

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

It was late on the following morning when the stranger went ashore. He found that he had slept long and soundly; but that was no wonder, for he had been very much fatigued when he went to bed. He did not feel so much refreshed as one might have expected from such a deep sleep; he felt a sort of languor—half, languid feeling. Yet many people had so after a very hard sleep induced by excessive exertion. When James Fox finished the ball he found that breakfast was not ready, for Laroon himself was fast asleep.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and the atmosphere, purified by the late storm, now felt upon the some led with the grateful breeze of a thousand sweet shrubs and flowers. The guest left the garden from one of the best windows of the hall, and he resolved to walk out there and sniff up the fresh air, feeling sure that it would stamp up his blood and quicken his senses. He to the garden he went, and he was not disappointed in the effect. He had walked some dozen times up and down the beach path when he heard light footsteps near him, and on turning he saw the same bright-eyed girl whom he had seen so attentive to Mary, and whom he had heard her call Otehewa. The girl came close to him, and then having cast a quick glance about her, she said, in a low whisper:

"You are going to Lopes Garonne's today?"

"I had thought of it," returned Fox, with some surprise.

"Go—go. Go this forenoon," said Otehewa. "For Mari Laroon seeks your life. He entered your room last night, and laid your beam bare. He gazed upon it, and then all his doubts were removed."

"But I locked every door."

"There were some doors you could not lock. You were put in that chamber on purpose for the use of its secret doors, and the woman who gave you drink last night put a sleeping potion in it."

"Ah, then Laroon knows me—and well he might if he saw that mark, for he put it there himself. But how do you know he means to take my life?"

The girl smiled faintly, and then related all the conversation she had heard between the captain and Wards, only leaving out what related to herself.

"And now," continued the girl, "you see you must go to the other estate, and you must take the guide, too, for if you do not, they will contrive some other means for your death, of which you may have no warning; and hence you would be likely to fall without the power of defending yourself."

"The man understood it all, and after a few moments' thought, he said:

"I shall certainly do as you advise, but tell me why you have taken such an interest in my behalf. You never saw me before."

"Paul and Mary have been my friends, sir; and at this moment I would lay down my poor life for them."

"But what have I to do with them?" asked the stranger, somewhat moved, and spying the young girl sharply.

"You do not need instruction on that point from me, sir. I am not blind."

"James Fox knew very well that his secret had been penetrated by the dark-skinned girl. He watched her calm countenance for a few moments, and then he asked:

"Does Mary or Paul know what you know of me?"

"No, sir. You can see that they both feel drawn toward you, but wonder and curiosity take precedence of all other things with them," she replied. "Hark! They are calling to breakfast. Go you in and I will follow afterward. Do not speak to me again. Do not even look at me. Look to your pistols in secret, and mind that Wards rides not behind you on the way. You will know the ravine when you come to it, and there your guide will do the deed if you let him."

Thus speaking, the girl glided away; and Fox, as soon as he was sure his face was calm, returned to the house. He found the morning's meal prepared and his host was up to receive him. Never was Mari Laroon more kind and genial in his manner. He embraced his guest cordially and expatiated upon the beauty of the morning.

Paul and Mary were also there, and the young man still manifested the same anxious curiosity that had marked his manner on the previous evening. He gazed into the stranger's face and he wondered if Laroon had told him the truth when he said this could only be a man who had once lived near him. But he had no opportunity to question the stranger, for Laroon did not once leave him after breakfast.

The pirate captain meant that no conversation should be held that he did not hear, and for the present he succeeded. Mr. Fox manifested a desire several times to speak a few words in private with the youth and maiden, but he did not find an opportunity. Once he had a single moment whilst he stood by the side of Mary, and he whispered:

"Can you trust that young, beautiful girl, Otehewa?"

"With my very life and soul!" quickly responded Mary.

This was all, for the next moment Laroon was by them. It was 10 o'clock when the guest said he must be on his way to the next estate. Mari urged him to stop, but Fox said he must go.

"You will want a guide," said the buccaner, frankly. "You will surely miss your way alone."

"Would you as lief spare me a guide as not?"

