The Captain of the Northern Light

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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It was a wild March day, and the her old home in Nonootch. Scattered rising wind sang in the rigging of the about here and there were other things ships. The weather horizon, dark and that brought her memory painfully brilliant, in ominous alternations back to him; that hurt him with their showed a sky of piled-up cloud inter- familiarity; that caused him to lift spersed with inky patches where them up and hold them with a sort of squalls were bursting. To leeward despairing wonder: her guitar, her the broad lagoon, stretching for a worn, lock-fast desk, the old gilt phodozen miles to the tree-topped rim of tograph album he remembered so the ocean beaches reverberated with had been! miles or more, lay like a snake on the for the steps, then at the uncouth windward!" This said, the door went fore it would be courting death. boisterous waters of the equator and clothes as they gradually appeared, shut behind him. Gregory sprang to But to stake Madge's life! Madge, defied the sea and storm.

sparred for safety, the sort of vessel two glasses. that does well under plain sall, and when pressed can fly. The other, the Edelweiss, was a miniature fore and cacy and grace, betraying at a glance | One could see what the fellow drank. that she had been designed a yacht, and in spite of fallen fortunes, was still sailed as one. The man that laid her lee rail under would get danger as well as speed for his pains, and in time would be likely to satisfy a taste for both by making a swift trip to the bottom.

The deck of the Northern Light was empty save for the single tall figure of Gregory Cole, captain and owner, who was leaning over the rail gazing at the Edelweiss. He was a man of about 30, his tanned, handsome face overcast and somber, his eyes, with their characteristic hunted 1 look, fixed in an uneasy stare on his ! smaller neighbor.

He had never known how passionately he had loved Madge Blanchard until be had lost her; until after that wild quarrel on Nonootch, when her father had called him a slaver to his face, and they had parted on either side in anger; until he had beaten up from westward to find her the monthold wife of Joe Horble. Somehow in the course of those long, miserable months, he had never thought of her marrying; he felt so confident of that fierce love she had so often confessed for him; he had come back repentant, ashamed of the burning offense he had then taken, determined to let bygones be bygones, and to begin, if need be, a new and a more blameless way of life.

He had to see her. He was mad to see her. The thought of her torture and tempted him without end. Suppose she, too, had learned that love is stronger than oneself; that the mouth can say Yes when the heart within is breaking; that she, like himself, had found the time to repent her folly? Was he the man to leave her thus; to acquiesce tamely in a decision that was doubtless already abhorrent to her; to remain with unlifted hands when she might be on fire for the sign to come to him? No, never! he'd beg her forgiveness and offer her the choice. Yes or no! It was for her to choose.

He jumped into the dinghy and pulled over to the schooner. Small at a distance, she seemed to shrink as he drew near her, so that when he stood up he was surprised to find his head above the rail. So this was Horble, this coarse, red-faced trader, with the pug nose, the fat hands, the sourly!

"Capt. Horble?" said Gregory Cole. Madge, and Madge loves me!" "Glad to see you aboard," said They shook hands and sat side by

side on the rail. Where's Madge?" said Gregory.

Mrs. Horble's ashore," said the cap-

"I'm afraid I can never call her anytecting the covert reproach in the ory. other's voice.

Horble was plainly ill at ease. His Horble. "She ain't labor." face turned a deeper red. He was on the edge of blurting out a dis Gregory. agreeable remark, and then hesitated. making an inarticulate sound in his said Horble. throat. Like everybody else, he was afraid of the labor captain.

glancing about the empty deck. Horble.

"Thunder:" cried Gregory, "Do Horble.

"Do you mean to say she pullyhauls your damn ropes?" exclaimed barrel, she's yours!"

"Yes," said Horble. "What's tons between the two of us?"

'And cooks" said Gregory. And cooks," said Horble. "I know she can sail a boat against |

anybody," said Gregory, wincing at the remark.

truder! Get out!"

minute," said Gregory, with a strange no malice for having stepped in and white and broken as far as the eye "She's ashore, I tell you," said Hor-

ble, sullenly. "I'll just run below and make sure,"

said Gregory.

He slipped down the little compar fon way, looked about the empty cabin and peered into the semi-darkness of the only stateroom.

"Madge!" he cried. "Madge!"

