

# A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"There's plenty of strange plants out in these parts," said Dinny, laughing. "But I never see one that grows like this. There's more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, as the parson said when he mended his old brogue with a glue-pot. Come here."

He took off his flannel jacket, folded it and laid it in the bottom of the boat, but looked up directly.

"Ye've got a bit of a sail," he said, "and there's a nice wind. Where are you going first?"

Mary looked at her brother, and Abel glanced at Bart.

"Ye haven't made up yer minds," said Dinny, with a grin of satisfaction, and before many minutes had passed a fire was kindled on a sheltered bank, where the flame was not likely to be seen from the sea, and as soon as it was glowing, pieces of the pig were frying in the embers.

"We shan't starve here," said Dinny, with a grin of satisfaction, and before many minutes had passed a fire was kindled on a sheltered bank, where the flame was not likely to be seen from the sea, and as soon as it was glowing, pieces of the pig were frying in the embers.

They had been a month on the island, leading a dreary kind of existence, and had begun to sleep of a night deeply and well without starting up half a dozen times bathed in sweat, and believing that the authorities from Plantation Settlement were on their track. The question had been debated over and over again: What were they to do?

Finally an incident occurred one day which settled the matter for them. This was no less than the coming to the island of the cutter from the penal settlement. It contained beside the crew a number of soldiers and the overseer. They had not come in search of the fugitives, whom they deemed hundreds of miles away by this time, but for a day's pig hunting.

Thinking the island uninhabited, they only left one sailor on board the vessel, while the others proceeded to the woods where they were soon busy popping away at the pigs.

The party concealed in the bushes watched these proceedings with intense interest, and soon determined that now was their chance to seize the cutter and make their escape for good.

As slightly as possible they swam out to where the cutter was anchored and climbed on board to find the solitary sailor had taken the opportunity to indulge in a nap. He was awakened only to be made a prisoner of, Jack pulled up the light anchor, while Bart and Abel raised the sails, which, catching a lively breeze, set the cutter going at a brisk rate before the overseer and his men knew what had happened.

"Well, Dennis Kelly," said the captured sailor, whose name was Dick Dullock, as they sat together on board later, with the stars gathering overhead and faint sounds wafted to them from time to time, as they glided rapidly along a few miles from land, "you can only make one thing of it, my boy, and that's piracy; and piracy's yard-arm and a sailing at the end of the rope."

"Abel got along with ye," said Dinny, contemptuously, "and don't call things by bad names. They're three very plain fellows, and they've boarded the boat and taken us prisoners to help them in the cruise; or, if ye like it better, we're pressed men."

"But what are they going to do next?"

"Not a bit do I know, and not a bit do I care. I've no belts to pipe-day and you've no deck to holy-stone. What there is to ate they share with ye, and they take their turn at the watch, sure, it's a gentleman's life, and what more would ye have?"

"Well, Dinny, I don't mind for a change, but it's piracy, and I hope as we shan't all be hung."

"The same to you," said Dinny, giving the sailor's shoulder a sounding slap.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Then we'll die for it, Bart," said Jack, fiercely.

"If so be as you says die for it now, or to-morrow, or next day, or next week, die it is, my lad," said Bart despondently; "but luck's agen us, and we're best. Why not give up?"

"Give up?" cried Jack, whose appearance was somewhat altered by his two years of hard sea life in the tropics since the night when the cutter sailed away into the darkness of what seemed to be their future. "Give up?"

"Yes; and back out of it all. Why not take passage somewhere, not as Jack, Commodore Junk's brother, but as sonny Mary Dell of Devonshire, going home along of Bart Wrigley, as is Bartholomew by rights?"

"Well?" said Jack, stertly.

"Don't look at me, my lad. I'm tired of boarding ships and sending people adrift."

"Growing afraid, Bart?"

"Yes, my lad; but not for Bart Wrigley. For someone else."

"You are preaching to-night, Bart."

"May be, my lad, for it's solemn times, and something keeps saying to me: 'Don't run no more riskal. There's Old Devon waiting for you, and there's the old cottage and the bay, and there's got the money to buy a decent burger, and there's plenty of fish in the sea.'"

"Go on," said Jack, mockingly.

"Ay, lad, I will," said Bart. "And you might settle down there, and live happy with a man there to wait on you and be your servant—ay, your dog if you liked; and some day, if you thought better of it, and was ready to say, 'Bart, my lad, you've been a true chap to me, and I know as you've loved me ever since you was a boy, so now I'll be your wife,' why, then—"

Bart stopped with his lips apart, gazing wonderingly at the angry countenance before him.