"Certainly," uttered Laroon, with a strange sparkle in the eye which his guest did not fail to notice.

"Then I shall not only accept your offer, but your man shall be amply rewarded," replied Fox, as he prepared to go.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when the stranger set out on his way to the upper estate. He had carefully loaded his pistols. His guide was a shrewd, built, muscular fellow, not more than 25 years of age, and showing in his countenance a goodly share of intelligence and caution. Laroon looked upon him as a man to be trusted. Fox came down the stairs, and the guide only said by this

and though Fox tried to engage the fellow in conversation, he found it extremely difficult to get much out of him. He was not surly nor clownish, but he appeared to be diffident, and at times he manifested a desire to be wholly silent, even when the most simple questions were asked.

"The path seems perfectly plain," said the gentleman, after they had ridden some three miles along a wide cart road.

"It is different after we pass the ravine," returned Wards, substantially laying a peculiar stress upon the last word.

It was a beautiful ride, for the path was along upon the river's bank, and the foliage was lovely in the extreme. Yet the traveler did not find much time to enjoy it, for his mind was busy in another quarter. Sometimes the road took a curve away from the river to avoid the high bluffs which overtopped the bank; and at length Fox saw, at some distance ahead, a bluff higher than the others, and from the nature of the place he concluded that it must be the spot where he was to be put out of the way. If he had any doubts on this point they were soon removed, for the guide began to show signs of anxiety, though they were so well guarded that a person might never have detected them without some prepossessed clue to them.

"You see that high bluff?" he said, pointing to the place in question. "The ravine of which I spoke lies just beyond. The path after that is very blind."

"Ah! Then I am glad you have come with me, for it is not very pleasant to lose one's way in such woods."

Finally the place was approached, and Fox could see most of its peculiarities. Toward the river the rocks were piled up as by some mighty convulsion, while to the left was a deep gorge, over which ran a sort of natural bridge of rock. Just as they reached this point the guide uttered an exclamation of dissatisfaction.

"Bah! My saddle girth has broken."

"You ride on, sir, and I will follow you as soon as I have fixed it."

Fox was now behind his guide, and as he saw the fellow slip from the saddle he drew up his own horse. His first impulse was to cast his eyes over the strange, wild scene ahead. The ravine was very deep, with rough, jagged sides, and with a bottom of huge rocks, over which the torrent was evidently wont to dash during the season of heavy rains and freshets. But the most peculiar feature of all was a wide, naturally arched tunnel which extended through the bottom of the bluff to the river. The path was very narrow, not wide enough for a cart, all articles which needed transportation being generally carried by pack mules, though the most common mode of transportation was by the river. The path upon the shelf or bridge of rock was not over four feet wide in any place, and certainly a hundred yards in length, while the gorge extended away to the left until it became lost in the distant forest.

"Come," uttered the guide, somewhat impatiently, "ride on and I will soon overtake you."

"It is not proper for the guided party to ride ahead of the guide," replied Fox, carefully, having first seen that his pistols were at hand.

"But you had better ride on now," urged the guide, "for you have no time to lose."

"I am in no hurry."

"Then we will ride faster when we get started again."

Wards was not only perplexed, but much agitated. He found that the stranger's eyes were steadily upon him, and his every movement was watched. But soon he regained his confidence, and with a steady hand he pitched the girth with a thong where he had himself cut it, and in a few moments more he was in his saddle.

"Now you may ride on," he said, "for my horse is not safe with another behind him. He will not go over with the sounds of hoofs in his ear."

"Then," replied Fox, who could not help smiling at the fellow's quaint ingenuity, "I will not start until you are across. Now if you are in a hurry, move."

This last sentence was spoken sharply, and the fellow started on. Fox waited until he had gained the opposite side, and then he followed him. When the traveler reached the spot where his guide stood, the latter rode on ahead at a brisk trot, and Fox followed at a respectful distance. Soon the gentleman saw Wards place his hand in his bosom, and when he withdrew it he had a pistol in it. Wards supposed he had accomplished this without being noticed. On the next instant Fox heard a sharp click, click, and from the way in which the fellow's right elbow was bent he knew that the weapon was ready for firing. Fox drew his own pistol, and held it beneath the skirt of his frock, by bringing the skirt up over the saddle bow.

