

# The Two Captains

(By W. CLARK RUSSELL.)

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## CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Then my lord withdrew to his little den of a cabin, and the two captains went on deck to pace a while and smoke after their morning repast.

Dreadful as was the state of Lord Fitzgibbon it was not to last much longer, for in the morning watch a sail right ahead was reported by the man on the lookout. Grindal knew his duty. The captain was not yet turned out. The boatswain stepped below and knocked Pope's cabin door.

"Hallo!" roared Pope.

"A sail right ahead, sir," answered Grindal.

"Trim sail," cried Pope, "and keep your friend right under your flying jibboom-end."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The boatswain returned on deck, and in a very few minutes Captain Pope stood by his side with his brilliant telescope at his eye.

"She shall take my lord," said Pope, aloud, but to himself. "Grindal, we want to make nothing off our course; get studding-sails-booms rigged out and the sails set, and load Long Tom with a blank cartridge; he must be brought to a stand."

A little while after the gun was fired the stranger swung her foretopsail with a reel of her whole shape that made you think of a man staggering to a blow on the shoulder. The Earl strode up to Pope and said:

"Do you intend to speak that vessel, sir?"

"I hope, my lord, to transfer you to her," answered Pope, lifting his hat and making a low bow.

"But, Captain Pope, she is sailing into the Atlantic."

"She shall tell us her destination," exclaimed Pope with an engaging smile. And while he spoke the Gypsy floated abreast of the little brigantine, whose name, writ large upon her stern, was the Catesby of Sunderland.

A tall man stood near the taffrail,

the brigantine, and Crystal was returning to the brig.

Pope saw the Earl go up to the long man, and some gesticulation and pointing followed. The Earl seemed exhorting and endeavoring to persuade, and for twenty minutes this went on, the brigantine's fore-top-sail remaining aback; then Pope, dropping his glass, burst into a roar of laughter.

"I'll be hanged," he cried to Crystal, "if that yellow skipper isn't sticking her straight off to New York after all."

## CHAPTER XII.

### The Julia Morton.

The pirate brig Gypsy duly arrived on the grounds where Pope proposed to cruise while he waited for the Madre de Dios to leave into sight. A man was stationed throughout the day and throughout the night, if the weather was clear, on the fore-topgallant yard, and reported every sail he described. Whenever a sail was sighted a course was shaped for her, but the chase was promptly abandoned when it was seen she was not the ship the pirates waited for.

They had been cruising three days. In these times they had trimmed sail for a few distant ships which did not turn out to be what they wanted. A fourth morning broke. Crystal was in charge and Pope walked the planks by his side. On high, seated upon the fore-topgallant yard, with a ship's glass slung on his back was the figure of a seaman. His white breeches shook with the fight of the wind. His left hand grasped the tie, and with continuous slow motions of the head, hungry with the passions of the expectant heart-sickened pirate, he sunk his frowning gaze into the distant sea-line.

Then he sung down loud and clear, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" instantly shouted Pope.

Pope. He took another long look, in the midst of which a flash of fire glanced like lightning of storm at the schooner's bow, and the ball struck the brig's quarter.

"Crystal," yelled Pope, "hoist the black flag; we'll chance it!"

In a minute the sinister rag of the rover went soaring to the main royal masthead, the helm was put down, the yards were braced sharp up, and the brig with quivering leeches lay waiting for the schooner, at whose main-topmast head was now blowing the black flag of the pirate.

When the brig's men saw that square of sable bunting, stirless as a painting in the wind, they roared, they shouted, they screamed; they went mad with excitement, and springing upon the bulwark rails cheered the on-coming stranger with extravagant demonstration of arm and cap.

"Gods, what would I give to exchange this butterbox for yonder beauty," groaned Pope.

When the schooner had measured a space within a quarter of a mile, she shortened sail with magical celerity, put her helm hard down, and with flattened-in sheets drove alongside of the brig.

A tall man whose beard shook like smoke at his chin, who was draped in a short yellow coat under which his long legs descended into a pair of sea-boots, hailed in good English but with a foreign accent:

"Ho! the brig ahoy! What brig are you?"

