



TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED)
The letter was written in a formal clerk's hand, dated from the Admiralty, and signed with a hieroglyph which was no doubt the autograph of some high official. It ran as follows:
"Dear Sir: The Volunteer has brought intelligence that his majesty's ship Niobe, seventy-four, has put into the Cape of Good Hope to refit. She has lost her captain and first lieutenant overboard in a gale, and is reported severely damaged and short of all stores. The brig Speedwell has been loaded with the necessary material, and will take out an officer to bring the Niobe home. Captain Truscott, to whom this commission was offered, is at the last moment unable to sail. If you are in a position to take his place you will be good enough to start immediately for Mount's Bay, where the Speedwell was to put in on Thursday next. You will be carried as a free passenger to the Cape, where you will take over command of the Niobe; and for this purpose the present letter shall be a good and sufficient authority to the officer in charge to hand her over to you.
"In the event of your being unavoidably prevented from accepting you will be good enough to re-address and forward this letter to Captain Anderson at Portsmouth without delay."
Dick read without understanding anything beyond the general purport of the letter, but he grasped clearly enough that Camilla was lost to him for many months at least.
He roused himself to consider ways and means at once, and his eye fell upon the valise, which the messenger was still holding in his hand.
To his surprise he recognized it as his own.
"Where did you get this?" he asked.
"From your house, sir," replied the man. "There's a uniform and a few things in it his lordship thought you might want, as you wouldn't have time to go back to town."
"His lordship? Whom do you mean?"
"It was Lord Glamorgan, sir, that gave me the letter."
"Ah that explains it," exclaimed Dick. "But how did Lord Glamorgan or you know where I had gone?"
"His lordship sent me to your house, sir; and they sent me to No. 23 Bedford square."
"And they told you there?"
"Yes, sir; they said you'd gone off after a wagon on the road to Guildford."
"Very well," said Dick; "now you had better go and bait your horse. Come to me in the parlor when you're ready to go back, and I'll give you an answer for Lord Glamorgan."
Half an hour afterward the man knocked at the door of the room where Dick was writing his acceptance to the Admiralty and his thanks to his patron for this second piece of cruel kindness. He handed them to the messenger with a liberal pourboire, and rang the bell to make arrangements for continuing his own journey.
While he was talking to the host a clatter of hoofs was heard outside the window.
"There goes my man," thought Dick; "he's a hot rider, it seems. I wish to heaven he had broken his neck on the way here."
CHAPTER X.

DICK HAD A LONG and hurried journey before him, and he made preparations accordingly for starting in good time on the following morning. He also tried once more to find out from the driver of the wagon where the De Montauts' baggage was to be delivered; but the man, though assured that Dick himself had no longer the time to follow him, stoutly refused to give any further answer, and by daybreak next morning he had disappeared, wagon and all, without giving any one a clue to his destination.
The sun was setting as Dick left Helston for the last stage of his journey. When he came in sight of Mount's bay there was but one golden bar left in the western sky. Gradually this too faded, and a gray, misty twilight began to creep over the bay. St. Michael's Mount loomed in the light, with its enchanted castles of fairland. In the highest turret glimmered a single light, making the mist more drear and the silence yet more desolate.
The opposite shore was wrapped in darkness, but on the broad water there twinkled here and there tiny restless sparks that Dick knew for the lanterns of the ships at anchor. One of them doubtless was the fate that he must follow. Will-o'-the-wisp or guiding-star, there it gleamed among the rest, with the dim, shivering night around and the fathomless sea beneath.
A mile or two more, and they came rattling into the streets of Penzance, and Dick arose from his reverie. He inquired for the Speedwell, and found that she was lying out toward Newlyn, and was to sail at daybreak.
Her captain had been ashore that afternoon, looking out for a passenger who had been expected by the coach an hour before.
Dick engaged a boat and ordered supper at once; by 10 o'clock he was alone side the brig, and half an hour later fast asleep in his berth, forgetting for

