

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

The moon was up bright and full, and the waves dived out into the garden. There was some dew upon the grass, but they noticed it not. They had walked about the place once, talking only that sweet, soft language which is common to all sane those who talk it, when Paul was sure he heard footsteps near him. He stopped and listened.

"Mary," he said, "we are surely dogged."

Paul conversed as before, but he watched narrowly for some demonstration. At length he reached a point where a thick clump of rose bushes grew at an angle in the wall, and when he reached this he was sure someone was near him. He passed on, but kept an eye directed behind him. In a moment more he heard something in the path, and on turning quickly about he saw a dark figure just gliding across the path from the rose bushes. He saw in an instant that it was Hagar. With one bound he reached her side, and, seizing her by the throat, he forced her to the ground. With his handkerchief he bound her ankles firmly together, and then, taking off her long cotton apron, he folded it up, and with it he bound her wrists down to her knees. Having thus deprived her of all power of locomotion, he said to her in a tone which she knew too well meant all that it said:

"Now, if you make the least noise with your mouth, even so much as would awaken a sparrow that had perched upon your black nose, I'll finish the work by putting a gag between your jaws. I think you know me."

From that time Paul and Mary walked in the garden undisturbed, and before they separated for the night they said much which they would not have others hear. Before he retired to the dwelling Paul went and set Hagar free. "You'll suffer for die," she said, as she rose to her feet and shook herself.

"You'll suffer more still if you do not keep out of my way. I have known people to die before now by forcing themselves into dangerous places."

CHAPTER XI.

Paul arose very early in the morning, and he was not long in discovering that old Hagar was watching him very narrowly; but he appeared to take no notice of it, only looking out that she did not come near enough to annoy him; and when she found that the youth's eyes were upon her, she seemed anxious to avoid him.

After breakfast our hero walked out into the garden with Mary, and having secured a spot where no one could watch and overhear them without being seen by them, they devoted a few moments to planning for the future.

The hour drew nigh at which our hero was to take his departure, for he had promised to be on board by 10 o'clock. So he spoke to Mary all the hope he could, and having promised to come again very soon, he kissed her, and then hastened away to his boat. The passage down the river was quickly made, and when Paul stepped over the brig's side, the captain was in the gangway to receive him.

"You are punctual," said Mari, with a sneer upon his face, which the youth did not fail to notice.

"I generally mean to be so," replied the youth. "When I give my word I keep it."

Paul passed on to the quarter-deck and descended to the cabin, and his first movement was to seek the bunk of the old gunner, whom he found in a very weak and painful condition. The old man was glad to see the young surgeon, and hoped that he would not be left in the captain's hands again.

Paul administered to his patient such medicine as he thought necessary, and then passed through the cockpit to the berth deck. He had not noticed Buffo Burnington upon the spar deck, and he supposed, of course, he should find him here, and he did. The strange man started up as soon as he saw Paul, and hurried toward him. He grasped the young man's hand as he came up, and having gazed hurriedly about him, as though fearful that some one might overhear him, he said, in quick, low tones:

"What has the captain heard about me?"

"Why do you ask?" returned Paul, wishing first to know what had transpired.

"I'll tell you. Last night Laroon went on shore, pretending that he only meant to take a stroll among the woods. He was gone till quite late. His first question on coming over the side was, 'Is Burnington aboard?' The boatswain told him I was. 'Then keep him aboard,' said the captain. 'I heard this myself.' This morning when I went on deck Laroon was there, and he has watched me as a cat would watch a rat ever since. He must have heard something."

"So he has," answered Paul. "He has heard all that you said to me on the evening we conversed together here."

And the youth went on and told all that had transpired, giving a full account of what Hagar must have overheard, and of her having afterwards seen Laroon.

"Then you are sure he knows all this?" said Buffo, in a tone which betrayed some distress. "Well, it will not benefit him any, especially since I know what has happened, and shall now know how to take him."

"But," asked Paul, "what connection is there between you and myself? There must be some. There must be something to stand such a man as Mari Laroon into such fear."

"I," stammered Buffo. "There he is now, just coming down into the cabin, say I hear his voice. Can you get a letter to Nagasaki for me?"

"Yes, easily. But—"

"Never mind now. When I hand you a letter, do you see that it is sent there at once, and that not another person sees it but you and I. Trust to me to get it and I may help you."

