

# The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)  
"Did he tell you that?" uttered the youth, indignantly, and with much surprise. "Then he deceived you, Mary, most wickedly deceived you. On that occasion our vessel lay at our rendezvous at Manila. Six of our men lay at the point of death, and when they heard that I meant to leave them they wept like children, and begged me not to forsake them to death. What could I do? Those men had been friends to me, and I know that some of them would have laid down their very lives for me in case of need. I asked Laroon to run the brig to Silver Bay, but he would not. I asked him what was to become of our sick men. His answer was this: 'Let them die if they will. We can get new men more easily than we can cure them.' I told him to come, and to tell you that I had remained behind to save the lives of some of my suffering fellow creatures."  
"Oh!" murmured the maiden, once more throwing her arms about the youth's neck. "I could not believe all that he meant for me to believe, but yet I was sad and unhappy. But I bless you now. Ah, Paul, I should have been happier had I known all before."  
"Then you may be happy that you know all now. And if the knowledge of my truth will make you happy, be so ever."  
"Yes, Paul—happy now," she exclaimed; "but how shall the future be?"  
"I know what you mean." And holding his companion so that he could look into her face, Paul continued: "It was upon this subject that I desired most to speak. I know that I am not safe here. But I have resolved not to remain any longer than I can help. Many a time could I have fled from the wicked man, but I had rather die than go alone. Some time—some time when I can take you with me—then I will free from them. Do you understand me, Mary?"  
"Yes, Paul."  
"And would you flee with me?"  
"Oh, how gladly—how quickly!"  
"And when we have fled, would you be mine for life?"  
"Everything—everything—for you, Paul, so that I might be free from the rule of our dark master."

## CHAPTER IX.

For some moments after this the twin sat there locked in each other's arms. At length the young man spoke:  
"Mary," he said, "we have a strange man on board our vessel. He knows where we used to live in America."  
The maiden started up and looked her companion almost wildly in the face; but the extreme emotion soon passed away, and she was more calm.  
"He told me some things," continued Paul, "which I remembered. Do you remember the name of Humphrey?"  
Mary repeated the name several times, and a sort of intelligent gleam rested upon her countenance.  
"Surely, Paul, there is something familiar in the sound of that name, but I cannot call it to mind."  
"I should not suppose you could, for you were not over three years old when we both came with Laroon. But this man of whom I speak has seen us both, a years gone by—when we were both very small—at Col. Stephen Humphrey's; and I remember of calling some one Uncle Stephen. I remember it well. Oh, Mary, we must escape from here! I know that Marl Laroon has no right to us, and I cannot divest myself of the idea that he did a great sin when he took us away from our home," said Paul.  
"Then he is not your father?" uttered the maiden, with some energy.  
"No!" answered Paul, quickly and energetically. "I know he is not my father. Not only does every feeling of my soul assure me that such is not the case, but Marl Laroon's own manner proves it. And then this man—Buffo Burnington, he calls himself—assures me that he is not. Thank heaven, I owe no spark of being to that dark-souled man!"  
There was another silence of some moments, at the end of which Paul resumed:  
"Marl Laroon was here last night. Of course, you saw him? What did he say?"  
"I could not tell you. He talked very strangely at times, and you may laugh at me, and think me very foolish—but certainly he did talk more like a lover than a guardian."  
Paul started and turned pale.  
"Marl Laroon does love you—all he is capable of loving. If we remain here our lives are lost. Now, I know what his strange words to me have meant. He means that you shall be his wife!"  
The fair girl gazed into her companion's face for some moments without speaking, and the fixed, vacant look of the eyes showed that she was thinking of something past.  
"Heaven have mercy on me!" she at length uttered, clasping her hands together. "It is for that perhaps that he has called the miners—four of them—to the castle, and bade them remain here. It is for that he has given directions for the nightwatch doubled, and for having so soul pass out from here save the crew of the brig, and the fishermen and hunters."  
"And how has it been with you since he was here last? Have you been strictly watched?"  
"I have been but a prisoner, Paul—but a mere prisoner. I have not been allowed to go outside of these walls without two attendants, and one of those must be from Laroon's blind followers. His negroes have kept an eye upon me all the time, and I do not think that during the past year I could have escaped, even had I bent my whole energies to the purpose all the time. But do you—oh, do you think that he means to—"

