

The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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CHAPTER X.

The Pleasure Crew Are Transferred.

Nothing log-worthy in a narrative of incident and excitement happened this day. The weather was moderate and the brig rolled with foaming out-water toward that spot of ocean where Captain Pope hoped to fall in with the Spanish ship from Cadiz, the Madre de Dios.

At sunrise a seaman on the foreyard reported a sail almost right ahead about a point on the starboard bow. Crystal was working away with the glass when Pope came on deck.

"Anything good for us there, d'ye think, Crystal?" says Pope, in a voice of sudden elation.

"She's the Madre," answered Crystal. "I'll tell you her story, Pope: The crew from the start knew that an English pirate was on her track, and they mutinied, butchered the officers and made off with your fifteen thousand pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Pope, again bringing his glass to bear upon the vessel ahead. Indeed Crystal was rarely humorous.

In about three-quarters of an hour the Gypsy was within easy sight of the forlorn green craft.

"What is that ship, gentlemen?" said Lord Fitzgibbon, stepping out of the companion-way.

"She seems to be an abandoned ship," answered Pope, giving the Earl one of his politest bows. He then said to Crystal: "Arm yourselves and go on board of her, sir, with eight men. Thoroughly overhaul her and report all that may be good for us."

Crystal struck the ship at her mizzen channel plates, and all but one, left to tend the boat as she rode to her scope of painter, scrambled over the tall green side. They were armed,

papers were in Portuguese, and he could make nothing of them.

"She'll be from the West Indies," said Pope, looking toward her. "From Demerara, I believe."

"From Demerara going for London. Dismasted in a heavy squall. Abandoned by all hands, who left behind them a little dead child with a silver crucifix upon its breast. That's how I read her story," says Crystal.

"Did you bring that crucifix off?" says Pope, looking at the square man's buttoned up bosom.

"No," answered Crystal, with a sarcastic glare at Pope, while he threw open his coat, exposing a long red waistcoat. "Neither would you."

"Oh, damn it," cried Pope, with one of his arch laughs, "is it a dead child that's going to put ye off the scent, John? I'll go aboard."

During the greater part of the day the pirates were employed in bringing off the more valuable and useful of the commodities in the Portuguese ship. At two bells, five o'clock, the brig's mainhatch was closed and the boats belonging to her hoisted, but the brig's topsail was still kept aback.

The pirates went to supper in the 'tween-decks, and Pope and Crystal watched the topsail schooner that had now dwindled into the size of a child's toy.

"The devils don't like these transferring jobs," said Crystal. "Strange that we should have fallen in with nothing in the shape of cash aboard her."

"Her people took it away with them," answered Pope. "I would not be locked up alone in her through the run of a middle watch with that child. It seemed to smile as I looked. It has not decayed."

"Suppose it had been alive?" says Crystal. "You'd have brought her off and made a daughter of her."



He took the crucifix.

But they kept their cutlasses sheathed, for their first glance as seamen now they were aboard warranted her abandoned. They paused a moment to listen, and heard nothing but the groans of the aching heart of a forsaken ship, and the sympathetic gurgle of water.

"Lift the mainhatch covers," says Crystal, "and find out what she's got in her hold."

He turned to the door of the deck-house; four men accompanied him.

What surprising object was that, which, having instantly taken Crystal's eye, had brought him to a halt, the others imitating him, one or two with an unconscious clutch at their cutlass hilts?

Upon a couch or sofa was spread the flag of Portugal, and upon it reposed the dead body of a child of about five or six years old; a large crucifix with the figure of the Redeemer in silver rested upon the child's breast, secured to it by two pieces of silken cord.

Crystal and his men stood by its side and gazed. Did ever pirates' eyes encounter so holy a sight?

"It's a child," said Crystal, casting an uneasy look round the berths as though he had expected the mother to step forth.

"What woman's gone and left it?" grunted a pirate; he was Maddison of the squint.

"It's a girl," said Crystal.