"We're the pirate brig Gypsy of and from London, cruising for a ship," Pope bawled, in answer to the hail.

"What schooner is that?"

"We are the pirate schooner Julia Morton of Liverpool, but now from Cadiz, like yourselves cruising for a ship," was the reply, in good English whose articulation carried a foreign accent.

"Will you come aboard of me and have a yarn, and taste of my brig's hospitality?" shouted Pope, "or shall I go on board of you?"

The tall man raised his hand as though asking for a moment to consider, he then addressed a man dark as a mulatto, probably the mate of the schooner; a minute later he called out "Brig, ahoy! I will go on board of you," on which Pope lifted his hat and flourished it.

"Cadiz!" said Pope to Crystal, while they stood together in the gangway waiting for the arrival of the captain of the schooner, "on a cruise for a ship! Smite me, John, if I like it!"

"Bring half the crew aboard under pretense of entertaining them, clap 'em under, then foul the schooner and take her," said Crystal.

Pope scowled in thought with folded arms, but made no answer.

The schooner lowered a handsome boat. Twelve men entered her, and then the captain, he of the beard and the boots, sprang from the reel of the gangway into her sternsheets. In a few flashes of oar the boat was alongside the Gypsy.

The captain of the schooner climbed over the brig's side, and a number of his men followed him. All were armed. Pope extended his hand to the bearded pirate, and inquired his name.

"Captain Bland," he answered, with a countenance of religious repose and in the voice of one who reads at a grave-side.

"Are you straight from London?" said he, after looking hard at Crystal, and then round at the little ship whose character was abundantly proclaimed to his satisfaction by the peadiness with which the brig's crew and his own men had fraternized, one or two of them indeed having been old shipmates, so that it was "Why, damn me, Tom!" and "Why, blast me, William!"

"Straight," answered Pope. "And you're from Cadiz?"

"Ha!" replied Captain Bland, in solemn delivery.

"Was there ever a ship left that port," inquired Captain Pope, "before you sailed, named the Madre de Dios?"

(To be continued.)

Law of "Treasure Trove."

Not long ago 6,775 English silver pennies, which some man had hoarded up for his own benefit in times when pennies were silver, were sold to the public at auction in London, realizing \$500 for the national treasury.

This money was dug up by some laborers at Colchester while laying the foundations of a building. The crown stepped in and seized the find, but it rewarded the finders, and a few rare coins in the collection were sent to the British museum. When the hoard was found the price of these silver pennies went down in all the coin collector's markets. This strange and not particularly reasonable law of "treasure trove" has extended from England to France, Germany, Spain and Denmark. If any one finds hidden treasure and conceals it for his own use he is liable to fine and imprisonment. It used to be a hanging matter.

Food for Infants.

All infants over 7 months old artificially fed in the Nursery and Child's hospital, New York, during the past four months were given stronger food, especially stale bread soaked in boiling water until thoroughly softened, when the water was poured off and a cup of milk added and this boiled for three or four minutes. After being sweetened and cooled sufficiently it is fed to the baby. At first a teaspoonful once a day is given, but as the infant becomes accustomed to it the amount is increased, so that at the end of ten days it is receiving one to two or three ounces daily. It is given between the regular bottle hours, and never more than half an ounce at a time. If curds appear in the stools or if it disagrees it is discontinued.

## LEARNING TO SWIM

HOW NEW YORK WOMEN ARE TAUGHT THE ART.

The Overcoming of Fear the First Qualification Absolutely Necessary—One Pupil Tells of Enjoyments Procured by a Few Lessons.

The only place in the city where swimming is scientifically taught to women, so far as careful search could determine, is in the basement of a building uptown, says the New York Sun. Here a stalwart English woman, with muscles trained to steel-like texture, laments over the lack of space at her disposal and does the best she can with ambitious pupils.