"I fear he means to make you his wife."  
The maiden bowed her head, and her frame shook with strong emotion. It was now growing dusk, for the sun had set some time since, and the shades of night were beginning to gather over the things of earth. Mary turned to the window and looked out. Paul arose and walked several times across the room, and when he stopped it was close by the door which opened to the corridor by which he had entered. Just as he stopped he was sure he heard some one at the door. Without waiting to reflect, he opened it and saw a black woman just hurrying from the spot. His first impulse was to spring out into the corridor and catch her, and he obeyed it on the instant.  
"What are you doing here?" was his first question, as he seized the negroess by the arm. She was one of Laroon's slaves, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a face upon which were marked cunning and cruelty. "What are you doing here?" repeated Paul, in no very gentle terms.  
"Noffen!" was the short reply.  
"Then why are you here?"  
"Cause I have to be here—all ober the house jus' what I'm a mind to."  
As the woman gave this answer she freed herself by a jerk from the youth's grasp, and then hastened away. Paul returned to the room where he had left Mary, and found her just coming toward him.  
"Paul," she said, "I thought you told me that Marl Laroon would remain on board the brig until you returned."  
"So I did," said the young man, with some surprise.  
"But he is here now."  
"Impossible!"  
"I am sure I saw him in the garden but a moment ago, and he was gazing most closely up at my window."  
Paul started to the window and looked out, but he could see nothing. The window overlooked a small garden which was enclosed within the wall, and Mary pointed to a clump of orange shrubs, where she had seen Laroon. But it was now too dark to see objects plainly at such a distance, and Paul gave up the search. But he was not easy. First, he believed that the old slave had been set to watch him, and if Marl Laroon had really come up from the brig, then there was something serious in the wind. Mary ordered her attendants to prepare supper in her own apartment, and candles were brought and the meal was served. Paul ate almost in silence, for he was very uneasy, and he wished not to force doubts upon his fair companion; and Mary, too, was far from being easy in her mind.

## CHAPTER X.

While Paul and Mary were eating their supper, there was a scene transpiring in another part of the building that was not wholly unconnected with their interests. Marl Laroon had come up from the brig, though he had not come in a boat. He had administered a powerful dose of opium to the old gunner, and as soon as the invalid was asleep, he had been set on shore for the purpose, as he said, of taking a look at the country. As soon as his boat had returned, and he had got out of sight of the crew, he had started for the castle.  
It was an out-of-the-way apartment in which the pirate captain now was, and he had one companion—the very woman whom we have seen at the young people's door, and whom Paul caught in the very act.  
"Now, what have you heard?" asked Marl, with much eagerness.  
"Oh, I heard lots," returned the old negroess, showing the whites of her eyes prodigiously. "Paul said you wasn't his father, and Miss Mary say she was drefful glad. Den dey tole 'r rudder Mas'r Paul tole 'bout a man 'board de brig as tole him you for sartin sure we'n't his father."  
"That is some of Mr. Buffo Burnington's—"  
"Dat's um, dat's um, mas'r," interrupted the slave, clasping her hands. "Dat's his name, 'cause I heard Mas'r Paul say so."  
"But tell me, Hagar, what else did Paul say about this fellow?"  
"Oh, he said lots. Fust, dis man tole him whar he was born, and who he lib w'd when he was a little picanniny. Den he tole him 'bout 'bout de man what he call uncle. It was Humphrey. Dat's um for sartin sure."  
The pirate's black eyes now emitted sparks of fire. He walked up and down the narrow apartment several times like a chafed tiger. At length he stopped, being somewhat cooled down.  
"Now, tell me what else the boy and girl talked about."  
"He lubs her and she lubs him, an' dey talk 'bout runnin' away."  
"Did they make any plans for so doing?"  
"No, not as I knows on. But dey was boff of um drefful 'fraid you war goin' to marry wid Mary."  
Marl Laroon walked up and down the room, and when he stopped there was a dark smile upon his face.  
"Hagar," he said, "you have done well, and you shall be rewarded for it. You must watch them carefully, and be sure that they move not into the garden without you are close upon them. Follow them everywhere they go and hear every word they say. And, mind, not one lisp that I have been here to-night—not a word to a living soul. I shall be here to-morrow night, and then you shall tell me what more you have seen and heard."  
Hagar promised to obey, and shortly afterward the pirate captain left the place. He passed out through the gar-

den, and thence he made his exit by way of a postern, and then hurried off by the upland path to the bay, which he reached about 9 o'clock. At a given signal a boat came off for him, and his patient was not awake, so he fancied there would be no trouble on account of poor Ben.