"Say when," said Horble,

"Here's luck," said Gregory,

"Drink hearty," said Horble.

windward. ward!" he said.

say good-by.

said Gregory.

said Gregory.

in a husky stutter.

Gregory.

Gregory was conscious of a be

"I'm not going till I see Madge,"

"Decide what?" demanded Horbie

'Between you and me, old fellow,'

Horble began to tremble.

sentence with the possessive.

'Yes." said Gregory.

then at the fat, weak, frightened face his feet and burst it open with his whom he loved so dearly! Madge, Within the lagoon, and not far off of the man himself. He grew sick powerful shoulders, crushing Horble for whom he would have died! the seitlement, two ships rocked at at the sight of him. Would Horble against the bunk, who, pistol in hand, And yet there was something subanchor. One, the Northern Light, strike him? Would Horble have the fired at him point blank. The bullet lime in the thought of taking her in was a powerful topsail schooner of a grit to order him off the ship? No; went wide, and there was a sound of his arms and driving before the gale, hundred tons; straight bowed, low in the infernal coward was getting out shattering glass. Gregory's hands the storm sails treble recied on the the water, built on fine lines and yet the gin-a bottle of square-face and clenched themselves on Horbie's, and bending yards, the decks awash from the revolver twisted this way and end to end. Madge beside him, the that under the double grasp. Horble pitchy night in front, the enguling "When," said Gregory.

Horble tipped the bottle into his lower jaw hung open, and he cried as or smother, accepting their fate toafter of about 20 tons, a toy of dell own glass. A second mate's grog! he fought, the tears streaking his red gether, and, if need be, drowning at face; there was an agonized light in the last in each other's arms. his eyes, for his forefinger was break- He looked toward the settlement ing in the trigger guard. A hair's and saw a crowd of natives pushing "Joe Horble," said Gregory, lean-breadth more and he could have a whaleboat into the water; looked

The fact of Horble's death, even if her hands. she thought it accidental, would thing but horror stricken, whether she judged her former lover innocent or not. She might even undergo a terrible remorse. At such a moment how little likely she would be to give "And you've the gall to say that on way to him! Of course she would remy ship, at my table, about my wife!" fuse. Any woman would refuse. exclaimed Horble, punctuating the Every restraining influence would be massed against him. No, his only hope lay in getting her aboard his Horble sat awhile silent. He was schooner and out of the lagoon be- but he stopped her. obviously turning the matter over in fore the least suspicion could dawn his head. He said at last he would upon her. Once away, and it might go on deck and take another look to be two years before she might even hear of Horble's death. Once away, You shan't kiss me!" "There's a power of dirt to wind- and the empty seas would keep his

secret. Once away-He studied the weather with a new reef, smoked with the haze of an im- well. He sat down at the table and laying pin being whipped out of and consuming anxiety. How could like grass in the succeeding gusts, and a fool he had been! What a fool he roused and tense, his nostrils vibrat. a course through the middle channel! Makin, no higher than a man, no ble's footsteps down the ladder. With then Horble backed into the state, aloft would be at fault. And outwider than a couple of furlongs, but his head leaning on his hand, he room, remarking with furtive insincer. side, what then? Already it was in circumference a sinuous giant of 90 looked at the big naked feet feeling ity: "There's a power of dirt to working up a hurricane. To run be-

"Capt. Cold," said Horble, calmly, but with a quiver of his lip, "we'll that appalled him. Besides, what take another drink, and then we'll ever happened, he had another real the house and ray to be a property of the house son for keeping the truth from Madge. ing back from him as he tried to take man in a dream, was pulling with her shock her to the core. It was in- would have kissed her. "Greg, you the main boom jerked violently at "It's for Madge to decide," added conceivable that she would feel any- must not! I'm married. It's all dif- the sheet and lashed to and fro the ferent now." her, but she pushed him fiercely back.

Her eyes were flashing and her bosom rose and fell. "I'm Joe's wife," she said. Then, from his face, she seemed to divine something. "What have you done to Joe?" she

cried. She would have passed him, "No, no!" he protested.

