

THE MARRIAGE OF
CAPTAIN KETTLE
A Romance of the Sea
By CUTCLIFFE HYNE
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CHAPTER II.—The first mate, Owen Kettle, sets off in the lifeboat with a crew of four men, in the hope of securing a ship that will part with enough of its coal to enable the disabled vessel to reach Liverpool. He meets the steamer *Starling*.

CHAPTER III.—But the *Racing Refusee* stops. A woman on board, Miss Violet Chesterman, sees the dirty dealer and flees. Her friend, Mr. McCord, to disoblige her, betrays her.

CHAPTER IV.—The first mate, Owen Kettle, returns to the ship. He is surprised to find that the woman he has seen is the daughter of the man's fellows down a curving ladder from the brass sheath that hung by its red cord from his neck, and flew like a wildcat for the lifeboat's throat. And with nineteen men out of twenty the sudden blow would have got home.

CHAPTER V.—Captain Kettle was the exception. His apprenticeship to the sea's law

repeatedly drove out of the ship into the river *Mersey* in order to save his captain from a possible severe brooding because of the deficiency of his coal supply and too much liquor supply. Two river pirates assault and rob Kettle and leave him badly injured. The pirates and a surgeon, who had been brought by Miss Dubba to the island at the Master's Arms, were taken to the water, and the knife fell into the water, and the victim shrieked.

"You might want that knife so badly," said Captain Kettle, and a day after it, broken arm and all.

But the other six Moors in the boat, as though it was a sign

CHAPTER VIII.—In Las Palmas Harbor Miss Dubbs appears on board the Wankoraro a stewardess, ostensibly because of the suggestion of Sir John, but really because she wishes to be near Captain Keith, with whom she is in love and to whom she is engaged. Miss Violet Chesterton also becomes a passenger.

CHAPTER XI—Captain Kettle perilously navigated the Wancaroo into the harbor where lies the Normet Towers, which is in possession of natives, who fire on the Wancaroo.

CHAPTER XII—Chief Bonchash appears on shore at the head of a troop of natives, who surround the boat. He is

CHAPTER XIII.—Kald Bergrach's stone castle in the Alads mountains. Why his son was sent to England to be educated.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Berber queen, mother of Chief Bergrach, calls in state on the officers of the Wanganoo and offers presents to them. The visitors live as prisoners to them. The visitors are sent to England to be educated.

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CAPTAIN REID, with the professional assistance of the Wangaroo's cook, who was also butcher, was bargaining with some coast Moors over five sheep.

The sheep, with their legs tied, I daresay Mr. Bergash

the animals' home. And very much
sir, except this old ram, and I
should say he'll be too tough for the
cabin to eat. They're got flat tails,
sir, like beavers, and by the feel of
them the tails are just bladders of
tallow." "When they were there out
shot of the crew and the doc
"You know," said the old
"what we carry as cargo?"

where in the neighborhood of eight pounds per gun. The ridges are to be paid for at the rate of two ounces a hundred they cast me fifteen shillings.

Captain Kettle took a calculation.

The man stopped, and with frantic gesture pointed to the fat tails of the sheep, explaining how wide, how fat, and how truly succulent they were, and signified that the five

this packer to have any hankering after animated tallow candles for our dinner. And take your ugly black paws off my trousers, you!"

Captain Kettle's neat pipe-clayed shoe was uplifted, and caught the

out of twenty there would have been
a roar of laughter from the others, "No!" to say now, as

do look facts in the face. He says, "But, by James, to me it looks too simple to be wholesome. There's no denying that the market price of Winchester up-country in Morocco is a lot more than it is in London."

he could get even those snoots. Grand Canary fishing schooners to run them across here for half that." "I didn't haggle," said Sir George rather stiffly, "nor did Mr. Bergash. He heard what we'd got, and he just made the offer in round figures."

rather that they can get it by washing out the sands in the local beaches with comparatively little labor. As regards a guarantee of good faith, I don't see how he could offer a more conclusive one than proposing to leave the guns in our possession the last three you haven't spent nights under the same roof, and those by the accident of being in the same house party. You tried according to rule, and I give your fine example before me.

mon goes down and all is nice and quiet and dark. I mean to take my gig and slip across the lagoon to where the Towers is lying, and find out for myself how things exactly are at the moment. The glass shows she hasn't an anchor down, and I've

under her new and shes no longer
the tides, both ebb an
d, run round that bick
she is at a good six knots, and still
he doesn't move."

