

# The Sea Scourge

## CHAPTER XIII.

Time passed on, and the week was over. On the morning of the day which had been set for the last to be spent in these regions by the two lovers, Paul came with a dizzy, aching head, for the night just passed had been one of unquietness and anxiety.

Ben Marton was now so far recovered that he needed only rest and care, and the wounded men were also out of danger, so Paul left no one who needed assistance. Up to the present time he had not made up his mind how he would manage with regard to Burnington. He had the fullest confidence in that man, though there was yet something about him which he could notathom. At length, however, he resolved to write a brief statement of his plans without letting the man know anything about where and how he was going; so he went down to the cabin, and having made sure he was not observed, he took a sheet of paper, and with a pencil he wrote as follows:

"Burnington—When you open this I shall be on my way from those who have thus far proved only a curse to me. Should you ever wish to see me again, you will find me with my friends in America, if I have any such there. You now where to find me evidently know I can tell you, for you evidently know your own matter, I have not given you my full confidence, it is true, and I am sure that you have not confided the half of your knowledge concerning myself to me. But I hope to see you again.  
PAUL."

The youth sealed this letter, and at the first opportunity he slipped it into Burnington's hand, saying, as he did so: "You will not open this till after dark—till midnight. Will you promise me?" "Certainly," responded Buffo, in blank surprise.

"Then take it, and be sure that no one else sees it. Remember, now, you are not to open it until well into the night."

Burnington would have asked many questions, but there was no opportunity, so he slipped the missive into his bosom and then turned away; but he did not keep his promise, for in half an hour after he had read the letter, and his head showed that he was troubled.

After dinner Paul told the captain he was going up to the castle. Laroon called a bitter smile as he heard this, but he made no objection. Paul made up a bundle of linen which he said he should get washed, and within that he concealed a full suit of Billy Mason's clothes; and thus prepared, he called away his boat's crew, and went over the side. He had taken all the money he could raise that he felt free to use, in all amounting to thirteen hundred dollars—for, of course, the prize money of the Russian corvette had not yet been distributed, and Paul had not dared to ask for any of it, for fear of exciting suspicion.

The castle was reached, and the crew had pledged themselves to obey their young commander to the very letter, and be faithful to his interests. He knew he could depend upon them, and he felt no uneasiness on that score. Billy Mason had been thoroughly instructed in the part he was to play, and he was prepared for it. The portcullis was raised, and the boat passed under and was moored at the landing stairs close by the building.

Paul found Mary waiting for him with much anxiety, but her countenance brightened as soon as she saw her lover, for she knew by his looks that all had gone right thus far.

"Are you ready?" was the youth's first remark, as soon as they had secured a situation by themselves.

"Everything is done that I can do," the maiden answered.

"Then I think we are safe. No one suspects us—no one dreams that we are going—none save Buffo Burnington."  
"And does he know?"

"Yes; or rather he will know, for I wrote him that we were going."

As the night drew on they both grew nervous and uneasy, and Mary was sure that she could hear the beating of her lover's heart as she stood next to his side. Billy Mason had watched the coming darkness, and as soon as he thought he could do so without being discovered he crept into the boat and hid himself under the thwart. A little while afterward Paul went to the boat, and as soon as he found that the youngster was there he repaired at once to Mary's apartment, where he found a lovely girl—the very best ideal of a handsome sailor.

The youth next went to see that the corridor was clear, and, having found it so, they passed over to the maiden's sleeping room, which was on the front of the building. The window was carefully raised, and Paul could see the dusky forms of three of his men below. He whistled very slowly, and they whistled "All safe."

It was but a few moments' work to shoot three linen sheets together, and with these Paul lowered the girl safely to the ground. Just as she touched terra firma a dark form came gliding up from beneath the shade of the wall, and Mary would have cried out in alarm had she not recognized her faithful Othawa.

"Heaven bless and protect you!" murmured the noble-hearted slave girl, at the same time throwing her arms about her mistress's neck. But she was too wise to detain the party, so she only added, after she had received a kiss and a blessing in return:

"I shall not leave here until I am sure you are safely off. Be not afraid of detection from your absence to-night, for I will see that no one enters your apartment."

There was one warm pressure, and then the faithful girl glided away just as Paul came out upon the veranda.

"Hallo, my men," cried the youth.

"Ay, ay," responded one of the crew. "Come—look alive. We must be off as soon as possible, for I promised to be so bound early. To your oars at once."