"Let me go, or I shall call him," she "You shan't insult me! broke out. He was kissing her even as he held

her back, even as she fought and struggled with him-on the lips, on the neck, on her black, loosened hair, pending gale. Ashore, the palms bent buried his face in his hands. What sight, and in an instant he was he manage to get out at all, or pick now tangling and flying in the wind. He was so weak that she soon got the ing with a sense of danger. The It was thick with coral rocks, and in better of him-so weak and dizzy that a furious surf. The great atoll of He was roused by the sound of Hor- two men stared at each other, and a day so overcast the keenest eye he did not guard himself as she struck him on the mouth with her little doubled-up fist. He put his hand to his lip and

found it bleeding. He showed her what she had done. She drew back and regarded him with mingled pity and exultation. "Now will you let me go?" she

n his berth. I made him drunk, Madge. I had to talk to you, alone, what she was doing. and there was no other way."

She was stung to the quick. Her husband's shame was hers, and it was somehow plain that Horble had been at fault before. She never thought to doubt Greg's word, though his calousness revolted her.

"What is it you want to say?" she said at last in an altered voice. "To ask you to forgive me."

"For what? for taking advantage of loe's one failing?" "No; for leaving you the way I

"I'll never do that, Greg-never,

never, never!" Your father-

"Don't try to blame my father, Greg.

"I blame only myself." "Why have you come back to torture me?" she exclaimed. "You said it was forever. You cast me off, when

I cried and tried to keep you. You and kissed him. said I'd never see you again." "I was a fool, Madge."

"Then accept the consequences, and leave me alone."

"And if I can't-" She looked him squarely to the

eyes. "I am Joe's wife," sale * "1. "Madge," he said, "I am not trying to defend myself. I'm throwing almost strangled in his throat. myself on your mercy. I'm begging you, on my knees, for what I threw thought of Joe?"

break vours?"

"Madge," he cried, "in ten minutes wife." we can be aboard the Northern Light and under weigh; in an hour ory. we can be outside the reef; in two. and this cursed island will sink forver see as again or know whither we people-Tahiti, Marquesas, the Pearl islands-where we shall win back our lost happiness, and find our love only the stronger for what we've suf-

fered. She pointed to the windward sky. I think I know the port we'd make." "Then make it," he cried, "and go lown to it in each other's arms."

hesitate no longer. Her hot hands control; obstinate, reserved, willful token of her surrender. Herself a courage and resolution. It was inex-child of the sea, brought up from in-plicable now to see him crying like a fancy among boats and ships, her hand as true on the tiller, her sparkling eyes as keen to watch the luff of a sail as any man's, she knew as well as Gregory the hell that awaited them outside. To accept so terrible an ordeal seemed like a purification of her dishonor. If she died. she would die unstained; if she lived, it would be after such a bridal that would obliterate her tie to the sot below. Then, on the eve of her giving way, as every line in her body showed her longing, as her head drooped as though to find a resting place on the breast of the man she loved, she suddenly called up all her

resolution and tore herself free. "I'm Joe's wife!" she said. Gregory faltered as he tried again to plead with her.



Where's Madae.

out. "I'm his Greg. I will not Cracroft was hoisting in the boats Northern Light, and that as she gazed him. But the moment of her mad- whitened and boiled in the scheoner's Royal Magazine. ness had passed.

He sat down on the rail instead, his eyes defying hers.

ing aside the gaskets, she stripped his ears. the sail covers off the mainmast and began with practiced hands to reef Edelweiss!" down to the third reef. Then she went forward and did the same to the Cracroft, grimly.

on the halyards of both sails. The "You must not!" she cried, as he wind thundered in them as they rose; width of the deck; the anchor chain He tried to put his arms around fretted and sawed in the hawse hole;



"Get Into Your Boat."

the whole schooner strained and "Madge," he returned, "Joe's drunk creaked and shook to the keelson. tion at the state house in Boston, Gregory; in amazement, asked Madge | draped over the British drum captured

> "Going to sea, Greg," she said. "Alone?" he cried. "Alone?" "Joe and I," she said.

It was on his tongue to tell her Joe was dead; but, though he tried, clined to retain it. he could not do so. It wasn't in killed her husband. He could only present owners. James A. Knight, a and over again: "To sea!"

you while I am brave-while I am yet | stated. He believes there may be in able to resist-while I can still re- some branch of the Foster family a demember I am Joe's wife!

"And drown," he said. "What do I care if I do?" she re-

thing? said, "I'll go myself. With my big of retreat until the fleeing English solschooner I'd have twice the chance you'd have."