"Then she must be tied up to
some other way. I'm afraid" con

ready. In the meantime I can't see
any I am pretty well satisfied with
any bargain about the guns, and the
only thing I am concerned in now
is to keep Borghese in a good be-
half. I'm off below for a cup o'
tea. Come as soon as you're ready

and, sportsmanlike warning
if I rather slipped over just
But if I want you, don't kick
find yourself being asked A
abuse me later on if you t
run you in for a scheme
between, when an day

HE might overheard around was covered with a black, velvet dress, unbecked by a black, velvet sash. The top of every wavelet of her black, velvet hair was crowned with a black, velvet tiara.

with some local boatmen as to whether he should pay ten shillings or a pound for some sheep, and then, when they naturally objected, he proceeded to shoot down about six of them."

She stood staring with round eyes over his shoulder.

"You think only of your money. And you know it might have been killed—killed! Oh, if he had been!"

"There's truly no secret
 about my caring for him Emily
 knows, for that matter."
 "Emily? Oh, you mean the stew-
 ardess I gather she was engaged
 to him at once?"
 "Oh, yes. It's broken
 school. The only bad m
 section are the Moors, a
 Berrash."
 A bonfire suddenly
 erupted up into the sky,
 suddenly eclipsed by the
 red, the night.

do, you know. Of course, I twiggid thinking of us, and that being dead and for-
you were putting in a pretty hard in the boat, men, and
flirtation with the little man, but your rowing. Mr. McT
then, of course, that's only your way are quite capable of lo
You always did flirt with every- our own personal conven
thing in trousers" that came along

of the Atlas call notice to the fact that Africa was awake. Captain Kettle steered by compass alone, and (as the current was running strongly) had to make a cast back before he found the Norman Tower.

then swung the boat under her counter, and brought up against the ladder which hung down her farther side. The heavy oak ladder had rungs broken, and the davit to which it hung was bent outward.

a ghostly whisper from the rail above: "Mr. McTold, tell the men to pass the boat slowly round to the starboard side. Mind, they're to work her along inch by inch, so as not to stir the phosphorescence, and that I would pull the old b of here in spite of all the in Africa; and I've never yet my word. Man and boy, I a good many things to be a of, but telling lies is not

Mr. McTodd's gall was ungainly, but his oil-soaked slippers made no sound. Also, being a shipman, he knew which way to turn and what to avoid.

made ing in ever you	ten. Listen hard."	removed his pipe opened his mouth and cocked an at- tentive ear.	recd this one instance he let Mr. McTodd have way to show how badly he by the dismaying discovery just made.
glad you th	"Well, what do you make out?"	"I have a small slap-dashing of meant to mean the old, wide's skin	No had boasted--yes, it that I boasted is he tol

"But where are the Moors who should be waiting around to catch me to jump but and cut our throats?"

"I can only hear what I told you," said the man.

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"And we'll goobok-see before I O. K. that," said the cautious Scot.

"And we'll go together, and stand by ready for trouble. But it's my

Section by section they searched the Norman Towers. They went through both firemen's and seamen's forecastle, and found no living soul. Hatchets were off, and they peered into the gloom of holds, and into the canvas corners of bunks. They

ate over-
Crusader,
be snip-
we draw
slipes." A
tail head-

in this
according to
and about
astounding
the amount of
brought on board;
and they should
have all in one
blackness
to me is: first,
dirt they have
and, second, why
left it practically
The decks below
were comparatively
clean, and they

McTodd scraped a match, stooped down, and stirred the deposit with his finger. "There's too much here as soon as there's a chance, and then promeneading all the length of the port side."

Whistling for H
Whistling is a good
lungs. It is said that
are seldom troubled w

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white man

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and vigorous
at, jerked
and stepped

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the face of
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