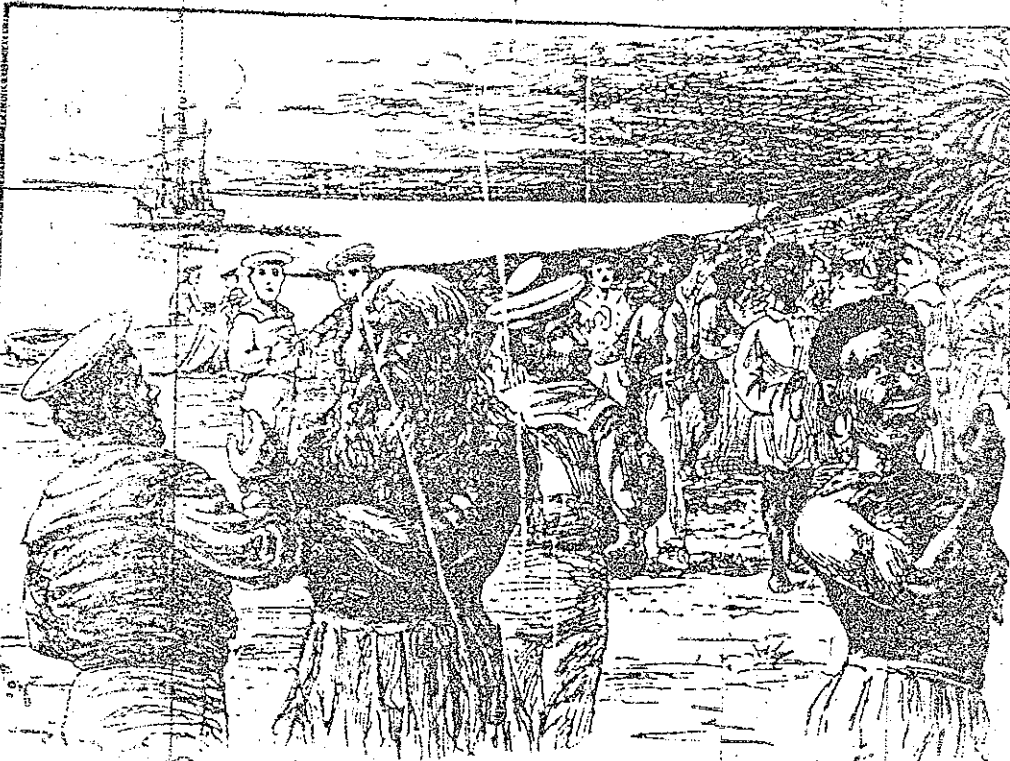


MAROONED ON THE PACIFIC-- BARNEY MORRISON'S STORY



In November of 1911 was perpetrated an inexplicable crime in San Francisco which for its daring and the marvelous dexterity with which it was performed, aroused the most intense interest throughout the country.

From the Pacific to the Atlantic press dispatches announced the mysterious disappearance of an eastern man, one Barney Morrison, and advertisements were inserted in all the coast papers, giving his description.

A recent dispatch from the Arctic was said to have closed the final chapter of that mysterious affair, which for years had baffled the most expert of western lawyers and detectives. It records the death of a certain William Dexter, captain of the whaler Bounding Billow.

With the announcement of the man's death, Barney Morrison, now a well-known citizen of Ann Arbor, discloses the secret that would have cost Capt. Dexter his life.

Morrison was born in Manchester, Eng., Feb. 2, 1871. He is one of those persons seldom met, of whose age it is difficult to form a reasonable opinion, and though 39 years of age, he now bears the appearance of a man in the prime of life. He claims to have served through the Spanish war and to have fought at Alma, Sebastopol and Balaklava. For bravery displayed upon the field he received both the Turkish and Crimean medals.

The tragic fate of Capt. Dexter, drowned in the Arctic sea, is the last



net air about him that immediately won my confidence.

"By Jove," old man, you're from Ann Arbor."

