

# The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Copyright, 1897, by P. F. Collier.

Copyright, 1897, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Bellona.

The pleasure craft Pope had boarded was by no means a rich one. Her name was the Bellona; she was from Terceira; the countess and two nieces had been left to winter among the oranges and sweet winds of an island.

The Earl had several occasions to go home; one was a parliamentary need, and lo! behold his lordship's stately figure in the thick of his dastardly crew, being rowed away by pirates to a little armed brig, while the two captains sacked his vessel.

But they found very little. The hairy scoundrels grew wanton in disappointment and roared out blasphemous as they smashed the mirrors and tipped through the cushions with their cutlasses. It was almost dark when they had secured the available plunder, among which was a considerable store of provisions, fine wine, brandies, and champagne, and a small quantity of live stock, chiefly poultry. The booty was taken on board the brig by Crystal.

Pope remained with a few men to provide for the extermination of the pleasure craft. In a small carpenter's chest in the fore-cabin they found an auger. With this tool one of the sailors who understood carpentry, was dispatched by Pope into the hold, there to drill to starboard and larboard, four holes under water in the vessel's side. While the wretch was thus employed, the others lighted a lantern and hoisted it by the signal halyards to the main topmast head.

After the holes had been bored, they all stood a minute at the coamings of the hatch to listen to the noise of the water running in. Then Pope sings out:

"In with us, men."

And dropping into the boat, they rowed aboard the brig.

The crew of the Bellona were

would have been honored by the presence of so great a nobleman. You are doubtless fatigued after the events of the day; would your lordship like to withdraw?"

"Where am I to sleep?" says the Earl, with a start, revolving his great nose slowly in a survey of the plain interior.

"There," answered Pope, pointing, "is a comfortable little berth—your lordship is an old soldier—a bolster and a blanket—"

Lord Fitzgibbon waved his hand, upon which Pope, strangely enough for the first time, took notice of a very handsome ring.

"My lord," says the captain with a change of face, "I must trouble you to give me that ring."

It seemed for a moment as though the Earl would expostulate, then with such a countenance as one might conceive on a judge who by some scurvy transition of fortune is convicted by the felon he should have sentenced, he drew off the splendid ruby, and Captain Pope with a bow put it in his pocket.

"See to his lordship's wants," said Pope to the cabin servant; "that's his berth," and he went on deck.

"Where are the schooner's people?" he asked.

"Some are below in the 'tween-decks," was the answer.

Some, including the lord's valet, were forward. The captain of the schooner had been knocked about.

"On an empty stomach, as I reckon, the bloomed cuss had taken in half a pint of gin, forced to it by the good nature of our men. This set him abusing of our callin' and I hope his left eye ain't been quenched."

"Did he make a good stand?"

"As good as a man can make agin five too many, himself mucked up with liquor."

"He shall join us if he is a fighter," said Pope, "and we'll send John adrift. I want more men."



"You shall be sent home," said Pope.

massed in the forepart. It went swiftly about that the schooner had been scuttled; and the pirates overhanging the bulwarks waiting for her to go down. At last she sank. She had filled rapidly, and the melting out of her shadowy shape, and the downward flight of her lantern and its sudden extinction in the smoky gloom which overlay the sea, made an ocean vision that had enough of awe, mystery and terror in it to subdue into brief silence even the swarm of rough blackguards who watched.

The brig was rounded away for the course which John Spaniard was to traverse, and Captain Pope, stepping up to the Earl, made him a polite bow, and begged the honor of his company at supper in the cabin.

The nobleman followed the captain and they sat down to a meal of cold food which had been plundered from the snow. Champagne and wine were put upon the table by the cabin man; the Earl knew to whom those bottles had belonged.

"I would thank you, Captain Pope, as I gather your name is," he said, "to tell me how you propose I am to return home, and when?"

"We must wait upon the chances of the sea, my lord," replied Pope in his pleasantest manner. "Your person is safe."

The Earl made a stiff motion with his head.

"We're ill-used gentlemen," says Crystal, breaking in with a hiccup. "Would have us starve ashore when there are plenty of rich pearly oysters washing along at sea waiting for our cutlasses to open them?"