the present all journeys whether by land or sea.
He awoke next morning to find the ship already on her way. The captain was waiting for him on deck; a gray, wrinkled man with a short grizzled beard, and a somewhat slouching air about him, Dick thought.
"I'm your passenger," Dick said, "and I ought to have reported myself last night, but they told me you were busy, and I was too tired to wait. My name is Estcourt, captain of her majesty's ship Niobe, when you bring me to her."
"Ay, ay," replied the other; "I was in the service myself once; but I wasn't called Worsley then."
"Indeed?" said Dick, and stopped, embarrassed.
The captain was apparently troubled by no such feeling, and went on.
"I was broke for a trifle," he said; "a young man's folly. But I don't know that I've been much the worse. It's a hard service—the King's; you make no money in it, and glory's a thing I never took much account of."
Dick had nothing to say to this.
"Where shall I breakfast?" he asked.
"With me," said the captain. "You'll find me pretty snug below, and that's the main thing in the world, eh? I don't care how many trips I make in the Speedwell, if I'm always as comfortable and as well paid."
Dick could hardly say that he hoped never to make another voyage in the brig, or that he already wished this one was over; but both thoughts came distinctly into his mind.
"It was a stroke of luck," continued his carefree companion; "just a stroke of luck. If nothing to do for long enough, and was getting a bit down; and then suddenly my lords find themselves short of a hand, and come running to me, cap off, and money down on the nail."
"That's pretty much what happened to me," said Dick; "they were in a hurry and the man before me failed them at the last moment."
"Ay, ay," replied the captain; "they must have been in a hurry too, or they'd never have come down on an old dog like me and such a ramshackle crew to carry his majesty's stores, let alone his majesty's officers," he added, with an affable grin.
"Oh," said Dick, "what sort of fellows have you on board, then?"
"All sorts," answered the captain, "and more than that. There's English Jacks and French Johnnies, and a couple o' Spaniards and a nigger; I never saw such a first-to-hand lot in my life. They're willing enough, you know, but it's the rummest crew to be working a navy ship."
"The brig herself looks to be fast and well found," said Dick, with an approving eye on the white canvas belying aloft.
"Oh, she's well enough," replied the captain, carelessly; "there's better and there's worse, no doubt. Let's go down to breakfast." And he led the way below.
So the days went by for the most part in cheerful content; only now and then his brow clouded when they spoke a passing ship, and answered the cheers and waving signals of English men and women homeward bound.
Sometimes he was even happy for an hour, for the water he sailed was no obscure or unknown sea. From Corunna to Cadix there are names and memories upon its shore that might have stirred the very ship herself, as she swept past them with the flag of empire rippling at her mast-head.
On the ninth day they passed St. Vincent. The sun was setting, and the crags of the cape were sharply relieved against the opposite horizon, all aglow with answering fire. Far beyond them, lost in the vast glimmering distance toward the east, lay a yet more famous headland, and Dick, as he leaned over the bulwarks, and vainly strained his eyes toward Trafalgar, felt his breath quicken with a great inspiration and his hands clench with the fighting instinct of his race.
But now the Speedwell left the coasts of Europe, and passed on southward into the region of the islands. The ordinary route to the cape lies outside these groups, the Azores being the only stopping point on the voyage for most English vessels. Estcourt, seeing that the brig stood in to the east and took a more direct line, concluded at once that she was to touch at Madeira or the Canary Isles.
"No," said the captain, when he hazarded this conjecture; "I wish we could put into Funchal or Santa Cruz, they're both pleasant places, when you've a day or two to spare; but my orders are to sail straight for Boavista in the Cape Verd Islands. There's some passengers to come aboard there."
"Passengers?" cried Dick, in astonishment.
"Oh, they won't trouble us long," said the captain; "they go off again at Ascension. I suppose they're going about looking after the government colonies in these parts. When we're rid of them, we shall have a clear run to the Cape."
Dick felt by no means so anxious about their departure. He was pleased to think that he would, for some days at any rate, have the monotony of his voyage, enlivened by new companions, and he began to look forward eagerly to the moment when he would no longer be alone at every meal with old Worsley and his flow of demoralized conversation.
A few days more and Madeira was left on the starboard quarter; they passed through the Canaries, between Tenerife and Grand Canary, and on April 15th came at last in sight of Boavista, and dropped anchor toward evening in the roads on the northwest of the island.
Within a quarter of a mile of them lay a large merchant-vessel with English colors at the top, and Dick was not long in getting a boat lowered and rowing off to visit her. She turned out to be the Hamilton, from Southampton to Bahia. Her captain greeted Dick cordially, but he was almost alone on

