

The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Pope instantly saw how it was—a common-place troublesome collision; and he delivered these orders in a voice that rang like the notes of a bugle through the brig:

"Grindal, take some hands and secure that fellow by his gibbous. Leave play in the sailing for the heave of the swell. Let go the gallant hal-yards. Man fore and main clew garnets. Starboard fore and mainbraces. Sweat the yards fore and aft, some hands, out of the road. Where's Mr. Crystal?"

"Here, sir," shouted the mate, who had followed the captain on deck within a few moments.

"Mr. Crystal, get an arms-chest up and serve out cutlasses and firearms. I mean to board that fellow. He's been sent to provision us."

The arms-chests had been stowed away very conveniently to hand, as may be supposed, in a little division in the afterhold called the lazarette, gained by a small hatch in the cabin deck. Thither Crystal and some men rushed; the cabin lamp gave them light. They came up with armfuls of cutlasses and a number of pistols, and the two captains heading about ten armed men of their crew, sprang from the rail into the stranger's bow, and ran with terrifying shouts along her decks.

"Drive the crew into the fok'sle!" bellowed Pope. "Cut down all who resist."

The man who held the lantern on the quarter deck, who had shouted unintelligibly, who was incased in clothes which swelled him to the dimensions of a bull, was undoubtedly the master of the little ship. Another man stood beside him, probably the mate. They remained stock-still, transfixed, motionless as dead men,

The other cabins contained little that was useful or valuable. Pope went on deck. The weather remained very dark and quiet. The locked vessel rolled softly on the long breathing of the sea, with an occasional thump or jerk that was made soft and harmless by fenders.

The ten armed seamen who had followed the two captains into the vessel, came lurching in twos and threes on to the quarterdeck, and hung about the commander and his mate listening. Pope did not order them forward.

"The crew of this ship," said he to Crystal, "likewise the woman, must be kept locked up till the horizon's betwixt us. They'll be boarded and released. I'm for having her stuff aboard us and herself well astern before the horizon opens to the sun, and makes a picture of us two vessels for half a score of craft close by to wonder at."

"You're right, cap'en," shouted one of the seamen.

"Get these yards braced forward, Mr. Crystal," said Pope, "I leave you in charge here."

He went quickly forward into the bows, listened attentively, but no sound proceeded from the imprisoned men below. Then in a leap or two he gained the deck of his own brig.

CHAPTER VII.

The Black Flag.

The pirates worked with a will. By daybreak all the cargo was transhipped. It had been a hard night's task, but the men had toiled with desperate will, so eager were they to get clear of the plundered craft before the light of heaven shone upon the sea.

The fog rolled away before the

Gypsy was held to her course of west by south and no notice was taken of the ships in sight. Not likely that Pope would plunder in the sight of help. He wanted darkness or a lonely sea girdle.

In the afternoon Pope and the other captain walked the deck together and talked over their plans and hopes. The seamen in various parts of the brig loafed and lounged, and some attended to such trifling jobs as the boatswain put them to, and all of them smoked to a man.

"I should like to know," said Crystal, taking Pope's cigar from his hand to light his pipe afresh with it, "if you've got any more fixed and clear ideas as to the division and the securing, every man, to the plunder—his whack; for," he stammered, "suppose I am to take up a thousand pound."

"A plague on your modesty," interrupted Pope.

"Five thousand pound then," cried Crystal, shouting the words with some momentary emotion of excitement. "How do you propose that I'm to deal with that lump of metal so as to bring it off without being challenged, tried and hanged?"

Pope sat down on the skylight and his square companion seated himself beside him.

"I quite agree with you," says Pope, "that burying schemes ought not to be entertained. I'll not lightly hazard what it will have kept my neck in jeopardy to get. But should not the egg first be laid before we talk of sitting upon it?"

"Ay, but consider this," exclaimed Crystal, glancing at the fellow at the helm, who was trying to overhear them: "you're going to cruise in such degrees for a certain ship. She appears on a sudden." Pope rolled up his eyes with a devotional look. "We board her: we find as much treasure as will satisfy us." Again Pope looked up to heaven, and the man at the wheel, catching the word treasure, strained his neck. "And so you've got your egg," continued Crystal, "in a manner of speaking all in a minute. Should not the hatching of it have been settled? As soon as we've got what we want you and me'll wish to go clear."

