

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XXI—(Continued.)

During the supper the buccaneer made but little conversation, for his mind was too heavily burdened with other affairs than those he could converse of there, and as soon as he had done he left the room, leaving Burnington alone with Paul and Mary. As soon as he was fairly gone the dark man said, while a faint smile worked upon his features:

"Paul—and you, too, lady—I fear you have not yet forgiven me for the part I so shamefully played against you. It was not for your ill that I did that thing. I meant to help you, and you may yet know that I have done you no harm. How there have been a man—a stranger—here?"

"Ken. Last night one came."
"Did he give his name?"
"He said it was James Fox."
"Where is he now?"
"Gone up to Laroon's."

"Did you notice that man particularly, Paul?"
"Ay, I did," uttered the youth, with energy, "and I know I have seen him before. Who is he? Burnington, I do not care for you any more. Now show me that I do not misplace it, by telling me truly who that man is, for I am sure that you know him."

"I will make you one answer," returned Paul, in a serious tone, "and that shall be final on that point. James Fox has repented confidence in me, and I will not violate it. He shall tell you as long as he will tell you of me. Now, if you would trust those who would save you, show it by asking no more questions. Trust me, and yet show it not. Let Mari Laroon think you hate me, for the more she thinks that the more easily I can speak."
Paul and Mary gazed into the face of the speaker, and then they looked at each other, and though each seemed only about upon discovering what emotions the other manifested, yet they both showed by their looks that they were ready to trust the strange man.

At this moment Otehewa entered the room. She caught the stranger's eye, and she came near dropping the tray she carried in her hands. Both Paul and Mary noticed her emotion, but they noticed it not so deeply as did the man himself who had caused it. Slowly the Indian girl drew nearer, and as she set her tray down close by where Burnington was seated, she gazed fixedly into his face, never minding the look he gave her in return. A shade rested on her face—a shade half of doubt and half anxiety; but it soon passed away, and then a look of strange satisfaction took its place.

In the meantime the negroes had returned. Mari Laroon met them in the court, and asked them if they had found Wanda. But hardly had he asked the question when he noticed a dark mass upon one of the saddles. He went up to it, and he saw the grim, ghastly features of the Indian guide, all covered with dirt and gore.
He drew a few words from the negroes he himself all; and he knew that now he must have a more dangerous enemy than before.

CHAPTER XXII.

The buccaneer chieftain bade the negroes take the body away, and say nothing about the affair for the present, and then he returned to the hall, where for half an hour he paced up and down the place like a caged lion. "I am not to be thwarted now. If that man returns here he shall find his labor lost. All to yet in my hands, and will see who shall play the winning hand! What he, there! Call away my boat, and have him manned."
As he gave this order he strode to the apartment where he had left the supper party, and found those there yet whom he had left when he went for his meal.
"Burnington," he said, "I have not heard from the brig since the storm. They should have sent me up word, for I am anxious. My boat is ready and manned, and I wish you to go down and see how they are. Some of the men may have been injured during the gale, and if so they will need their surgeon; so you may accompany him, Paul. Come, the boat waits."

Both Paul and Burnington seemed somewhat startled by this order, and for a moment were dumb.
"But," uttered the old man, at length, "it is hardly fair to send me off so soon. I am all run down with fatigue now."
"Never mind! I won't hurt you to send you down the river; and then you may ride so much as you want to when you get there."
Paul also made objections, but the captain would listen to none of them. Go they must, unless they openly rebelled, and that they were not yet prepared to do.

Paul hoped that the captain would leave him and Mary alone a few moments at least, but he did not. Yet he would not leave her without one fond embrace, and moving quickly to her side he bent over her and wound his arms about her and imprinted a warm kiss upon her fair cheek.
"I shall see you soon again, Mary," he said, "and until then keep up a good heart."
"Haven't you, my brother?" murmured the stricken girl.
"—"Whispered the youth. "I am not sure of that. He has led me on!"
The maiden started up with a cry of surprise and hope; but she found the captain's burning eyes of Laroon fixed on her, and she did not speak. On the next moment Paul was gone from her, and she found herself again alone.