board, all the passengers having gone ashore for the day, and half the crew being away in search of water. "I hear," said Dick, "that you're some passengers for us. Who are they?"
"Madame Schultz and M. Frochard," replied the captain. "They're Swiss colonists for Ascension—brother and sister; and there's a Spanish seaman, named Glidex, who's working out his passage to the Cape."
"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Dick. "I had hoped for one or two fellow-countrymen to talk to. We're deadly dull on the brig."
"Oh!" said the captain of the Hamilton, laughing, "you'll be lively enough now. Frochard is a first-rate fellow for stories, and speaks English capitably; and his sister's a real beauty. If only she wouldn't keep to herself so much."
The boats were now seen putting off from the shore. When they came near to the ships one of them left the rest and steered for the Speedwell.
"There go your passengers," said the captain to Dick. "They said good-by to me before leaving this morning, and now all that remains is for you to take their baggage over in your boat, if you'll be so good."
"Certainly," replied Dick; "I'm ready as soon as it is loaded."
"A vast there," said the captain; "we're not so inhospitable as that. You must stay and meet the rest of our company at supper."
The remainder of the passengers were just coming on board. Estcourt was introduced to them all in turn, and they sat down to supper soon afterward. They were a very uninteresting lot; chiefly Portuguese and English men of business, voyaging for mercantile houses with a South American connection. But the crowded table, the hum of conversation, and the continual laughter were a change to Dick, and he delayed his departure till the last moment.
When he returned to his own ship he found that his new companions had already gone to their cabins. Their baggage was carried down to them, and finding that they were not likely to appear again that night Dick soon afterward turned in himself.
He was already drowsy, when he became slowly conscious that he was listening to a noise which seemed to have been going on for an indefinite length of time.
It was the sound of two voices, whether far off or near he could not tell; but the other seemed still like a voice in a dream, utterly remote from the real world, and yet in a way even more real to him than that which preceded and followed it.
Over and over again he thought himself on the point of remembrance, but he never quite reached it, and in a short time the bland, soothing tones overcame him like a spell, and he fell into a dreamless sleep.
When he awoke next morning the mysterious noises of the night had passed entirely from his recollection. He hastened on deck, and found that he was the first to arrive there. It was a fresh, breezy morning, and the brig was cutting the waves gallantly as she went southward in long tacks. Four or five miles away to starboard the Hamilton was winging her way to the westward, the courses of the two vessels diverging more and more with every minute. The islands lay like tiny clouds upon the horizon behind them, and the long, low coast-line of Africa was visible to larboard under a rainy sky.
Dick took a careful survey, and began to prophesy to himself about the weather.
"Those who are expecting today to be the same as yesterday," he murmured, sentimentally, "will be probably a good deal—"
As he spoke the words died away on his lips and the torpor of helpless astonishment seized upon him. He could not turn his head, he could not move; but he heard behind him a voice that shook the inmost fibers of his soul. Whether it came from the sky or the sea, if he were mad or sane, living or dead, he knew not, but there were the lovely tones in which Camilla spoke in the old times before he had to begin life anew.
The voice came nearer, and still he could not or dared not move. Then, suddenly, another voice answered—the strange familiar voice of the night before; he remembered it in a flash, and knew it for Colonel de Montaut's.
He turned swiftly and was face to face with them.
The colonel came toward him at once with outstretched hand, and with a cordial smile upon his face; but Dick passed him and went forward to Camilla.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Singular Suicide.
A Paris working shoemaker named Chapeau committed suicide on July 23 for an extraordinary reason. He was found dead in his room, suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove. On the table was found a letter, in which he said: "For ten years past I have been saving up to buy a really pretty china table service, which has cost me 115 francs. I had promised to inaugurate it by a dinner to my numerous friends in the neighborhood; but, as I have not the means of providing a good feed I have resolved to die. In order that my friends might not be wholly losers, however, I desire that the service may be distributed as here set down." Then follows a list of the friends among whom he wished the different parts to be divided.

Chester's Climbing Escal.
Quite a novel sight was seen at Jennings' lower factory in Chester Saturday, writes the pictorial editor of the New York Sun. A large number of eels about three inches long were seen climbing up the perpendicular sides of the wooden flume with apparent ease. A little moisture assisted their speed, but when it was perfectly dry their movements were but slightly impeded.—Rx.

Where Does the Cash Go?
Several millions of dollars pass into the hands of the bookmakers during the racing season in this country. Of course, some of it comes back to the bettors, but as few who bet come out ahead at the end of the season, and the bookmakers constantly complain that they are losing money, it would be interesting to know where all the cash goes to.

Few Actresses Are Pretty in Private
There is Lotta, says a writer in the New York Press, fascinating as a white kitten on the stage, who would recognize her in the red-headed, freckled little woman black-berrying in a calico dress, tin pail in hand, that you meet in the woods about Lake George? Ellen Terry? One would know her anywhere, to be sure. Still, a tall figure with a bounding step might brush by on Oxford street or Piccadilly before you realized that the rough Newmarket and somewhat battered hat was worn by a woman whose beauty people forget to question and who leaves her paint pots in the theater dressing-room.