"You do not spare your fellow-countrymen?" says the Earl.

"We have none," answered Pope, grimly. "Poverty has no country. This is excellent champagne; let me fill your lordship's glass."

"Where are you bound to, gentlemen?" said the Earl.

"To the devil, I fear!" answered Pope. "Clear that stuff up," continued he, addressing the cabin man, "and put fiddles upon the table."

The supper was ended. Crystal, with a bottle of champagne in his hand, withdrew to his narrow couch. Pope said:

"I little thought this humble cabin

The Earl bowed. Piracy was on stilts this windy morning.

"What ring are ye talking of?" says Crystal jealously.

Pope pulled it out of his waistcoat pocket, and said: "Give it to his lordship when you have examined it."

"This is worth three hundred guineas," says Crystal, with greed in his eyes, while his strong jaws chewed like a bull's. Pope said nothing, and my lord, receiving the ring from Crystal, pocketed it.

"Who are your bankers, my lord?" said Pope, after a short silence.

The Earl, faintly smiling, answered, "Child's."

"I will at once," continued Pope, in his most affable manner, "explain Captain Crystal's and my intentions toward your lordship and your people. Such of your crew as will not join us will be transferred to the first vessel that will take them; but it is our intention to keep you with us for the present, and to part with you only on condition that you give us a draft for two thousand guineas for your liberty."

"You shall have my draft," cried the poor old gentleman, suddenly losing his self-control; "but I implore you, for God's sake, not to detain me long in this miserable and terrifying situation."

"You shall be sent home," said Pope, "and we two captains will trust the eloquent Earl Fitzgibbon up to the very hilt as a man of the strictest honor."

The old nobleman bowed his white head with a gesture of dignity mingled with indignation and grief. This extraordinary conversation then terminated.

When Captain Pope went on deck he found the breeze moderating, and, after searching the sea with his eye, he ordered the boatswain to make sail.

Then, standing at the main rigging, and looking at the people in the fore-part, Pope spied the skipper of the schooner. The man's left eye was black, his face showed signs of his having been savagely knuckled, and one arm was slung in a piece of rope round his neck. Pope roared out: "Send the captain and crew of the schooner aft."

They arrived presently, and made a group close about the mainmast. After a cool and critical survey, during which he molded a cigar with both hands, Pope sang out:

"You look a likely lot; do you know your character?"

The schooner's men made no answer, save that one broke into a low satiric grunt of laughter.

"Ours is a jolly roving life," continued Pope, while at this moment the Earl came out of the cabin and stood, holding on by the companion, looking and listening. "You were late captain of the schooner," he continued, taking no notice of the injuries the man had received; "will you join us—you shall hear the terms—"

"No, by h—!" roared the skipper.

Pope looked in silence with a red face at the livid-eyed master, turned his head with a gesture of withering contempt, and, catching sight of the Earl, called out, "He runs too fast to make a pirate, my lord."

"He has a wife and children," answered the Earl, swaying to his clutch of the companion.

"There's a man that should join us," said Pope, pointing with an ironical forefinger to the valet, who stood among the little crowd, limp, yellow and shuddering.

"I am not used to fight, sir," cried the poor wretch. "I am his lordship's servant, and cannot desert him."

Pope gave a short laugh, which was echoed among his men, and turning to the Earl exclaimed, "He'll not desert you, my lord." The contempt in his tone was perhaps reflected in his lordship's silence and gaze. But not a man of the schooner's crew would join the pirates, and when this was made clear, Pope swung on his heel and walked aft to Lord Fitzgibbon. (To be continued.)

## THE AGE OF DRAGONS.

Their Existence Believed in by Many Scientists.

