The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER since morning, was nearing its western singly closed. A careful observer would have any man-of-war. seen the index to a quick, passionate disposition in that face, and from the dark. its possessor was not burdened with conscientions scruples where his own purposes were at stake. Upon his shoulder he carried a small bundle, and upon one corner of the handkerchief which

served for a portmanteau was printed

Largon. ing little fellow, and possessed much of age, and his name was Marl Laroon, physical beauty. The girl was younger The reader has seen him before ong still, and as she walked wearily along years ago-on one of the highways of beside her conductor, the tears ever and New England. his plump cheeks; but he shed none now, durary beauty, and showing by every for he had received a blow for crying. external look and action a noble, gen-

man, addressing the boy. Yes, sir," returned the lad, looking

his conductor. Well, never mind; we've only three John Langley, the first lieutenant. there, won't you?"

Yes, sir. with evident reluctance.

don't make me say so. "You'd rather be whipped, ch?" did so the little girl sprang forward of age, and is the gunner of the

"I am your father, and you must know father is?"

"He's dead, sir," sobbed the poor "Mr. Humphrey told me so."

"He told you a lie, then. I left you with him two years ago, and you are my I was going away, and he said he thinking of the same thing?" would take care of you till I came back. So when I came back I took you. Perhaps he thought I was dead, though. Very likely he did. Now just remember into the other's eyes as he spoke. this, and if anybody asks your name, tell 'em 'tis Paul Laroon. Mind, new, once more," answered the your don't think you want me to kill you, but stendy tones. but I shall if you don't speak just as I have told you."

The little fellow's lips trembled, and

he would have burst into tears, but the person you would like to see?" look of his master prevented him.

"you are tired, aren't you?" "Yes, sir," lisped the child. "Say, 'Yes, uncle."

'Yes, untie," repeated she, as nearly

as she could. "Mary is your cousin, Paul.

ow, my little Mary, you shall ride in my arms a while; and perhaps I will carry Paul, by and by, if he gets very

tiny form of the girl into his arms. It was fairly dark when they reached a little village, where stood the Cross-Hands Inn, at which place they stopped. Laroon calling the landlord out, ordered a room provided with two beds in it, and thither he took his little charges. As it was too cold to sit up. Laroon brought the children up their supper, and as soon as they had enten it, he helped them to ed, remarking as he did so that he was | tense me, that's all." going down below a while, and that they must be sure and make no noise

When they were safely tucked up in their nest, he gathered up the few dishes years before there had been an old man and left the chamber, being careful to lock the door after him and take away

it was quite late when Laroon came ng, and having assured himself that the children slept, he proceeded to unmingled harshly with the gentle breathings of those who occupied the other

Away off in a distant part of the State there was alarm and auguish. A man, frantic and delirious, was calling aloud for his child—for his children—and calling in vain. Lanterns and torches were fishing in every nook and corner where Midren were to be found. The streams were sounded and dragged, and woods and bedges were scoured all through, but the lost ones came not. A: midnight the mad was upon his baces, crying aloud for his children; but trantic prayer was in vain.

Again, and it was a bright, calm day aummer. Upon the bosom of the ond Pacific, in about the latitude of Canila, but some three hundred miles the eastward thereof, rested one of the most beautiful specimens of marine bitecture that ever met the gaze of an raptured seaman. It was a full-rigged with royals set, and studding soils both sides, of about two hundred

way amidships. These guns were now was a cold, wet day in sutumn, covered with neatly fitting tarpaulins, and the sun, which had not been seen and secured inboard, the ports being

There were seventy-seven men bridge to Boston walked a man and two board, and they all belonged to her; children. The former was young—not and though the reader may have already over six and twenty—and kabited in the guessed the character of the craft, yet garb of a seaman. He was short in the crew were not of that appearance stature, and broad and heavy in his which we are generally led to look for in build, with a face of a bronzed hue, upon such a place. They were as neat and which was stamped much intelligence orderly in their behavior as the crew of

Such was the Scourge, a name by which the brig and its commander were somber stalle that sometimes played up- known, not only by the crew, but by on it, he would have also concluded that many others who had occasion to prove the aptness of the name.

