

**GOLD OUT OF
CELEBES.
[BOSTON-1920]**

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Gold Out of Celebes. [Boston-1920] by A. E. Dingle & George W. Gage

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A. E. DINGLE & GEORGE W. GAGE

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[BOSTON-1920]**

GOLD OUT OF CELEBES

BY

CAPTAIN A. E. DINGLE

WITH FRONTISPIECE BY

GEORGE W. GAGE



BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1920

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WAGGLES AND BUBBLES

MY DAUGHTERS

GOLD OUT OF CELEBES

CHAPTER ONE

PERHAPS it was Jack Barry's own fault that he had spent three weeks loafing about Batavia without a job. Fat jobs were to be had, if a fellow persevered and could grin at rebuffs; but when he discovered that shore jobs for sailors were usually secured through the Consulate, and that his own country's Consulate Service was limited, as service, to cocktails and financial reports to Washington, he decided to avoid that combination and stick to his own profession. He had been mate of the *Gregg*, when that ancient ark foundered off Kebatu, and also held a clean master's ticket; but somehow he found that masters and mates were a drug on the Batavian market just then; hence his three barren weeks of idleness.

"An American has no business with the sea these days," he reflected moodily. "Confound this stodgy port and its stodgy Dutchmen!"

Legs wide apart, hands thrust deep into his pockets, he puffed fiercely at his pipe and surveyed the scene before him. He stood on the gigantic quay

overlooking the seething activity of the inner Tandjong Priok harbor, and beyond this stretched the two monster jetties and the outer port. Eyeing the trading craft that lined the quays, Barry frowned and cursed his luck afresh.

He did not notice a man coming up behind him, who now stood scrutinizing him admiringly from top to toe.

"Hullo, my noble American sailorman!" The voice at his back brought Barry around with a jerk. He glimpsed a figure which might have stepped direct from Bond Street or Fifth Avenue, — natty, trim, wide-shouldered. Under a soft panama hat a keen, shrewd face smiled so infectiously that the disgruntled seaman smiled back in spite of his grouch.

"Well, what of it?" he demanded. "Might as well be a wooden Indian in this one-hoss town."

The other advanced with extended hand. His eyes narrowed in appreciation of Barry's sturdy, powerful frame and clean-cut face.

"Spotted you right off the bat, hey? My name's Tom Little. Glad to know you," he greeted.

"Barry — Jack Barry," returned the sailor.

Their hands met, and in the grip each recognized in the other no mere wastrel of Eastern ports, but a man of energy, virility.

"Sailor from sailortown, I'll bet," smiled Little. "Hey? Splice th' mainbrace! — Heave-ho, me bullies! — all that stuff, hey? How about it?"

"You win," laughed Barry, amused at his new

acquaintance's conversational powers. "But I'm a rat in a strange garret here. Nothing doing. Can't get a ship for love or lucre."

"I knew it," Little nodded. "Look as if you'd lost your last copper cash and wanted to join the Socialist Party. But tell me; is this straight? D'you really want a job?"

"Have another," parried Barry. "D'you need a skipper?"

"Who — me?" Little began to roll a smoke, chuckling happily. "I'm a typewriter salesman," he said, "or was, until last night. I quit the job." He watched Barry keenly while lighting his smoke, then suddenly asked: "Where d'you hail from, Barry?"

"Salem, where the sailors used to come from," growled Barry. He was disgusted again, sensing simply another waste of time in Little's manner. Little saw the change of expression, and puffed silently awhile.

"Look here," he remarked presently, "I've sold typewriters for two years, from the Ditch to Nagasaki, and from the land o' rubies clear to the land of apes, and I'm doggone sick of toting literary sausage grinders around. I see a chance to horn in on a prospect that's sure to pay exes and maybe pan out a pile, but I need a good man of your profession in with me. How about you?"

"I'd jump into anything clean," asserted Barry promptly. "But what's the golden hoodle?"

"A brigantine and sealed orders," grinned Little, with an air of mock mystery. "Are you a sure-enough skipper, though?"

Barry nodded, then turned. Along the wharves were junks, island schooners, cargo tramps, and riff-raff of the Seven Seas, but only one brigantine. It was an uncommon rig in the port. The craft lay far down the quay, and even at that distance looked old and desolate.

"That?" he asked, pointing.

"Good eye," chuckled Little admiringly. "How d'ye guess?"

"She's the only brigantine in the port . . ."

"Oh, glory! Real story-book salt, hey? Show you a hunk o' wood, and you'll tell me the family history of the skipper of the hooker it came out of, hey? Barry, you're all to the mustard!"

Little clapped him on the shoulder, and Barry gazed into his snapping black eyes for a moment.

"Mr. Little," he said quietly, "if you're always as easy in your choice of men you're not the wise owl I thought you at first sight."

"Me? Good guesser, that's all," returned Little, unrebuked. "Think I'm an easy mark, hey? Muggins from Muggsville? Come again, Barry. Beg pardon, Cap'n Barry, I should say. Haul th' bowline! Jack up th' fo'c'sle yard! See, I'm also a tarry shellback way down deep."

Barry laughed outright. It was impossible to maintain a frown or a doubt in the salesman's breezy