

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

As soon as the enemy showed a disposition to lay down their arms, Marl Laroon gave the order for stopping the conflict. There were but about thirty Russians left alive, and they were huddled together upon the forecastle. They laid down their arms upon promise of their lives being spared, and were quickly put in irons. After this was done, Captain Laroon mustered his men, and forty-seven answered to their names, so thirty-three were either dead or so badly wounded as not to be able to answer.

The next movement was to clear the decks, and hammocks were brought from the corvette in which to sew the dead bodies, and three men were detailed among the prisoners to help in the work. They commenced to bury the dead, and by the time this was accomplished it was well into the afternoon.

As soon as a hasty dinner had been prepared and eaten, the pirate captain took some of his men with him and went on board the corvette, where he made a general overhauling of the cargo and stores. He found something over seventy thousand dollars in gold. This was moved first. Next he took what provisions he could conveniently stow away, considerable ammunition and arms, some sails and rigging, and all the charts, signals, mathematical instruments, etc. The next movement was to get the corvette's boats down and put the prisoners into them—all save seven, who wished to join the pirates, and who were gladly taken. The rest were directed to pull for the shore as quickly as they pleased, and as soon as they shoved off the ship was set on fire in half a dozen places.

It was just dark when the pirates fixed their mainyard so that sail could be made on it, and by this time the corvette was in flames. Ere long the Scourge was sweeping away to the northward, and just as her bowsprit was calling the first watch, a broad, wild glare shot up into the heavens, and on the next moment a loud roar burst upon the air, and the devoted corvette was but a black, charred mass of torn and blasted timbers.

CHAPTER VII.

Paul had not so much to attend to as one might have imagined. There were but a few cuts, and even those were not of much moment. He had only six men upon his list, and these he promised to restore to duty in a few days. The old gunner was in a precarious situation, and the surgeon assured him that it was only by scrupulous care that he could hope to recover.

On the morning of the third day from the engagement with the corvette, land was reported directly ahead, and in an hour more other land was made out upon the larboard bow and beam. At 10 o'clock a number of small islands were plainly distinguished, and before noon the brig had run in among them. After this, her course was laid more to the southward, and to one not used to the place it appeared as though the vessel was to be run on shore. But ere long a narrow inlet was opened, between what proved to be the mainland and a large island, and beyond there appeared a wide bay. The track through this inlet was a dubious one, for huge black rocks lifted their heads above water on every hand; but the brig was run safely in, and was then within a circular bay some ten miles in diameter. But the end was not yet. Toward the eastern side of this bay appeared to be a sort of cape extending out some distance from the mainland, but which proved, upon approaching it, to be an island which stood at the mouth of a smaller bay. Around this island the brig made her way, and ere long she was anchored at the mouth of quite a respectable river.

This was Silver Bay, and the river bore the same name. Its position was upon the coast of Japan, and some fifty or sixty miles distant from Nagasaki. It was a strange place in view of its natural defenses, and seemed made for the use to which it was now put. Marl Laroon had received it from an old freebooter who had used it for many years, and probably the present chieftain told the truth when he said that it had been a piratical retreat for nearly two centuries.

"How long shall we lay here, captain?" asked Buffo Burnington, after everything had been put to rights.

"Perhaps a month. That last haul from the corvette may give us a longer resting spell than I had before calculated upon." Then turning to Paul, who stood near him, he said: "Do you want to go up with me this evening?"

The youth started, but if he felt any strong emotion he quickly subdued it, for he soon replied, and without any hesitation:

"I think if you go up this evening I had better wait until you come back, for I do not think it safe to leave Ben Marton alone. Either you or I should be with him."

"What is the need of that?" "He is very low, now, and his recovery depends entirely upon his being suited in every respect. If we can keep him easy, say four days at the outside, he will be over the crisis. So you go to-night, and when you come back I'll go."

The captain's first impulse was to leave Ben Marton out of the question, but he dared not do such a thing as that in the presence of his crew. But he went down to see the old man, and it was his request that either Paul or the captain should stick by him. So finally Laroon agreed to "go up" alone, and let Paul "go up" on the morrow. Accordingly, just at sundown, the boat was manned and the captain was pulled away up the river.