"The fellow's assertion staggered me. I attempted to reply without commencing myself, but somehow the stranger's mental face, shining in the uncertain glow of the flagging, bettered me, and I smiled with an affirmative nod. It did not dawn upon me that I had been 'spotted' to the Wisconsin hotel.

"I've seen you there dozens of times," he avowed, poking me jocosely in the ribs. "An' by the Lord Harry old man, yours is the first familiar face I've caught a glimpse of since leaving home. How's all the boys-raising b—?"

"He was as frank as a school boy," I shook hands, and, mutually blessing our lucky stars for such congenial companionship on a wild, stormy night in a strange city, we locked arms and hastened up the street.

"Still farther up on Seventh, we paused a moment to pledge our faith and friendship in a small glass of brandy, for it was a night to shatter the nerves and chill the heart's blood of every luckless pedestrian in San Francisco.

A Strange Power in the Wind.

"There was a strange power in the wind. With an activity and a suddenness that bewildered me and seemed to cut my breath into little, hard gasps, strange sights and fancies environed me—I seemed to sleep and dream.

"From a hideous nightmare—yawning abysses, tumbling masses of electrical fire, ruddy gulfs, and red, ghastly chasms of a terrible and unfathomable world about me, I seemed to awake in a sea of black, icy coldness. Then I heard voices, and opened my eyes; but the words seemed to come from above me, and to my drugged senses were meaningless.

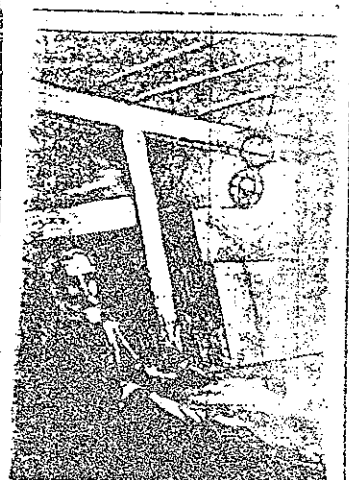
"What the devil are you bringing a dead man aboard for?"

"He's not dead, Cap'n, only dead drunk—been drinking with me for the last three weeks."

"Then I wandered off into the frightful horrors of that agonizing half-conscious oblivion again, and when a second time my reason returned I found myself berthed in the cabin of the Bounding Billow, and Walter Graham,

barren rocks of a palm-fringed island rose with terrible significance. I approached the captain. At a motion of his hand a dozen like blacks stalked before me, and Rogues, the man who had shot Graham, glared sneeringly at me with a murderous smirk playing about his black lips.

"He didn't expect 'ee, pard, but in the States 'ee don't want to stretch 'em for murder, the captain an' me."



A PRISONER IN THE HOLE.

"'Ees is a part of the sea where nobody comes," he grinned. "An' they will keep you busy! Haw, haw; they will give you work!"

"The cruel words of the mate sank like cold lead in my heart.

"'Tt can't be—it can't be, cap'n! I moaned. 'Oh, God, it can't be—a slave!"

"Again I felt the reality of things creeping over me that had made me as a child in the hands of the man at 'Trisco. I could feel myself lifted and let over the side, then there was a surging in my ears like the splashing of water, and confused sounds that seemed to take me back to my brother's plantation in New Zealand."

"The Bounding Billow stopped on her course southward that afternoon, and thenceforth I lived as one of the crew.

Sooner did the young savage catch a glimpse of her reflection than she uttered a sharp, shrill cry that ran to her father's hut. That was last I saw of the chief's daughter nearly a month.

"For one year and three months remained on the island. At first exile did not affect me as one might suppose, but as the weeks and months wore on homesickness attacked me in its most dangerous form, and after day I would sit half-buried in the burning sands, brooding and weeping for the loved ones who were mourning for me across the sea. I came as an animal. My hair and beard fell in coarse, shaggy locks, my bare breast and shoulders, my teeth became yellow, like those of savages, and my eyes began to quire the wild, blood-shot glare of a beast. My skin was almost black, the nails of my hands and feet were long and sharp, like the talons of a bird of prey. And the horror, the awful agony I endured when suspicion flashed across my mind, that I was forgetting my native tongue!

