

The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER I.

Pope and Crystal.

It was one Tuesday in the city of London, in the early part of the last century, and the large dining-room of the Mitre tavern was full of hungry men sitting in boxes and giving hoarse notes to their waiters. The best-pot foamed at their elbows as they ate with a will. They bore the true aspect of the children of the deep; you would have known them when they have in sight a mile off by their clothes and cut.

Jenkinson went about nodding to this man and to that, calling deep pitched answers in response to friendly greetings. He stopped at a box at whose table sat one figure only. This was a captain in the merchant service named Pope, a fine, tall man of very noble build. He had a merry eye with something careless and cruel in its glance and light; an Irish eye blue and arch. But to-day the face that overhung his plate, chewing steadily, with Jenkinson staring at him, was a long one.

"Well, Captain," said Jenkinson, "have you got a ship yet?"

"Don't talk of it," cried Captain Pope with passion. "The pavements are full of helpless idlers. They wander starving and forlorn."

Jenkinson smiled sarcastically. "Don't tell me," he said. "There are always plenty of ships, and where there are ships there is demand and room for good men."

The other shrugged his shoulders and bit his food with anger. Just then a middle-sized man came to the entrance of the box, and Jenkinson stood up.

"How d'ye do, Captain Crystal? What are your commands?" Crystal named his joint, and seated himself opposite Captain Pope, and Jenkinson went away.

This Crystal was a very rugged-

coast, and he and his father-in-law and Mrs. Jackman went ashore. When Jackman returned to his ship, the men seized him, swearing they were not going to be hanged for pirates, and they locked this Jackman up in his cabin, and carried the brig to the Thames and handed her over. Jackman sprang through the cabin window and was drowned. He did well. He was a ruined man and a felon.

"The biggest fool," said Captain Crystal, "that ever took charge of men. Only think of shipping a crew on representations of honesty, to tell them, before they were out of sight of Execution Dock, that the brig's colors were the black flag."

"I have a mind to view this brig," said Pope. "We require a permit from the owner, and that is one reason why I am calling on him. Come with me and view the brig, Crystal."

"Right," said the square-shaped seaman; "and if you have the cash for the purchase of her stowed away in some old stocking in an inshore chimney, I'm your man as first mate."

They entered the shop of a nautical instrument maker. Mr. Staunton, the owner of the brig, dwelt over this shop.

"This is your notice, I suppose?" said Captain Pope, pulling out the paper, and putting his hand upon the advertisement. "What's your price?"

"Not a penny less than six hundred pounds," replied the money-lender. "Have you seen her?"

"No," answered Pope, with a gloomy grin, "we're here to ask for leave to look at her."

Mr. Staunton quickly and eagerly began to write, talking meanwhile. His writing was soon ended. "Show this, gentlemen," said he, "to my ship-keeper, and I hope you'll lose no time in taking the vessel off my hands."

"Well, view her," said Pope, pocketing the permit.

The two sailors went toward London

Crystal, scowling up and down the street. "Why didn't you keep near the docks. Five shillings hires me a room and a clean turn-up bedstead just out of the Commercial Road."

Captain Pope pulled the bell of the house. The door was opened after a considerable passage of waiting—during which Pope continued to curse the sea as the most poverty-stricken of callings—by a dirty little servant who seemed a compound of flue and black-lead. The Captain pushed in.

They refreshed themselves in a dingy little bedroom, adjoining the parlor. There was a handsome sea-chest here, and a sparkling long telescope.

"That's what it's come to," said Pope, pointing to these things. "I, Captain Pope, and as good and careful a mariner as any as sails out of the ports of this kingdom, cannot get a ship."

"There are scores of us," said Crystal, drying his face. "My money sinks and the ships depart, and I return to my dirty little lodging sick with cursing the times I have fallen on."

"And disappointment and poverty don't raise hell and the pirate in your heart, hey?" cried Pope, staring with a wild stormy look into the other's dark face.

"How do you know that it don't?" answered Crystal, picking up a hair brush.

"I'd rob a church. I have no honesty left. I mean to set up as a villain, and you shall help me make a fortune for us both, Crystal."

"You're not thinking of the highway are ye, Pope?"

"Ay, the highway that reflects the canvas of rich keels. But step into the next room." He pulled out a gold watch. "I'll tell you what's in my mind, and we can debate it over a pipe after we've supped."

CHAPTER II.

The Camperdown Public House.

"Well, now, what's your scheme?" said Crystal, when they had entered. "I'll be beforehand with thee thus far; it's piracy or you shall choke me."