Near the wheel, with a glass under his arm, stood a man whose dress showed him to be the captain of the brig. He was short in stature, but very thick and broad, exhibiting much physical power of small, black letters the name "Mari strength and endurance. His features moon." The children were a boy and a girl, they prepossessing; but gave evidence The boy could not have been over five of a keen, penetrating judgment, a years old, and he showed signs of exquick, ready wit, and an untrammeled cessive fatigue. He was a bright look- will. He was not far from forty years

anon started from her large blue eyes. Close by the captain stood another, Her garb was plain and homely in the who is not wholly a stranger, though he extreme, but her other appearance did retains nothing by which we might know not at all correspond with it. Her face him save his name. He is a youth, not was very pule and delicate, her hair over nineteen years of age, and possess long and glossy, and betrayed much pre-ing nothing in his outward appearance vious care and dressing, while her hands that could indicate his membership with gave no token of acquaintance with dirt. such a crew. But he is a member, and The boy had shed some tears, for the has been for years. He is tall and traces of them were still to be seen upon straight, with features of more than or-

You're tired, aren't you?" said the erous soul. He is called Paul Laroon. Not far off stand three more persons conversing together. The tallest of the up and shuddering as he met the gaze of three-he with the black hair and eyes, and the thin, saturic-looking lips, is miles further to go before we reach the is not five-and-thirty. The next, who is Cross-Hands Inn. You'll be glad to get of medium size and only peculiar on account of the light, fluxen hair, and large, yellowish eyes, which sometimes have a vette, The words were spoken timidly, and pure green shade, is Philip Storms, the rith evident reflectance. "And when you do get there, you'll stumpy man, brond and heavy in his "But you aren't my father. Please head is large, and covered with coarse gray hair, and his eyes are quick and keen. He is the oldest man on board,

"No, no!" shricked the boy, and as he being in the neighborhood of sixty years and threw her arms about his neck, and His name is Ben Marton. The men look burst into a passionate fit of weeping, to their captain for orders, and when Mari Laroon removed the girl with a he is cool and assured they are the same; atrong grip, and then looking the boy in but when the pinch comes, and a few well-directed shots can help them out of a scrape, all eyes are turned to old Ben to do no such thing. This would put you'll promise never to repeat in it and say so. Where do you think your Marton, for well do they know that he alone can handle that long gun with a sure skill.

"Paul," spoke the captain, turning to his youthful companion, "we shall reach our retreat ere long. Were you not

There was a strange tinge of irony or perhaps of bitterness in these last words, and the dark-faced man gazed "I was thinking of reaching the shore

"But weren't you thinking of any par ticular point on shore, ch? And perhaps you were thinking of some particular

ok of his master prevented him. "I was thinking of a variety of "Mary," spoke Laroon, very kindly, things," answered Paul; "but I know of nothing particular that was uppermost. "How would you like to see our little Mary?" asked the captain, speaking very ow-almost in a whisper-and eying

his companion sharply. The youth started with a quick emo tion, and for an instant his eyes drop ped; but he collected himself as quickly as before, and then looking up again into his interlocutor's face, he replied:

should like to see her very much. "Of course," responded Laroon. "It's natural you should." And thus speaking he started toward the gangway, where me of the men were weaving a mat Paul watched him as he walked away, and a troubled expression came upon

"What does he mean?" said he to him self. And after some moments of thought, he mentally added, "only to