On the following day Burnington slipped a letter into Paul's hand, directing him to a wharfer to conceal it and send it off as soon as possible. When Paul had opportunity he examined the message. It was an ordinary letter, clearly written, and directed to "Pedro Martinez, Nagasaki."

On the very next day Paul was on the deck with a paper and to hand up some

horses that had escaped from the castle. Three of the animals had been found, and Paul mounted one of them, telling the men he was going to try his mettle. He struck into a path which he remembered well, and at the end of some seven miles he came to a little cove occupied by poor fishermen. He soon found some of these, and learned that one of their small luggers would sail on the morrow with a load of dried fish, and that another would sail in just a week from that time. Paul easily found the man who was to sail on the morrow, and to him he gave the letter. The man promised to deliver it faithfully, and the youth offered him a dollar for the trouble. The old man refused at first, but the money was tempting and he took it with many thanks.

CHAPTER XII.

It was not until long into the evening that Paul remembered about the information he had received respecting the lugger which was to sail in one week.

"Surely," he muttered to himself, "he said 'in one week—in one week from tomorrow,' if the weather was good."

And thus musing the youth commenced to walk the deck again. His mind was busy with a mighty idea. Why could he not get Mary away from the castle as well by that time as any other? This was a proposition that dwelt in his mind until he had resolved to set to work toward that end.

On the next morning he told the captain he should go up to the castle some time during the day. Laroon may have wished that Paul should remain on board, but he had been too long in the habit of allowing the youth to have his own way to stop him now. And there might have been one more reason why he did not care to enforce his wishes at present. He knew that Paul would have the sympathy of every man on board the brig, and though his authority was absolute, yet he knew too well that his youthful protégé possessed the most real governing principle.

So, after dinner Paul went up the river and took a boat's crew of his own selection. He found Mary well, and of course, joyful to see him.

At the end of an hour they were seated in the very room where they had been watched by Hagar, but now they left their door open, and sat where they could see anyone who should ascend the stairs. It was not five minutes after they were seated before Paul saw a black mass of wool appear above the balustrade, and in a moment Hagar's shriveled face followed it; but she saw the young man's keen eye fixed upon her, and she dodged quickly back.

"Mary," he commenced, "you must excuse me for the question I am about to put to you, but I wish to know how much money you could raise in an emergency. I want money enough to get to America."

"How," cried she, in a tone of quick eagerness. "Can we get away?"

"I have an opening—a dim chance. I think we may succeed. But we must have the money, Mary. I have some—perhaps a thousand dollars—which I have received from poor, generous fellows whom I have helped."

"I thought you had many thousands."

"So I should have were I to take my share. But hold, I will take my share of the last Russian prize, and if I do I shall have some two thousand more; but perhaps I cannot get it without exciting the captain's suspicion, for that has not been distributed yet."

"Let it go, Paul, let it go," said Mary, with a sparkling eye and winking smile. "I have enough, and more than enough, though not in ready money."

The youth gazed upon his companion's face with a puzzled, inquisitive look, and as the smile about the maiden's lips grew broader and warmer, his anxiety increased. Mary noticed it.

"You would like to know what I mean," she said. "Listen and I will tell you. Among the slaves here is a young girl who has ever manifested a great affection for me, and who will run away to her own people when I go away. Some three years ago she brought to me a small piece of crystal-like substance, and asked me if it was not a diamond. I examined it, and told her it was. She had wiped it clean and rubbed it with dry pumice, and upon comparing it with some gems in my possession, I knew it at once to be of great value, and told her it would buy her freedom many times over. She told me she should not want her freedom so long as she could have me for her mistress, and after some hesitation she asked me if I did not hope at some time to be free from the place. I told her I did, and thereupon she informed me that she thought there were many more diamonds where she found this. It was at some distance from here, where the small stream which runs under our walls oozed about a deep cavern in the side of the cliff. She found, accidentally, an entrance to that cave, and upon a bed of sand which had washed up from the bed of the mountain stream she found the gem. Her supposition proved correct, and she has brought me nearly two hundred diamonds—some large, some small. She has kept half the same number for herself at my command, for to my request she would not listen. But yet I have been forced to accept the richest ones."