"What's she got on her breast?" said a man.

"Take it in yer 'and," exclaimed one.

"By thunder!" roared Crystal. "No one here disturbs it. That's the compass the little un's steering its road home by. If it were all gold and precious stones it should be left there."

This was an outbreak of sentiment, respectability and emotion which somewhat astonished the men, who witnessed, on a sudden in this scarred disfigured seaman, the expression of an honest, sturdy British merchant captain. It was a quickly-fading ghost, and the looks of the privateersman reappeared in Crystal, as he rounded from the body.

"Search the cabins," he shouted, "and bear a hand."

In the course of about half an hour Crystal put off from the abandoned ship, and arrived on board the brig. He went up to Pope and his report was to this effect: Her manifest and

saw the boat reach the Portuguese man's side. He turned to Pope, who stood coolly smoking at a little distance likewise observing the wreck, and exclaimed:

"Will those unhappy beings find fresh water, sir?"

"Plenty, my lord. It must by this time have been remarked by you that we do not thirst for human life," answered Pope, very courteously.

"I wish, sir," says my lord, "you would relieve my mind by stating your intentions as regards my disposal."

"You shall be sent home," answered Pope. "Have not I said that? But before we part—and the opportunity will sooner or later arrive—a strict understanding such as you, who are doubtless a believer in God, will honorably hold by, must be entered into. There is time. We will discuss this matter to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI.

The Earl is Released.

Next morning, when breakfast was ended and the table cleared, Crystal was for going on deck.

"Stop, Jonathan!" shouted Pope. "My lord, keep your seat; and saying this he went into his cabin, and in a minute or two returned, holding the crucifix he had taken from the dead child's breast, a sheet of paper, a pot of ink, and a quill pen.

"Now, my lord," says he, putting the sheet of paper and the pen and ink before the Earl, "here are the materials with which you are to make out an order upon Child's for two thousand two hundred guineas."

"What is that crucifix for?" said the Earl, whose agitation on a sudden was so extreme that he seemed incapable of following what was said.

"To swear you on," says Pope.

The Earl started, shot a helpless look of wrath at Pope, turned a slow and hopeless gaze upon Crystal, then understanding how absolutely he was at the mercy of these men, and reflecting that to him his life and liberty were quite worth the money asked for, he wrote. The Earl looked for a little while on the draft as though considering the wording of it; he then handed it to Captain Pope, saying, "Sir, I have done my part. This money will be paid to you on demand if I am suffered to reach England that I may acquaint my bankers with my wishes. I do not need that."

He seemed to understand on a sudden, and passed his hand with a gesture of dignity toward the crucifix.

Pope stood smiling. This speech touched the chords of his melodramatic nature. He would have been pleased to respond with a light dramatic flourish, but could not instantly find ideas.

"Now, my lord," says Pope, after quietly pocketing the draft, then picking up the crucifix, "you'll be pleased to take this in your hand."

"Why, sir?" answered the Earl, folding his arms and erecting himself. "I have no Bible or Prayer Book, and I mean to swear you. Take hold of this."

The Earl saw the temper of resolution strong in the man's face. He was a helpless old gentleman among pirates, and he was wise to do their bidding. He took the crucifix.

I should consider myself as profane as Pope, if I recited the oath he dictated to the Earl. Enough, if 'tis said that he made his lordship swear in tremendous terms that when he was transferred to another vessel he would never reveal to her people, nor to others, afloat or ashore, the character of the brig he had left. He also made the unhappy old gentleman swear likewise in tremendous language that the draft when presented would be honored, that no question would be asked, that the man who received the money would be suffered to depart without molestation, unwatched, and that in all respects the matter would be carried through as though based and conducted on the strictest lines of honest business.

(To be continued.)

WANTED PART OF LAST HOUR.

Senator Pettus' Story of the Vanity of Authors.

