

## A MODERN PIRATE



THINK, friends," exclaimed Patrick Cassidy, the most prominent of the passengers assembled in the fore-cabin of the Silver Dream—"I think,

friends, that assortment should last as the voyage;" and he indicated a large box which each had contributed toward filling with jams, sardines, and other preserves not supplied by the ship.

A hearty assent greeted the remark, but as loud cheering indicated the ship's departure, the box was locked, the key being handed to the speaker, and all hastened to bid farewell to friends they might never again behold. A brisk fair wind soon carried the Silver Dream clear of land, and all sought relief in the generous pastime of "feeding the fishes."

Here again Patrick Cassidy became prominent.

With hands clasping that part of his frame lying beneath his heart and with the glow of health replaced by tints of a decided green, he presently ceased the disinterested toil and sank on a seat.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Sure, I think it's the measles," he replied, faintly; "for 'twas bad in Macroom when I left. An hour ago I was as healthy as yourself, this minute; but now my little stummick is like a chair at Tim Dooley's auction—'tis goin', goin', and will soon be gone entirely. What will I take for it?"

"I would not buy, nor have it as a gift."

"Och, I didn't mean that, but something to ease the earthquake inside of me," said he dolefully.

"Try a fat mutton chop," I said.

He suddenly bent double. A violent inward commotion was accompanied by an Irish fantasia on howls, and imploring the steward's assistance, he rushed to the lee-rail.

For the space of a week all wore in like condition, and then they met at the breakfast table, eager to enjoy the fruits of their forethought.

With a flourish of the key Cassidy opened the box that contained the longed-for delicacies, and, behold! it was as void as a newly dug grave.

Indeed, it proved the tomb of many a keen regret, since the vanished contents were never recovered.

That breakfast was a dismal failure. Poor Pat was horror stricken, and vehemently declared his innocence, but suspicious glances were leveled upon the one whom all had so trusted, until, in a fit of desperation, he declared that the vital fluid of those who even thought him guilty would adore "the lid of the ship."

The robbery was instantly reported, but all efforts to recover the property proved useless; and, in fact, the incident was soon forgotten in the anxiety of much greater losses.

One morning young O'Grahy rushed from his room, and declared that a fine revolver had disappeared during the night. Simultaneously, the charming Miss Magrath displayed the loss of her diamond ear-rings and gold brooch; while a third victim was minus a valuable gold watch and chain.

It was clear that an expert thief was on board, since even the saloon

in the clutches of Patrick Cassidy. "What were you doing down below?" the last ter inquired sharply.

"Wat yer mean?" demanded the youth.

"You have been down there," the other retorted, and pointed to a large iron ventilator, in which a rope was hanging, that would give to a nimble burglar easy access to the lower decks. "You have been down there and have stolen somethin'."

"Search me," cried the boy, who turned out his pockets as a proof of his innocence.

"It was you who put the rope there," he added, emphatically; "I saw you."

For a space the accused stood rigid, a look of mingled passion and shame overspreading his countenance. Then, by a swift, stinging slap upon the ear, he sent the youth staggering across the deck.

"Take that, you rascal!" he said.

But the boy still maintained the truth of his assertion, and further stated that Cassidy had thrown something into my bunk."

Upon searching the bed a canvas bag was found, and I knew instinctively that a clew to the robbery had been obtained.

I sent for the mate and in his presence the contents were turned out; and the brooch and diamond ear-rings, the money stolen from the steerage, with the gold watch and chain, and the trinkets missed from the saloon lay before us.

The revolver, tobacco and spirits shared the fate of the missing preserves, as they were never recovered.

Next morning the property was returned to the rightful owners, but a searching examination of both prisoners failed to detect the criminal, since both stoutly asserted their innocence, and witnesses were not obtainable.

But the sailor speedily settled the matter to their own satisfaction. Rightly or wrongly, they decided the boy was guilty, since Cassidy had never been known to enter the folks' home. They seized the youth, and, in an accompaniment of "fast-fing" ropes' ends, he was waltzed before and aft.

He was exiled from the foredeck, and during the remainder of the voyage boarded and lodged beneath one of the long boats.

Cassidy had to leave the foredeck, and took up his quarters in the steerage.

Who committed the crime no one could say, but from hat day forth the boy was relieved from the anxiety of.

In due course the Silver Dream dropped anchor in the spacious Moreton bay, Queensland. The last batch of passengers had passed into the steamer, and that would bear them up the beautiful river that led to and Brisbane. And ringing cheerily the boat moved slowly away, when the boy suddenly mounted our rail, and leaped upon her paddles' box.

"Come back!" shouted.

"Never. I have been disgraced," he answered, and stood defiantly shaking his small fist as if desiring to annihilate the whole ship's company. Shortly before our departure the boy was captured, "red-handed" in robbing an up-to-date store, and, wishing to ascertain who he was, he had played in robbing the ship, I obtained to leave to enter the ship and see him.

"Is Cassidy guilty or innocent?" I inquired, and willing to do the interview as speedily as possible.

"I know not," said he, recklessly. "I am no gettin' out at the vent'lator, and knowing that I was discovered, which had previously been concealed round the deck-house. Thinking that you were on deck, I threw the boy into the bunk, hoping to see or it when the row was over."

"Stay!" I said, scarcely able to restrain my anger. "I shall take your confession in writing, and you can't say it."