Dragons were important animals in ancient and mediæval natural history. Until comparatively recent time no scientist, ever thought of questioning the existence of this most formidable of beasts. The annals of Winchester for 1177 gravely state that "in this year dragons were seen of many in England." Gesner, professor of natural history at Zurich, gives a detailed description of the dragon, while Aldrovandus, in his "History of Serpents and Dragons," published in 1640, devotes fifty pages to the monster. A good specimen of a dragon would seem to have been a beast about the size of a sheep, incased in a coat of scales which shone like silver. Its back was serrated like a saw. It possessed a long tail, a pair of batlike wings, four heavily clawed feet, a volvine head, the jaws of which were armed with very formidable teeth. The tongue was barbed and fire and fury issued from the monster's mouth and the head bore a crest. Dragons were the most wicked and vindictive of creatures. They seem always to have been in a towering rage and spent the greater portion of their time in rushing up and down the earth destroying everything that came in their path. The origin of dragons was a disputed point among mediæval naturalists. Some maintained that these animals were generated by the heat of India; others were of opinion that the volcanoes of Ethiopia used to belch forth the monsters. One scientist, John Leo by name, declared the dragon to be a hybrid, a cross between an eagle and a wolf.

## WHERE ALL IS PLAY

PARIS THE RECREATION SPOT OF ALL NATIONS.

Dull Care Has No Place in the Thoughts of the Inhabitants of the Gay Capital—Many Forms of Amusement.

La Belle Paris is the cry of the true born Frenchman and echoed by the civilized world of to-day, for is not the French capital the gay city par excellence? Generations have labored to drive away dull care, and only the Frenchman has solved the problem. There is care and labor and striving in France, as is the lot of human kind everywhere. But the Gaul, with his



Mimi.

genius for precision, has resolved to have one place where one may at all times exercise the dull specter of lives that must at some stage knit its brows; where life may be gay and joyous in any measure, from the sober, sedate pleasures of the steady-going, to the wildest fantasies of the foolish spendthrift. All are served at Paris, whether bright or dull, rich or poor, sordid or spiritual, banal or not.

The French have always said so, and the world to-day makes the fair city on the Seine its play-yard. Amusement has there become a fine art. How it is done becomes therefore nowadays worthy of a serious study. F. Berkeley Smith has ventured, not perhaps a very serious attempt, but a light-hearted commentary by one evidently having a full knowledge at first hand of his subject. His "How Paris Amuses Itself," published by Funk & Wagnalls, bears on its face the impress of the real observer, who tells not how it may be done elsewhere, for that would need a Parisian tradition to make possible, but how Paris meets the task of amusing.

"What shall we do next?" says the weary new arrival in Paris, and Smith shows what he may do. There are the cafes, open as the air, where the passing throng may, if it will, appraise your menu, or envy your appetite. There is everything to see, often too much for sensitive souls, but art is not all staid and prim, and why the art of amusing? The restaurants tempt for the evening, glittering or not, as the purse may prompt the choice. Here good taste and refinement rule; there, they do not, and, having dined, there are the smart circuses, permanent and complete like the Cirque Medrano, the Nouveau Cirque, the Cirque d'Hiver—not the draughty temporary world of canvas the rest of the world delights in. There is a choice of "pops" from the small Bouis-Bouis, through the open-air concerts of the Champs-Elysees, the Concert des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Éte; the music halls, like the Folies Marigny, the Jardin de Paris, the Folies Ber-



A Popular Chanteuse.

gere, the Casino and the Olympia; then the Opera, the Opera Comique and the Bouffes Parisiennes; smaller but more serious, musical affairs like the Concert Rouge; the shows and caparets of Montmartre and those in the left shore, like the Noctambules and the Grillon; the cheap and decent suburban theaters, as well as the expensive and not so decent Palais Royal and Rabelais in the heart of the city; the daring, independent Theater Libre, the original Theater Antoine, the scenic displays of the Chatelet, light comedy at the Vaudeville interpreted by Rejane, the divine Sarah in her new theater, and the historic Francais—the list is well long endless.

The Paris restaurants "restore"; they are not merely places where one gets something to eat. The choice is endless. Here is the place where the chef resigned a year ago because the proprietor put prices on the menu. As if, forsooth, one could tell beforehand whether a "flet d'ours" or "la Francais Joseph" would be worth £10 or £20 when served. Yet even in these exquisite restaurants there is to be had an edition of the menu with prices that is apologetically handed to you

when the maitre d'hotel discovers you are not a millionaire or a fool.