Senator Edmund W. Pettus of Alabama, is eighty-two years old. A man called at his law office in Selma one day and wanted to read him a thirty-two page abstract of a will. Senator Pettus said:

"I am too old to listen to all that. Tell me in a few words the abstract's contents."

"I prefer to read it to you," the man insisted.

"Ah," said Mr. Pettus, "you have the author's vanity. You are like Barthe, the comedian. Barthe called on a dying man one day with a new comedy. He unrolled it. He said: 'Let me read this to you. You will laugh.'

"But consider," said the other, 'I am a dying man.'

"Barthe, ignoring that objection, smiled and cleared his throat to begin.

"Consider," the victim resumed, 'I have only an hour to live.'

"But to read my comedy will occupy only a half hour," said Barthe.

One on the Doctor.

"Some men have funny notions," she said. "There's my doctor, for instance. He's always telling me I'm foolish to make myself uncomfortable by wearing a corset. Yet one hot day when he was just dying for a little sympathy I told him he was foolish to wear a silk hat and deserved to suffer. He hasn't been the same to me since."

Valuable Food.

Oil-cake is the most valuable form of food for stock. Three pounds of oil-cake are equal to ten pounds of hay or five pounds of oats.

MAIDENS OF MUSCLE

MODERN GIRL NOT OF THE CLINGING VINE VARIETY.

Robust, Independent and Fearless, She Can Row a Boat or Figure in Athletic Games After the Men of Her Set Give Up.

The clinging ivy and the sturdy oak idea has received its quietus. The fragile woman, much adored and courted by men, is a thing of the past. Much to the regret of the men, perhaps, has all this happened. It may be that they long for a return of the



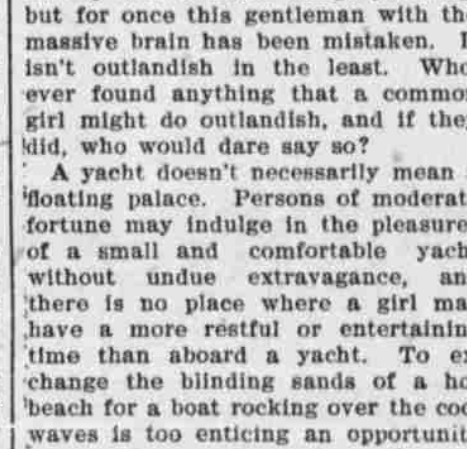
gentle maiden who had to be shielded from the sun, whose most arduous exercise was riding in a victoria, who was so essentially feminine.

There is no chance for a modern Sir Walter Raleigh to spread his cloak over a mud puddle for a modern queen. The queen would jump the puddle. It is distressing for the men, who, for the sake of self-respect, must be stronger and sturdier than the women. They must be the sturdy oaks even if the ivy refuses to cling.

Their only hope is in developing into Samsons. As soon as this has been realized thoroughly they may be depended on to rush for the physical culturists, the gymnasiums, and the turnverlins. The American girl will force the American man to hustle for muscle. Then everybody will have biceps which stand out like knotted hawsers, and America will be the athletic wonder of the world.

"A girl cook in a cap and gown on a yacht? Why, it's outlandish!" That's what a man said, and a man usually knows about things yachting, but for once this gentleman with the massive brain has been mistaken. It isn't outlandish in the least. Who ever found anything that a common girl might do outlandish, and if they did, who would dare say so?

A yacht doesn't necessarily mean a floating palace. Persons of moderate fortune may indulge in the pleasures of a small and comfortable yacht without undue extravagance, and there is no place where a girl may have a more restful or entertaining time than aboard a yacht. To exchange the blinding sands of a hot beach for a boat rocking over the cool waves is too enticing an opportunity



All Ready for Morning Dip.



for the average summer girl to resist if it comes to her. If she likes to "mess around" with cooking and that sort of thing she will find it excellent fun to go into the galley, put out the cook in cap and coat and get up a luncheon or a dinner.