"As fast as we can storm through it," answered Pope.

"Then, sir, we ought to have our plans cut and dried now that we are heading for the Spaniard's course." Crystal said, burying a dark-ended stump of forefinger in the bowl of his pipe and going to the side to spit into the sea.

Pope smiled at his square vigorous figure, and on his returning said, "The scheme I'm disposed to fix upon is this: We shall doubtless fall in with a small vessel of handy size, after we have looted the Spaniard. You will take charge, and I will man her with a few of the best of our people. We will sail in company till we come to the place that's agreed upon by all hands; we will then transfer our share of the booty to your vessel, and I shall surrender the brig and the men's share of plunder remaining in her, to them. What d'ye say?" asked Pope, with a twinkle in his eye that was like a raindrop trembling in a breeze.

Crystal's face worked with the chewing of the cud of thought. He said, "When I take charge of the other vessel all the plunder's to be left aboard here?"

"Till we come to an agreed place," answered Pope. "It is a scheme," said he with a shrug, seeing disaffection in the square man's countenance. "I'm for sailing right away for the coast of Cumberland and smuggling my money ashore. We may make another Oak job of it, and the risk's that," he added, tossing his hand to snap his finger.

"And where will this brig go?"

"The crew must settle that."

"Will those you give me for a company like to be separated from their money?"

"They may take it," says Pope. (To be continued.)

Col. Ingersoll Oudtone.

The Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia is an organization composed exclusively of literary men. At the quaint clubhouse there arose, one day a discussion about drunkenness, and about various happy and well-known descriptions of the state of inebriety. Some one cited Col. Ingersoll's epigram about a man so drunk that he lay on his back in a field and felt up in the air for the grass. John Luther Long, novelist, said:

"But I have heard of a man drunker even than Ingersoll's. This chap, after trying vainly for a long time one night to open his door with a latch key, muttered to himself with a hiccup:

"Some one must have stolen the key hole."

Napoleon and Victoria.

The visit of President Loubet to London was the first act of the kind by a chief of the state in France since Napoleon III. went to Windsor in April, 1855, during the Crimean war, at the invitation of Queen Victoria, whose nominal object in seeing her imperial ally was to confer with him on his project, distasteful to her and her ministers, of going out to Sebastopol himself to assume command of the allied armies. The French emperor was received with every mark of honor at Windsor and invested with the Order of the Garter. But the queen gained her point and the emperor abandoned his intentions of going to the Crimea.

One Each Year.

La Mont—I have a poem on the Shamrock III. Going to send it to the Elite Set.

La Moyné—Oh, they keep manuscript two years. Better call it Shamrock V.

Things Quaint and Curious Gathered Here and There

A BIOGRAPHY OF ADAM.

Some Facts in the Life of Our Universal Father.

Celebrated as the original father of his country. Also noted as the discoverer of sin. In his day the genuine "only thing that ever happened." Only man that ever told the truth when he told his best girl she was the "only girl he ever even thought of." Owing to irregularities, which he was mean enough to blame on his



wife, Adam was relieved of his job as head gardener in Eden. He married well, his wife being the "first lady of the land." At one time he held the record for old age—being 960. This record was afterward smashed by Methuselah and Noah. Is repudiated as an ancestor by most of our first families, as that would entail the acknowledgement of too many poor relations. Was the first father who ever had trouble with his sons, but not the last.—Boston Globe.

Machine to Sew Up Wounds.

A wound-stitching machine is the invention of a doctor named Michel. It works very much more rapidly than the old method of stitching by hand, is painless and effective.

It consists of a case, or sheath, holding a number of nickel hooks, or bands, like those used for the corners of card-board boxes. They are put in position with a pair of forceps and can be adjusted at the rate of 25 a minute.

Their rounded points do not penetrate the lower layer of the skin, but only the epidermis and therefore the pain caused by them is very slight. They have the additional advantage of being very easily disinfected.—Stray Stories.