Shortly after this the boatswaln piped to dinner. Paul quartered in the cabin and was the surgeon of the brig. Some on board, who had served in that capacity, and as he grew aged and feeble he wished to spend the evening of his life on shore. Laroou granted his request on condition that he would procure a od surgeon to take his place. Paul dress and get into the other bed, and had already gained much experience in and wounded. So the old man agreed to take Paul in hand and teach him all the mysteries of the craft, and Laroon consented. The youth soon became expert time he had been two years in charge of

the sick. Dinner was eaten, and when the cap-tain returned to the deck be found that breeze had freshened. He was standing by the binnacle watching the comreported a sail. In in instant all was captain sprang for his glass and hastened

forward. "Fore-topgallant-mast, there! Where

Three points on the starboard bow "Keep your eye on her. Here, Storms, lay aloft with the glass and help the

lookout." The second lieutenant took the glass and went aloft, sand then the captain returned to the wheel, where Paul was standing by the side of the helmsman. "Well, Paul, what do you think has

turned up now?" said he. "Perhaps a merchantman," replied the youth, with a shudder. "Mayhap it is, and mayhap it isn't.

We are in the latitude of such craft; but there's another kind of chap cruising

"A Russian cruiser, you mean?"
"Yes. How would you like to m

Silver Bay. How world you like that? A quick shudder ran through Paul's OUR BUDGET OF FUN. frame, but there was more of indigna-

tion in his look than of fear, and at the end of a single moment he replied, with s HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE. We'll think of Silver Bay after we

have made ourselves sure of reaching Well spoken, my son," cried the cap 'Sou!" whispered the youth to himself, as he watched the movements of the dark man. "I do not believe that

man is my father! I never believed it His blood never flowed in these veins. But whose blood does flow there?" At this question Paul always stopped He asked it of himself very often, but

no answer ever came.
"Hallo!" at this moment came from the second mate, who was standing aloft with his glass. "It's a square-rigged craft, and standing towards us."

tain; and then he turned away.

half-sareastic smile:

For fifteen minutes the captain paced e quarter deck in silence, and at the and of that time Mr. Storms reported that the strange sail was a ship, and to all appearances a man-of-war.

"Very well," returned Laroou, per-fectly calm, "We'll find out her mettls before we show our stern. Ben!" The old gunner moved quickly forward and touched his hat.

You had better get old Saladin in or der, and bring up some of your pills." The long gun had been christened by the name of the renowned Saracenie sultan, and ere long it was divested of its turpsulin, and the shot box by its was filled. The gun was loaded, and the ball driven snugly home, and then Ben Morton sat down upon the railway and waited further orders. At the end of half an hour the second lieutenent came down and reported that the stranger was a Russian sloop-of-war.

"Stand by to take in the starboard stud'n-sails:" ordered the captain. "We will choose our own course, and run as fast as we can, and if the fellow wants to overhaul us he may make the trial." The starboard studding sails were soon in, and ere long the brig was head

ing due west, the very course she must take to reach her destination, though Larcon had meant to stop at Manila, if it came perfectly convenient. It was now about half-past one, and the ship's lower yards could be seen He from the brig's deck, while the lookout

at the crosstrees, who had the lieuten-ant's glass, could see her deck. He reported that she was a second-class cor-As soon as the men dearned the char acter of the craft that was probably riving them chase, they smiled at each other with knowing nods and winks, for

hey felt sure that old Ben would cripple ter before she could come near enough When the brig had changed her course neant to give chase. Had the pirate children." thosen to run to the southward she might easily have escaped, for she was evidently the best sailer, but she meant her back from her destination, and Marl Laroon had reasons for wishing to reach that point as soon as convenient. At

from the ship's deck, and in an instant nore came the report of a gun. "That means for us to show our bunting," said Langley.
"Yes," responded the captain, "and

ap it goes. They shall see that we are not ashamed or afraid to show our col. poor.