Suddenly Wards drew in his horse by a powerful movement, and quickly changing his pistol into his left hand, he cried out, in a wild, strange voice, at the same time pointing off over the river:

"See here! See there!"

James Fox had seen the whole process, and he knew full well that if he did not act promptly he would have a bullet through his head before he could prevent it. He waited until he saw the guide reach back with his right hand for the pistol, and then he knew the crisis had come. It was hard to take the life of a fellow, but now he had his choice—to fall by the hands of an assassin, and thus leave the villain to do more murder, while at the same time a still darker villain would be left behind with a defenseless maiden in his grasp—or to save his own life, and thus live to accomplish a work which justice and mercy and love demanded at his hands. These thoughts flashed through his mind like lightning, and on the next instant his course was clear.

"Look! Look!" cried the guide.

Fox saw the villain's finger upon the trigger of his pistol. With a firm hand he drew in his rein, and as his horse settled back he quickly brought his own pistol to within a yard of the assassin's head and fired. The guide's horse bounded forward at the sound of the report, and Wards was thrown upon the ground. He had uttered no cry, for the ball had passed through the back, and the force of the concussion,

even without the ball, would have stunned him for a while.

James Fox hastily dismounted and stooped over the prostrate guide, but life was extinct, and after dragging the body out from the path, so that his horse could pass freely along, he remounted and rode along, taking no notice of the guide's horse, which had now stopped as though waiting for its rider.

Toward the middle of the forenoon, Mari Laroon began to look for his slave who had been sent to guide James Fox; but the hours passed away until nightfall, and he did not come. The buccaner now became uneasy, and sent off two of his most trusted men to hunt Wards up if possible. These two took their horses, and they were directed to follow the path to Lopes Garonne's, and look carefully for the missing man.

"Be sure and examine well about the great bluff and ravine," said Mari, in conclusion, "for there is a dangerous place. Hasten now."

Half an hour after the negroes had gone, the buccaner was in the great hall poking up and down the paved floor. The man was next setting, and the shadows were now lengthening out till they became lost in the distance. Suddenly Mari heard an alarm at the gate, and soon afterward he was informed that one of the men from the brig would see him. Of course, he gave orders for the man to be admitted, and he waited in the hall for him. Ere long he heard a heavy step on the veranda, and he started with a quick emotion as the sound fell upon his ear, for there was but one man who walked with that unequal bump, and that man he had supposed to be in prison. But his queries were soon stopped, for the hall door was thrown open, and the maimed form of Bufo Burnington appeared upon the threshold.

"What! Bufo?" cried Mari, starting forward and grasping the newcomer by the hand. "Are you at liberty?"

"I am."

"And the rest?"

"Where I left 'em, I suppose—in prison. I have escaped. But I have set a hell in motion in Nagasaki, and they will be out ere long."

"Good, Bufo! You shall be rewarded for this. We'll have supper in a short time, and then you shall eat with the rest of us. Have you been on board the brig?"

"No. I struck the path which I thought would bring me there; but I was mistaken, for it brought me out here."

"All right. Sit down now and rest."

Accordingly Bufo sat down upon one of the long stone benches which were stationary fixtures in the hall, while Mari went away to hurry on the supper. In fifteen minutes after this the same sailor was informed that the meal was ready, and he followed Laroon into the supper room. Paul was there, and he started back in surprise as he saw the dark, strange man.

Mary's first impulse, as she gazed into those repulsive features, was one of fear and disgust; but that feeling quickly passed away, and as she next met his gaze there was a soft, strange light in that single eye that completely disarmed her of her fear. She remembered how she had been once fascinated by that gaze when she had reposed in those stout arms, and she remembered how he had spoken to her. She could even now feel the thrill that went leaping through her soul as those incoherent words fell upon her ear. And the longer she gazed the more did she become used to his deformities, and the less repulsive did they appear.