Rescued at Last.

"Thus affairs stood when the American ship Thrasher, Capt. Weeks, fell in sight one bright morning off the reefs of the island.

"Did they recognize me, you say? Did the horde of ruffians, including five old tars recognize the bleached, shrunken figure lying staring at them like one crazy from the bleached sand? No. They mingled with the natives, brought worthless baubles from their pockets, and only through sidelong glances at me now and then. Once a young boy approached me, thrust a small mirror close to my face and grinned as he tempted me to trade. There was something about that startled him. As he drew his face nearer to mine it turned as white as a sheet, and the smile left his eyes. He straightened, and the glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shattered itself on a pebble at my feet.

"My God, Tilton," he cried. "Look here!"

"One day a week later Capt. Weeks approached my cot, which was stowed under an awning on the deck of the Thrasher. He had spoken only a few words to me since my rescue from the island, but now Tilton, the second mate, came with him, and they seated themselves beside me.

"You say your name is Morrison," asked the captain. "What was your ship?"

"Sandbagged, I guess, and pressed into the service of the whaler Bounding Billow," I replied drowsily.

"Your captain?"

"Dexter."

"Capt. Weeks laid his hand on my shoulder. 'Morrison,' he said gently, do you know you are advertised in the States?"

"Two months later the Thrasher touched at Yokohama, and Capt. Weeks accompanied me personally to see the American consul, to whom I related my story, and he, in turn, gave me a pass to the United States and later addressed to Lawyer William Burke, of San Francisco.

"The story of Burke's search for Capt. Dexter and his ship is a long and dismal one. For six months I lived under an assumed name, fearing that an emissary of Dexter would attempt my life. Detectives failed to locate the Bounding Billow, and finally I retired to my home and my children, from whom I had been separated for over two years."

Barney Morrison left his pipe and stanced out of the pleasant window into the dark, stormy night.

"I wonder if Capt. Dexter's ghost is howling round the chimneys tonight he laughed. "En, wife? Edinway his body is cold and dead enough under the icebergs. Shouldn't wonder."

J. OLIVIER CURWOOD.

A DUSKY JOAN.

SAID TO BE LEADING FRUITFUL IN BATTLE.

This romantic story, which may possibly be true, is taken from a book...

persons seldom... it is difficult... and though... now bears... in the prime... have served... and to have... and Halaklava... upon the... The tragic... drowned in... sea, is the last



BARNEY MORRISON.
The Ann Arbor man who tells a thrilling story.

straw that holds the story in bondage, and the mystery involving the almost unprecedented disappearance of Barney Morrison in '31 is now cleared to the public for the first time in the following story, couched for at the time of the occurrence by the united press of the country, and now related as it fell from the lips of the man who assumed an unknown name to save himself from death, and who for years had kept the harrowing tale a secret from the world.

Kidnapped by a Press-Gang.
"It reminds me of the days when press-gangs and trickles were mentioned in anonymous terms," said Mr. Morrison, producing a well-worn map and placing it before him upon the table.

"I was bound for New Zealand, where I had a brother engaged in the native trade. The night was cold and intensely black, when our train pulled into San Francisco. A fire, stinging heat was coming in piercing blasts from the sea, and the comfortable streets leading up from the depot were almost deserted. Entering a cab I gave instructions to be driven as rapidly as possible to the Wisconsin hotel, where I had secured rooms for the



SEEKING THE 'OLD FRIEND.'

night. Then I hunted up the steamship

"The final arrangements for my passage to New Zealand were completed. The vessel sailed some three weeks ago. Passing out into the cold, dull grey of the flickering street lights I wandered west to Market Street and

of every luckless pedestrian in San Francisco.

A Strange Power in the Wind.