Now the landing stood several of the dark servants, all of them wielding tools of the pirate captain; but they did not recognize their young mistress beneath her disguise, and with a trembling step she descended to the boat. But she had the power to lift an oar; she could row, and she did so with her own hands.

Both mind and body about gone. Paul quickly leaped to his seat, and he saw at once how Mary was situated; but there was no danger of detection now, for it was too dark for those on the landing to see the movements of those in the boat, and the heavy portcullis came down with a low, grating sound. Both Paul and Mary now breathed more freely. The barrier was passed, and the road was open.

At this moment they reached a point which Mary designated as the place where Othawa had concealed a bundle of her clothing. The box was pulled in to the shore, and beneath the cover of an overhanging rock was found quite a bundle. This was taken on board, and they started down the stream.

At length they came to the point of land where Paul had resolved to land, and the boat was again laid in by the shore. The youth helped Mary out, and then he landed himself. The gold he had concealed about his person in leather belts, and the diamonds were in a small bag which Mary carried. Turning to his crew, he said:

"Now, my brave boys, you will remain here and wait for me until daylight, and if I do not return by the time you can see the distant mountains plainly, you may return to the brig; and there you may answer your captain as you please. Now, I am about to leave you. Most of my shipmates have ever been kind to me. You have the warmest love of my grateful heart. Farewell."

Paul would have turned away at once, but Billy Mason sprang forward and caught his hand, and the rest followed his example. He embraced the noble fellows in turn, and uttered one simple word more of farewell, and then turned away.

The night was quite dark, and as Paul and his companion struck into the wood path, the way became one of almost impenetrable gloom. Once, at a few rods distant from the shore, he stopped.

Fortunately the path was a very clear one, for it led to the wide opening where the horses were kept, and was consequently much traveled. In half an hour they reached the opening, and here Paul caught a horse. He had already concealed a bridle there, which he readily found, and as soon as the animal was prepared with his fixtures, Mary was helped upon his back. The youth took his seat behind her, and then started on. The animal proved to be a kind and gentle one, and he kept the path without difficulty.

It might have been near midnight when the fugitives came to the open country that bordered upon the small bay where the fishermen's huts stood, and by this time the stars had begun to peep through the breaking clouds, but the moon had not yet risen. Paul rode at once to a rough pier where the lugger lay, but he hid next, and it struck him with fear.

His next movement was to make his way to the cot where lived the man who was to have taken command of the lugger. He knocked at the door, and it was soon opened by the man whom Paul most wished to see.

"How is this?" asked our hero. "You were to have everything ready for sailing by an hour before midnight."  
"To-morrow was the day set," said the fisherman, looking perplexed. "You said you might be here in the evening, but at any event, by an hour before midnight. Did you mean to-day?"

Paul said that the man was honest in what he said, and he saw, too, where the mistake had come in. The fisherman had planned to sail on the morrow, and they had confounded the evening and midnight of this morning with the close of the day they had set. It was surely a blind, blundering piece of work on their part, and so Paul felt it to be. But there was no help for it now but to get ready as quickly as possible, and the youth had the good sense not to bother them by finding too much fault with their carelessness.

"How long will it take you to get ready?"  
"Oh, only a few hours. I can call up the men, and have all ready soon."  
Paul promised him a hundred dollars, and this had the effect of hurrying matters somewhat; but they were further delayed by the tide being out. These were painful moments to Paul. There he stood, or rather walked upon the pier, and thought of how all this might have been avoided.

"Oh!" he uttered to Mary, at the same time clasping her hands in agony. "If these dolts had possessed the intelligence of common sheep, all this might have been avoided, and we should now, at this moment, have been away. We should have been free! Oh, 'tis too bad—too bad! See how slowly the sluggish tide comes in!"

And then Paul walked away to the side of the rough pier and then back again; and this he repeated many times. Ever and anon he would stop and look at the water where it gathered about the rudder of the lugger, and he wondered why it did not rise faster. Every moment seemed an hour to him; and the lazy element appeared to gain nothing.

But the water was not to be forever in rising, and at length the rudder was covered and in a few moments more the old lugger began to right up. The moon had now risen, and it was quite light, for the clouds had all broken away. Paul helped Mary on board, and then conducted her below, where there was a rude sort of cuddy partitioned off for the sleeping quarters of the crew, and this he had secured for Mary's own use, having planned to sleep himself on deck under some mats which the fisherman promised to provide. He selected the best bunk he could find, and then set about arranging the bedding so that Mary might take as much physical comfort as possible. Thus he was engaged when the men on deck began to gather in the shore fasts, and he knew from the feeling of the vessel that she was very near about for he could hear her hull grating upon the sand.