After Paul and Mary had finished their supper and the things had been removed, they sat down and commenced to converse once more. The young man had thought much during the meal, and he was now ready to go ahead with his investigations.  
"Mary," he said, "are you sure that was Marl Laroon whom you saw in the garden?"  
"Just as sure as I am that I see you now," replied the maiden.  
"Then of course he has come to watch us. I know him well. Is there any one in the castle whom you have occasion to think he would select in preference to another for a spy?"  
"Oh, yes; he would take old Hagar for that business."  
"And she is the one whom I found at the door. Does she answer your summons?"  
"Yes, always; but you will get nothing from her, for she is as crafty as a fox, and as cunning as mortal can be."  
"Never mind. I may not get any words from her to that effect, but I can read much from her looks. Will you call her?"  
Mary arose and pulled a cord that hung near her, and ere long a young Indian girl appeared, and Mary requested her to send Hagar up. The girl disappeared, and in a short time afterwards Hagar made her appearance.  
"Hagar," said Paul, speaking kindly and with a smile, "I forgot to tell you before, but the captain wants you to have everything ready for him to-morrow night as he will be here at that time."  
"Sartin," replied the old woman, with a twinkling of the brown eyes that Paul at once understood.  
"That was the order he sent by me, and for the sake of doing my duty I give it, but you needn't make the preparations, for he will not come." This afternoon he fell and broke his leg."  
"Hi, hi, hi—yah!" laughed the old slave. "Guess Mas'r Paul don't know noffen 'bout it."  
"But I do know. The poor man is suffering the most excruciating agony, and he cannot bear to be brought up here."  
The old woman smiled, but spoke not a word.  
"What do you think about it?" asked Paul.  
"I think I'll do same as you do. I get 'um all ready so to obay orders."  
Hagar went out, and as soon as Paul was sure she was out of hearing, he said:  
"So she has seen him. How did she know his leg was not broken, if she had not seen him. But do not fear, for Marl Laroon will have his hands and head both full when he attempts to come directly to the antagonistic with me. Very fortunately, I know as much as he does, and more, too; for I know just how much he knows, while he will not dream that I mistrust him."  
"But how much do you think he does know?" asked Mary.  
"Why, I feel confident he knows nearly all we said before you saw him in the garden. I am confident Hagar heard it all, and if she did, then the captain knows it all now. I am more sorry for Burnington than for myself; but I will put him on his guard as soon as I go on board. I wish I knew more of that man."  
"Why?" uttered the maiden. "Is there anything peculiar about him?"  
"Of course, there must be; and since I have been here I have thought more of him than I ever did before. His face is before me, and I see it plainly—I see it as something that I have already seen before; and yet, so strange is that face that even an infant should not seem to forget it. And then his voice, too. But I cannot think—I cannot call up clearly, or even dimly, anything of him in the past."  
"But what is he, Paul?" asked Mary, much interested. "What sort of looking man?"  
"At first sight he is one of the most homely, repulsive men I ever saw. He has but one eye, and the yellow socket is very much disfigured. His face is very much disfigured and is very dark, his hair red and short, and crisp, his brow very low and overhanging, his face all distorted and grim; and beside all this, one of his legs is much shorter than the other."  
"Surely," returned Mary, with a smile, "you have painted not a very inviting figure."  
"So he appeared to me; but since I have talked with him he seems different. When three stout men had set upon me, he came up and overcame them. When not another of my shipmates noticed me, he sought me out in my need and saved me. He stuck bravely, too."  
"Oh, how I shall love him now," murmured the fair girl, while her zeal brought a bright teardrop to her eye. Paul understood her meaning, and his grateful look was reward enough.  
(To be continued.)

## Where Woman Suffrage Reigns.

"Mesdames," declared the political orator vehemently, "you cannot logically, reasonably or consistently vote for Timothy J. Dunn for the office to which he aspires."  
Which was all that was necessary to insure Mr. Dunn's receiving an overwhelming majority of the female vote at the regular election.

Which also proves that a politician will resort to any means to secure votes for his candidate.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

These good managers who can make one cherry pie go around for a large family, we don't like them.