The story that Mr. Smith tells so charmingly might better be entitled "How Paris Amuses," not "Itself," but "Others." Paris amuses itself, as Boston amuses itself, soberly, decently, cheaply in the main, or, at least, economically, sacrificing nothing to ostentatious spending of money, unless a good profit is within reach. For the foolish visitor painting the Frenchman's beloved town "red," the Parisian will spread delectable traps for his money, traps that work with uniform success from every point of view, whether in immediate cash box results or in training unconscious advertising agents, who will spread the fame abroad to other gudgeons of the charms of the city by the Seine.

It is thus that the banalities of the numerous cafes, concert halls and small theaters earn a rich harvest. Thus at, say, the Rabelais, where the curtain falls discreetly upon situations so risqué that even the Rabelais must draw the line. Yet there are many places like the Bodiniere, for example, that a Sunday school convention might safely include in its program. All tastes are served. The sober and decent, enjoy their intellectual treats, the others enjoy the other kind, and are to be noisier in comment at home, either in frank approval or in the facile criticism of the lapsed and reconverted.

It is possible at the "Quat'Z'Arts" for a modest sum to hear Bonnaud sing. He has been secretary of Prince Bonaparte, been around the world several times, and is an accomplished man in many ways; or to hear, in the old songs of France, Bataille, who has been a successful lawyer and was once secretary to the minister of the interior; or to hear Georges Tercy, of the same type of man, or Paul Delmet, or Henri Furry, or Mile. Odette Dulac, or Mme. Lawrence Deschamps. One may applaud and enjoy their talent and not be ashamed to tell of it.

These are the bal masques, the side shows, the fetes des foraines, and then



In the Bar Du Helder.

the programs, for it appears that three-fourths of vaudeville artists are Americans, English or Austrians, and in Paris the lady billed as "Miss Daisy Smith, Queen of the High Wire," will appear in London as "Mlle. Daisie Smythe, Reine du Fil de Fer," just as in London or New York what is on the bill of fare as "Chateaubriand aux pommes souffrees" becomes in Paris "Steak and fried potatoes." Thus does "Paris Amuse Itself."—Boston Herald.

## Links Past and Present.

A man who sang in the Rev. Patrick Bronte's choir in Haworth has just died, and the circumstance has directed attention anew to the fact that Charlotte Bronte's husband, the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, is still alive. He lives near Banagher, in Kings county, Ireland, and is described as a hale and hearty octogenarian. The author of "Jane Eyre" died forty-eight years ago. Though Mr. Nicholls married again, he reverently observes the anniversary of the birth and death of the famous woman who was his wife for a brief and pathetic period.

## Last Stage Coach Driver.

J. P. Hilton of Watertown, Mass., enjoys the distinction of being the last man to handle the ribbons over the last stage coach on the line at the time the Knox & Lincoln railroad was completed. The stages discontinued their route as fast as the railroad advanced, and the last drive was between Waldoboro and Rockland. Mr. Hilton landed the coach at the stables in Rockland and returned home to Wiscasset the next morning by rail. Mr. Hilton was employed on the stage route for twenty-six years.

## The New Jersey Skeetmobile.



Aerial navigation will probably be solved by the evolution of the mosquito.

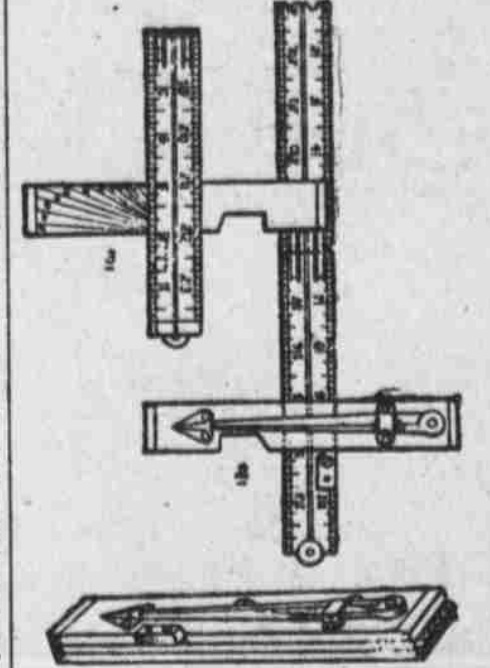
## Unhurt After Sixty-Foot Fall.