Laroon followed the two men from the room, and saw them in the boat. He would have said more if Burnington had not stopped him. How long the captain passed through the arch, the boat was hurried, and the heavy oarsmen to the drawing. He called the boat back to go to the row where the boat was stopping, and tell him to leave the boat.
Laroon had had the crew to keep the boat steady since the first of the coming, for he knew that his boat could be not only unpleasant to him, but also be likely to retard her if it had been kept at one of the oars without the will—the one oar of Laroon's—did not budge.

"The will string in the column of the great command. She looked up as he entered, and he saw the shudder that passed through her frame. Otehewa stood close by her side; but the latter had heard the bad man's step, and for the moment her face wore only a look of cold, blind indifference, and at that moment she looked as though she cared for nothing or nobody. Well it was for her mistress that Mari Laroon was so deeply deceived in the maid.
"Now, my love," said Mari, as he approached close to where the maiden sat, "we will very soon have our joys for this life fixed. Go and prepare yourself at once for on this night you become mine for life. Go and dress to suit yourself, and it will suit me—only let it be done quickly."

The maiden seemed at first in a dream, but soon she realized it all, and starting to her feet, she gazed a moment wildly on the wicked man's face, and threw herself on her knees at his feet.
"Spare—spare—oh, spare me!" she cried in tearful, burning agony, while she clasped her hands and raised them frantically toward him.
A dark, grim smile passed over the pirate's face, but when he spoke his features were as stern as ice.

"Mary," he said, "you know how much has been done to thwart me. But now the power is in my hands. Go and prepare. Otehewa, you will assist her."

"Yes, sir." And as the slave girl spoke, she moved to the maiden's side, and seemed to wait for her to rise.
Without another word, Mary followed Otehewa from the room, and when she had reached her own chamber she threw herself upon her bed and burst into a flood of tears.
"My mistress," said the faithful girl, after the maiden had wept for some minutes, "hope is not yet all gone. But you cannot escape this ordeal. It must come."
"Heaven have mercy!" groined the stricken maiden, clasping her hands in agony. "O Otehewa, you do not know what you say. Go through with this ordeal! His wife!"

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her sleeve the maid had a small bladder secured by a string to her waist, and within this was a small portion of her own preparing. She had gathered it from the herbs of her own native forests, and she knew well its properties. With a small knife she punctured the bladder, and then, as she poured out the wine into the goblet of crystal, she so held her wrist that the bladder emptied itself into the silver cup. When she had filled them both—and the mystic maneuver she had performed had detained her hardly an instant—she hastened to the newly wedded pair.
"Now, mistress," she said, with a merry laugh, "here is crystal for you—and it is an emblem of your purity and virtue. Here, my master, is silver for you—and it speaks of your ambition and worth. Health, peace and long life to you both."

Never was a bad man more charmed. He raised the goblet and poured off the contents at one draught.
The buccaneer saw that his bride was not to be made joyous in the presence of the company now assembled, and with one more bumper all around he dismissed them. Otehewa had yet a small portion of her medicine left, and this she contrived to put into a goblet which she left upon the sideboard half filled with wine. Two persons had already attempted to drink it, but she had stopped them by claiming it as her own. At length Hagar approached it, and Otehewa drew away to the side of her mistress again, and she had the satisfaction of seeing the old negro drink the wine. She was happy now, for she had not a hope thus far lost.

At length the buccaneer and his bride, and Otehewa and Hagar were sole occupants of the great room. The pirate turned to Mary, and kissed her cold brow. With a deathly feeling the bride staggered from the room. She leaned heavily upon Otehewa's arm, and faintly she murmured:
"To my own chamber To my own chamber!"

Mary reached her room, but she could do no more. She sank down upon her bed, and she was powerless and senseless. Otehewa knew what to do for her, and ere long the poor girl was reviving.
Otehewa saw that her mistress had wholly recovered, and then she went below to see how matters went on there. She stopped in the hall to harken, but all was still, save a loud snoring from the drawing room. She entered this room, and when she had seen all there, a smile of triumph passed over her features. The pirate chieftain lay upon the floor in a sound sleep, while Hagar sat back in a chair snoring fearfully. First the girl placed a cushion beneath Laroon's head, so that the uneasy position should not tend to awaken him before day; and then she laid down another cushion upon which to place old Hagar's head. She dared not leave the bedlam in the chair for fear she should get uneasy before morning and tumble out and perhaps thus wake up. The bag was little else but skin and bone, and Otehewa easily placed her on the floor.