Mary at once left the room, and when she returned she had a small box in her hand, which she handed to her lover. Paul opened it and his hands trembled as he lifted one after another of the jewels which he knew were worth thousands of dollars each.

"But I have not told you all," she said, with a smile brighter than any she had yet shown. "My poor slave has loved you long and truly, for you were ever kind to her when you and she and I—when we were all younger than we are now."

"Is it Othewa of whom you speak?"

"Yes."

"How could I help being kind to one so faithful?"

"And she was faithful because you were kind. Let me tell you, Paul, that these Mayses are not of a nature to be faithful to one who is unkind, and for that reason would poor Othewa kill me master for my moment. She is a shrewd person and in case of need she should please much dependent upon you. But to the rest of my story. She

made me take one-half of these gems in trust for you. Thus has the faithful creature made an equal share with herself, she keeps only one-third of all she found."

"Now," said Paul, "this part of money is settled, and the next is the means of getting away from this place. In one week from tomorrow, if it is fair, a small lugger will sail from the little fishing cove. If we can be on the ground at the time, our object may be accomplished—all there is that woody head again."

Paul darted towards the head of the stairs like a bolt and poor Hagar tumbled from the point she had gained to the bottom, rolling like a piece of wood.

"I hope she has not injured herself," he said, when he returned to his companion. "I only intended to frighten her. But I was going to say; I will be on the evening before that day. The smallest of my boat's crew is not much larger than you, and surely no taller. I will bring an extra suit of his clothes and you shall put them on. Then Hagar—his name is Billy Mason—shall watch his opportunity and creep to the boat and hide beneath the thwart. After this I shall call my crew off, and when you come boldly with them, as one of the four, the deception will not be noticed, for it will be dark, you know, and no one will think of our ruse. If that woman has not crept up the stairs, after all," suddenly broke in Paul, in a low whisper. He had just at that moment caught sight of her gliding along from the head of the stairs to an opposite angle of the corridor. "Hark! she is creeping this way—sh! There, she has stopped. Now, be careful, and we will put her on the wrong scent."

Paul knew that Hagar was where she could hear every word he should speak in an ordinary tone, and in a voice perfectly clear and distinct, and little louder than usually, but at the same time very earnest, he said:

"Now, we must be very careful. Mary how we set. I have put that old Hagar out of the way, at any rate, so there is no more fear of her overhearing us."

A very low chuckle was here heard and both Paul and Mary smiled.

"In one month from this time I shall be able to escape," resumed the youth, in the same distinct key. "By that time I can get all my prize money, and then we will make some plans for our moving off. I have had some further talk with Buffo Burnington, and he says he thinks Mari Laroon is my father, after all, and he advises me to be a pirate! He says it is a free and noble life."

"I am sorry for that," chimed in Mary, distinctly. "But then we shall not need his assistance. But cannot we escape before the end of a whole month?"

"No," returned Paul, "for I cannot get my money before that time, and then, again, about that time Mari Laroon will begin to think about sailing, and we may have a better chance. I will see you in one week, and then we may make our plans more fully. Remember, in one week I will try to have something more definite to tell you."

When Paul started to return to the brig he felt sure that his servitude was soon to have an end. His heart was light and buoyant, and his hopes were all sunny and bright. He forgot how many clouds arise suddenly upon the glass sky, and how many cups are broken on their passage to the lips.

(To be continued.)

The Wild Horse Race.

In the track before the grand stand, the ten riders, each with his saddle upon the ground and hackamore in hand, and each accompanied by the one helper allowed him, wait in picturesque groups for the horses which are presently being dragged across the field through a haze of dust, each animal holding back on the rope, kicking, striking, fighting for freedom every inch of the way. Not until he is blinded by a handkerchief or bit of gunny sacking can he be held still at all, and then only in a tremendous uncertainty that turns to a frenzy of bucking the instant the saddle touches his back. In the mad mix-up of men and horses ropes and saddles, presently developed the wonder is that anything can be accomplished. But sooner than would have seemed possible to one is in the saddle, or, to speak with accuracy more or less in the air above it; another fellow and then another, the horses all bucking, rearing and pitching more wildly than ever. Then one has somehow worked his way through the "milling" mass; others are fast after him, the riders, permitted only hackamore bridles, that scarce may guide the crazed animals at all, trippingly waving hats and quirts in their make off by such eccentric sequence of bone jacking jumps, pitches and "crow-hopping," that no wonder some have to "pull leather" while others come to grief upon the ground.—Leslie's Monthly.