"You madman! What are you saying?" was blazed into his ears. "Mary Dell died when she left home, driven away by man's tyranny—when she sought out her brother and his friend, and then working like slaves in last plantation. It was John Dell who because your companion: Mary Dell is dead."

"No," said Bart, speaking hotly and with a hoarse voice, as he sat on the deck of a long, low, heavily sparred schooner, whose sides were in my breast, when I saw look toward and see the

bony inn with the dark eyes and long black hair as I knowed I loved as soon as I knowed that love meant, and as long as I live that lass will never die."

"Hush, Bart, old friend!" said Jack, softly. "Let her live then, there; but to me she is dead, and I live to think of her persecutions, and how for two years man has pursued us with a bitter hatred and hunted us down as if we were savage beasts."

"Aye, but see how we've grown. First it was the bit of a canoe thing as you came in on the creek."

Jack nodded.

"Then we took the cutter."

"Yes, Bart."

"And with that cutter we took first one ship, and then with that another, always masters, and getting, bit by bit, stout, staunch men."

"And savages," said Jack, bitterly.

"Well, yes, some on 'em is savage like, specially Mazzard."

"Black Mazzard is a ruffianly wretch."

"True, lad; but we've gone on and got better and stronger till we have under our feet the swiftest schooner as swims the sea, and Commodore Junk's name is known all along the coast."

"And hated, and a price set upon his head; and now that he is a prisoner his people turn against him, and his most faithful follower wants to go and leave him in the lurch."

"Nay, don't say that, my lad," cried Bart. "We was overmatched and he was took."

"Yes, by his men's cowardice."

"Nay, your cross, my lad," said Bart, unconsciously raising one arm and drawing back the sleeve to readjust a bandage. "Month to-night and the deck was running into the scuppers with blood, half the lads was killed, and t'other half all got a wound. We was obliged to sheer off."

"Yes, you coward! you left the captain to his fate."

"But I saved the captain's brother," said Bart, slowly, "or he'd have been shut up in prison along with poor Abel now."

"Better so," said the other, fiercely; "and then here'd be an end of a persecuted life."

"Better as it is," said Bart, quietly; "but I did save you."

"Bart, old lad, don't take any notice of what I say," whispered Jack; "but Abel must be saved, and the men agree."

"Aye, they say they'll have the skipper out of prison, or they'll die first."

"Have fellows?" cried Jack enthusiastically.

"But I don't see how a schooner's to attack forts and cannon and stone walls. My lad, it can't be done."

"It shall be done!" cried Jack. "How's Dinny?"

"Bit weak still; but he says he can fight, and he shall go."

"Brave, true-hearted fellow! And Dick?"

"Says he shall be well enough to go, but he won't—he's weak as a rat."

Jack drew a deep breath, and a fiercely vindictive look flashed from the dark eyes which glared at Bart.

"They shall suffer for all this. Abel will pay them their due."

"Aye," said Bart; and then to himself, "when he gets away."

"It was a cruel, cowardly fight—four to one."

"He would attack," said Bart, heavily. "He'd had such luck that he wouldn't believe he could be beat."

"He was right," said the other, fiercely. "He is not beaten, for we will fetch him out, and he shall pay them bitterly for all this."

The speaker strode forward, and went below into the cabin, while Bart drew his breath hard as he rose from where he had been seated and limped, slightly, leaning down to press his leg where a severe flesh wound was received on the night of the engagement when Abel Dell—whose name had begun to be well known for freebooting enterprise as Commodore Junk—had been taken prisoner. Bart walked to the fore-castle, where he found Dinny and Dick Dullock.

"Well," asked Dinny, "what does he say?"

"Says he shall fetch the captain out."

"And what does Black Mazzard say?"

"Don't know, hasn't been asked."

"Look here," said Dick, in a low voice. "The going to be trouble over this. Black Mazzard's captain now, he says, and he's got to be asked. He was down here swearing about that boat being sent off, and he's been savage ever since."

"Halt! What's that?" said Dinny, starting up, and then catching at Bart's shoulder to save himself from falling.

"Head swim," he said, apologetically.

"Ay, your're weak, lad," said Bart, helping him back to his seat. "Why, the boat's back!"