It was near midnight, and the old gun-

ner had fallen asleep. Paul watched him until he was sure he slept, and then he went upon deck. The night was calm and serene, and the heavens were cloudless. He was alone upon the quarter deck, the anchor watch being all forward. A deep sigh escaped him as he sat down, and he bowed his head upon his hands.

"Alas!" he murmured to himself, "how long must this last? Why should I thus be cast upon the world in outlaw's shoes, and be only a candidate for the gallows, while my heart shudders at the blackness of its life, and my soul turns in loathing from the things of evil that surround me?"

At that moment the youth heard a movement near him, and on looking up he saw the outlines of a human figure. He started to his feet, and as he did so the intruder spoke:

"I trust I have not offended?" "Burlington," cried Paul, extending his hand. "No, no, you need not fear to offend me by your presence, for I have had it when my very life hung upon it."

As the youth spoke he sat down upon the carriage of a gun, leaving room for Buffo to sit by his side.

"I suppose you saved my life as much for the captain's sake as my own?" the young man said, after Burnington had seated himself.

"Why should I have thought of the captain?" "Because you thought him to be my father. Did I not hear you speak of my resemblance to him?"

"Yes, for you both stood by the binnacle as I spoke, and you looked more then like Marl Laroon than you did like a binnacle. I only discovered that you both belonged to the same family of animate beings—that you were both of Adam. But let that pass. When Caucasian parents give birth to an Astarte child then I might believe that some few drops of Marl Laroon's blood flowed in your veins, but not till then. And yet I—I have seen some members of a family whom you resemble."

Paul started and placed his hand upon Buffo's arm.

"Do you mean anything by that?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. I mean that I have seen those of whom your face puts me in mind."

"And who are they? Where do they live? The name?"

"Let me ask you a question first. How long have you been here?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And you can remember nothing back of that?"

"Yes," returned Paul, eagerly, and yet sadly. "I can remember of playing in a wide park and riding a little pony. And I can remember of a little brook where I used to play in the water."

"And do you remember the name of the person with whom you lived then?"

"No, sir. Laroon has done everything in his power to make me forget those things; and what with my youth, and with his falsehood, I have forgotten it all. I can remember one cold, wet day, of being taken into a carriage with a strange man, and my little Mary with me—and of being driven off a long distance, and then Marl Laroon came up, and during the rest of the day we walked. And I can remember how little Mary cried and how he told her he would kill her if she did not stop. And then we stopped at a strange house and slept that night and the next day we reached the place where I saw the ships and wharves. That was Boston, as Marl has since told me."

"Did you come here then?"

"No. His rendezvous was then in Manila. We remained there until I was ten years old, and then he took me to sea, and left Mary in care of an old woman there. When I was fourteen he moved his headquarters to this place, and since then Mary has lived here. He and the Malays have harried the seas ever since."

"Is this girl of whom you speak a sister of yours?"

"Oh, no," quickly replied the youth.

"Did you ask Laroon whom you used to live with?"

"Yes, and he told me it was with a man named Delany."

"Then why did you say you had forgotten the name?"

"Because I do not think that is true."

For some moments Burnington was silent, but at length he said:

"Did you ever know any one whom you called 'Uncle Stephen'?"

Paul started to his feet and laid both his hands upon his companion's shoulders, and after gazing a few moments into his face he said:

"Speak that name again."

"Uncle Stephen."

"Ay, I remember it well. Now do I know that that name has often prattled over my boyhood's tongue. But there is more. Stephen is but half the name."

"Humphrey," said Buffo, in a low tone.

The youth sat back upon the gun carriage and folded his hands in his lap.

"Why, or why," he murmured, "have I never been able to call these things to mind? Oh, how clear, now, is the whole thing! How well do I remember that name—Uncle Stephen—Stephen Humphrey. But tell me, sir, what you know of this."

Burnington made no answer, but sat with his dark face hidden in his great hands. Paul had more time to reflect, and his anxiety grew apace.

