SISTER'S VENGEANCE By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER X1 .- (Continued.) What followed was one terrible scene of despairing men striving for their fives lower.

against a foe of overpowering strength. The fierce fire of the schooner, as she came nearer and nearer, was feebly responded to, and in a short time the deck streamed with blood, as the shat came crashing through the bulwarks, sending showers of splinters to do deadly work with the hail of grape. There was the thought of capture now; no need of bid-ding the men attack; following the ex-ample of their officers, and one and all dozzedly determined to sell their lives dearly, the men dragged gun after gun round as those they worked were dis-abled, and sent a shot in reply as often as they could.

With uniform torn and be-labbled, with blood, face blackened with powder, and the red light of battle in his eyes, Hum purey Armstrong saw plainly enough that his case was hopeless, and that, with all her pomp of war and pride of discipline and strength, his sloop was prostrate before the buccaneer's snaky craft.

The schooner's sides were comiting smoke and flame, and she was close along side now. She had been so maneuvere as to sail right round the and of the reed, whose position seemed to be exactly known, so that from firing upon the sloop's bows and raking from stem to stern, the firing had been continued so she passed along the larboard side. Hardly had Humphrey seen the one

my's intentions and gathered his men to gether, than the schooner's side ground up against the shattered stern of the sloop. Heavy grappling irons were thrown on board, and with a furious yelling a horde of blackened, savage-looking men poured on to the bloody, splinter-strewn deck, and coming comparatively fresh the sloop's exhausted crew, born noqu down all opposition. Men were driven below, cut down, stunned and driven to ask for quarter; and so furious was th onslaught that the sloop's crew were di rided into two half-helpless bodies, che of which threw down their arms, while the other, which included the captain and the officers, backed slowly toward the bows, halting at every spot where they could make a stand, but forced to yield foot by foot, till their fate was to sur render or be driven through the shuttered bulwarks into the sea.

It was a matter of minutes. The fight was desperate, but useless; Humphrey Armstrong and those around him seeming determined to sell their lives dearly, for no quarter was asked. They had given way step by step till there was nothing hind them, but the shattered bulwarks and the ses, when, headed by their leader, the buccaneers made a desperate rush there was the clashing of sword and pike and, as sailor and officer fell or were disarmed, Humphrey stepped in a haif-con-gented pool of blood, slipped, and went heavily backward, the buccaneer's ficumant leaping forward to brain him with beavy ax.

There was a rush, a fierce shout, Black Massard was thrust aside, and the com-modore sprang past him to plant h) foot upon the fallen officer's chest, while, the light being over, the rest held their hands conquerors and conquered-to see

| not to attempt to escape, Bart," said the captain, pausing at last before his fol-"Twar'n't likely," said Bart. "Who

would? He'd get away if he could." "The prisoners cannot escape through the forest; there is no way but the sea, and that must be properly watched. Due notice must be given to all that any attempt to escape will be followed by the punishment of death." "I hear," said Bart. "Am I to tell the

uptain that?" 'No. He must know it; but I give him

into your charge. You must watch over him, and protect him from himself and from anyone else." Black Mazzard?"

"From anyone likely to do him harm said the captain, sternly. "You undertand?

'Yes. I'm going," replied Bart, in ow growl, as he gazed in his leader's yes; and then, with a curious, thoughtul look in his own he went out of the aptain's quarters and in the direction of prison of the king's officer.

As Bart approached he became aware d a faint rostling sound, as of someone etreating from the window among the rees, and starting forward, he looked But all was still; not a long ropeike fiana quivering, no leaf crushed. "Some monkey," muttered Bart, and urning back, he gazed down with a eavy frown at the frank, handsome face if the young officer, till he saw the feaures twitch, the eyes open and stare

vonderingly into his; and once more the risoner, roused by the presence of an-ther gazing upon his sleeping face, sudenly sprang up.

You here!

'Yes, sir, I'm here," said Bart. "What for? Why?"

"Nothing much, sir; only to tell you hat you can go.

"Go?" cried the captain, excitedly Yes, sir. Captain Jack's order where you like, so long as you don't try

o escape. "But I must escape!" cried Humphrey, "Tell the captain I will not give ngrily.

ny parole." "He don't want it, sir. You can go where you like, only if you try to escape

ou will be shot." Humphrey Armstrong rose from where

ie had been lying and made as if to go to he door, his face full of excitement, his yes flashing, and his hands all of a remble.

"There, the sickness has passed off Now help me out into the sunshine. Humphrey Armstroug was weaker rom his wounds than he believed; but

the change from being shut up in the dim emple chamber with the great stone idol for company to the comparatively free open air of the forest clearing rapidly restored the elasticity of his nature, and gave him ample opportunity for studying

the state of affairs. He found that the buccaneers went out but seldom, and that when expeditions were made they would be fairly divided. At one time the captain would be in com mand, at another the lieutenant, so that their settlement was never left unprotected.

As far as he could judge, they were dilapidated chambers in the range of temples and palaces formed admirable barracks and means of defense, such as in time of need could easily be held against attack

out moving a muscle. "You were trying ting away the smaller growth and she to find some way by which you could eszugging through the trees. cape."

Humphrey was silent.