She put her arms round his neck "You sweet traitor," she said, "you'd

play me false!" He protested vehemently that he would not deceive her.

"Besides," she said, "I could risk myself, but I couldn't bear to risk you. Greg." He tried a last shot. The words

"And Joe?" he said. "Have you no "Joe loves me," she said-"loves "You've broken my heart," she me a thousand times better than you said: "why should I mind if you ever did. Joe's man enough to chance death rather than lose his

"But I won't let you go!" said Greg-

He caught her round the body and rived at Charlestown. ever behind us, and no one here will tried to hold her, but she fought herself free. His have gone. Let us follow the gale, gone; he was as feeble as a child; and push into new seas, among new in the course of those short hours something semed to have snapped within him. Even Madge was startled at his weakness

"Greg, you're ill!" she cried, as he staggered and caught at a backstay to sooner, inevitably have intercepted save himself from falling. He sat down on the house and tried to keep back a sob. Madge stooped and looked anxiously into his face. She For a moment she looked at him in had known him for two years as a woman, his square shoulders bent and heaving his sinewy hands opening and shutting convulsively,

"You're ill," she repeated. "I'll go down and fetch you something." This pulled him together. "I'm all right, Madge," he said, faintly. suppose it's just a touch of the old fever. See, it's passing already.

She watched him in silence. Then she stepped forward, dropped down the forecastle hatchway, and reappeared with an ax. White he was wondering what she meant to do, she raised it in the air and crashed it down on the groaning anchor chain. It parted at the first blow, and the Edelweiss, now adrift. blundered broadside on to leeward.

Madge ran aft, brought the schoonr up in the wind, and cried out to Gregory to get into his boat. He said sullenly be wouldn't do any-

thing of the kind. She lashed the wheel and came up to him.

"I mean it, Greg," she said, "You are going to your death, Madge," he said. "Get into your boat!"

He rose and slowly began to obey.

neated.

"You may kiss me good-by. Greg." she said.

She put up her face to his: their lies met. Then, with her arm around him, she half forced, balf supported him to the port quarter, where his boat was slopping against the side. He wanted to resist; he wanted to cry out and tell her the truth, but a strange, leaden powerlessness benumbed him. He got into the dinghy. drew in the drippins painter she cast after him, and watched her ease the sheet and set the vessel scudding rug any more than a cut meeds two for the passage. With her black hair flying in the wind, her bare arms dear, never to buy anything because resting lightly on the wheel her it is cheap? straight, giriish, supple figure bending with the heel of the deck, she never Again he besought her to go with faltered nor looked back as the water wasn't cheap, my love; it cost \$25. -

wake. Gregory came to himself iz his own cabin. Cracroft, the mate, was bend She stopped aft, and his heart stood ing over him with a bottle of whisky. still as she seemed on the point of The Malita steward was chafing his descending the companion. But she maked feet. Overhead the rush and had another purpose in mind. Throw- roar of the gale broke pitilessly on

"The Edelweiss!" he gasped; "the "Went down an hour ago, sir," said

FLAG OWNED IN MASSACHUSETTS BELIEVED TO BE SUCH.

Handed Down from Israel Foster, a Minute Man, with Statement It Was Captured from British in 1775.

Boston.-In the possession of Mrs. Emma F. Knight of West Medford, Mass, is, a British flag, which has been handed down from revolutionary days, as a relic of the disastrous march of Gen. Gage's men to Lexington and

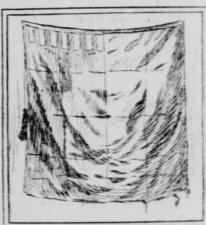
Concord on the 19th of April, 1775. The authenticity of the relic has never been doubted by its owners, but they do not know the circumstances by which it passed out of the hands of the British, and into those of Israel Foster, an Essex county minuteman, who left it to his descendants, who in turn passed it along to theirs, until it came into the possession of Mrs. Knight's husband, James F. Knight, a

veteran of the civil war. The flag was given to Mr. Knight by Israel Foster of Manchester, Mass., his great-grandfather. He had received it from his upcle, Israel Foster of Marblehead, with the statement that it was captured at the battle of Lexington.