Fred Worrell fell sixty feet from the belfry of St. Luke's church at Chester, Vt., to the ground the other day while at work painting. No bones were found broken and not a scratch was to be seen on him after he was taken home, and trouble from lameness was all that he suffered.

## HANDY RULE AND SQUARE.

New Invention of Great Value to Carpenters.

The foot rule and try-square are used so much together that it has been the custom for some time for manufacturers of tools to put a graduated scale of inches on the metal leg of the square. Not infrequently it is found in these tools that all of the flat surfaces are made use of for the purpose, scales of various kinds being engraved upon them. For instance, the inches on one scale will be found to be divided into eighths, while in the others they will be cut up into sixteenths and thirty-seconds for the convenience of the workman and sometimes the scales of the metric system will be furnished as well. This makes the square into a rule, but a recently-



Foot Rule and Try-Square Combined.

exploited invention makes the rule into a square. This is shown herewith. The feature of the device comprises an attachment to the regular jointed rule now in common use. The element is pivotally connected to one of the center sections where the rule is of the two-foot character, and is provided at one side with a recess in which is adapted to fit an abutment or stop rigidly secured to an adjacent rule leg, the function of the stop being to hold the try-square element exactly at right angles to the length of the rule when opened and exactly parallel to the edges thereof when closed.

On the opposite side of the try-square element there is arranged a scale of lines of various angles and each suitably designated, the purpose of which is to enable the workman to lay off miter joints at any desired angle. On the upper side of the try-square feature there is also provision made for the accommodation of some tool associated with the use of the rule and square. In this case a pair of dividers is shown, but a scriber, pencil or other instrument may be attached instead.

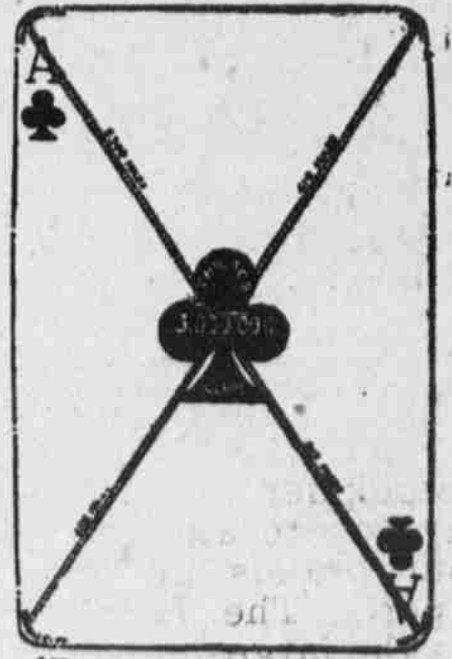
## EMBLEM OF CHICAGO'S PUSH.

Three Million Club Formed to Advance the City's Interest.

The Three Million Club of Chicago is in deadly earnest. Not only has it decided to push the city up to the mark of three million population, but it has adopted an emblem significant of its purpose.

It has been decided that every citizen of Chicago is entitled to wear the club button, provided that he conforms to the constitution of the club.

"The constitution provides that a member must claim at all times in pub-



"THREE MILLION CLUBS" SYMBOL.

lic and private that Chicago has at least three million people," explained Robert C. Givins, president of the club, at a recent meeting, "and, if necessary, he must fight to maintain his position."

## Old-Time Slave Deed.

A slave deed dated May 19, 1774, has been found in an old hair-covered trunk in the attic of Chester Park's home in Saugus, Mass. His farm was once owned by William Tallor and the deed belonged to Tallor. The slave was a mulatto named Parthenia, and Tallor bought her from Elizabeth Waldron of Boston for \$400. In accordance with the law two witnesses affixed their signatures. The document is perfectly legible.

## Had Heavy Luncheon.

An innocent looking man recently wandered into a restaurant in Kieff and ordered a light luncheon. He had nine orders of cutlers, six bottles of beer, five bottles of wine, two of seltzer, and four glasses of benedictine.

## Rooster Mothers Chickens.

A rooster with a brood of chickens is attracting much attention in a store window at Wakebury, Conn.