"You must know something of my people—something of my early childhood. Do not refuse me."

"I knew your countenance puts me in mind of those whom I have seen," returned Burnington, who, after some hesitation, added, "I was at Col. Stephen's—"

"Col. Stephen?" interrupted Paul, with

energy. "Then I am honorably connected?"

"You once had most honorable friends. But let me go on. I was once at Col. Stephen Humphrey's, and I saw you there. I am sure 'twas you. That was seventeen years ago. You were a mere infant then, perhaps two years old. I can tell you no more, save that I knew you from the very lines of your face."

"But tell me if I have friends living?"

"Yes, you have friends all about you. Ben Marton would die for you, and half the crew—"

"I know that," interrupted Paul, with a grateful emotion manifest in his tone; "but you know what I mean. Have I any friends in America?"

"Hark! what sound was that?"

"Poor Ben is awake," added Paul, starting to his feet. "We shall converse again."

"Perhaps so."

The youth heard Ben's voice calling to him, and he stopped to say no more. Buffo Burnington watched the graceful figure of his companion until it had disappeared down the companion-way, and then he arose and walked forward, muttering to himself as he went:

"He has a friend he little dreams of."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the following day, toward the middle of the forenoon, Paul left the brig to go up the river. He had the same boat which the captain had used the evening previous, and he would have had the same crew had he listened to the will of Laroon. But he was determined to have men of his own choosing, and he did so. For the first time in his life he believed the chieftain wished to play the spy upon his motions, for there was something in Marl Laroon's look and tone while he was trying to force a boat's crew of his own selection upon the youth, which seemed to indicate that he had some secret reason for wishing it; but Paul simply remarked that he had promised four of his best friends that they should go up with him, and go they should.

"You will take good care of Ben," said the youth, as he stood in the gangway.

"Certainly," returned Marl, gruffly, and with ill humor.

As soon as the boat had fairly entered the river, the scene became delightful in the extreme. The bed of the stream seemed to be composed of white sand, and it gave to the water that brilliant, silvery appearance which had suggested the name of the stream and the bay. The banks were covered with aromatic shrubs, and flowers of every size and hue were abundant. It was amid such a scene that the boat was pulled for a distance of five miles ere anything like a human habitation was seen. But at length, as they rounded an abrupt angle in the river, they came in sight of a clump of buildings, most of which were small, thatched cottages; but upon one side, where a rivulet flowed down to the river, stood a large building of stone, seeming to have been originally erected for a place of refuge, for it was surrounded by a high wall with circular towers at the angles, in which were numerous embrasures for guns, though no guns were at present to be seen.

Towards this castle-like building the boat was pulled, entering the small tributary stream which flowed beneath the wall. When they reached the point where the water came from beneath the wall Paul gave a loud cry, and ere long a human head appeared on the other side, and soon afterwards a heavy portcullis was raised, and the boat glided beneath the heavy arch which was thus guarded.

This building was constructed somewhat after the Moorish style of architecture, and was quite spacious. There were two stories above ground, and how much there was below this even Paul himself did not know.

In one of the chambers of this place—a chamber sumptuously furnished—sat a female. She was not more than seventeen years of age, and as beautiful as the fabled houri. In form she was light and graceful. Her hair was a light asburn, having a golden hue where the light rested upon it. Her eyes were a deep, sparkling blue, and her features were as regular and finely chiseled as the most ambitious sculptor could wish to imitate. She was called by those who knew her now, Mary Delaney.

She was sitting by a window which overlooked the hills and plains back of the building, and there had surely been tears upon her cheeks. The expression of her face was one of eager, anxious earnestness, and at the slightest noise she started up, while the rich blood mounted to her face. Soon there came the sound of footsteps upon the stairs, and some one approached her room. She started to her feet—her door was opened—she saw the form of a man—and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of Paul Laroon.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she murmured, as she wound her arms more tightly about his neck, and gazed up through her happy tears, "thanks be to heaven that I see you once more. Oh, Paul, my own dear—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the word she would have uttered seemed to stick in her throat.