Coiffures a Century Ago.



These were the styles in 1803.

Joke That Caused Death.

A young man, riding on a street car in the Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, noticed a friend passing along in a cab a few feet beneath him. As the cab came alongside the car his friend yawned, and the young man, for a joke, tossed down a good-sized walnut, which fell squarely into his friend's throat. Immediately the latter's body writhed in pain, his face grew purple and his hands wildly clutched the air. He was choking to death, the nut having lodged far down his throat. Cab and car were stopped, and the nearest doctor summoned. But it was too late, and the victim died in a few minutes. The perpetrator of the grim "joke" has been asked to hold himself at the disposal of justice.

Deer Pastures With Cows.

Lorenzo A. Manning has a large pasture in Templeton, Mass., in which he has a number of cattle. A few days ago he sent John A. Braithwaite up to get one of the cows, telling him how many were in the pasture. Mr. Braithwaite began to count the cows, but count as often as he might, there was one more than the specified number. He went up nearer and discovered that the extra cow was a large deer, which stood around with the cattle while he caught the cow, without the slightest symptoms of fear.

Drinks No Water.

John L. Rosso, of New Brunswick, U. S., has not had a drink of water since 1862. For the past forty years he has drunk nothing but whiskey, wine and beer, always in moderation. Mr. Rosso is now 78 years old, is strong and robust, and says that he has never been ill a day in his life. He has forgotten the taste of water.

Relic of Pioneer Days.

There is on exhibition in a Haverhill, Mass., window a hatchet which it is said was used by the Indians in the famous massacre at Dover, N. H., during the early days, when twelve white people were murdered.

LIE IN OLD-TIME CEMETERY.

All in Montana Graveyard Died "With Their Boots On."

Near Billings, Mont., is an old-time cemetery which contains but fifty-two bodies, yet the cemetery is a remarkable one, in that every person buried there died with "his boots on."

The graveyard is an old one, and the memory of it almost passed from the memory of the rising generation. It is one of the pioneer institutions of the state, and to the minds of the old-timers brings many recollections.

There is not a headstone in the cemetery; if there were any they were wood and have gone the way of all the world. It is doubtful even whether any of the bodies buried there were encased in coffins.

Montana was a territory when this cemetery was started; the originator of the place was a gambler known throughout the West as "One-Arm Bill," who conducted several games in the little town that at the time occupied the site near here.

"One-Arm Bill" is believed to have been the originator of the expression "private graveyard," and it is certain that he did his best to increase the population of his. Of the fifty-two men buried there old-timers claim that more than half were slain by Bill, who was noted as a dead shot.

The rest of the occupants of the little city of the dead were men who were killed in brawls and by accidents—men who died literal; with their boots on.

The existence of this old burial ground had almost been forgotten until yesterday, when human bones



Going There With His Boots On.

were unearthed by a man who was putting in the foundation for a house he intended building. A pioneer was in the office when the coroner made an examination of the relics, and he explained how all the bodies came to be buried there.

KILLING ANTS WITH CANNON.

Artillery used to Crush Minute Enemies of Mankind.

Artillery charged with grape-shot has been employed to destroy great fortresses which the termites, or warrior ants, have made in many tropical countries.

In South Africa the termites work enormous havoc. They live in a republic of their own, and some of them have wings. The workmen, the soldiers and the queen, however, have none.