And Paul, too, was strangely worked upon. Surely Bufo Burnington had betrayed him; but might he not have had some powerful reason for it? One thing was sure; argue with himself as he would, there was a strange spirit in his soul which yearned toward that dark man.

(To be continued.)

Brief Wives in Virginia.

"In looking over some old documents relating to the colonizing of Virginia I found that the purchase of young women as wives was a vague in the early settlement of that State," said a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "A letter accompanying one of these shipments, and dated London, Aug. 12, 1621, is illustrative of the simplicity of the times and the concern for the welfare of the colony. It is as follows:

"We send you, in the ship, one widow and eleven maids for wives for the people of Virginia; there has been especial care had in the choice of them; for there hath not any of them been received but upon good recommendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they be put with several householders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our most honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning, for the reimbursement of whose charges it is ordered that every man that marries them gives 200 pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriage be free, according to the law of nature, yet we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers to them in this business, nor enforcing them to marry against their wills."

Not to B. W.sted.

Mr. Bascomb was as firm about politics as about everything else; he made a boast that nobody could change his views when once they were formed, and it was true.

"But, father, suppose they don't even suggest having 'Liph Godding for representative'?" pleaded Mr. Bascomb's son, after a painful half-hour of argument. "I don't believe anybody but you has thought of him."

"If they don't have 'Liph Godding for representative,'" said Mr. Bascomb, calmly, "I shall winter my vote, that's all."

WOMEN AND FASHION

Beauty by Housework.

A writer whose useful mission is to tell women how they can make the most of themselves physically has been counting up the development exercises that one does, or might, take while busy with her housework. For example, she enlarges her chest and arms by using a carpet-sweeper, strengthens her back and broadens her shoulders by making beds, and improves the shape of her wrists and hands by kneading dough.

She might round her hips and perfect her waist line by using her feet instead of her hands as opportunity offers, as when shutting the oven door. Ironing tends to make her arms round and firm; but that end would be more surely attained if occasionally, while she waited for the iron to cool, she would straighten her back and hold the iron at arm's length, using it as a dumb-bell. A proper carriage of the body is desirable, anyway, and few kinds of work really necessitate postures that invite cramped lungs and rounded shoulders.

The hardest work, "that which makes one breathe heavily," brings its special benefit, provided one breathes deeply and breathes pure air. But to supplement all such physical means of grace, says our adviser, a woman

them than has been required for the style which is displaced. The puff gradually descended from the shoulder. It stopped at the elbow a season or two; then it slipped down to the wrist, and when it was in danger of dropping to the ground the dressmakers rescued it and have stuck it up on the shoulder again. Those thrifty women who keep their old gowns may now take the gowns of 1894 out of the closet and again be in the height of fashion.

A Woman's Secret of Keeping Young.

Some one asked a woman how it was she kept her youth so wonderfully. Her hair was snowy white, she was 80 years old, and her energy was waning; but she never impressed one with the idea of age, for her heart was still young in sympathy and interest. This was her answer: "I know how to forget disagreeable things. I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things. I did not expect too much of my friends. I kept my nerves well in hand, and did not allow them to bore other people. I tried to find any work that came to my hand congenial. I retained the illusions of my youth, and did not believe 'every man a liar' and every woman spiteful. I did my best to relieve the misery I came in

STYLISH GOWNS FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.



1. The costume to the left of the sketch above is of chamadeon taffeta, on the blue and brown shades, trimmed with circles of blue velvet edged with brown and white silk braid. The jacket has a girdle of silk velvet, with loops and ends at the back. With this is worn a brown velvet hat with a white feather sweeping across the crown and over the hair in the back.

2. This smart coat suit is of a heavy novelty cloth on the petunia shades, the lapels being faced with white broadcloth and petunia velvet. A ladder pattern in petunia silk braid is inserted in the

sleeves and skirt and also runs down the three-quarter coat. A soft beaver hat, with wings across the front, completes a most effective toilette.

3. Silk warp Henrietta cloth of the most delicate mauve tint composes this reception gown. This is elaborately trimmed with applique lace and chiffon roses and scroll designs of cheville.

