

# CABBAGES AND KINGS

By O. HENRY

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## TWO RECALLS

Continued from Thursday.

There remain three duties to be performed before the curtain falls upon the patched comedy. Two have been promised; the third in no less obligatory.

It was set forth in the programme of this tropic vaudeville that it would be made known why Shorty O'Day, of the Columbia Detective Agency, lost his position. Also that Smith should come again to tell us what mystery he followed that night on the shores of Anchuria when he strewed so many cigar stumps around the coconut palm during his lonely night vigil on the beach. These things were promised; but a bigger thing yet remains to be accomplished—the clearing up of a seeming wrong that has been done according to the array of chronicled facts (truthfully set forth) that have been presented. And one voice, speaking, shall do these three things.

Two men sat on a stringer of a North River pier in the City of New York. A steamer from the tropics had begun to unload bananas and oranges on the pier. Now and then a banana or two would fall from an overripe bunch, and one of the two men would shamble forward, seize the fruit and return to share it with his companion. One of the men was in the ultimate stage of deterioration. As far as rain and wind and sun could wreck the garments he wore, it had been done. In his person, the ravages of drink were as plainly visible. And yet, upon his high-bridged, rubicund nose was faintly perched a pair of shining and flawless gold-rimmed glasses.

The other man was not so far gone upon the descending highway of the incompetents. Truly, the flower of his manhood had gone to seed—seed that, perhaps, no soil might sprout. But there were still cross-cuts along where he travelled through which he might yet regain the pathway of usefulness.



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without disturbing the slumbering Miracles. This man was short and compactly built. He had an oblique, dead eye, like that of a sting-ray, and the moustache of a cocktail mixer. We know the eye and the moustache, we know that Smith of the curious yachts, the gorgeous taint, the mysterious mission, the magic disappearance, has come again, though shorn of the accessories of his former state.

At his third banana, the man with the nose glasses spat it from him with a shudder.

"Deuce take all fruit!" he remarked, in a patrician tone of disgust. "The memory of their tattling fingers with you oranges are not so bad. Just see if you can gather a couple of them, O'Day, when the next broken crate comes up."

"Did you live down with the monkeys?" asked the other, made teptily garrulous by the sunshine and the alleviating meal of juicy fruit. "I was down there, once myself. But only for a few hours. There was when I was with the Columbia Detective Agency. The monkey people did me up. I'd have my job yet if it hadn't been for them. I'll tell you about it."

"One day," the chief sent a note around to the office that read: "Send O'Day here at once for a big piece of business." I was the crack detective of the agency at that time. They always handed me the big jobs. The address the chief wrote from was down in the Wall Street district.

"When I got there I found him in a private office with a lot of directors who were looking pretty fuzzy. They stated the case. The president of the Republic Insurance Company had slipped with about a tenth of a million dollars in cash. The directors wanted him back pretty bad, but they wanted the money worse. They said they needed it. They had traced the old gent's movements to where he boarded a tramp fruit steamer bound for South America that same morning with his daughter and a big gripsack—all the family he had.

"One of the directors had his steam yacht coaled and with steam up, ready for a trip; and he turned her over to me, card blonsh. In four hours I was on board of her, and hot on the trail of the fruit tub. I had a pretty good idea where old Wahrfeld—that was his name, J. Churchill Wahrfeld—would head for. At that time we had a treaty with about every foreign country except Belgium and that banana republic, Anchuria. There wasn't a photo of old Wahrfeld to be had in New York—he had been foxy there—but I had his description. And besides, the lady with him would be a dead-give-away anywhere. She was one of the high-flyers in society—not the kind that have their pictures in the Sunday papers—but the real sort that open chrysanthemum shows and christen battieships.

"Well, sir, we never got a sight of that fruit tub on the road. The ocean is a pretty big place; and I guess we took different paths across it. But we kept going toward this Anchuria,

where the fruiter was bound for. "We struck the monkey coast one afternoon about four. There was a ratty-looking steamer off shore taking on bananas. The monkeys were loading her up. I saw a man in a blue suit be the one the old man had taken, and it might not. I went ashore to look around. The scenery was pretty good. I never saw any thing like the New York stage. I struck an American on a shore, a big, cool chap, standing around with the monkeys. He showed me the consul's office. The consul was a nice young fellow. He said the fruiter was the Karlseid, running generally to New Orleans, but took her last cargo to New York. Then I was sure my people were on board, although everybody told me that no passengers had landed. I didn't think they would land until after dark, for they might have been shy about it on account of seeing that yacht or mine hanging around. I had to do as I came ashore. I couldn't arrest old Wahrfeld without extradition papers, and I was busy to get the cash. They generally give you up to strike 'em when they're tired and rattled and short on nerve.

"After dark I sat under a coconut tree on the beach for a while, and when I walked around the house that town some, and it was enough to give you the lions. If a man could stay in New York and be honest, he'd better do than to hit that monkey town with a million."