"We shall be off ere long," he said to his companion. "Now you lie down, and I will go on deck and help get the ship off."

"What was that? I heard a voice—"

Paul quickly turned back, and a slight smile came over his face as he saw that the voice was that of the man who had been so kind to him. He had come up to the deck, directly alongside the lugger, and in advance of the rest he saw the short, square form of Mari Laroon.

"Ah, my boy," cried the pirate captain, leaping on board as he spoke, and at the same time motioning for his men to follow him. "We have once more met. You have no idea how anxious I have been."  
"Back, back, air!" uttered the youth, drawing a pistol from his bosom as he spoke. "Lay a hand upon me and you shall die!"

"What—would you shoot your own father?" said Laroon.

Before Paul could reply he was seized from behind, his pistols taken from him, and his arms pinioned. Some of the men had come up back of him without his notice. As soon as this was done, Mari Laroon started for the companion way and disappeared down the ladder, and in a moment more there came a sharp, wild cry up from the cabin. Paul started, and with his feet he knocked down two of the men, but he could do no more, and while he was yet struggling, the captain reappeared, leading Mary by the arm.

"Now, my son," he said, as he came near to where Paul stood, "we will be on our way back, for you have been away long enough. Don't you begin to feel homesick?"

The youth was now too much disgusted to speak. He had wit enough to see what caused Mari's lightness of manner. The captain had evidently been fearing that they were gone past catching, and thus to come upon them so easily raised his spirits.

The pirate had something upon his tongue to say, but he kept it to himself. He led Mary from the deck of the lugger, and his followers went after him with Paul. Laroon spoke a few words with the fishermen, and then turned up toward a clump of cocoa trees, where a number of horses were hitched. His horse no more until he had reached the horses, and then he said only enough to infer those who guarded Paul how they were to dispose of him. During this time Paul had been wondering how all this came about. Either the boat's crew must have been discovered; or Laroon must have gone up to the castle; or Burnington must have turned traitor. He disliked to think the last thing, and yet it would hold the most prominent place in his mind.

"Look ye, Paul," uttered the pirate captain after he had assisted Mary to the back of his horse, "where is your boat and the men you had with you?"

The youth hesitated a moment, but he quickly understood that if he did not answer this question plainly his boatmen might have to suffer, so he answered:

"They are waiting where I left them. I suppose, I told them to wait for me until daylight, and that if I did not return then, they might go on board."  
"Very considerate to be sure," responded Mari with a bitter sneer. "He asked no more, and would have ridden off at once, had not Paul detained him. 'Unbind me,' said the youth. 'I shall not try to escape alone.'"

The captain pondered upon it a few moments, and then gave directions for unbinding the "boy's" hands. This was done, and then the pirate chieftain started on, and in a moment more his men followed him, Paul riding the horse he had come down on, and which had joined the others as soon as they had been left by the cocoa trees. For some distance not a word was spoken. Paul rode by the side of Philip Storms, the second lieutenant, and he knew this officer to be friendly to him.

"Storms," he said, as soon as he was sure no one else would hear him, "at what time did the captain leave the brig? Do not fear to trust me, for I give you my word that whatever you may say shall never be used to your prejudice. Tell me, if you know."  
"Well, he left about 9 o'clock."  
"And when did he return for you?"  
"He took us with him."  
(To be continued.)

HOW TO SCARE FOOTPADS.

Just Clink a Silver Half Dollar Against a Button.

A friend of mine tells me how he once fooled a couple of footpads. He was going home at a late hour of night when he noticed a man walking in the same direction a few rods ahead of him. His suspicion was excited by the fact that the man had not been there a moment before, and that there was no house in that block for him to have come from. He concluded that the man must have come from behind a tree. This suspicion increased to something like certainty when he suddenly discovered that another man was walking behind him.

As they approached the middle of the open block—an excellent place for a hold-up—the man in front walked more slowly while the one behind quickened his pace. My friend was pretty thoroughly frightened by the conviction that they were closing in on him with criminal intent. His first thought was to seek safety in flight, but pride on the one hand and fear of being caught by them on the other prevented him from doing this.