Six strokes will take an average swimmer across the tiny pool, and at first sight it would seem a mockery to attempt to teach an art which more than any other demands plenty of space and breathing room. But



Could Do Only the Six Strokes. The science of swimming, it seems, can be taught in space that would bring contempt to the heart of an agile gold fish.

"If you can swim around this pool you have taken twelve strokes; if you can take twelve strokes you can keep on and take twenty-four; by the time you have taken twenty-four strokes without assistance you have mastered the greatest difficulty," says the instructor.

"And that is?"

"The innate fear, the lack of confidence. As soon as that is overcome the rest is easy."

The aptest pupils, according to the English swimmer, are those who the most quickly conquer their dread. To teach the stroke is the easiest part of the lesson.

"One in whom this dread is not abnormally developed can be taught to keep afloat and make some progress in ten lessons. Twenty lessons makes an expert swimmer of one, and after that a pupil may be taught all sorts of fancy strokes, the Indian, or trudgeon, the English or the American racing stroke, the dog stroke, to turn somersaults and even to dive.

The water in the pool is at a temperature of 85 degrees, while the temperature of sea water is rarely above 75. This increase of warmth permits a longer stay in the water, but the pool lacks the stimulus of the salt, which makes swimming in the ocean so much easier than in lake or river, or, in fact, any fresh water.

"I always teach the new pupil to swim on her back first," the teacher announced. "You see it is comparatively easy for a woman to learn to float. All she has to do is to straighten herself out and remember that she can't sink even when she feels the water creep up over her face. It will never cover her mouth and nose and if she doesn't move she is all right.

"As soon as she has learned to float she can easily be taught to move her hands and feet a little and then a lit-



tle more until she has mastered the breast stroke, which is the easiest of all.

"What do you think is the most graceful stroke for a woman?"

The teacher gave an exhibition of the side stroke, which to the on-looker certainly possesses merit of grace which the forward or breast stroke does not. More of the head is above water, the motion is more plainly visible, and that long, out-

ward sweep of the arm which makes swimming a delightful exercise to watch is there seen at its best.

The Indian or "trudgeon" stroke was then given. Next, the teacher turned forward and back somersaults, turned over in the water as if she were rolling down a glassy slope and enjoyed it, too. It was wonderful what could be accomplished in the little space at her disposal.

There are many motives leading one to learn to swim. One woman frankly admitted her method of procedure. "I was dreadfully afraid of the water," she said. "Always have been so afraid that I simply could not make up my mind to go in, although I missed many a good time.

"One day I went to the swimming school and there acquired enough confidence not to scream when I found that my toes would not touch. I only took ten lessons, but that was sufficient for my purpose.

"The next time I was invited to take a swim of course I didn't apparently know any more than I ever had, but begged one of the men to teach me. There is nothing a man likes quite so well as to teach a woman to swim. Said he to me:

"You must have perfect confidence in me, trust me," with an accent on the 'trust'.

"I turned my eyes toward him with a look of absolute confidence. I had learned it of the little English woman at the swimming school.

"You won't let me drown?" I asked pleadingly.

"There was another girl, but she stood shivering on the shore.

"'Brave little woman!' he remarked as we plunged in and started for the raft.

"I put one hand on his shoulder and used my other arm and feet as propellers as he told me, and when we reached the raft and he lifted me tenderly on it, he said:

"I'll make a swimmer of you yet."

"Of course, it wasn't up to me say anything, but I did smile when I saw my rival in her silk bathing suit—mine was only mohair—standing in the water up to her knees and looking with longing eyes toward us. It had only cost me \$15 to get that advantage.

"Coming back I did feel a little afraid. The tide had risen and it was quite a distance from raft to shore. You know the way the sea surprises you sometimes. I clung to him and he soothed me gently.

"When we finally reached shore, he said:

"Do you know I like you better in



In the Dressing Room at the Swimming School.

the water than I ever have anywhere else; you always seem so sure of yourself and have little opinions of your own and don't need to be told things, but you were just adorable in the sea. A man does like a woman to have confidence in him, if a woman only understood that a little better."

Tale of a Horse.