This done, the girl put out the lights and then made her way noiselessly back to the chamber of her mistress. From that moment Mary possessed the love of one who would at any moment have sacrificed life itself at that love's call.
"Now, my sweet lady," she said, "you may sleep in peace."
"But you will not leave me?" said Mary, timidly.
"Not if you wish it otherwise."

Mary threw her arms about the neck of the faithful creature, kissing her dark cheek. "You are my sister, Otehewa—my sister, and so I will ever love and bless you."
Now it was wept such tears as she had not wept before for years; and from that moment her life was devoted to the benefit of the noble, generous being whom she called mistress.

(To be continued.)

FUNNY SWELL FISH.

FAVOR is the Jolliest Member of the Finny Tribes in Salt Water.
The funniest little fellow in salt water is the puffer, or swell fish. Fishermen call him the blow fish.

When he is swimming around at ease, with nothing to alarm him, he looks queer enough, for the skin of his abdomen is all loose and wrinkled, and he has such a big, three-cornered head that he looks entirely absurd. His mouth, instead of being big and gaping, as most fish mouths are, is only a tiny round hole at the end of a pointed, conical snout. Out of this circular mouth protrude his teeth, like those of a rabbit.

He would be about as homely a fish as could be made if it were not for the beautiful orange and yellow and silver colorings that play all over him.

But queer as he looks when he is at ease, it is only when he is frightened or excited that he becomes really funny. If he is hooked, for instance he comes to the surface grinding those protruding teeth so that the sound can be heard a good many feet away.

And then, as soon as the hand touches him, he begins to grunt hoarse y, and with each grunt he swells a bit, till within a few moments he has puffed himself so full of air that when the fishermen hurl him at the water with all their force he simply bounds and rebounds like a rubber ball.

If he is dropped into the water of a blowing himself full of air, he floats on it as lightly as a thistle-down, and he will stay that way until he has assured himself that danger has gone by. He does the same thing when he is pursued by other fish. And as he floats almost entirely out of water, with only a little bit of his hard, spiny body sunk under the surface, very few fish can hurt him once he is inflated.—Washington Post.

Two styles.

The fashions for millinery are divided into two distinct classes in indicated by the following from *Illustrated Bits*:

Mrs. Spendor—*I wonder what will be the popular styles in hats this season?*
Mr. Spendor—*My dear, women's hats will be divided into two styles this season, as usual; the style you don't like, and the style I can't stand.*

WOMEN AND FASHION

When Baby Prays.

When baby by her crib at night
Enfolds her little hands to pray—
Dear little hands so soft and white—
I listen while the sweet lips say:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
And, listening, years are backward rolled—
The past is as a tale untold.

And standing by my mother mild—
Dear mother, with your hair of white—
Again I am a little child
And say again, as yesternight:
"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."
And half it seems in baby's pie.
The oldest faith comes back to me.

Ab, me! I know my faith is but
A phantom of the long ago;
Yet, when my babe, with eyelids shut,
Repeats the words I used to know:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."
Some way, some way, the world-doubts
The old, sweet faith comes back to me.

An Englishman's Wife.

In England a man's wife is in reality his partner; and whether or not the two are in harmony with each other in affection, in all material things they recognize that their fortunes are irrevocably bound together; that the interests of both are quite identical, and that each has just as strong a motive for making things go well as has the other, since they share equally the labor and the reward of labor. They may have their private disagreements; but they front the world together. The wife takes the keenest interest in the most minute details of everything that affects her husband's welfare. She knows his income to a penny. She manages her household as a chancellor of the exchequer manages the nation's outfit, so that the annual budget shall not only avoid a deficit and shall accurately balance, but so that it shall show a surplus. She will practice a rigid economy if necessary and in doing so she will feel that she is merely carrying out her share of the marriage contract. It is the man's part to make money; it is her part to help him save it. She plans nothing for herself apart from him; she cannot think of aim in anything apart from her. If he is in political life, she enters into his ambitious with intelligence and zeal. She will write his letters for him and entertain his constituents; she will study the bluebooks and teach herself to understand the public questions with which he has to deal, so that she may discuss them with him, and follow his career intelligently. She belongs to him, in fact, as he belongs to her. There is not much display of sentiment in an English household after the first year of married life has ended; but there is the bond of a common interest which grows stronger every day and every year, and which gives to man and wife a unity of purpose and of feeling that will beyond comparison outlast the cobweb tissues of emotionalism.—*Ainslee's Magazine*.