He hurried on deck, to find a boat alongside, out of which four men climbed on deck, while Jack Dell, who had just heard the hail, came hurrying up.

"Well?" he said. "What news?"

The one spoken to turned away and did not answer.

"Do you hear?" cried Jack, catching him by the shoulder as a heavy-looking man came on deck and walked fiercely and steadily up to the group.

"Bad news, captain," said another of the men, who had just come aboard.

"Bad news of the commodore?" said the heavy-looking fellow.

"Yes."

"Tell me," cried Jack, hoarsely, as he pressed forward to gaze full in the speaker's face. "What is it? They have not sent him away?"

The man was silent; and the rest of the crew, attracted by the return of the boat, clustered round, Jack reeled.

"Stand by, my lad," whispered Bart at his ear. "Don't forget."

The words seemed to give nerve to the sturdy, broad-shouldered young man, who spoke hoarsely.

"Tried and condemned," he said, in a hoarse, strange voice. "They've hung him—"

"What?"

"In chains on a gibbet."

A hoarse, guttural sound escaped from Jack's throat as he lunged tightly to Bart's arm.

"The gibbet's on the low point by the mangrove swamp," said the man. "They've cut down two palms about a dozen feet and nailed another across, and the captain's swinging there."

"A lie!" yelled Jack; "not my brother!"

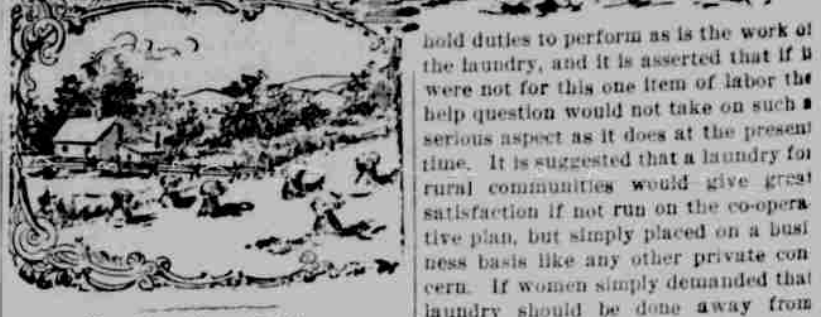
"Yes, we all saw it and made sure; and a sailor of acquaintance arose from his three companions, who had been in the boat in search of far different information to that which they had brought."

"But by t'other!" groaned Jack.

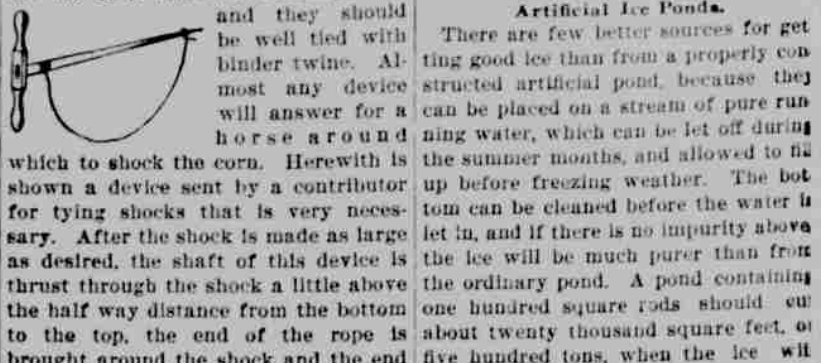
"Yes," said the man. "It was Commodore Junk."