In a few minutes more a small, compact ball arose to the main peak, and as oon as it was at its place the knot was frawn and the flag fluttered in breeze. It was simply a field of black. with a pair of crossed swords in white relief. As soon as this piece of imperlinence was perpetrated, the ship fired mother gun, and this time she seemed to save fired a shot, for something fell in he water about midway between the wo vessels. But the brig kept on without paying any attention to this polite

The vessels were not now far from nile apart. The brig, as we have before remarked, was heading due west. The sloop-of-war was now nearly abeam, and sending about southwest, so that say come within carronading range f she kept on in that way, even allowng that the brig sailed faster.

(To be continued.)

Took No Chance.

Phelim Casey was engaged on the idge-pole of Squire Pond's house when he lost his footing and slid down to the edge of the roof. His legs went town, but he clutched the eaves-trough and hung on for dear life.

"That's right, Phelim!" called the squire, who had seen him slip. "You iang on a minute till I can get a ladder

But even as he spoke Phelim reaxed his holt and dropped to the

ground. As soon as the squire made sure that to bones were broken, and that Phelim was simply bruised here and there and

shaken up, he began to berate the man n vigorous language. "Why in the world didn't you hang on, as I told you to, you great stuild?" he demanded. "I'd have been

here in a minute." "Maybe you wud," said Phelim, sulenly, "but how did I know but the eaves would give way before you got

here?" A Young Logician.

Jennie's mother was expecting comany, but just before train time, says What to Eat, a telegram arrived which

Bible."-Philadelphia Press. ead, "Missed train. Will start rame Possible Explanation. ime to-morrow." Jennie rushed from school expectng to see the guest, but instead was consists of but eight words. hown the message. After reading it

shoriously, and carefully through, she xclaimed: "Why, mamma, if she starts at the

ame time to-morrow, she will miss the

In Love and War. "I notice," said the young man, that soldiers speak of battles as enents, but all engagements are

"No," replied Henpeck, "but morninges are."—Philadelphia Press. To orr is human and the ability to

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable-The Week's Humor.

Biggs Did you ever notice what a realthy-looking man Dr. Pellet is? Diggs-Yes; he looks so different doctor tol' him his time had come ter seal would, in that particular case, from his patients. I wonder who his go dar." physician is?

"I appreciate the fact that you have bonored me with a proposal," said the dear girl, "but are you sure your love

Force of Habit.

for me is the real thing?" "Perhaps not." frankly replied the oung drug clerk, "but it is less expensive and just as good."



Mr. Lovelorn-Oh, Miss Matilda, me heart is on fire for thee-it is burning?



Miss Matilda-Sakes alive! The: sught to put it out and cool ye, too!

His Explanation.

But why," I asked the good wife, "are you so anxious to secure the top tlat in that ten-story spartment house?"

"Because," explained the household t was noticed that the ship did the freight payer, "the elevator would be same, thereby clearly indicating that she a great help to us in bringing up the

> Such Dear Friends, Too. Clara-I'll fell you a secret, dear, if Maude-All right. Out with it.

Clara-Fred proposed to me last

night. ength, a curl of smoke was seen to rise Mande-Oh, say, doesn't he do it awkwardly, though?

Feminine Charity.
Mrs. De Playne—When I married my husband his eyesight was very

Mrs. Dimples-Yes, it must have It Looked that Way.

Mrs. Henpeck-I don't think she'll ever marry him. Mr. Henpeck-Why not?

Mrs. Henpeck-Oh, she quarrels with him so and is so domineering. Mr. Henneck-Indeed? I'll bet they have been secretly married already .-Philadelphia Press

Billville Literary Note. A Billville literary note reads as

"While one of our leading authors was peacefully plowing in the field some miscreant stole his shirt, his shoes and six poems. Verily the way of the literary man is not as smooth as a railroad."-Atlanta Constitution.

What Papa Said.



Willie-Why! grandma, are you go ing home? Papa just said yesterday that he thought you were going to stay forever.

Not Up-to-Date. "He has a promising future. He's a very eloquent young preacher." "Oh, he's too old-fashioned. He will insist upon taking his texts from the

Miles-There is said to be a race of savages in Africa whose vocabulary Glies-What! Do you mean to say there are no females among them?

