely," said Captain Scraggs "an' here's my fin on it!"

The unfortunate mate long the hand. He was much moved.

"You don't mean it, sir, do you?" he faltered.

"I hope I may never see the look of your face sir if I don't," replied the skipper.

"Never thing you know, brother," chanted Mr. McGuffey and escorted the deluded mate between the shoulders. "Now you're with me comrade, an' you're a good brave mate until you went wrong. I ain't forgot how you sprayed the kittibits and the like that Gilt an' Scraggs was to have for breakfast. No, sir-ee! I ain't holding that against you. You was temporary crazy. I've committed one or two myself. Shook hands with me, you mate, you make a hatred o' yourself. Now, you—"

"Thanks," the mate mumbled. "I don't deserve it this notice," and he commenced to shed a little.

Mr. Gilmore forgot that he was pacifist in a hypocritical sort, and he gave one salute extreme home.

"Dog my cats," he cursed, "what's the use givin' him the vessel if we give her to the mate. He'd be glad to get her if she had yellow jack aboard. If I have wought with her I'll be glad to do the expiation. When you've wought with the fronts in your command, you're entitled to a few privileges, an' the hardest favors a man can ask is a shoestring on the mate's."

Captain Scraggs picked his escapade teeth with the little blade of his jack-knife and explained a solution.

"Well," he announced presently, "I'll be it from me to fix it for the fine o' Selma's death. I've made a heap o' money, Selma; Gilt's advice an' help has not-only if I don't stay put on me. Oh, it's your matter all!"

"Well, I'll follow suit Gilt's got on the trousers. I'll command the expedition. We got plenty o' dough an' no boats; we can charter one an' we'll load what we want off the dips on somethin' good."

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The Unfortunate Mate Hung His Head. He Was Much Moved.

Gilmore and McGuffey were shuffling audibly.

The next day, as the Hilonian steamed out of the harbor, bound for the syndicate back to San Francisco, they stood on the poop deck of the Maggie II for the last time, and observed that the mate was on deck, superintending three Kanaka sailors who were hoist ing supplies aboard from a bumboat.

Commodore Gilmore bade his first command a misty farewell.

"Good-by, little ship," he yelled and waved his hand. "Ahoy! You was a witch in a fight ship!"

Seven days after leaving Honolulu, the Hilonian steamed into the Golden Gate bay. Commodore Gilmore and Captain Scraggs had fixed up an air dock, and the minute the schooner had passed quarantine Mr. Gilmore hailed a passing launch. Fag and luggage the happy quartette descended to the launch and landed at Meiggs wharf. Mr. Gilmore stopped into the wharfinger's office and requested permission to use the telephone.

"Sure," the clerk demanded Captain Scraggs.

"I want to phone for a automobile to come down here," said Mr. Gilmore. "It's this syndicate ain't a-goin' to come nowhere near the wharf. They're lookin' like a lot o' Egyptian pedlers. Now, you see, we have been ast'ray goin' in style."

With the assistance of the wharfinger an automobile was summoned, and in due course the members of the syndicate found themselves ensconced in a fashionable suite in the most fashionable hotel. Mr. Gilmore and Captain Scraggs had a bath, a shave, a hair cut, deposited an envelope containing a thousand dollars apiece for the honor of the occasion at the cashier's annex of all four; after which the syndicate gave itself up to a gorgeous lay unconfined.

At the end of a week of riot and revelry Mr. Gilmore revived sufficiently to answer all hands and bear the news that henceforth the 3d was on—his own private syndicate was to be conducted. Havin a schooner o' your own you can navigate her back west to the southern. Scraggs, are you a-willin' to prove that you've given this navy mate complete forgiveness to shak' hands with him?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

WIG TOO SMALL FOR FRANKLIN

Representative From the New Amsterdam Has Had a Special Wig Made for King in Bald Pate.

Benjamin Franklin was about to be presented to the French court on the occasion of his first visit to France in the new America. The court was to be the most brilliant that had ever graced the palace of Versailles. Franklin, the sage of the prayer fashion. A wig was the proper thing, and a wigmaker the day before to take Franklin's measure for the wig he was for the audience. The wigmaker at last let Franklin's head, and measured the poll of the great American face and set down the measurements for the wig. But when Franklin put on the wig it was found to be much too small for his head. The wigmaker was sent for to furnish a more manly size for the gentleman.

"Never mind the second now, Jack," said Franklin to the wigmaker, "for I am not going to wear it. I am afraid that, fearing that her courage would fail her, the princess has not yet come, and not daring to meet her face to face, she has sent me a wig that will fit her own head."

"Why, the impudent!" replied the wigmaker, "your head is vastly too large for mine. I have no use for your wig."

Franklin appeared, therefore, at court with his bald pate and always got over the matter.—Boston Post.

Her Lesson.

Mother—Bobbie, you are not allowed to eat cake and candy. You'll have a tum-tum-ache.

Bobbie—I eat it, and I have, she said.

"Well," he responded, "take a seat in the parlor and wait."

He stepped the car at the corner and left it there. He doesn't be home that a girl wants to be seated and wait for him. Then he walked to the car. But underneath the cushion he found a pocketbook. It was not his. Never mind; she would get over it.

He picked up the pocketbook and walked to the conductor. John McFarlane, who was on the car, saw him and listened to it. The melody was sweet.

"Jack Shaw McFarlane," he said, "I've found a pocketbook. Now, you are the son of a sorrowful mother, and you have been left to the mercy of the cold, cold world. Tell me what is in this pocketbook."

"Why