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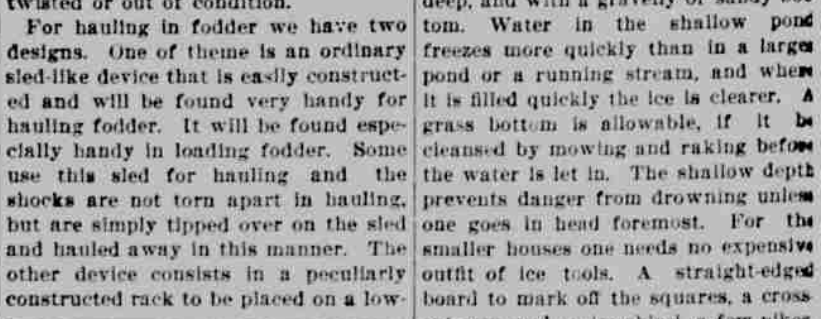
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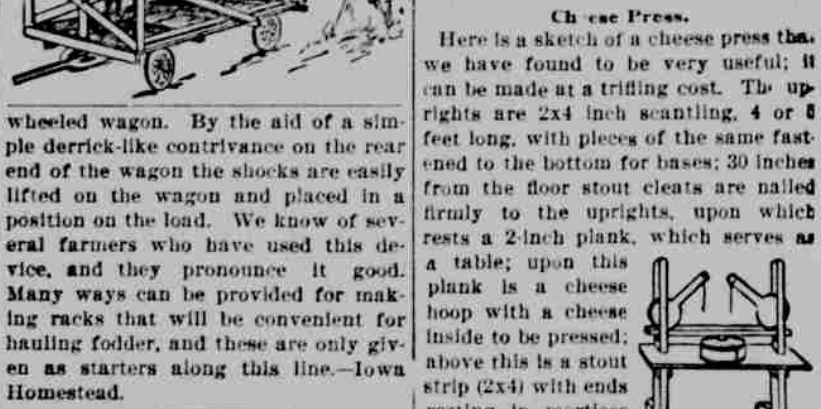
Handling Corn Fodder. Where shocks are made of unbound fodder it will be necessary to employ the aid of a horse for building them and they should be well tied with binder twine. Almost any device will answer for a horse around which to shock the corn. Herewith is shown a device sent by a contributor for tying shocks that is very necessary. After the shock is made as large as desired, the shaft of this device is thrust through the shock a little above the half way distance from the bottom to the top, the end of the rope is brought around the shock and the end



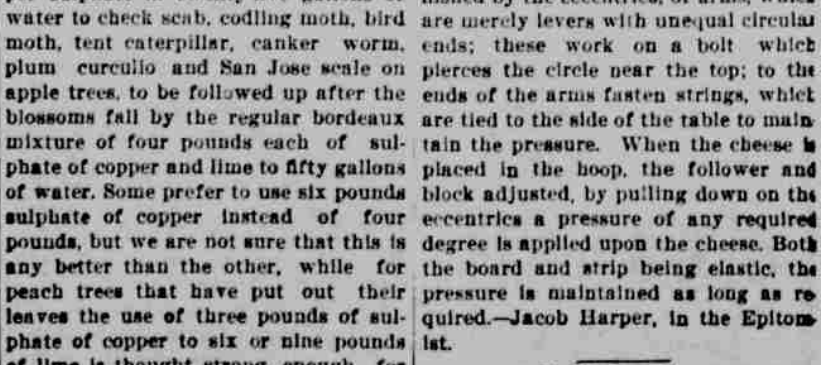
Artificial Ice Ponds. There are few better sources for getting good ice than from a properly constructed artificial pond, because they can be placed on a stream of pure running water, which can be let off during the summer months, and allowed to lie up before freezing weather. The bottom can be cleaned before the water is let in, and if there is no impurity above the ice will be much purer than from the ordinary pond. A pond containing one hundred square rods should cut about twenty thousand square feet, or five hundred tons, when the ice will average nine inches thick, and this would be enough for several families or dairies. For a single family with small dairy, even six square rods would fill an icehouse ten feet square, twelve feet deep, or about thirty tons, more than many use for a dairy. If the ice was thicker or was cut more than once in a year, the amount would be largely increased. Both these might happen in ordinary winters in this climate. The ideal pond should be about 3 1/2 feet deep, and with a gravelly or sandy bottom. Water in the shallow pond freezes more quickly than in a large pond or a running stream, and when it is filled quickly the ice is clearer. A grass bottom is allowable, if it be cleaned by mowing and raking before the water is let in. The shallow depth prevents danger from drowning unless one goes in head foremost. For the smaller houses one needs no expensive outfit of ice tools. A straight-edged board to mark off the squares, a cross-cut saw, and an ice chisel, a few pikes, a runway, with blocks and ropes to draw the ice up the run, are all that are absolutely necessary. Two men to cut, two to run it into the house and one to pack it inside will make a good gang for a small pond.—New England Farmer.