We owe Miss Terry a good deal. She is the only actress of fame who does not insist on telling, through public advertisements, what make of powder she prefers and whose perfume goes on her handkerchief. Neither does she lend her face to the soap maker or tobacconist, nor her characteristic autograph to anybody's balm or lotion. We, too, have been spared a catalogue of her body-linen. To this day an admiring public is ignorant as to whether its pet actress wears silk or woolen next her skin. Neither has she conjured us in the magic name of Worth or Pingat. Yet who could wish her to dress her part differently?

The stars who, in the detective light of the sun, are handsome are exceedingly rare. The two most noted examples are Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. The latter is fast losing her fine lines and freshness, but her exquisite dressing does something to deaden the sense of loss. At least it distracts the eye.

Mary Anderson is always a handsome woman, and this is largely due to the fact that she has a complexion more English than American in its bloom. She is careful almost to precision in her toilet, and if seen in a negligé it is certain to be both elegant and becoming.

The Worship of Wonderful Springs.
Popular Science Monthly for March.
From the most remote time the beneficent springs that jet from the interior of the earth have excited the gratitude and admiration of men. Like the sea and rivers they have benedicted the peoples of the Indo-European family, and the worship that has been given to them, and the fables with which superstition has invested them, express the degree to which popular imagination has been struck by their mysterious origin, their inexhaustible flow and their secret properties. The Greeks attributed to the fountain of Dodona, in Epirus, the faculty of discovering hidden truths and uttering oracles. The fountain of Egeria was supposed to possess the same power, and was entrusted to the guardianship of the Vestal Virgins. The fountains of Castalia, on the flank of Parnassus, of Hippocrene, near Helicon, were believed to communicate the poetic spirit.

The Gauls had special veneration for the springs to which they went in search of health. The old romances of chivalry in their fancies of a fountain of youth, where spent forces and lost charms could be recovered, were only reproducing a myth of old Greece.

The perennial nature of springs, which was for a long time regarded as a sacred mystery, was also their most striking characteristic to those who sought to explain it without reference to religion and poetry. According to Aristotle's idea, which was adopted by Seneca and prevailed till the sixteenth century, "the interior of the earth contains deep cavities and much air, which must necessarily be cooled there. Motionless and stagnant it is not long in being converted into water by a metamorphosis like that which, in the atmosphere, produces rain drops. That thick shadow, that eternal cold, that condensation which is disturbed by no movement, are the always subsisting and incessantly acting causes of the transmutation of air.

Women in Russia.
From a Moscow Letter.
The women in Russia do two-thirds of the work in the country. There are immense wheat, oat and hay fields everywhere, and in August there is great activity in the country. The large majority of persons at work are women. They wear short dresses, plain and straight, and a long piece of cloth over their heads like Avahs. The wheat is sown broadcast, and if not cut by the women with sickles, is harvested with the old-fashioned scythe, which is a two-pound snood and a broad, short blade. From the snood up to the handle there is a wooden bow, something like in appearance, the end of the heavy handle, from falling back over the scythe handle and scattering. I have never yet seen the man who would deem to gather up, bind and stack the wheat or oats when once it was filled. The women must do this while the men do the "gentlemanly" work, although I have seen many women cutting grain with the scythe. The neighbors club together in harvest and help one another. A Russian harvesting (tenderous) is quite lively and is the scene of a motley crowd. The old men and young, boys and girls, with their mothers, grandmothers and aged women assemble at daybreak. There are a number of horses on which are carried water, food and extra implements. The horses the boys and men ride, while the old women walk. They always carry the scythes, forks and rakes back and forth every day and work as long as there is daylight, and since it is daybreak at 5 a. m. and not dark until half past nine p. m., the hours of labor are long ones.

An Expensive Dinner.
A trio were sitting on the postoffice guard rail one night telling stories. One of them related this: "I know of a fellow who had spent a very quiet life in the country and had never been to the city. Coming into a little money he suddenly developed a desire to be a sportsman and immediately departed for the city. It was his habit after arriving to lounge around the corners in the central part of the city, and he naturally heard the glided youth talking about the amount of money they spent."
"Say, I had a great dinner last night," he heard one say, "and it cost me \$20."
"Many other remarks like this he heard, and the rustic sport decided to get into the swim too. He made up his mind at once to get an expensive dinner, not realizing that the most of the money spent by the boasters he had overheard had been for wine. Walking into a swell restaurant, he called the waiter over. 'Say, look here,' said he, 'I want an expensive dinner like the best of the bloods. Bring me \$20 worth of ham and eggs.'"

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