Captain Pope's eyes gleamed. "Piracy it is; the most gallant of trades. If I had my way I would not choose a brig. She should be the swiftest schooner that ever sailed out of an American port, coppers to the bends, with buttons of trucks melting to the stars."

He laughed, rubbing his hands in a glowing way.

Crystal said, "High enough. But you are a broken man. How, unless you run away with her, are you to come at a brig or a schooner, swift or slow?"

"If you want to go upstairs," exclaimed Pope, "you take one step at a time. Some take two, and those are the fools. How much money have you got, Crystal?"

"So help me as I sit," cried the square, rugged seaman, half starting out of his chair, with his eyes all in a heat at once, "I cannot muster four guineas in this accursed world of toil and want."

He tore a few coins out of his pocket and dashed them in a small handful upon the table. Pope, folding his arms, leaned back on the sofa and eyed the money with mingled sorrow and disdain; then after a pause he exclaimed:

"Put that coin up, Crystal, and cease to fret. I can muster eighty pounds and a gold watch, and trifles—here he heaved a deep sigh—"which might be worth thirty pounds more to me. With this capital I mean to go to work."

(To be continued.)

THE FEAR OF LAUGHTER.

In Our Day the Joke Is Fast Becoming Mightier Than the Pen.

Men who fear nothing else shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. * * * Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of his choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman; a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention. In deed, the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest in his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries. What is the meaning of its steady growth in power and what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny? Is there a chance that our keen relish for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from over-indulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality, not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, nay, cultivated appetite in jokes?—Atlantic.

Reed as a Joker.

When William A. Peffer was senator from Kansas he met "Czar" Reed one day and in the course of conversation complained of having a headache. "I don't understand it," said the senator. "I guess I will have to see a doctor." "A doctor for trouble with your head?" returned Mr. Reed. "No, no! You'd better see a wheelwright."—Boston Post.

In the Circus.

Jumbo—"What an absurd retort Miss Hippo gave Mr. Monkey." Camel—"What was it?" Jumbo—"After he had talked awhile she said he had too much mouth."

Things Quaint and Curious Gathered Here and There

BUILT BY FIRST SETTLERS.

Picturesque Ruins of Earliest English Church in America.

The last remaining relic of the first English settlement on the shores of the new world is the tower of the old church at Jamestown, Va. It stands to-day a picturesque ruin in the midst of the green foliage of the deserted island. The bricks of which the old church was built, were brought, a few



Old Jamestown Church Ruins.

thousands at a time, from England, as were those of nearly all the old colonial buildings. In the little sanctuary, even before it was completed, the first colonists were wont to attend morning and evening services. The old tower is chiefly interesting as the scene of the christening of Pocahontas, and within its walls she was said to have wedded John Rolfe. It is proposed to duplicate the ruin at the Jamestown exposition, and the original, only a few miles up the James river, will, in all probability, prove one of the principal objects of interest at the exposition.

REVEALED BY A DREAM.

Long Buried Church Discovered in Strange Manner.

A remarkable little medieval church was discovered through a dream. A young woman living in a village near Pirot, in Servia, dreamed one night of a buried church. She spoke of it to the prefect and the local clergy, but they only laughed at her.

She persisted in her statements, however, and ultimately induced the people to dig at a spot she had indicated. Here, to the intense surprise of every one but the dreamer, the



Church Found by a Dream.

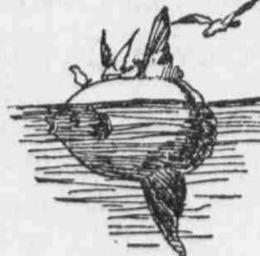
ruins of a medieval church were found.

These were rebuilt as a tiny chapel, and since then hundreds of people have made pilgrimages to the place. The chapel is crowded with tablets, sacred icons, and other tributes of the faithful.

The woman whose dream led to its discovery is the presiding genius of the place, and receives so many gifts from the worshippers that she is already quite rich. The illustration shows the dream church and its discoverer, with her children.—Wide World Magazine.

A Very Quicer Fish.

In the Pacific ocean among the isles of Santa Barbara and the lakes of California, a queer fish lives a lazy life, floating on the surface most of the time and basking in the sunshine with part of its body above the water. It is called by the natives the "mola-



The Mola-Mola.

mola"; and the "mole" or "moon" fish by the whites. It can boast no tail in the ordinary fish way, only a sort of rudder-like fringe. This strange aquatic thing measures sometimes ten feet between the fins, and is as round as a bladder. It serves as a floating island for numerous sea-birds, such as gulls and cormorants, to rest upon and preen their plumage. Its flesh is far too tough to be good to eat.