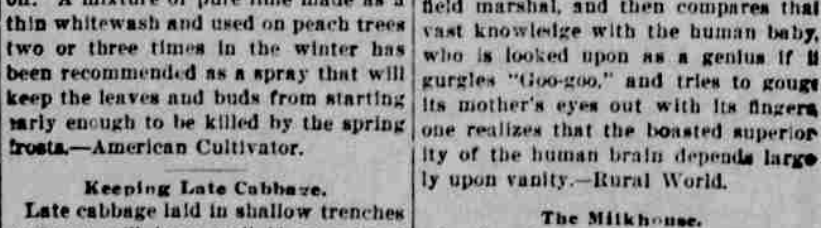
Cheese Press. Here is a sketch of a cheese press that we have found to be very useful; it can be made at a trifling cost. The uprights are 2 1/2 inch scantling, 4 or 5 feet long, with pieces of the same fastened to the bottom for bases; 30 inches from the floor stout cleats are nailed firmly to the uprights, upon which rests a 2-inch plank, which serves as a table; upon this plank is a cheese hoop with a cheese inside to be pressed; above this is a stout strip (2x4) with ends resting in mortises cut in the uprights; this strip should be 5 or 6 feet in length; under it, in the center, is a block which rests upon a round follower the exact size of the cheese to be pressed. The power is furnished by the eccentrics, or arms, which are merely levers with unequal circular ends; these work on a bolt which pierces the circle near the top; to the ends of the arms fasten strings, which are tied to the side of the table to maintain the pressure. When the cheese is placed in the hoop, the follower and block adjusted, by pulling down on the eccentrics a pressure of any required degree is applied upon the cheese. Both the board and strip being elastic, the pressure is maintained as long as required.—Jacob Harper, in the Epitomist.



Winter Spraying of Fruit Trees. The spraying of fruit trees during the winter should not be neglected. Before the leaves start the trunk and every branch of the tree should be well sprayed with a solution of one pound of copper sulphate in twenty-five gallons of water to check scab, codling moth, bird moth, tent caterpillar, canker worm, plum curculio and San Jose scale on apple trees, to be followed up after the blossoms fall by the regular bordeaux mixture of four pounds each of sulphate of copper and lime to fifty gallons of water. Some prefer to use six pounds sulphate of copper instead of four pounds, but we are not sure that this is any better than the other, while for peach trees that have put out their leaves the use of three pounds of sulphate of copper to six or nine pounds of lime is thought strong enough for fifty gallons of water. But we are now speaking of a winter spray before the leaves come out. The mixture of fifty pounds each of lime, salt and flowers of sulphur is used on the Pacific coast for the San Jose scale, but in our Eastern climate it does not seem to be as effectual, as the frequent rains wash it off. A mixture of pure lime made as a thin whitewash and used on peach trees two or three times in the winter has been recommended as a spray that will keep the leaves and buds from starting early enough to be killed by the spring frosts.—American Cultivator.



Keeping Late Cabbage. Late cabbage laid in shallow trenches roots up will keep well if not placed too close together in the trench. Dig a trench about eight or ten inches deep and two and a half to three feet wide, putting some cross-pieces of wood in the bottom of the trench for some odd and end boards to rest upon, making a rough kind of platform, leaving a space of two or three inches beneath. A little straw is spread over the boards and the cabbages are packed in head down in two layers, the upper layer being placed between the angles formed by the cabbages of the lower one. A coping is placed over to keep them dry and attention paid that they do not get frozen.—American Gardening.



The Co-operative Laundry. The co-operative laundry should be just as practical as the co-operative grocery. There is no labor that is so dreaded by those who have the house-

work of the laundry, and it is asserted that if it were not for this one item of labor the help question would not take on such a serious aspect as it does at the present time. It is suggested that a laundry for rural communities would give great satisfaction if not run on the co-operative basis like any other private concern. If women simply demanded that laundry should be done away from home there is no question but what their demand would be satisfied.—Iowa Homestead.

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When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprising the knowledge of an architect a wax-modeler, a nurse, a lady's maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with the human baby, who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "Goo-goo," and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its fingers, one realizes that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely upon vanity.—Rural World.

In planning a house for handling the milk the main points are ventilation, sunshining, drainage and to have it handy to an abundant supply of cold water. The location should be where the air is pure, as milk absorbs odors and is easily tainted and spoiled for butter-making or any family purpose. The building should have at least one window on the south side, so as to allow the sun to shine in when desired, yet so arranged as to exclude the direct sunshine when necessary.

The best mulch for a strawberry bed is fine horse manure. Early in the spring it should be raked off the rows and worked in close to the plants, using salt hay or any clean material in its place on the rows as a mulch after the plants are well grown, so as to protect the fruit from dirt and also to shade the soil.