Hereditary.

"I hear," said the triend of the famlly, "that your son is sowing wild onts broadcast since he went to the city." "Takes arter his ole dad, I reckon," replied old man Corntossel, "Th' farmer in him air bound tew crop out, by

Advice. "Anybody kin give advice," said Unele Eben, "but 't takes a right smart man to pick out de right kind an' take

Absent-Minded. Mrs. Schoppen-I want five pounds

of sugar, please.

Grocer-Yes'm; anything else? Mrs. Schoppen-No, that's all: I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy a

package. Grocer-Oh, it'll only weigh three or four pounds, ma'am.—Philadeiphia Press.

Where He Was Lacking.

"Br'er Thomas waz aiways singin' dat song bom De Yuther Side of Jors dan,' but you orter heerd him w'en de "What he say den?"

"Bellowed lak a bull, en' hollered: "I

swimmin' lessons?"-Atlanta Consti-Unabashed.

"It is hinted," said the close adviser, "that there is no reason for your having so much money.

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "those people don't understand our social system. Nowadays it is a waste of time to expect a man to stand up and spaiogize for having money."-Washington Star.

What Did She Mean? "If you (ee) chilly," said he, us they strolled, "remember I have your shawl

here on my arm. "You might put it around me." she sald, demurcly.—Philadelphia Press.

Prudent Boss. The contractor frowned up at the ricklayer sitting dangerous y near the

edge of the scottoid. "Git off av ther, Thomas Murphy." he finally bellowed. "First thing of know ye will fall tin stories, brenk yez polpe awn want an hour to go out awabuy a new one.

On the Jersey Coast, "I'm not going to remain at this

betel another out but "What's the trouble?" "Why, do you know that object in our room we took to be a trolley car fender?

"Your "Well, the landford says it's mosquito netring."

Future Assured.

with a volume of verse."

to be a poet." "Hut he fore the verses up and tossed them out of the window." "Did, ch? Will, that shows he's go

ing to be an editor.



friend told me this morning that the pooly as you thought me " police are going to stop begging on the

The Blind Beggar-Yes; I read that

in the paper yest rday. Willing to Repair.

"Young man," said the stern father, you have been calling on my daughter until you have worn out the sofa, You know what that means, don't you?" "Certainly, sir," responded the young man, "I'll send up an uphoisterer to-

With tender hands they took him nan, a very young man, who was from the topmost branches of a tall

"What happened?" he gasped feebly "You were tossed by a bull," they

"Then it's not so bad. I thought I was tossed by a racing automobile."

Trials of Cupid. "Yes," related the romantic young man, "as we sat on the park bench I leaned over and planted a kil on her

ruby lips." "Planted, ch?" remarked the buffoon friend. "Did you raise anything?" "Yes. A policeman saw me and soon afterward I had to raise \$10 for

Love in a Flat. "Why does Harker look so cross

these days?" "He's married and has three little ones." "I don't see why three children

"Who said anything about children?

Taken for Granted.

should put him in a bad humor."

Judge-Why did you arrest this man? Officer-For profaulty on the street

Judge-Did you hear him using it? Officer-No, but his shoestring broke wice as he was running for a car. It Would Seem So.

"Truth," remarked the moralizer, "is stranger than fiction." "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer," and

associating with strangers." Up to Her. "What would you do if I were to die?" asked the bride of six months. "That's for you to say, my dear," re plied the other half of the sketch.

Himself and Another.

There are two men of my ac quaintance whom I really admire. Her-Indeed! And what is the name! the other one? LESSON FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL

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Julia L. Dumout was a Western criter of eminence back in the forties, nd she was also a school mistress he, says one who studied under her, deserves immortality." George Cary legiestion, who was one of her pupils, ays in his life of his brother Edward hat her peculiar gift in dealing with ny boy or giri tay in seeing what aprove strangest. When Eggleston came nder her care, one teacher after anther had attempted to leach him to can't swim a lick! I never did take no write, and had abandoned the effort in isgust.