The sweet, pale, clinging woman has disappeared. She who screamed and fainted on the slightest provocation has gone. In her place stands a woman who is robust, independent and fearless, and none the less beautiful because she is strong.

She is as great a devotee of out-of-door games as the men of her family. She can go into any sport without being stigmatized by Mme. Grundy as vulgar. She can carry a rifle on her shoulder without being called mannish. She knows how to use a fishing rod.

The golf girl leads in outdoor life. In short skirt and shirt waist sleeves pushed above her elbows, hatless and collarless, she is regardless of sun and wind. She cares nothing for a few freckles and an extra coat of tan.



Gold is the most fascinating game in the world.

The latter is gotten rid of all too easily. A few weeks of enforced indoor life will accomplish that.

The tennis girl is still a familiar figure on the lawns of her country home, for the game is as popular as

it was when it began the athletic girl's career.

The modern athletic girl swims, paddles her canoe and rows. Old men look at her with wonder.

"In our days," they say as her boat skims along, "if a woman ventured on the water at all it was in a flat bottomed boat. And if that should tip the least bit there were screams and requests to be taken ashore immediately. This new girl can row as well as we can."

"Really," said one healthy looking girl to another not long ago, "the men are getting positively rude nowadays. If you ask one to go rowing he will seat himself in the stern and naturally expect you to do all the pulling."

"You shouldn't row so well, then," said a masculine auditor.

The majority of girl athletes prefer the surf bathing to a fresh water dip, for, as one girl expressed it, there is more credit attached to swimming in the breakers than to the same exercise in still water. She no longer takes her perfunctory dip in the surf, but swims out some distance and then comes swimming back with long, steady strokes, which bring admiration from the observers.

When she reaches the shore she is not in the least tired and is quite willing to accept a challenge of any of her male friends for a race, in which, if she does not come in first, she is always a close second.

She is not averse to taking off her shoes and stockings once in a while and dabbling her feet in the water when no one is looking. That, again, shows how she has broken away from the bounds which once confined her.

When the weather prevents out-of-door exercise the modern girl does not mope in the house and read novels. She has her gymnastic outfit and billiard table.

When fall comes and the out-of-door



The Delights of Canoeing.

summer sports have gone, then the modern girl arises early in the morning and sets out on her long tramps. She may carry a shotgun and go unattended by her dogs to a well-known covert where birds may be found, and there she tries her skill as a marksmen.

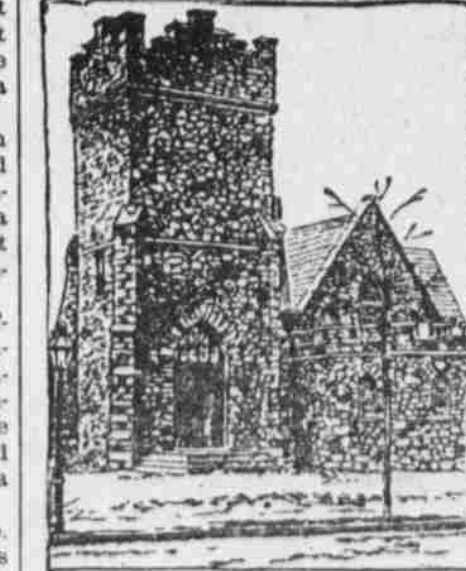
She seldom fails to bring home the trophies of her skill, while the glow on her cheeks attests to the healthiness of the sport, and a healthy appetite is another of the advantages.—New York World.

IT'S A COBBLESTONE CHURCH.

An Unusual Edifice Put Up by the Baptists of Elmhurst, L. I.

Built of cobblestones and on lines suggested by an old monastery of feudal times the new Baptist Church at Elmhurst, L. I., is one of the most novel bits of church architecture on Long Island. The church stands on Whitney avenue and ever since its picturesque walls began to take shape it has attracted attention. Thousands of passengers traveling to and fro by trolley and railroad have wondered at the quaint structure.