"There was a strange power in the wind. With an activity and a suddenness that bewildered me and even led to cut my breath into little, hard gasps, strange sights and fancies environed me—I seemed to sleep and dream.

"From a hideous nightmare—yawning abysses, tumbling masses of electrical fire, ruddy gulfs, and red, ghastly chains of a terrible and unathomable world about me, I seemed to awake in a sea of black, icy coldness. Then I heard voices, and opened my eyes; but the words seemed to come from above me, and to my drugged senses were meaningless.

"What the devil are you bringing a dead man aboard for?"
"He's not dead, Cap'n, only dead drunk—been drinking with me for the last three weeks."

"Then I wandered off into the frightful horrors of that agonizing half-conscious oblivion again, and when a second time my reason returned I found myself berthed in the fore-cabin of the Bounding Billow, and Walter Graham, third mate—the little, hard-fisted Graham, who forfeited his life for me a few days later—stood near me, grumbling something about the devil and the South Sea Islands.

"I was an old man then, over 60, but my appearance and extraordinary physique belied the years. When I came on deck, after a week's illness, Capt. Dexter and the brutal Jose Rogues cornered me out of sight of the crew and explained matters a bit. Rogues was the Portuguese mate, and if you happen to remember, Rogues was strung up for murder committed on the high seas a few years back. There was no bandying of compliments, and in the common parlance of the ship's crew, the whole staff from third mate up, soon realized they had a bad whale on their hands. I knew the cost of their hazardous venture, and so did they; for kidnapping a landman and pressing him into service was as good as 20 years at prison.

"And now it seems queer that the captain's name should appear in the newspapers after all these years of silence, but I told him then that the law would declare him an outcast upon the face of the earth, that he had robbed my children of a father, and that God would find a fitting end for him.

The Portuguese Shot Elven Like a Dog.

"Then Graham said 'Amen.' God bless him! I had heard him grumble about the islands once before, but this time he said it to the mate with a peculiar glitter in his eyes; that angered the black blood in the Portuguese, and Rogues shot him like a dog!

"Well, after that I wasn't allowed to breathe the air on deck, but they hampered me down in the fore-cabin along with the dying mate. See this picture!"

Mr. Morrison's hand trembled as he gently wiped the dust from the faces of two faded old photographs.

"That's Graham," he whispered.
"An' that's Graham's wife. The little woman lived away out in Laport, Ind., an' when the mate died he gave them to me, and told me to break the news to her. I have addressed several letters to 'Mrs. Graham,' but have never received a reply.

"When Graham's end came they threw him into the sea, and kept me safely locked below. Day after day I sat and listened to the monotonous splash of the water outside, and brooded over the wife and children I had left behind. Then one morning the steward dropped a suspicious word or two about the island of Guam, and I felt the end was near.

"The next day I could feel that we were at anchor, and I awaited developments with a heart that had become almost frantic in its despair. Towards evening I was called on deck. It was the first glimpse of the blue sea and the first scent of fresh, salt air I had taken for weeks, and I tried to force myself into the delusion that at last they were about to free me.

"But a glance at my surroundings filled me with bewilderment and despair. A slave in the hands of burghers



A PRISONER IN THE HOLD.

"'Ees is a part of the sea where nobody comes,' he grinned. 'An' they will keep you busy! Haw, haw! they will give you work!"

"The cruel words of the mate sank like cold lead in my heart.
"It can't be—it can't be, captain, I moaned. 'Oh, God, it can't be—alive!"

"Again I felt the stealthy sickness creeping over me that had made me as a child in the hands of the man at Frisco. I could feel myself lifted and let over the side, then there was a gurgling in my ears like the trickling of water, and confused sounds that seemed to take me back to my brother's plantation in New Zealand.

"The Bounding Billow stood on her course southward that afternoon, and therefore I lived as one of the many savants of their food and indulged in their pastimes. I was stripped and naked as the day I was born, and my body was painted in the hues that best became a white skin. My trousers were divided in the middle, and while the chief donned the right leg his son confiscated the left, and Mogi, the old man's pet daughter, robbed herself in my shirt.