Why Girls Should Run.

If girls would turn their attention to running, they would find it the most exhilarating pastime in the world, as well as one of the most healthful, says an authority in athletics. Besides adding roses to the cheeks and inches to the lungs, running is the stout woman's best resource.
Let her take a brisk run daily, beginning with a few yards, and getting up to a mile, or thereabouts, and she will not need to resort to a starvation diet.
Fresh air is one of the important factors of the sport. It is fresh air that gives a girl bewitching color in her cheeks, and purifies every drop of blood in her body.
After a little practice, a girl can run half a mile without stopping. Then let her pause for a two-minute rest before doing the next half mile. Run briskly, but not at top speed.

Needlework Notes.

Warm and pretty dressing sacks are knitted of soft worsted and bound with silk.
Use your odd bits of flowered silk and lace for a theater bodice to be worn with a white skirt.

Handwork is well simulated by motifs in embroidered cloth applied with contrasting materials.

Dainty corset covers or petticoat bodices, as they are now termed, have as their sole ornament a row of feather stitching at every seam, a colored ribbon running through the casings at the top and at the waist.

If one knows how to use knitting needles, a knitted veil will make a most acceptable gift for some baby.

These are made about fourteen inches long by ten wide. An open pattern is chosen and silk or fine wool which comes for the purpose, is employed.

6 Peanuts for Insomnia.

Some scientist of the Department of Agriculture either too modest to court publicity or not sufficiently confident of the value of his discovery has found, or thinks he has found, a cure for insomnia. Secretary Wilson, for many years a sufferer from insomnia, is quietly advising his friends to eat fresh roasted peanuts just before going to bed and let him know the results. In almost every case the remedy has been efficacious. The peanuts must be fresh, and not less than a pint of them are to be eaten. They must be followed by a copious draught of water.

Hints from a Married Matron.

"My dear," said a shrewd matron to a newly married young woman, "it is hard to let a man know how little you can live on."
"If in a time of financial distress you cut your household expenses to the very last limit to help him, you will find that thereafter he will always expect you to get along on that minimum

COSTUMES FOR THE HOUSE.



1. A charming boudoir gown of the finest pale green nun's veiling has the round yoke and shoulder capes bound with exquisite Japanese embroidery edged with gold braid.
2. A tea-jacket of pompadour silk—a pink geranium pattern on a creamy ground—has the lapels, sleeve flounces and directoire skirted bodice edged with a narrow plumed ruffle of pink taffeta.
3. For small dinners, a dotted Spanish net over taffeta is most appropriate. The one in the sketch has a three-tier skirt, each flounce bordered with lace.
4. Another dinner gown of pompadour silk, the little coat effect lengthened in the back into a long train. The vest and skirt proper and the under puffs of the sleeves are of cream chiffon, with rich lace flounces tucked here and there with rosettes of velvet to correspond with the colors of the silk.



Short jackets have almost disappeared.
In veils the latest thing is edged with fur.
Smart afternoon gowns have the long skirt.
Amber is very fashionable in jewelry this winter.

Unlined skirts are becoming more and more popular.
Folds have not had such a vogue for many winters.

Panama cloth is popular for the semi-dressy tailor suit.
Those soft and graceful scarfs of liberty silk are "in" again.

Bright and fetching are the new blouses of tartan plaid silk.
Irish point and panne velvet combine in a few handsome gowns.

Both marabout and ostrich feathers are used as trimmings on coats.
For ball gowns both the round short skirt and the long close one are to be worn.

The polonaise, little more than a legend to this generation, has reappeared.
A bunch of chestnuts and half-opened burrs make a fallish trimming for one hat.

The Lady Curzon coiffure with tiara ornament is the approved hairdressing of the winter.
The butterfly bow or wrap of tulle is too pretty a neck finish over to go quite out of style.

Broad girdles of silver and gold ribbon fit aptly into the general elegance of all things sartorial.
Many smart women have abandoned hats and bonnets for theater wear because of the inconvenience of having to remove and hold an unnecessary burden.

Young Girl's Coat.



Coat of tan covert cloth, double-breasted, with plain sleeve and shoulder cape; trimmed with bands of mink.