"Dinky little mud houses; grass over your shoe tops in the streets; ladies in low-neck and short-sleeves walking around smoking cigars; tree frogs rattling like a hose cart going; a few blow; big mountains dropping gravel in the back yards, and the sea licking the point off in front—no, sir—a man had better be in God's country living on free lungs."

"The main street ran along the beach, and I walked down it, and then turned up a kind of lane where the houses were made of poles and straw. I wanted to see what the monkeys did when they weren't climbing coconut trees. The very first shack I looked in I saw my people. They must have come ashore while I was promenading. A man about fifty, smooth face, heavy eyebrows, dressed in black broadcloth, looking like he was just about to say,

"Can any little boy in the Sunday school make a better grip than this?" I took a grip that weighed like a dozen gold bricks, and a swell girl—a young peach, with a Fifth avenue cut—was sitting on a wooden chair. An old black man, with a cane and a pair of beans on a table. The light they had come from a lantern hung on a nail. I went and stood in the door, and they looked at me, and I said:

"Mr. Wahrfeld, you are my prisoner. I hope, for the lady's sake, you will take the matter sensibly. You know why I want you."

"Who are you?" says the old gent. "O'Day," says I. "He's the Columbia Detective Agency. And now, sir, let me give you a piece of good advice. You go back and take your medicine like a man. Hand 'em back the hoodie; and next time they let you out in light. Go back easy, and I'll put in a word for you. I'll give you five minutes to decide. I pulled out my watch and waited.

"Then the young lady chipped in. She was one of the genuine high-steppers. You could tell by the way her clothes fit and the style she had that Fifth avenue was made for her.

"Come inside," she says. "Don't stand in the door and disturb the whole street with that suit of clothes. Now, what is it you want?"

"Three minutes gone," I said. "I'll tell you again while the other two tick off."

"You'll admit being the president of the Republic, won't you?"

"I am," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "it ought to be plain to you. Wanted in New York, J. Churchill Wahrfeld, president of the Republic Insurance Company."

"Also the funds belonging to said company, now in the grip of the unlawful possession of said J. Churchill Wahrfeld."

"Oh-h-h-h!" says the young lady, "as if she was thinking, you want to take us back to New York?"

"To take Mr. Wahrfeld. There's no charge against you, miss. There'll be no objection, of course, to your returning with your father."

"Of a sudden the girl gave a tiny scream and grabbed the old boy around the neck. "Oh, father, father!" she says. "Have you taken money that is not yours? Speak, father! It made you shiver to hear the tremolo stop she put on her voice."

"The old boy looked pretty bighouse when she first grappled him, but she went on, whispering in his ear and patting his off shoulder till he stood still, but sweating a little.

"She got him to one side and they talked together a minute, and then he put on some gold eyeglasses and walked up and handed me the grip."

"Mr. Detective," he says, talking a little broken, "I conclude to return with you. I have finished to discover that life on this desolate and displeased coast would be worse than to die, myself. I will go back and hurt myself upon the mercy of the Republic Company. Have you brought a sheep?"

"Sheep" says I; "I haven't a single sheep," cut in the young lady.

"Don't get my father is of German birth, and doesn't speak perfect English. How did you come?"

"The girl was all broke up. She had a handkerchief to her face, and kept saying every now and then, 'Oh, father, father!' She walked up to me and laid her lily-white hand on the clothes that had pained her at first sight. I smelt a million violets. She was a lulu. I told her I came in a private yacht."

"Mr. O'Day," she says, "Oh, take us away from this horrid country at once. Can you? Will you? Say you will."

"I'll try," I said, concealing the fact that I was dying to get them on salt water before they could change their mind.

"One thing they both kicked against was going through the town to the boat landing. Said they didn't like publicity, and now that they were going to return, they had a hope that the thing might yet be kept out of the papers. They swore they wouldn't go unless I got them out to the yacht without any one knowing it, so I agreed to humor them.

"The sailors who rowed me ashore were playing billiards in a bar-room near the water, waiting for orders, and I proposed to have them take the boat down the beach half a mile or so, and take us up there. How to get them word was the question, for I couldn't leave the grip with the prisoner, and I couldn't take it with me, not knowing but what the monkeys might stick me up."

"The young lady says the old colored woman would take them a note. I sat down and wrote it, and gave it to the dame with plain directions what to do, and she grins like a baboon and shakes her head."

"Then Mr. Wahrfeld handed her a string of foreign dialect, and she nods her head and says, 'See, senior,' maybe fifty times, and lights out with the note.

"Old Augusta only understands German," said Miss Wahrfeld, smiling at me. "We stopped in her house to ask where we were first lodging, and she insisted upon our having coffee. She tells us she was raised in a German family in San Domingo."