An Architectural Problem.

The problem of the reconstruction of the United States Military Academy at West Point embodies one of those large and comprehensive architectural propositions which, in this country, have not been a practical possibility until very recently. The range of the architect, so far as his professional activities were concerned, had passed little beyond the planning of a single building. The execution of a large scheme, embracing groups of related structures, was something hardly to be thought of outside the visionary projects of the student period, where unrestricted by considerations of cost the incipient architect gave himself up to the designing of stupendous and costly undertakings. The limitations thus imposed naturally led to correspondingly limited habits of professional thought.—Century.

Contracts for Railroads.

So far this year the contracts let for the construction of new railroads aggregate 16,816 miles, against 6,024 miles built in 1902.

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

The average man is very patriotic when there are no war clouds in sight.

DIVERSITY IS LIKED.

FALL AND WINTER GOWNS OF MANY PATTERNS.

Fabrics of Quite Noticeable Colors and Prominent Designs Are to Be Most Elaborately Trimmed—Quiet Tastes to Be Put in Eclipse.

New York correspondence.



THICKNESS, next to diversity, will be a symbol of dress idleness in these winter. There is no sign of an appreciable reduction in the amounts of trimmings to be used, and the very variety of them in vague trends towards complexity. Not a few of the newly stylish fabrics are so shrewdly figured that little decoration is necessary. In previous seasons when such materials have prevailed, they have served with little advantage, but current models indicate that embellishment is to be preferred to even the goods unadorned. Take the many beaded stiffs, for example; they strike the shopper who views them in the piece as verging closely on the showy, the size



THREE EARLY WINTER MODELS.

and colorings of their figurings being, as a rule, of a positive character. Yet these materials are to be trimmed lavishly, or needwork of some kind, and applications of such glitz as jet or metallic luster lends are made by wholesale. Striped weaves little if any less showy are combined with laces that are themselves set off with needlework, and then is added almost a wholesale quantity of other decoration. These standards are for dress-ups—evening and reception wear.

In the matter of colors alone, the trend is not such as altogether to please women of subdued tastes. Solid color stuffs run so much to bright tones that choosers of less assertive shades will be likely in the end to become dissatisfied with their selections. Assertive tones of red and of yellow, also of orange, are much used, and the combinations affected are enough to make the doubting observer blink. Even browns, which are to rank high in stylishness, are to be found in many

not, are an acceptable medium. To brown this scheme is worked very happily, and even in brown's more positive shades, the trick reduces the assertiveness of the color of the main material.

The extraordinary fullness of the new skirts should not cause surprise, since their hugeness has been a matter of slow growth. The proportions shown in models for early winter surely are the limit, but the end is not yet, for the next thing is to stiffen them. This process already is beginning. A little is positively necessary to support the fullness, the dressmaker will say, and not without some truth. If one and the developers of fashions only will stop at a little, all will be well. But this course leads to stiffness that is unpalatable. Further, the tendency toward positive effects makes hoops or some unobtrusive substitute for them the more possible. But they are not to come of once, anyhow, and as a last resort, women who won't endorse such notions may escape through the remarkable variety existing; if they don't want their skirts to follow out, they easily can find another fashion to follow.

Predicting the situation is difficult because there is so much deserving of attention. Even shopping trips don't give the whole show, though they present enough, first to delight, and secondly, to bewilder. At the risk of becoming confused and so blundering as having to start all over, it should be written that the shops are worth visiting. Even for those who do not intend to buy, to see the old catch phrase, is there a deal to repay observation. Let the shopper be not disappointed if the gowns sketched here do not appear in many forms. These are not days of wide dupli-



THREE MORE FROM A LONG LIST.

tints bordering so closely on yellow or red that they hardly pass as quiet. Yet the shades of brown that easily escape conspicuousness are many, and in them those who do not want their gowns to stand right out will find a favoring opportunity. The stylishness of dresses in two or three shades of the same color,

plique. Among fine models the average of embroidery will be found to be greater than in these selections. Some dresses seem to carry all that there was room for, and among simple costumes would seem like over dressing, but evidently their makers are sure that they will appear in company as fine as themselves.