Mogi Hypnotized by a Mirror.

"It was a peculiar incident that won me respect and guaranteed my safety among the savages. Mogi was the chief's pet daughter, as I have told



Walter Graham, third mate of the whaler Bounding Billow, and his wife. Graham was killed by a Portuguese sailor, because he befriended Barney Morrison. Before he died he gave the photographs from which these cuts were made to Mr. Morrison.

me a pass to the United States... addressed to a Lawyer, Will... of San Francisco.
"The story of Burke's search... Capt. Dexter and his ship is a long... a normal one. For six months I... under an assumed name, fearing... an emissary of Dexter would attempt... my life. Detectives failed in locating... Bounding Billow, and finally I... to my home and my children, fro... whom I had been separated for... two years."

Barney Morrison reft his pipe... stanced out of the pleasant winds... into the dark, stormy night.

"I wonder if Capt. Dexter's ghost... howling 'round the chimney's toning... he laughed. "En, wife! Let's... his body is cold and dead enough... under the icebergs... Shouldn't... der." J. OLIVIER CURWOOD

A DUSKY JOAN.

SAID TO BE LEADING FILIPINO IN BATTLE.

This romantic story, which may possibly be true, is taken from a recent issue of the Manila Freedom.
"One thing not generally known is that a saddle colored Joan of Arc is leading a brigade of the ragtag army. She is described as being about 30 years of age, a pure Filipino and very plain looking; she was dressed in trousers, high boots, short khaki jacket, and carried a handsome belt with two revolvers attached.
"She wore one of the United States service hats, and on her shoulders the straps of her rank. The natives gave her every honor and said she was perfectly fearless on the field.
"Her husband, whom she was with,

you; a blind, little girl with wonderfully... features and hair as long and... as soft as an Indian's. I often found... myself wondering if there wasn't a... tinge of white blood in her veins, Por... tuguese, perhaps.

"Well, one day, just for fun, I held a little round pocket mirror before Mogi's face, and she stared into it like one struck dumb! For a while she scarcely seemed to breathe, then her lips parted and her whole body quivered with excitement. She made queer little noises, and got down before me upon her knees in the sand and held up her bare arms entreatingly, but I had a use for the glass and replaced it in the skin bag about my waist.

"After that Mogi shadowed me wherever I went. If it was into the interior of the island, Mogi was always beside me. The chief watched us closely, and when we were near he always expressed his surprise at my indifference. After I began to grow despondent the girl would sit for hours at a time at my feet, and when I would apparently become a little drowsy she never failed to creep up beside me and excite my beard.

"Mogi was greatly puzzled at the long hair on my face. It appeared strange to her that her own people had none and the old white man had so much. But one day Mogi grew a will more horrible than usual, and

when he was killed near Imae, was a... major; when he fell she seized his... revolver and tried to reform the dying... 'gugas,' but in vain. For this she was... commissioned in her husband's place... and has since been promoted for bravery... to a brigadier.

"There is also a full blooded Chinese... in the insurgent army who ranks as a... brigadier on Gen. Ricarte's staff. He... was with Aguinaldo in Hong Kong... and served with him against the Span... ish. His hair has been cut short and... he is noted among the Filipinos for his... diamonds and cruelty. He wears gem... worth 5,000 on his person; the natives... say that prisoners receive the cruel... est of treatment at his hands and his... own men are treated with the utmost... severity for slight breaches of dis... cipline.

"There is also a Jap, holding a ma... jor's commission, and an Australian... who is a lieutenant-colonel. This ma... jor does not speak Tagalog. He is prob... ably the officer heard several times dur... ing engagements giving commands in... English."

No Further Proof Needed.

"I know you bet on Sharky, but... it was a sort of consolation bet. You... wanted him to lose." "Wanted him to lose? Great Scott!... it was my wife's pug dog I bet on... him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Unsolicited Testimony.

"Let us go and see Sandy's... cyants."