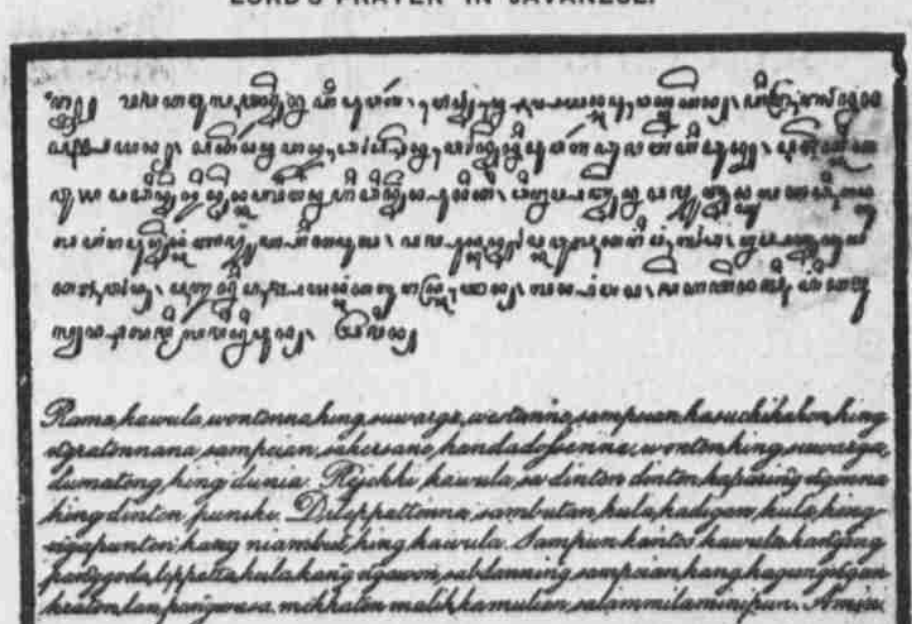
The workmen construct their buildings, the soldiers defend the colony and keep order, and the females, or queens, are cared for by all the others. These become in point of fact, mere egg laying machines which have to remain tied to one spot.

Their nesting homes are often twenty feet high and pyramidal in shape. Cattle climb upon them without crushing them. A dozen men can find shelter in some of their chambers and native hunters often lie in wait inside of them when out after wild animals.

The ants construct galleries which are as wide as the bore of a large cannon and which runs three or four feet underground.

The nests are said to be five hundred times as high as the ant's body, and it has been estimated that if we built our houses on the same scale they would be four times as high as the pyramids of Egypt.

LORD'S PRAYER IN JAVANESE.



Charles Edgar Trowt, of this city, has in his possession a number of curious documents connected with the Christianizing of Java, in which work his great grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Thowt, a missionary of the Baptist So-

MAKES SCRUBBING A PLEASURE.

Practical Device of Great Value to Hard Workers.

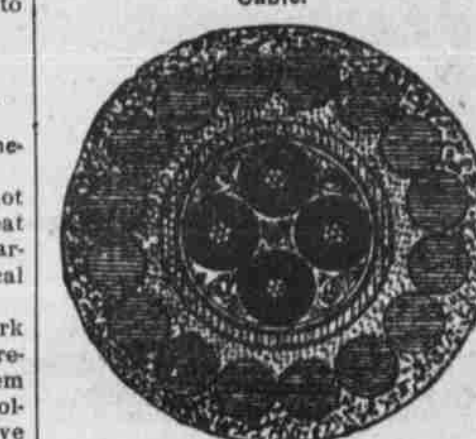
With the great number of office buildings which are going up constantly there arises a demand for some means of scrubbing their enormous floor areas superior to the old-time scrubbing brush. With this in



view there has been recently devised the scrubbing brush shown in the cut, which has not only the advantage of covering a great deal of floor space as it moves along, but the action of its bristles on the floor is increased as a rotary motion is imparted to it as well as the back and forth motion. This feature is said to decrease the labor of scrubbing by half. Another advantage is that it does its work without the necessity of bringing the operator onto his or her hands and knees.

The scrubbing brush has two long handles, one of which is held in each of the operator's hands. The handles are pivoted to a post on top of the brush head, and by means of a rack and pinion arrangement carried on the upper part of the brush head the brush is given a rotary motion as the handles are moved toward and away from each other. At the same time the brush is given the usual forward and backward motion. This device has been invented by a resident of the Far Northwest, and has been tried on some of the office buildings of Tacoma and Vancouver, and, it is said, performs its functions with ease.

Cable.



This shows a section of the new Anglo-Belgian cable.

Frenchman in Hard Position.