Apple Dumplings.

Peel, core and quarter six or eight apples, then stew in water till nearly done and skin out. Take a cupful of fresh boiled and seasoned mashed potatoes, add half a cupful of boiled milk, cooled and beat fine; then stir in a piece of butter, melted, the size of an egg, stir a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder with half a cupful of flour and stir it into the potato mixture. If a little more flour is needed to make the paste firm enough to roll out it should be added. At this stage work as rapidly as possible. Divide the dough into five parts and roll each out; wet the edges and fill with the apples; dust with nutmeg and a suspicion of salt; fold over turnover style, close the edge and prick several times with a fork. Place in a pan with an oiled paper lining and bake in a hot oven until brown—about twenty minutes. Serve with lemon sauce.

To Bake Beans Right.

Good rain water is better than most well water for cooking beans. Beans will never cook tender in water that has a good deal of lime in it. Soak the beans over night. In the morning put a tablespoonful of molasses or brown sugar in the bottom of the bean crock, add the beans, together with bits of bacon or salt pork. They may be baked in the oven, or if that is in use, kept on the back of the stove, where they will simmer slowly, a part of the time. They will need no attention, except to keep covered with water, and with a light cover the rest of the day. About an hour before supper uncover salt and brown slightly in the oven.

Pickled Mushrooms.

These should be kept in a cool, dark place at least a month before using. Peel the large caps (but not the buttons), measure, wash carefully, but thoroughly, and drain. To four quarts allow one-half a tablespoonful of cayenne, one clove of garlic, one tablespoonful of broken mace, one-half tablespoonful whole cloves, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Put the mushrooms in an earthen jar in layers, sprinkle them with the seasoning, cover with vinegar, and seal.

Suet Fudding.

Chop a cup of suet to a powder and free it from strings. Add to it a cup of molasses and warm the mixture slightly; add two well-beaten eggs, cinnamon and mace to taste, and a pint of flour that has been sifted twice with a saltspoonful of salt and a scant teaspoonful of baking soda. Last of all, stir in a cupful of seeded and minced raisins, plentifully dredged with flour, pour into a buttered mold and steam for three hours.

Cucumber Catsup.

Peel large cucumbers, cut them in half and remove the seeds. Put them through a meat grinder, or chop very, very fine. Drain and measure, and to every quart of the cucumbers allow two seeded and minced green peppers, two teaspoonfuls of salt, a grated onion, a scant half-cup of horseradish, and two saltspoonfuls of cayenne. Mix well together, add a pint of vinegar, bottle and seal.

Crab Apple Marmalade.

Cover apples with cold water and stew until very soft, then press through a sieve. To four teaspoonfuls apples pulp add one teaspoonful sugar and stew one hour, stirring often to prevent burning. Put in cans while hot, or fill jelly glasses. This marmalade is very nice to put between layer cake, and is also a delicious, relishable sauce to serve with roast meat or a boiled dinner.

Frosted Ginger Cakes.

Warm a pint of molasses and stir into it a cupful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, a tablespoonful of powdered ginger and a half-teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water. Beat well, add flour enough to make a soft dough, form into small cakes and bake. When cold spread with white of egg frosting.

Apple Jam.

Peel sour apples, chop quite fine; to each pound of apples use three-fourths of a pound of sugar, and the juice, and finely cut rind of one lemon, and for three pounds of apple one heaping teaspoonful of ginger. Stew apples, sugar, lemon and ginger one hour, then put in cans or glasses and cover well. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Honey Pudding.

One-half cupful stale brown bread-crumbs. Over these pour a half pint of boiling water and let them steep; beat light with a fork, add one well-beaten egg, one-half cupful of strained honey and a grating of nutmeg. Bake or steam one hour and serve with foamy sauce.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Make a custard of a quart of milk and seven eggs beaten light with two cups of sugar. Boil, stirring steadily, until the custard coats the spoon, then set aside to cool. Flavor with extract of vanilla and stir into a quart of rich cream. Beat hard, turn into a freezer and freeze.

Canned Stewed Tomatoes.

Scald the tomatoes and peel, laying them in a colander to drip. Bring to a boil, cook for fifteen minutes, dip out the superfluous juice, add salt to taste and pour boiling hot into cans. Seal immediately.