What we need most in this country is less law an' more true livin'.

THE ABBEY OF MUCKROSS.

One of the Most Famous and Picturesque of Ireland's Ruins.

Scenic Ireland, with its many beautiful panoramas, offers no spot more particularly satisfying to man's sense of the artistic in nature than the Killarney district, with its far-famed lakes. Not least among the many delights of this prolific region stands the picturesque ruin of the famous Muckross abbey, which was founded in 1440 and rebuilt in 1602. It is charmingly located on a peninsula separating the lower and middle lakes of Killarney. The ruin, which consists of parts of the convent and church, is not remarkable either for extent or for beauty of workmanship. Its preservation, seclusion, beauty of situation, and accompanying venerable trees, however, conjoin to make it one of the most interesting ruins of Ireland's former abbeys. The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches, ten of them semi-circular and twelve pointed, is the best preserved portion of the abbey. A singular feature, as shown in the illustration, is a magnificent yew tree growing in the centre of the enclosure. With a circumference of 13 feet and a proportionate height, the wide-spread branches of this noble tree cover, as a roof, the whole area. It is more than probable that



Muckross Abbey.

the tree is coeval with the abbey, and that it was planted by the hands of the monks who first inhabited the building. Perhaps its preservation is due to the belief among the common people that any person daring to pluck a branch, or in any way injuring this tree, will not live a year afterward.

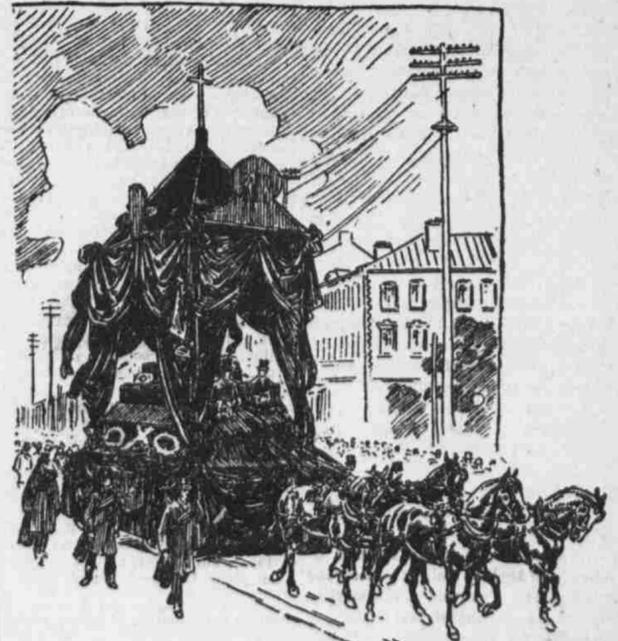
A Greek Theater in America.

The new open air theater of the University of California, in which President Roosevelt spoke on May 12 to a large audience of scholars, students and distinguished citizens of California, is the only structure of the kind in America. It is an interesting fact that the theater is almost exactly similar in its proportions to the famous Theater of Dionysius. As was the custom among the old Greeks, the building stands in a grove of fine trees. Its extreme dimensions are, exclusive of the colonnade, 255 feet in breadth by 194 feet in depth, the stage being 35x154 feet in size. The material is concrete, and 8,000 persons can be seated comfortably on the benches. The roof will be of tiles, and the stage will be colored, in accordance with the classic tradition.—Harper's Weekly.

Success of Clever Thieves.

Two men stole a boat at Biddeford, Me., the other night, and on their way

OTTAWA'S REMARKABLE FUNERAL.



Funeral of the Late S. J. Major.

The above is a sketch of the chariot on which the remains of the late S. J. Major, of Hull, were conveyed to their resting place at Ottawa, Canada, on June 9. The chariot was designed by the deceased, and the funeral was

through the main street with it they met a policeman whom they stopped and asked the direction to a suburb of that place. The owner is still looking for his boat.

IS THE OLDEST GLASSBLOWER.

William Hall, of Greensboro, Pa., Claims This Distinction.

William Hall, of Greensboro, Greene county, Pa., was born in Greensboro, Feb. 15, 1817. He learned the trade of glassblowing in Washington, D. C. in 1832. He worked as tender for two years and blowed glass one year in Washington. In 1837 he blowed the glass for the dome of the capitol, which was ground on a grindstone by Frederick Stinger, superintendent of factory at the time, Frederick Stinger died in Greensboro, 1845. Major Cross, quartermaster general of the United States army, was the owner of the factory and carried on its work until there was threatened war between the United States and France, when Major Cross was ordered to duty and the business of the factory was brought to a close.