"I am back once more, Mary," the young man said, as he led her to a sofa and sat down by her side, "and what a joy is mine to find you so well and in safety. Oh, this has been a long, long year."

"And why did you not come and see me last spring, when the captain came? Oh, I watched for you then. He said that you did not care to come."

And as the girl spoke she burst into tears.

Teacher in Bad Humor.

Father—What are you crying about, Bobby?

Bobby (between sobs)—I don't want to go to school to-day.

Father—Why not?

Bobby—She jilted the teacher last night.—Modern Society.

Topics of the Times

Two men are attempting to cross Australia on bicycles.

In the museum at Turin are some war cartoons 3,000 years old.

There are words in the Chinese language which have as many as forty different meanings.

The only school for women gardeners in London is at the Royal botanic gardens, Regent's Park.

The most expensive chair in the world belongs to the Pope. It is of solid silver, and cost \$30,000.

It takes three nations to make the best gloves—Spain to produce the kid, France to cut it out, and England to sew it together.

A new idea is to have the numbers on the front doors of houses painted in luminous paint, so that they will be visible in the dark.

Large expenditures are being made by the Canadian Pacific at Banff, according to report, to develop the antracite coal fields discovered at that point.

At a recent conference the German, Belgian and English manufacturers of steel rails arrived at an understanding regarding the general export trade. According to the agreement English mills are to furnish 56 per cent of the foreign orders received, while those of Belgium and Germany will supply together the rest.

At the annual meeting of the Association of German Chemists, held at Mannheim recently, the Liebig gold medal for distinguished services in applied chemistry was presented to Dr. Rudolf Knietzsch, of the Badische Anilin und Soda-Fabrik, the discoverer of the so-called contact process of sulphuric acid manufacture.

Secretary Hay never could get on with the Russian language. He has spent much time and effort striving to master its intricacies, but had to give it up as a bad job and time wasted. The Secretary of State says he has a most profound respect for anyone who has ever succeeded in acquainting himself with this lingual abnormality.

In order to ascertain whether the flood waters behind the Tonto dam, of the Salt river project, will have an important effect in reducing the amount of saline constituents in the water, periodical salt determinations will be made in the river waters at that point. Recent experiments show that the salt in the waters is not derived from local sources.

Harry Payne Whitney, son of the late William C. Whitney, has a special aversion to speculation and keeps as far away from the Wall street pit as he possibly can. He takes more after the Vanseerblits in his business characteristics, believing in husbanding his investments with care and avoiding wild plunges for phenomenal and quick profits.

One of the Ozar's first acts after his return from his recent tour in the country was to have a cricket-pitch laid out in the park at Tsakkoo Selo. At first most of those who were privileged to play cricket with the Emperor were extremely nervous at the idea of his being hit by the ball, and intentionally bowled wide to avoid striking his majesty.

The man who was largely responsible for the introduction of golf in this country, Robert Lockhart, died a few days ago in Edinburgh, Scotland. He was for years a linen importer in New York, and organized the first golf club in the United States in Yonkers, N. Y., in 1888. It was known as the "Apple Tree Gang." Subsequently he founded the St. Andrew's Golf Club.

The exportation of prunes from the United States has grown very rapidly in recent years, the total number of pounds exported in 1908, the first year in which a record was made by the Bureau of Statistics, being, in round terms, 16,000,000 pounds; in 1902, 23,900,000; in 1903, 60,000,000, and in 1904 it will amount to about 74,000,000 pounds, valued at about \$3,500,000.

An appropriate memorial to the great geologist and scientist, Joseph Le Conte, has been erected in Yosemite valley by the Sierra Club of California. It is a lodge, built strongly and simply, containing one large room, twenty-five by thirty-six feet, with a large stone fireplace at one end, and a small room on either side the entrance on the opposite end. It is at the upper end of the valley.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor forest whereon their names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates. In different parts of the forest, with seats around them, are oaks bearing the names of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte and Queen Victoria. "Herne's Oak," mentioned in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" as being in Windsor Park, was destroyed by a gale on August 31, 1863.