In 1818, when Israel Foster of Marblehead died, the flag was on exhibiat Lexington. Mr. Foster made a will, giving the flag to his nephew, Israel, of Manchester, but there was some delay in securing the delivery of the relic, as the state authorities were in

If the flag had a clear history at that flesh and blood to tell her he had time it has not been transmitted to the look at her helplessly, and say over son of Mrs. Knight, has tried to look up its history, but with no further re-"Greg," she said. "I mean to leave sult than to learn of the facts here tailed account of how Israel Foster of Marblehead got the flag.

That he captured it at Lexington turned. "What do I care for any- does not seem probable, as the men of Salem and Marblehead, although they "If it's to be one or the other," he marched fast, did not reach the scene



Flag Said to Have Been Captured in

"You can't stop me," she returned. diers, hurrying for their lives, had ar-

treat: "They had not arrived in Charlestown (under cover of their ships) half an hour before a powerfu body of men from Marblehead and Salem was at their beels, and must, if they had happened to be one hour

their retreat to Charlestown." It is possible that the flag was thrown away or lost in the panie of the running fight all the way from Lexington to Charlestown. The British a sort of exaltation. She seemed to man of unusual sternness and self- soldiers were dropping of exhaustion. They had been up all the night before, reached for his, and he felt in her and moody, yet one that gave al. on the march to Lexington and Con quick and tumultuous breath the first ways the impression of unflinching cord. They had fought all day, having been galled all along the line of retreat by firing from behind trees and fences,

> and from windows of houses. No general historical account of the battle mentions the loss of British col ors, so that the regiment from which this flag may have come cannot readily be determined.

This proves little, however, since the demoralization of the British was so complete that the loss of one flag might not have been reported, especially if it were lost through the death of its bearer in the retreat. There is another statement concern-

ing the flag, which is borne out by its appearance. This is that it was used by the militia under Washington in lieu of a national American standard which was not originated until 1777. To the edge of the upper corner

were sewed 13 short stripes of buff. the continental colors. These unquestionably were intended to represent the 13 states. Thus embellished, the hated red of England might have be come a temporary buttleday for the patriots.

If the flag were used in the come 4 neutal army it might have come inco the possession of a brother of Israel Foster of Marblebeak who was an ensign in the Manchester (Mass.) militia company.

The appearance of the upper lefthand corner indicates that a piece has been cut out, as silk of another quality has been set in.

If the portion removed were a crossor union, as the term is, it was smaller than the regulations now require, and out of proportion to the rest of the flag, which was about 1 free by 6. As one end of the flag has been worn of it is now about 4 feet square.

Nothing of the Kind. He (fercely)-We don't need that tails. How often have I told you my

She (with air of one who has got the better of an argument) -- But it

Sounded Insulting. Sam-What's d' matter with you and

Chice? Susan-Matter 'nough, She insulted my friend, Mr. Jackson, what called on me las' night.

"Insuited Mr. Jackson, did she?" "Dat's what she done. She asked me who dat 'ere nocturnal visitor

was!"-Yonkers Statesman.

Horble gasped. "She's mine!" said Gregory. Horble helped himself to more gin,

and then slowly wiped his mouth with

the back of his hand. "You're forgetting she's my wife," "I'll give you a thousand pounds

"A thousand pounds!" repeated

"I won't sell my wife to no man, The pair looked at each other. Hor-

Horble shook his head. "Madge ain't for sale," he said.

has told me how near it was a go blood! between you and her, and how, if you life went on deck and cast the re-Horble spat in the water and said hadn't cleared out so sudden the way volver overboard, standing at the taffnothing. His fat, broad back said you did, she would have married you rail and watching it sink. Even in Madge, plainer than words: "You're an in in spite of old Blanchard. But when the time he had been below the wind you went away like that you left the had risen; it was blowing great guns "I believe she's aboard this very field clear, and you mustn't bear me to seaward, the lagoon itself was said Maka. taken your leavings. What's done's could reach. Aboard his own schoon- ing up a song. Madge seemed to redone, and it's a sorry game to come er they were busy housing the top- main standing at the gangway where

"Oh!" said Gregory. "If you choose," continued Horble and making everything snug. in his tone of wounded reasonable. Gregory leaned against the wheel erie and was loath to go below. ness, "you can make a power of mis and tried to think. To throw Horchief between me and Madge. I don't ble's body overboard would be to ac place. Even as he did so it came think it comes very well from you to complish nothing. The blood the over him that he was extraordinarily was not a soul below. But on the calls himself a man would do it; would all betray him. To scuttle the stood and looked at her. least of all a genelman like yourself, schooner with a stick of dynamite was machine and a balf-made dress of cot- whom we all respect and look up to. a better plan, but that involved re- per. "Madge!" print. She had always been fond Capt. Cole, if you've lost Madge, you turning to the Northern Light, with - She turned instantly, paling as sh

never did you no harm."