Then, in his extremity, a brilliant idea struck him. He was utterly unarmed, having not so much as a pocket-knife about him, but he took a silver half-dollar from his pocket, turned it twice in quick succession on one of his bone coat-buttons, producing a sound similar to the cocking of a pistol, and turning suddenly, pointed his finger at the man behind him, saying:

"I'll give you one minute to get out of range."  
The man instantly took to his heels, shouting as he did so:

"Run, Bill! He's got a gun."  
The fact that the other man immediately ran away in an opposite direction convinced my friend that he had made no mistake in guessing them to be footpads.—Brooklyn Eagle

A politician roasts on the fence because there are voters on both sides of it.

Truth is certainly stronger than fiction to many minds.

# WOMEN AND FASHION

## Men that Mothers Make.

Show me that boy who nightly bows at mother's knee to pray;  
Who wears her golden precepts in his heart;  
Who lays his hand in hers and seeks her counsel day by day;  
Whose path in life from hers lies not apart,  
And thus his future I'll decree:  
"His name in honor will climb high."

Show me that youth whose good right arm embraces mother's form;  
Whose lips fear not to kiss her faded cheek;  
Who lives for her; to shield her and protect her from all harm;  
Who comforts her when she is old and weak;  
And in the coming years I see  
A man for all eternity.

Show me that man whose life is pure;  
That man who claims success;  
Show me that man who treats the ways of fame;  
That man whose deeds adorn the name  
Of truth and uprightness;  
Whose soul knows not the tarnished blush of shame.  
And in his glory thus arrayed,  
Behold a man that mother made.

—Exchange.

Cozy Corner.

When a woman cannot have the luxury of an entire room for herself, it is at least fair for her to have a corner of the family sitting room or

her own bedroom set apart for her own special use. A cozy nook, with her favorite books within reach, a comfortable lounging chair and perhaps a little table—at any rate, a place for her fancy work or writing materials—all this is very delightful and not altogether impossible for a small outlay of money and brains. Where there is a bow window or a corner turret the rest is easily arranged.

Perhaps the most satisfactory corner may be evolved where the windows meet at right angles, as in the sketch. Here the curtains hang from a variance that follows the angles of the corner, the low shelves are filled with books, while the top of the bookcase is a stand for plants in quaint Dutch or Trentian ware pots. If the shelves are to contain anything but books they might have small curtains to correspond with the other draperies.

Such a corner is indeed conducive to a lazy afternoon or a pleasant hour to be spent among one's favorite authors and flowers.

Feminine Comment.

Every interesting woman is a spoiled child. The rose must know that it is lovely.

There's many a woman with soul among the stars who gets a terrible jolt when the cook leaves.

Be pretty, youthful and happy while you can. There's plenty of time coming for old age and cat naps.

Big, worthless ambitions often unfit us for attending to the little noble ones that we might easily realize.

When your dearest enemy refers to you as "that woman" you can know there's nothing left for her to say.

We often wonder why some of these devoted followers of changing fashions do not claim that the stars are out of date.

It seems as if some women say snippy things so that you can have the pleasure of remembering, while they have the pleasure of forgetting.

You have all met those poor, unhappy, far-sighted souls, who never enjoy the flowers of summer because they are so busy worrying about the ice of winter.

Stay the Ends.

The lasting qualities of new carpets will be increased if the ends of each breadth are properly stayed before sewing the breadths together. Use a fine, short darning needle and stout linen thread, begin at the edge, take three stitches straight down into the breadth, as if you were going to darn it, then the same number of stitches back in a slanting direction to the edge, bringing the thread over it and running the needle through the carpet from the under side. Repeat this combination darning and overcasting across the breadth and fasten the thread very securely. Finished in this

## NEW STREET SUITS.

1. A bronze glaze silk has a shirred yoke, lace stock and dark green tie; ecru lace in cuffs. Panel front in skirt, two gathered ruffles below the knee and three at the bottom of the skirt. Brown beaver felt hat trimmed with roses and ecru lace.

2. This Scotch-tweed walking suit is trimmed only with bias bands of material. The lapels of the three-quarter coat are faced with white taffeta, striped with black and white silk braid to match a black velvet hat, trimmed with loops of ecru de roche, and a black and white algrette completes a stylish toilette for the street, or with a lingerie blouse for the matinee or calling.