It is fifty years since a Baptist congregation existed in the vicinity of Elmhurst, which was formerly the old village of Newtown. Following the close of the civil war the Baptist Society in that village dissolved and two years ago the Rev. William J.



Noble, a graduate of Brown university organized a new society and set about the erection of the present church.—New York Sun.

A Cosmopolitan Thoroughfare.

A Japanese family have opened a pretty log cabin near Magnolia, Mass., for the sale of their wares. Right across is the Indian store and not far away a Spanish tea house. Close by, too, is an exhibit of oriental tapestries and jeweled trinkets, while a Hebrew tailor who presses pants all day long completes a cosmopolitan group of storekeepers.

Lightning Moves Heavy Bed.

Lightning entered a Springfield, Mass., house one day last week, and by a curious freak it moved a heavy bed, which was pushed against the wall, well out into the middle of the room, but did not injure it in the least.

In the Little Old Town.



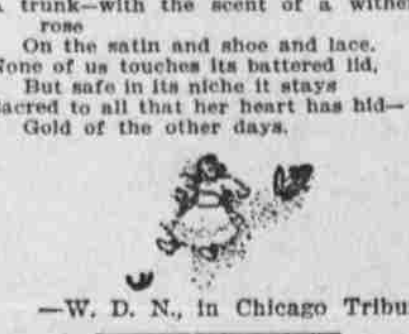
UP IN the attic where mother goes is a trunk in a shadowed nook—A trunk—and its lid she will oft unclose As if it were a precious book. She kneels at its side on the attic boards And tenderly, softly and slow, She counts all the treasures she fondly hoards—The things of the long ago.

A yellowing dress, once the sheers of white, That shimmered in joyous pride—She looks at it now with the girl's delight That was hers when she stood a bride. There is a ribbon of faded blue She keeps with the satin gown; Buckles and lace—and a little shoe; Sadly she lays that down.

One lock of hair that is golden still With the gold of the morning sun; Yes, and a dollie with frock and frill—She lifts them all, one by one. She lifts them all to her gentle lips, Up there in the afternoon; Sometimes the rain from the cave trough drips. Tears with her quavered croon.

Up in the attic where mother goes Is a trunk in a shadowed place—A trunk—with the scent of a withered rose. On the satin and shoe and lace. None of us touches its battered lid, But safe in its niche it stays Sacred to all that her heart has hid—Gold of the other days.

—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.



Sea Serpent Chased Him.

Grover Welnes, the 18-year-old son of President Conrad Welnes of the Geneva, N. Y., common council, is telling of an experience he had a few days ago with a Seneca lake sea serpent.

He says he was sailing his yacht near Kashong Point, when the boat was slowed down by an obstruction.

He lifted the centerboard, and as the boat went ahead he says he saw the serpent astern. It was as big as a shark, round in body and had great yellow eyes. It kept up with the yacht for half a mile, when it sank.

"I wouldn't take that trip again for \$500," he said.—New York World.

Drawn by Famous Impresario.



This sketch was made by Edwin A. Abbey on the back of a card in answer to a request for his autograph.

Curse Seems to Hold Good.

A recent drowning at Bliddeford, Me., recalls the old legend of the curse put upon the Saco river by the Indian squaw whose papoose was thrown from one of the cliffs in "The Narrows," by white men who wanted to see if it could swim. That curse was, as the legend has it, that no year should pass without at least three white victims of the river. There have already been two this summer.

Could Not Stand the Silence.

A servant girl who was taken by a family into a quiet country place for the summer last week, after a few days announced to her mistress that she didn't like it, and "would be going home the next day." On being questioned as to the causes for her dislike she said, "Well, I have to pull the bedclothes about my head and ears to shut out the dead silence of the night, and I can't stand it any longer."

Gates on Norway Roads.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

Effective Coon Trapping.

Aubdon Phillips of Glover, Vt., recently sent away over thirty handsome coon skins, most of them of his own trapping, with an order to make them into a coat.