"Very likely," said "But you can search me for German words; excellent verstay and noch einst. I would

have called that 'See, senior' French, though, on a gamble."

"Well, we three made a sneak around the edge of town so as not to be seen. We got tangled in vines and ferns and the banana bushes and tropical scenery a good deal. The monkey suburbs was as wild as places in Central Park. We came out on the beach a good half mile below. A brown chap was lying asleep under a coconut tree, with a ten-foot musket on his side. Mr. Wahrfeld takes up the gun and pitches it into the sea. "The coast is guarded," he says. "Rebellion and plots ripen like fruit. He pointed to the sleeping man, who never stirred. "Thus," he says, "they perform trusts. Children!"

"I saw our boat coming, and I struck a match and lit a piece of newspaper to show them where we were. In thirty minutes we were on board the yacht."

"The first thing, Mr. Wahrfeld and his daughter and I took the grip into the owner's cabin, opened it up, and took an inventory. There was one hundred and five thousand dollars, United States treasury notes in it, besides a lot of diamond jewelry and a couple of hundred Havana cigars. I gave the old man the cigars and a receipt for the rest of the lot, as agent for the company, and locked the stuff up in my private quarters."

"I never had a pleasanter trip than that one. After we got to sea the young lady turned out to be the jolliest ever. The very first time we sat her glass with champagne—that director's yacht was a regular floating Waldorf-Astoria—she winks at me and says, 'What's the use of borrow trouble, Mr. Fly Cop? Here's hoping you may live to eat the grapes that scratch on your grave. There was a piano on board, and she sat down to it and sang better than you give up two cases to hear plenty times. She knew she was sure enough bon ton and swell. She wasn't one of the 'among others' present kind; she belonged on the special mention list!"

"The old man, too, perked up amazingly on the way. He passed the cigars, and says to me once, quite chippy, out of a cloud of smoke, 'Mr. O'Day, somehow I think the Republic Company will not give me the much money live to eat the grapes of the money, Mr. O'Day, for that it must be returned to them that it belongs when we finish to arrive.'"

"When we landed in New York I phoned to the chief to meet us in the director's office. We got in a cab and went there. I carried the grip, and we walked in, and I was pleased to see that the chief had got together that same old crowd of moneybugs with pink faces and white vests to see us march in. I set the grip on the table. "There's the money," I said.

"I pointed to the grip, and he stepped forward and says: "The honor of a word with you, sir, to explain."

"When the chief went into another room and stayed ten minutes. When they came back the chief looked as black as a ton of coal.

"Did this gentleman," he says to

me, 'have this valise in his possession when you first saw him?' "He did," said I.

"The chief took up the grip and handed it to the prisoner with a bow, and says to the director crowd: 'I'm any of you recognize this gentleman?' "They all shook their pink faces.

"Allow me to present," he goes on, 'Senior Miraflores, president of the republic of Anchuria. The senior has generously consented to overlook this outrageous blunder, on condition that we undertake to secure him against the annoyance of public comment. It is a concession on his part to overlook an insult for which he might claim international redress. I think we can gratefully promise him secrecy in the matter.'"

"They gave him a pink nod all around."

"O'Day," he says to me, 'As a private detective you're wasted. In a war, where kidnapping governments is in the rules, you'd be invaluable. Come down to the office at eleven. I knew what that meant.

"So that's the president of the monkeys," says I. "Well, why couldn't he have said so?"

"Wouldn't it jar you?"

TO BE CONCLUDED.

### KING GEORGE IS 55.

London, June 3.—King George celebrated his 55th birthday, and in honor of the event flags were flown on all government buildings and salutes fired by artillery at London, Windsor, Aldershot, and other military centers. The official birthday celebrations will be held in England tomorrow.

## FORT MILL VOTES FOR BETTER ROADS

Fort Mill, S. C., June 3.—An election was held here Thursday on the question of issuing \$75,000 coupon bonds of Fort Mill township for the purpose of road improvement, and resulted in favor of the issue by a vote of 55 to 21. Since the proposition was agitated several weeks ago, there has been but little opposition apparent which probably accounts for the unusually small vote, and the township having probably 400 qualified electors. The construction of the roads contained in the issue of these bonds will probably be in the hands of a special commission, who will decide the best routes and locations. An opinion pre-

vals that there should be two roads through Gold Hill and one leading through Flint Hill, the roads branching at a point about two miles north of Fort Mill. About two miles north of Fort Mill leading to Catawba river bridge and about the same distance to Lancaster bridge and the Lancaster county line. Much satisfaction is expressed at the assurance that Fort Mill township is now to have improved highways, as the roads at times in the past have been almost impassable.

### SCHURMAN IS CONFIRMED

Washington, June 3.—The nomination of Jacob Gould Schurman, of New York, to be Minister to China was confirmed late Thursday by the senate.

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