There was much talk in Berlin when it became known that Emperor William, on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome, had taken with him his saddle. Now, however, a satisfactory reason has been given. The Kaiser, it appears, ordered that only one of his horses should be sent to "the Eternal City," and it happened that the horse selected for this purpose had a short tail.

The Emperor became aware of this fact at the last moment, and, thinking it very probable that he might desire to wear his hussar uniform in Rome, in which case he could not appear in public thus arrayed on a horse with a short tail, long tailed horses being indispensable to hussars, he at once ordered his saddle to accompany him, and to bring with him a long artificial charger at such times as it became desirable to hide its short caudal appendage.—Ohio State Journal.

Immense Apartment House.

One of the largest apartment houses in Connecticut has just been completed at Hartford. It consists of seventy-five apartments, varying from one room and a bath to eight rooms and a bath a public dining room, public reception room, ten servants' rooms and a liberal supply of private storage rooms.

Twins Born in Dublin.

Irish women can boast of having twins more frequently than any other women in the world. Twins are born in Dublin about once in every fifty-two births, as against a general world average of one in eighty.

## In the Little Old Town.



The quaint old church of long ago stands now, forsaken, on the hill, a warder to the ones below. That nevermore may cross the sill; For olden bells and olden boat Have bowed before the Maker's will.

Within the church a shadow gray The pews and aisles has overcast— A shadow that will ever stay— So long as the old church shall last— The shadow that upon to-day Is thrown from out the dreaming past.

Across the shadow sometimes drift Live memories that somehow trace A picture, with a motion swift— The picture of a saintly face— The face of one who joyed to lift The songs and melodies of grace.

And then they troop adown the aisles— The men, the matrons, and the maids; And rustling ribbons, seemly smiles; Come with the whisper of the shades; And then—like all the after-whiles— The picture of the old time fades.

The quaint old church of long ago With roses clambering its sides! Ah, who can tell, and who may know The joy and sorrow that it hides— The memory of clinging woe, And buoyant happiness of brides?

Sometimes, at eve, when all is still, And all about the church is calm, And twilight settles on the hill With something of a hallowed balm, The zephyrs come, and croon and fill The silence with an olden psalm.

—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

## BONES TELL OF COMBAT.

Skeletons of Hunter and Cougar Are Found Lying Together.

Evidence of a terrible fight in which a human being and a wild animal lost their lives was discovered last week on the slopes of Mt. Gibraltar, one mile south of Republic, Wash. It consists of a human skeleton, the bones of a large cougar and a rusted rifle.

The position of the skeletons and the fact that the rifle was pumped out and its lever thrown down proves that there must have been a terrific encounter between man and beast.

An examination of the gun showed that it had had a year or more of exposure. The find recalls to residents of Republic that two men have disappeared from that town within three years, all trace of them being lost. One young man started for his father's ranch in Okanogan county was never heard of afterward.

Another man left Republic for Spokane, via Meyers Falls. He went alone, carrying a rifle, and although a letter was expected from him from Myers Falls, no word was ever received. It is believed that this man perished in the fatal encounter with the cougar.—New York Herald.

NUTS AND TOMATOES HIS FOOD.

Minneapolis Man Says He Was Saved From Death by "Fast Cure."

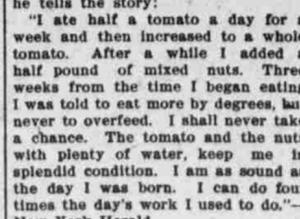
Peter Johnson has had nothing to eat but handful of nuts and a raw tomato a day for nine months. He is a living example of the so-called fasting fad.

Johnson had partial paralysis of the left side a year ago, and was the victim of bright's disease, weighed 240 pounds, suffered from asthma and was informed by his medical advisers that he could not live more than a month or two. Now Johnson weighs 170 pounds, is harder than nails and free from aches and pains.