Two glass milk pails are now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, that were the work of Mr. Hall, who is still living in Greensboro and in good health.

CAUGHT KING OF ALL TROUT.

Monster Fish the Prize of Western Newspaper Man.

The largest thing as far as pounds go, in the accompanying photo, is W. S. Phillips, better known as "El Comanche," western editor and manager of Field and Stream. The most interesting thing in the photo, however, is the 15-pound rainbow trout that Mr. Phillips pulled out of the Skykomish River, near Index. Dr. Young and John Schram, of Seattle, stood on the banks and went crazy during the twenty-five minutes it took Phillips to land his majesty. The catch was made with salmon eggs and the smallest kind of a trout hook. The chances



W. S. Phillips and Big Trout.

are the trout is the largest rainbow ever pulled out of the waters of western Washington. It was a beauty. The fight was made in a boiling rapid, hence any fisherman can readily ascertain just what a struggle it all was.



"I heard it. Piracy!"

looking man of about forty-five years of age. He showed a cutlass scar over his nose, and it fixed the expression of a surly frown upon his face. He was very broad, as powerfully built as Pope, dressed in sailor's worn clothes; but as in Pope, so in this man, there was wickedness in his looks.

Captain Pope closed his knife and fork and watched the other for some minutes in silence. Then he got up and looked over into the box on either hand, then sat a little closer opposite Crystal, and said, "This is the advertisement I was telling you about." He read in a low voice as follows:

"Brig Gypsy—This beautiful and admirable clipper ship having been condemned by the Admiralty, has been purchased by a private gentleman, who has laid out a considerable sum of money in completing her equipment. She is now for sale, and may be had at a very great bargain. Parties disposed to purchase her will apply to Mr. Staunton in the Minories."

"It's the strangest matter that ever I heard of," said Captain Pope, speaking with a cautious face. "A man had a father who left him a brig and a trifle in cash. Jackman was his name. He got command, but it was plain the sea didn't satisfy him. He came ashore with a bag of fifteen hundred pounds, and pretended to have been knocked down and robbed. There is no doubt he stole the money. The owners did not seem able to prove anything, and the next traverse this man Jackman set out to work was the painting and equipping of his brig, and the preparing her for sea as a—what d'yer say?"

"I heard it. Piracy!" said Captain Crystal.

"He got men under the pretense that he was bound out on some liberal undertaking—it was a story of treasure, I fancy—and went away down Channel. His game was suspected and he was followed out of one of the reaches by a government cutter. They exchanged shots, and the pirate brought the cutter's mast down. Jackman in the Channel brings his men aft and tells them the truth. He is going for a pirate, he says. The men heard him. In time they came abreast of some caves which Jackman had purchased down on the extreme west

Bridge. A hoy was proceeding from London Bridge down the river, and the two captains boarded her for Deptford. There they landed, and took oars, as the expression then was, for a brig with the topgallant mast housed, lying in the stream within a convenient pull.

"She appears in very good condition," said Pope, directing searching looks about him, and letting his eyes rest aloft. "I'll give her royal stunsails and by the saints, there shall be nothing afloat she shan't be able to overhaul."

"Oh, ho!" muttered Crystal. "So that's the lay."

He looked at Pope and burst into a hoarse laugh.

"'Tis a pity, though," says he, "that there should be a difficulty of six hundred pounds in the way."

"How am I to get this ship?" said Captain Pope, standing on stretched legs. He spoke in soliloquy. His companion seemed not to heed, merely eyed him askant, and then after whistling softly for a bit while he reflected, he said: "I never heard of a ship stolen out of the river Thames in my life."

"There was the Dorothy," said Pope swiftly; "and there was the Arethusa, a small West Indian; in each case a company of men entered, gagged and pinioned the ship-keeper, softly let go the fasts and slipped away on the stream without a hail from shore or water. Both those vessels were lost to their owners; what became of them I don't know."

"It was a midnight job," said Crystal, and then both men went on deck and entered the fore-castle, examined the cabin, lifted the main hatch and looked at the guns in the hold; next, hailing their boat, the two captains went ashore.

Pope had asked Crystal to sup with him, and the rugged seaman had consented. It was a dismal street. The Captain seemed struck. He paused grasping Crystal's arm.

"What sort of life can that bet?" said he, "that lands a man in this sort of thing? Yet, so help me God," he cried with Irish emphasis, "after using the sea since I was a lad of fifteen, I can do no better than this first floor at seven shillings a week." "It's a dirty part of London," said