Walter Kittredge, author and composer of the famous war-time song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,"

lives in Reeds Ferry, N. H., a few miles below Manchester. He still writes songs. His royalties from "Tenting" still come in to him, and, while not large, help to make the old man's last years comfortable. He offered to sell the song at first to a Boston publisher for \$16, but it was refused. Afterward this same publisher took it up, and alone has sold more than 100,000 copies of it.

NEW YORK COFFEE BAR.

One Founded by the Seaman's Society Is a Great Success.

Two-thirds of the shipping that enters the port of New York is British. Therefore the British consul's office is the seaman's headquarters in this port. The men go there to get their pay, to receive their discharges and to re-engage for service, and, in many cases, they have to remain for whole days in the neighborhood. During this time they naturally have to have something to eat, and, in that condition, they have fallen an easy prey to the "free lunch" of the saloons in the neighborhood. To meet this need the chaplain of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Missionary Society for Seamen, Rev. A. R. Mansfield, has long wished to open a "coffee bar," and within the last few weeks he has succeeded in doing so. The funds have been provided by the Seamen's Benefit Society, a feminine auxiliary to the missionary society, which has already rendered great service to the parent organization by practically maintaining the mission boat Sentinel. Miss Catherine S. Leverich is the President, Miss Augusta M. De Peyster Secretary and Miss Helen Van C. De Peyster Treasurer.

The coffee bar is a common feature of British sailors' institutes, but has not been tried before in this country, except in San Francisco, where the work among the sailors is in the hands of the British Society.

The sailors seem to like the coffee bar quite as well as, if not better than, the ordinary variety, and when a ship is paying off it does a rushing business. The bill of fare is the one used in the luncheon wagons of the Church Temperance Society, and includes fruit and meat pies, frankfurters, sandwiches, eggs, baked beans, fish cakes, rolls, crullers, cakes, tea, coffee, milk, buttermilk, soda and lemonade. Cigars, cigarettes and tobacco are also sold. The foods are all of the best quality, and the prices are just sufficient to cover the expense of running the counter. The usual price is 5 cents, with most of the beverages at 3 cents, and two eggs for 5 cents.

The "bar" has been erected in a corner of the reading-room maintained by the mission opposite the British consul's office, at No. 1 State street, and is associated with a good many other activities for the benefit of the sailors. As a sailor with money is, as a rule, a man void of understanding, the Seamen's mission discovered several years ago that the British consul's office was a strategic point in the work it was trying to do. A banking office was accordingly established where the men could deposit their money or send it home immediately after being paid off, and it is not such a common thing now as formerly for men to be robbed of three years' pay a few hours after receiving it. As the men gain confidence in this office they deposit more and more of their money there, and from \$4,000 during the first year its receipts rose to \$90,000 last year. The mission has also established at the same place a free shipping bureau, and last year it was instrumental in shipping 700 men.—New York Tribune.

Big Lake of Ice in Colorado.

While the people of Denver are sweltering in the first hot weather of the summer a little mountain lake only forty-five miles away lies calmly enjoying its perpetual freeze—the lake is solid ice. This is what was found by C. A. Parker, in charge of the telegraph construction of the Moffat railroad, in the shadow of the James peak, on the continental divide.

Perpetual snows blanket the mountain on the sides not reached by the sun, and amid the wintry scene of glacial whiteness lies the little lake, one big lump of ice. How long the lake has been frozen no one knows. Sometimes it melts, but this year it has not shown any signs of succumbing to the higher temperature.

Mr. Parker enjoyed the cooling proximity of the lake when Denver was receiving the first real share of hot weather. He also inspected the enormous banks of glacial snow, some of them extending hundreds of feet on the mountain side and scores of feet deep.

Officers of the Moffat road are much interested in the finds. They knew that the glaciers were there, but the lake was something they did not expect. Now everyone from General Manager Ridgway to the office boy is trying to determine how long that lake may have been frozen solid.

Somewhat Egocentric.

Downing—Are you a believer in the survival of the fittest?

Uppoon—Certainly; and I shall continue to be as long as I live.