Finally, one writing moster who had een teaching young and old to make mir lines for up strokes and heavy nes for down strokes, and to decorate he paper with elaborate flourishes, alled the boy "dunce" and "booby," nd displesed him from his achoot. Mrs. Dumont must have heard all

his, and when the boy, in his min till ation, asked to be excused from writng, she merely said. "Why, has Mr. Wilson taught you to

crite so well that you can learn no "No. Mrs. Dumont," sald the humitrted ind. "I can never learn to write." Who says that?' she asked, quietig, "Mr. Wilson and -or to reacher I

ver had "Let me look at your hand, Georged" He held it out. She studied it clean-, and bent the fingers one after onher. Then she sold, I hear you are he hest marble planer in rown.

not so? Historican were building with marless and he seward to an exemptional egree of skill in the prince

"Yet Mr. Wilson called you bootige" Now, George, I'll tell you what you nd Lare going to do I am going to endble hand, and two weeks from tohay you are going to write a letter to Mr. Wilson. I will distate it, and you full sign it and he will learn whether boy who can play markles cannot be

aught to write. The buttle was won. The buy re-"Yes, we found the buby playing gived to make any effort for the eacher who had believed in him. She "Indeed? He will probably turn out advised him to have nothing to do with up strokes and down strokes and fourishes. Absolute fegliality, she said. vas the first requisite in all handwrits ng. If one could write rapidly and

selly, so much the better. To the boy's astonishment, he could chally read the lines he had written or his first lesson. At the end of the we weeks he was muster of a near nd legible hand, very much like that of Mrs. Dumont. Then, at her diefas ion, he joyously wrote this letter to

is former teacher: "Dear Sir: I am writing this letter t the dictation of my teacher, Mrs. Dumont. Mrs. Dumont thinks you should be pleased to see that, after we weeks of instruction, I have learned to write a sensible and legible hand, The Deaf and Dumb Beggat-A and that I am not quite so hopcless

He Was Kind, She Clever.

She was a very clever woman, and a east master in the art of strategy. Se di agreed who rode downtown with ier on the 6th avenue surface cars.

She entered the car at 72d street. Every seat was taken, and almost evry strap had a man or woman susended from it. She looked about hesitatingly for an astant, but every man was interested

n his paper. Then she took hold of

strap almost in front of a young plushing guiltily as he pretended to While the young man blushed and he woman thus hung, her handker hief fluttered, accidentally to all appearances, to the floor. The young nan looked up just then and saw the white bit of cambric. The feeling & chivalry which he was evidently try-

ing to stifle would not be sup, ressed onger. He arose and stooped for the harel terchief. This was the woman's opportunity,

While his back was turned she gently slipped into his seat. When he turned about and saw which had occurred he almost collapsed. But the woman did not. She took her hand

terchief out of his hand, smiling innoently. "Thank you," she said, sweetly You are very kind."-New York Sus-

Cure for Varicose Veins. Dr. Marchais, of the Paris hospi He is married and has three little als, has just submitted to the French Academy of Medicine a somewhat sovel treatment for the cure of varicose veins in the legs.

He had observed that among rura. jostmen, obliged to go long distances m foot, there were few men who size er from varicose veins, and those who and varicose veins quickly recovered from them. Now, as a rule, patients with varicose veins are advised to walk as little as possible, but Ds. Marchais has changed all this, and w the result of experiments he has sucthe majority of men seem to be shy of ressfully carried out on twenty one patients he asserts that the most effective cure for varicose veins in the

legs consists of walking. He shows that, in order to obtain fasting results, it is necessary to go inck to the cause of the affliction, eWhich would you prefer—burial or in the veins. It is, he says, possible even for those badly afflicted to cure hemselves by rational daily walking exercises, preceded by massage of the

legs. Sometimes the proof of the punding s the undertaker's little bill.