4. A fine broadcloth of light brown has velvet and braided lapels thrown back to display a fawn-color vest. The full sleeves have stiff scalloped cuffs edged with fawn color, and the skirt has shirred pieces of the material let in at

chemisette is made a part of the right front, and can be of lace chiffon lined, or of heavier material, as may be preferred.



Mrs. John Nicholas Brown is building a \$400,000 residence at Newport for her son.

The mother of the Rev. L. M. Foster, of Charles City, Iowa, was a second cousin of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mrs. Betty Green's wealth is put at \$50,000,000 or so, and her living expenses are put at less than \$5,000 yearly.

Fran Cosima Wagner has devoted her entire widowhood to the praise of her husband. She is the daughter and mother of a composer, and has been the wife of two.

Miss Mary A. Booth, of Springfield, Mass., is well known in the scientific world. She is one of the few women

should rest, absolutely rest, for fifteen minutes a day, loosen her garments and stretch herself at full length. "That is the treatment that feeds off wrinkles."

What of the occasions when a woman must wield a broom or bend over a wash-tub or over a frying-pan upon the kitchen range? These are toils that tax her strength and seem to make little direct return of physical good, yet they may be carried on under hygienic conditions.

The comforting fact remains that most of the work a housekeeper does involves just such exercises as a teacher of physical culture or a "beauty doctor" would prescribe for her. There is no reason why she should not be more beautiful, as well as more useful, than the idlers of her sex. She generally is.—Youth's Companion.

Always Keep Faith.

Many a woman who would not think of lightly breaking a promise made to a grown-up person is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

A mother who acts thus does her child grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child, and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word and to fulfill their promises, even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly broken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses his children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things which our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness they soon look around for someone else whom they can trust, and on that person they shower their affection and bestow their confidence.

Leg-of-Muttons Again. Dressmakers inform us that leg-of-mutton sleeves are coming in again. It will not take much more cloth to make

contact with, and sympathized with the suffering. In fact, I tried to do to others as I would be done by, and you see me in consequence reaping the fruits of happiness, and a peaceful old age."

A Box-Plaited Blouse.

The blouse waist has come to be so essential to style as well as comfort, and takes fresh variations with each coming season. This one is peculiarly attractive, and is laid in full length box plaits, with additional tucks at the front, which extend to yoke depth and provide fullness below that point. The model is made of rosea velvelling, trimmed with black banding and combined with a yoke of ecru lace, but all materials of a suit



BOX-PLAILED BLOUSE.

delicately light weight to be adapted to box plaits are equally appropriate.

The waist is made with a fitted lining, which can be used or omitted, as preferred. Fronts and back, and closed invisibly at the left of the front beneath the box plait. The sleeves are the new ones, with deep cuffs, as they which they are full and ample. The

admitted to the Royal Microscopical Society of London.

Mrs. Roosevelt has a much more general supervision of the White House than any former mistress of the mansion.

Florence Lewis, the young woman who has outshot the best marksmen of England, will come to the United States and try her skill.

The Empress of Russia, while a believer in woman suffrage, is not what is known as a strong minded woman. She is thoroughly domestic.

Caroline L. O. Ransome, of Washington, is the first woman from whom the United States government purchased a painting for the walls of the capitol.

"Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absher" is the name of a girl who married James Gill of Toledo, Ohio, the other day.

Hints for Housefurnishing. To have a pretty home avoid glaring contrasts of color.

If the wall papers are figured, choose plain carpets or draperies.

See that bookcases have glass doors or curtains to preserve the books.

Remember that the kitchen outfit is not the cheapest part of the furnishing.

Do not despise any old pieces of furniture. If they cannot be used now, they may come into fashion again in the future.

Purchase a few good articles of furniture rather than a host of cheap things which will neither look well nor wear well after the first month.

Have a general sitting room where the entire family can congregate cozy in the evening, and, if possible, have in open fire and good reading lamps there, and a comfortable lounge in one corner.

Danger in K1-oes. "I think it is absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Mrs. Lily-top. "What possible disease could be spread by the simple act?" "Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.—Tit-Bits.