Johnson fasted nearly forty days, when he began his "cure." Then, as he tells the story:

"I ate half a tomato a day for a week and then increased to a whole tomato. After a while I added a half pound of mixed nuts. Three weeks from the time I began eating I was told to eat more by degrees, but never to overfeed. I shall never take a chance. The tomato and the nuts with plenty of water, keep me in splendid condition. I am as sound as the day I was born. I can do four times the day's work I used to do."—New York Herald.

Just Like Fishing.



The Composer—Ach Gott; I had such a fine idea yesterday, but it

was got. Und so, gomposting is just like fishing, for the best always

avoids the fish. I wonder vere de

vaiter la?



Pope bawled in answer to the hail.

and a very little seaman in a yellow sou'west cap, clung and wriggled like a monkey at the end of the long tiller. A few sailors looked on from the fore-castle.

"Brig ahoy!" sings out the tall man. "What brig are you, and why did you fire at me?"

"To bring you to," answers Pope. "We are the brig Gypsy, of and from London, and I'm going to put a gentleman aboard you."

"Stop," shouts the tall man. "We don't want no gentlemen aboard us. There's no accommodation for passengers 'ere." And he sings out to his me, "Lee forebrace," and immediately after, "I wish you a good voyage, gentlemen."

"Hold!" roared Pope, in a voice that arrested the motions of the brigantine's seaman, as though they had been paralyzed, "if you touch a brace, or attempt to proceed before I have put a gentleman on board of you, by—and here he swore most horribly—"I will go on firing into you until I sink you."

"Captain Pope," exclaimed the Earl, "you are aggravating my misfortunes by sending me to New York. I have made my personal safety of great value to you; why will not you hand me over to a ship that is homeward bound?"

"The brigantine will do that for you, my lord," answered Pope. "We place the most perfect confidence in Earl Fitzgibbon's honor."

So saying he motioned, not without courtesy, but with very intelligible significance, to the gangway, under which the brig's boat lay rippling and bobbing with four men in her, while Crystay waited at the head of the short ladder. Pope preceded the Earl and Crystal descended into the boat.

"I wish your lordship farewell," said Pope. "A happy voyage and a safe return."

He spoke without a smile. Nobody could have seemed more in earnest. The Earl coldly bowed his head and with much caution and serious grasping of the man-ropes, put his legs over the side, and without disaster, though the swell sank and rose the little craft, gained the stern sheets. Crystal then put off and in a minute or two the Earl was on board

"Right astern, sir."

"Shorten sail," said Pope to Crystal. "Let her overhaul us."

Canvas was reduced, and the brig washed slowly onward. A quality of swiftness resembling steam was in the vessel astern, for in less than an hour she was shining steadily upon the far blue throb.

"Run the ensign aloft, half-mast high," said Pope. "She shall think us in distress."

No sooner had the flag been hoisted than—

"No Earl this time," roars Pope.

"By the devil, she's in chase of us!"

He had marked the flash at the schooner's bow. He saw the white smoke stream away like a veil of silk to leeward; the gun may or may not have been shot. He instantly grew wild and excited.

"Rig out stunsail booms and hoist away. Put all your beef into this job," he shouted. "She's a government boat, and she's after us. Look at her!"

The pirates rushed about with wonderful swiftness and alertness, heaping on canvas, and hoisting studding-sails, till the little brig floated large as a moon. When the Gypsy shifted her helm, the schooner altered her course; there could then be no doubt she was in chase.

Another gun; and the flash of the round shot where it hit the heave of blue waters past the Gypsy's wake was like a feather of light.

When this shot flew, Pope ordered the stern-chaser to be loaded, and a dose was slapped at the purser in a roar of thunder.

"What do you make of her, Crystay?" said Pope, after a prolonged look through his telescope.

"Hanged if I can understand it!" answered the square man. "She's no government ship, I believe; do you twig the flecker of a pennant?"

Another flash from the schooner's bow. This time the shot fell close; the blast of the gun came in a dull thud on the wings of the wind.

"Captain Pope," says Grindal, with a strangely contorted face, looking round from the long brass piece upon whose breech his gnarled and knotted hand rested, "curse me, if I don't think she flies our flag."

The conjecture was a revelation to