3. This olive green broadcloth visiting toilette is elaborately trimmed with one of the new cloth and silk appliques, the colors of the applique harmonizing with the color of the suit itself. The inner vest is of white taffeta, embroidered in silk to match the applique and edged with gilt braid, fastening over an Irish lace blouse. A picture hat or shirred green velvet is bound with white taffeta, edged with braid, while two huge dull red roses and a sweeping ombre feather form the only decoration.

4. A Persian lamb jacket has elaborate Hungarian embroidery down the front, outlined with narrow strips of Russian sable. Two rows of tiny gilt buttons fasten down the front inner bands of white cloth. This jacket is worn with a rich pompadour silk skirt, the skirt of which shows in the sketch. This skirt is composed of scalloped flounces, edged with silk braid and medallions of lace.

With this costume is worn a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a fine bird of paradise as its only trimming.—Philadelphia Ledger.

way the semi-annual beating will have no bad effects on the ends of the carpet, as is usually the case when they are simply overcast, or, worse yet, left unfinished.

As Princesses Live.

Princess Charles of Denmark, the King of England's versatile and lively youngest daughter, adds spinning to the list of her many accomplishments. She is a good spinner, and this is by no means her only handicraft, for she is an adept at wood carving and book-binding, as well as being a clever photographer. Before her marriage Princess Maud occasionally appeared in public as "Miss Mills" when staying with friends, and thus at garden parties, etc., she escaped any special attention, and enjoyed herself as an ordinary gentlewoman. Royal etiquette sometimes becomes very irksome to high-spirited young princesses, and one of Princess Maud's young cousins of Connaught, in bemoaning the fact to an elderly gentleman, a friend of their parents, remarked:

"But motherkins says we can forget sometimes we are princesses and only remember we are ladies."

Young Girl's Suit.

Suit of dark blue etamine, with trimming of green and blue plaid taffeta. Skirt has five gores and is plaited, the plaits stitched at top, and there are two deep tucks and hem bordered with the plaid, giving a triple-skirt effect. The waist, cut low, and pointed surplice fashion, has tucks on either side, and the sleeves have stitched plaits which extend to the neck and are finished with points and buttons. Tucks at bottom from the cuff and are pointed with buttons over a second cuff of the plaid. Chemisettes and stock of green taffeta folds. A good model for mother very securely. Finished in this

White furs are to be in favor. In the new dress shoes cloth uppers are seen.

New raincoats shown are almost invisible check.

Dainty fall and winter hats are made of chenille.

Fur coats are made with vests of embroidered cloth.

Changeable silks are much in evidence in the season's showings.

Brimms of one color and crowns of another are noted in the new hats.

New silk waists have round yokes embroidered with pompadour flowers.

New shades in taffeta silk are shown, for it is said taffeta will be popular for winter costumes.

Black hats are shown either trimmed with bright green coque plumes or with vivid orange ones.

In the dull glaze-finished patterns now so modish are shown vases of violet color, a new departure.

A new velvet is mirrored, but the pressing is done at irregular intervals and at some distance apart.

Velvet coats will be worn with cloth skirts of similar color. These coats will have shaped skirts and will be elaborately trimmed.

Kid belts, especially those in black or white, are to retain their popularity. Any buckle may be worn with them, but the harness buckle is considered the smartest.

Vellings are more elaborate than in summer, many of them being embroidered in floral designs, printed in dainty colors like the chiffons and mousselines for evening gowns.

Novelties in velvets include clever imitation of furs and almost every fur is reproduced as nearly as may be in these. These are for millinery use and browns and grays are especially desirable for draped chapeaus.

Drop skirts and petticoats are no wider at the bottom than heretofore, but the flouncings are put on fuller and the boning or insertion of canvas gives the necessary expansion at the bottom. There is not the slightest danger of crinolines or hoopskirts.

Rich Women and Their Fortunes.

Miss Bertha Krupp of Germany.....\$125,000,000  
Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr.....80,000,000  
Mrs. Collis P. Huntington.....75,000,000  
Mrs. Robert J. C. Walker.....50,000,000  
Mrs. Henry C. Potter.....45,000,000  
Mrs. Ogden Goelet.....40,000,000  
Mrs. Hatty Green.....35,000,000  
Mrs. William Astor.....30,000,000  
Miss Helen Gould.....25,000,000  
Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.....25,000,000  
Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. 10,000,000  
Mrs. Herman Oelrichs.....10,000,000

How to Clean Willow Furniture.

Willow furniture may be cleaned with salt and water, applied with a stiff nailbrush.

## DAME FASHIONS DECREEES

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