HORBLE SANK AT THE FIRST SHOT. faded blue eyes that met his own so ing both elbows on the table, "there's, dfiven a bullet through his oppo again, and saw old Maka taking his something you ought to know; I love nent's body; a twist the other way- place in the stern sheets and assistand he mouned and ground his teeth ing a woman in beside him. The and frenziedly strove to regain what woman! It needed no second glance he had lost. Suddenly he let go, to tell him it was Madge. He had snatched his left hand clear, and never counted on her coming off in throttled Gregory against the wall company. Fool that he was, he had Gregory, suffocating, his eyes staring taken it for granted that she would from their sockets, his mouth drib- be alone. Everything, in fact, turned bling blood and froth, struggled with on her being alone. Then, with a supreme desperation for the pistol. start, he remembered his own dinghy, thing but Madge," said Gregory, de for her, cash and bills," said Greg- Getting it in the very nick of time, and how it would betray him. He had and eluding Horble's right hand, he made it fast on the schooner's star-

received the second kneeling. Then hands and knees, lest his head should he toppled backward, and lay in a be seen above the shallow rail, he untwitching heap against the drawers loosed the painter, worked the boat below the bunk, greaning and cough- astern, and drew it again to port. ing. Gregory, with averted face. Then he crouched down in the alleyble's hand felt for the giu again. His gave him another shot behind the ear, way and waited. "Crew's ashore, too," said Gregory, speech had grown a little thick. He and another through the mouth, and A few minutes later and the whaler was angry and flustered, and a duli then went out, sick and faint, shut- was bumping against the schooner's "There ain't no crew," muttered resentment was mantling his heavy ting the stateroom door behind him, side. It might have been bumping He sat for a long time beside the against Gregory's heart, so agonizing "I'll go the schooner," cried Greg table, absolutely spent, and still hold was the suspense as he lay breathless you do it with electricity, or what?" ory. "The Northern Light, as she ing the revolver in his hand. He was and cramped between the coffinlike Me and Madge runs her," returned lies there this minute, not a dollar shaking in a chill, though the temper width of the house and rail. owing on her bottom, with £200 of lature was over 80, and the cabin. specie in her safe. Lock, stock and when he had first entered it, had off, Maka," said Madge. seemed to him overpoweringly hot and stiffing. He warmed himself sically in denial. "No, no!" he cried. with a nip of gin. He looked over his "Please yourself," said Gregory, clothes for a trace of blood and captain," said Madge. You'll end by losing her for noth- was thankful to find none. He took Gregory was in a cold sweat of apoff his coat: he examined the soles of prehension. "Capt. Cole," said Horble, "Madge his shoes. No blood! Thank God, no

back too late and insult a man who masts, and the yeo-heave-yeo of they had left her. Gregory felt by tray my husband for any man." straining voices warned him that instinct that she was gazing at the

oks, and there, in the corner, was know you can only blame yourself." the possibility of Madge coming off saw who confronted her. her little bookcase, taken bodily from "I don't call her lost," said Gregory. in the interval and discovering the "Greg!" she cried.

You can't sell white women," said fired twice through the armpit down. | board quarter, near the little ac-Horble sank at the first shot, and commodation ladder. Going on his

"It was kind of you to bring me

"You must come below and see the "Too much storm," said Maka,

rocks on the church roof."

The old Hawaiian laughed mu-

Again Gregory trembled. "More better I go home quick," "No rocks, no roof!" The boat shoved off, the crew strikshe sighed; that she was lost in rev-

Horble had not lied to him. There do it: I don't think anything that shot holes, the disordered cabin, tired-so tired that he swayed as he "Madge!" he said in almost a whis

He rose stiffly from his hiding