# DOINGS OF WOMEN

## A Song to Brave Women.

They were married in the autumn when the leaves were turning gold, And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold; Side by side they stood and promised hand in hand to walk through life, And the parson said, "God bless you!" as he named them man and wife. They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew; But he whispered, "Oh, my darling, I have riches—I have—you." Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and hand in hand, They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss, Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss; But the battle-stress was on them, and the foe's hand bade them yield, And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field; And his heart grew faint within him, as he murmured, "I must fall, For the foe's presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all." But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered, "You shall win! You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle-strife and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide, Listening ever for a whisper—"I am battling by your side." Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about; Beaten downward by the foe's mist, lost in mists of gloom and doubt. Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey, Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray. Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!" For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these, Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize; Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed and stricken in the din, But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall win!" And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray, Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way; Just some little loyal woman, forcing back the tears that blur— You may honor your brave hero; I will sing a song to her.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in Success.

## Dainty Lawn Shirt Waist.



**The Influence at Home.**  
A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. "You see," said the spokesman, "we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now, if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days, we'll go to him and ask—" "Gentlemen," the lady haughtily interrupted, "do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?" "Oh, I know all about it," the spokesman went on. "I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house, and you're tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperone your daughter at a ball, and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession, for one reason or another, and we have a—a terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands, and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days? The fourth day give him the best breakfast you can—everything that he likes best—and we'll get what we want in three minutes. Talk about a woman having no influence in the business! Why, the humor she's in has more effect than a bank failure or a boom in trade." She thought she ought to be angry, but, instead, she laughed, and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour 12 o'clock, and said that never in the history of the firm had things run as satisfactorily as they had the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne!—Exchange.

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# MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Daniel McCall of Cat Island lighthouse, on the Mississippi coast, turned the light for 'wo nights by hand because the mechanism was out of order and her husband was lying dead.

The richest spinster in New York City is Mary G. Pinkney. She is said to have more money than Hetty Green, and certainly more than Helen Gould. The reason her name has never been connected with matrimonial gossip is that she is 87 years old.

To paint portraits of American society women, says a writer, is an achievement seldom attained by an American artist, as the grande dames of the "550" aristocracy of the land of the free usually insist upon a foreign signature to their pictures.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of 9 or 10 years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under 14.

English women, according to Miss Anthony, are well informed on politics, and talk of it, and indeed of most subjects of general interest, much more than do American women. The same holds true of Scottish and Irish women. Miss Anthony also reports that "we found the German woman very responsive."

**Women in War-Time.**  
Terrible as are the miseries of the battlefield and the hospital, they do not equal the heart-sickening suspense which is the lot of women in time of war.

The pain which must be borne in inaction is of itself paralyzing to the will and to high resolve. A man overboard in mid-ocean, for example, suffers a fear beside which that of the battlefield is a trifle. The bravest of men, alone in the waves, will turn coward, although he may have a life-buoy and practical certainty of rescue. But the heart which faints at its own powerlessness before the great forces of nature moving remorselessly on may rise to splendid feats of bravery on the field of battle.

To women war must be always like the untamable sea—a succession of billows, rising each above the other, and each capable of engulfing the world of love and hope in its bitter depth. No woman's hand can stay them. No woman's voice can calm them. And so, on the steppes of Russia and in the villages of Japan to-day, women are praying, in strange tongues and with fantastic rites, but with a world-old mingling of cowardice and courage, of love of country and hatred of war, that the angel of peace may again fold his wings over the earth.—Youth's Companion.

**Watering Plants.**  
It is a good rule to give all woody plants plenty of water. The Abutilons, Jasmynes, Hibiscus, Aspidistra, Strobilanthes, Chrysanthemums, Bouvardias, Oranges, Olea fragrans, Magnolias and Guavas all belong to this class. The Calla loves hot water in the saucer, and a tuber never fails to bloom when so treated. The Umbrella plant does twice as well in a jardiniere half filled with water as it does in earth. Water Hyacinth enjoys the same treatment.

**Was It You?**  
Somebody did a golden deed; Somebody proved a friend in need; Somebody sang a beautiful song; Somebody smiled the whole day long; Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live;" Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;" Somebody fought a valiant fight; Somebody lived to shield the right; Was that somebody you? —E. Vinton Francis.