A Frenchman named Lillier is in an awkward position. The Paris authorities have forbidden him to live in that city, while the military authorities have ordered him to remain in Paris. He was arrested, the other day, on a charge of theft and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. If that sentence is served out in a Paris gaol the civil court may further imprison him for residing in the city. If he is sent to a country prison the military will prosecute him.

Good Stock to Own.

A Bath (Me.) savings institution, which has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent, has never skipped a dividend since its organization fifty-one years ago, and has paid as high as 9 per cent.



"Drive the crew into the fok'sle!"

while the piratic crew came storming to the quarterdeck.

"Forward with ye," yelled Pope, flourishing his sword about the ears of the fat captain.

"Away with ye," bawled Crystal, striking the mate a thump between the shoulders which set him running. And amid cries and execrations, and the stamp of feet, and the laughter of men along the rail of the Gypsy, the whole of the crew, with the immense swelled captain among them, were swept forward and tumbled into the fore-castle through the little scuttle and battened down.

A few of the men were left on deck. The others followed Captain Pope and Captain Crystal down the companion hatch into the stranger's living room. A lamp of several tints of glass burned under the little skylight. Under the lamp, at a square table, perfectly visible in the white luster that streamed downward, sat a stout woman in a hat with a large feather trembling round it, and two immensely thick lengths of hair pale as hay lying in braids like sennit upon her back. She held her fat hands clasped upon her lap, and some fine rings flashed upon them. Pope took heed of this. He made her one of his lofty bows and exclaimed, "Good evening, madame, do you speak English?"

She stared at him motionless. He knew a few words of French and tried her with that tongue. She continued to stare at him. Pope, though a pirate, was not a pickpocket, and finding the lady mute, stiff and senseless with terror, he cast his eyes at the rings upon her fingers, and at a bright gold chain round her neck. He put his hand upon the rings. Instantly the poor woman sent up an ear-splitting shriek, yet she remained seated, though she fell back in her chair.

"I don't mean to hurt you," said the captain. "But—" and grasping her wrist he dexterously drew the rings off her fingers, pocketed them, and with great agility whipped the gold chain over her hat. These things the captain put into his pocket.

Crystal came out of the afterhold of the main and reported the contents. So far as it was possible to gather by the light of the candle and the bull's eye, he had discovered cheeses, hams, some casks of what he thought might prove Hollands, casks of moist sugar and many cases of tobacco.

breaking splendor in the east, and the sea opened fair and blue. The Prussian brig lay lashed alongside, but with fenders between. When the vessels were released the Gypsy elided off to the impulse of the faint air that stirred her ribs and topsails. And when she had floated a distance of ten times her own length they brought her to a stand, a boat was lowered, and Captain Crystal and five pirates went on board the plundered ship to leave her in such trim as would not excite the suspicion of the passing mariner, unless he came very close and hailed her.

Then the five rogues and their mate, Crystal, entered their boat and rowed toward the Gypsy, which lay athwart with her head at south.

There was a single cabin window in the stern of the snow, and when they had got it in view they saw it was open—a heavy glazed frame—and the woman stood in the middle of it like a picture.

Pope was looking through his glass at the woman in the window.

"I did not notice that window in her cabin," said he to Crystal while the men were hoisting the boat. "What does she say?"

"If I was a Prussian I could tell yer, Pope," answered Crystal.

"Our leaving that ship afloat and the people in her to be rescued and to tell their story proves, Jonathan, that we are new to our trade," says Pope grimly. "The old red-pawed wolf, after sacking her, would have sunk her and all she contained, living and dead. But I am determined to carry out my scheme," says he, with one of his arch looks, "as politely as possible. And you know I've been praying while you've been away that we may have the luck to fall in with one of Duncan's or Peterson's ships."

These had been among those whom he and Crystal had served, and Peterson was the man who had made promises of command to Crystal which he did not keep. Crystal ground his teeth.

All the morning was passed in stowing away the plunder and repairing the trifling damages aloft. Shortly after eight bells (noon) the Prussian brig was on the horizon and a large ship was apparently heading for her. Pope watched them with curiosity; the large ship passed the brig and sailed on, and by two o'clock the plundered vessel was out of sight. The