That he sullenly agreed to do, and after a time proceeded with his recital.

"I will teach him not to interfere again," he added. "But now I am here, I don't mind to illing 'im."

"You have almost ruined the man," I said. "What becomes of the spirits, tobacco and press, rest?"

"I sold 'em to the steers," he replied, knowing well the shooter fetched ten dollars."

The character of Pat Cassidy was cleared by the signed confession he bore from the jail, and his attitude for my exertions was as honest as himself.

Of the boy I never again heard, but subsequent inquiries proved that he had several times been buried with robbery in San Francisco, and had finally been sent from a reformatory school to a ship, in hope of giving him a new start in life.

Cassidy married the charming Miss Magrath, and became a successful trader in his new home; thus happily ending the mysterious incidents which so nearly proved his ruin on board the Silver Dream.

A. M. Johnson's Fiction.

"I have been all through the war," said a grizzled old soldier in the other day, "but sure as I live my feelings are going into a baton were pieces are removed to the head of killing somebody who kills me the moment I grab the bridle handle of my car every morning. I can't explain why, for I haven't had an accident of any kind since I took the job; it's probably due to the fact that we're so strongly warned to be careful, and in case we do run down some unfortunate, to get the names of a many enemies as we can. I would soon hold the reins of a full pair of mags, at least money has a a troley 'postman,' and under the circumstances as he is, and my up-keep the bridle to allow a party of school children to cross the street in safety.

"What were you doing down below?" had been visited and one family in the steerage reported the loss of some \$80.

A secret watch was kept upon the movements of the sailors; but just before crossing the line, the third robbery was effected, and this time in the very folks' itself.

"I say, Bill, you been to my chest last watch?" a shellback inquired of his com.

"No, Jack, lost anything?"

"Two pounds o' 'bacon,'" was the answer, and the man heaved a deep sigh, attesting the greatness of the calamity.

Sailor Bill at once overhauled his own clothes-chest, and a torrent of strong language indicated that his tobacco was also gone.

In short, every mother's son in the folks' had just the same ditty to sing, and who the thief could be seemed past discovering.

No part of the ship appeared safe from the mysterious thief, for the people were soon again thrown into a state of excitement when they pursued the loss of wine, beer and spirits from the store-room.

Thus matters stood, none knowing when or where the next theft might occur, until one night I was aroused by a blow delivered through the open window beside my bunk.

Hurrying on deck to ascertain the cause, I found one of the ship's boys

## MY SISTER-IN-LAW'S BABY



EAR Brother Orpheus: I write to let you know that my wife, finding it necessary to go to New York on business, will start from Pokeville Thursday

afternoon at half past 5, and will arrive in your city about 2 the next day.

"She is a very timid, dear girl, and unfortunately, owing to the crops, I cannot travel with her. I have, therefore, proposed that she should stay with you for a few days, instead of going to a hotel. Maria Briggs will be with her. Her business is with the dentist. Your loving brother,

JOSEPH SMITH.

This letter, which the postman brought early one afternoon, alarmed me considerably.

I lived in a neat two-story brick house that had been my father's, where I chose and kept one old servant, who seldom said a word. I having made up my mind that sister-in-law must come, I began to speak, and since Hepisiba could not be with her, I made a slight mistake. "The baby!" I gasped. "You remember the baby. I made a slight mistake. I want him back."

"You are the fellow who gave us so much bother an hour ago, are you?" asked the gentleman, fiercely.

"The unfortunate child has been sent to the foundling asylum. The master is out of our hands."

"Where is the foundling asylum?" I asked.

The direction was hurried at me, so

to speak, and we departed. The

dreadful journey, with Augusta Jane

in spasms of grief, and the other two

women crying I cannot describe.

At last we reached the spot where

the direction was buried at me, so

to speak, and we departed. The

dreadful journey, with Augusta Jane

in spasms of grief, and the other two

women crying I cannot describe.

The last baby was brought in,

"Dear me, it's so hard to tell. Twelve was fetched at once.

Was it a dark child in a ragged blan-

ket, or —"

"It had a white dress, and a white

cloak lined with blue, and a white

hood and his name was Ellsworth

Lincoln Grant Smith," said Anna

Marie.

"And his nice white cloak was lined with blue. The Irish lady said he was quite perfectly beautiful. Oh, he has been adopted already, ma'am."

"Adopted! My baby adopted!" cried

Augusta.

"By an Irish lady, just starting for

Liverpool," said the man. "Oh, de-

ar, if it is a mistake, you'll have to

hurry, or you won't catch the vessel.

She starts at 4, and it's 3:30—the Ar-

izona, and the lady is Mrs. Murphy.

We reached the proper pier at last.

The crowd was just dispersing.

"The Arizona," I cried.

"She's off them fifteen minutes," said a man. "That's the smoke of her yonder."

Then Augusta fainted away. But

just as she did so a carriage jostled ours.

"Too late!" cried a voice.

"Oh, Murphy, dear, I knew it!" said

another. "And a child began to cry.

"Maria Briggs, that's him!" cried

Augusta, coming to herself in a min-

ute. "It's him!" cried Anna Marie, and the man who was with us came from

Pokeville. "The man went

to the door, and the dead critter

off with a bag; and the baby was a found-

the door, and the baby was a found-