Come, Captain Humphrey; you will suffer for this. There are chills and of the direction in which he was going: fevers in the depths of this forest which while before he had penetrated much seize upon strangers like you, especially further the pathway forked, and, unthose weakened by their and I do not want to lose the officer and gentieman who is to be my friend and help here, where I am. as it were, alone." "Your friend and help!" said Hum-

phrey, haughtily. "I am your prisoner, but you forget to whom you are speaking. my fate with that of your cutthroat band to share with you a life of plunder and disgrace, with the noose at the yard-arm of every ship in his majesty's navy wait-

is to end your miserable career?" He made a clutch at the nearest branch to save hunself, for his head swam, black to be made out as coming from a ruined spots veiled in mist and strangely blurred seemed to be descending from above to form a blinding veil before his eyes. He recovered himself for a moment, long enough to resent the hand stretched out to save him, and then all was blank, and with a hoarse sigh he would have fallen heavily but for the strong arms that caught him, held him firmly for a few ioments, and then a faint catching sigh was heard in the stillness of the forest, as Humphrey Armstrong was lowered slowly upon the moss and a soft brown hand laid upon his forehead, as the buc-

side "Want me?" said a deep, low voice; and the buccaneer started as if from a dream, with his face hardening, and the wrinkies which had been smoothed reappearing deeply in the broad forehead.

caneer bent down upon one knee by his

You here Bart? "Ay, I'm here."

"Give me a lift and I'll carry him back.

All this was done, and Dinny summoned, so that when, an hour later, Humphrey unclosed his eyes, it was with his head throbbing with fever, a wild, halfdelirious dreaminess troubling his brain. and the great stone image glaring down at him through the dim green twilight of the prison room.

It was a hitter experience for the prisoner to find that he had overrated his powers. The effort, the excitement, and the malaria of the forest prostrated him for a fortnight, and at the end of that time he found that he was in no condition to make a further attempt at securing the means of escape. You're to keep to your prison till further orders," said Bart one day as he

entered the place. "Who says so?" cried Humphrey, angrily.

"Lufftenant."

"What! Mazzard?"

Yes, sir. His orders." "Curse Lieut, Mazzard?" cried Hum

"Where is the captain?" phrey. No answer. "Is this so-called lieutenant master

here?

"Tries to be," grumbled Bart. "The captain is away, then?"

Orders are not to answer questions. said Bart, abruptly; and he left the cham-

Midday arrived, and Humphrey was looking forward to the coming of Dinny with his menl. The Irishman lightened his weary hours, and every time he came the captive felt some little hope of winning him over to help him escape. "Ah, Dinny, my lad!" he said, as he

heard a step, and the banging curtain was drawn aside. He stopped and listened, for a voice

whispered from somewhere close at hand the word "Kelly!"

Into this dark pathway he plunged, to

find at the end of five minutes he had lost all idea, through its abrupt turns, able to decide which would lead him to the required direction, he took the path

This suddenly debouched upon another going across it at right angles, and after moment's hesitation the prisoner turn ed to the left, and to his great delight How dare you ask me to link found that he had solved one of the topographical problems of the place, for this ed toward what was evidently the outer part of the buccaneers' settlement, and of this he had proof by hearing the smothered sound of voices, which became clear as he proceeded, and at last were plainly building standing upon a terrace.

(To be continued.)

The Punishments of a School. When the John Worthy School of Chicago was created there was no law on the statute books prohibiting flogging, and so the institution flogged. Soon society heard of it, raved, fomented and sprinkled protests in the newspapers, and afternoon teas, appalled but not speechless, were agog with indignation, and the great city council, stirred by the feminine fluster, put, as it were, a gag on society's mouth by enacting an ordinance making corporal punishment unlawful. Then the solitary cell, known otherwise as the solitary, or, vernacularly, as "the hole," came into existence-solitary confinement for one, two or three days, according to the offense. But it was found that offenses were committed for which solitary confinement of any length of time would be too severe but which still ought to be checked by proper reprimand. To supply this want a new and peculiarly punitive device was contrived. In course of time it became known as "ploughing." a term suggestive of anything but prison life. This new punishment consisted of continuous walking about the four sides of a large rectangular hall, the walking being incessant under watch of a guard, and of a duration sufficient in length to permit the sufferer to hear at least one meal gong to which he could not respond .- Thomas A. Steep, in Leslie's Monthly for August.

What Is Electricity? At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory.

Some recent correspondence, says a writer in the Academy, has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe is about as far as he has got; and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks," we should probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess as to what electricity is, and the only point on which they

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Women are certainly queer creatures" remarked the old physician What is it now?" asked the drug-

"Why," answered the old pill dispenser, "I just received a postal card from a woman patient marked 'Per-sonal.'"

Had Not Decided.

Theatrical Manager-Here's a letter from the lithographer, and he wants to know what will be the color of your hai . this season." Actress-Tell him I'll wire him next

Wittek



Smith-Yes; I took an active part.

Best Course.

"Husband," walled the speckled hen, 'I laid my eggs high up in the loft and some one took them. What should I do now?

"Lay low!" chuckled the red rooster, as he strutted away.

His Confession. "To what," asked the inquisitive person, "do you owe your success in life?" "To my wife," replied the man who was in the tax-dodger class.

"Would you mind giving me further details?" asked the I. p. "Details are scarce," replied the cap-

italist. "I simply married a widow who had half a million in cold cash."

An Awful Jolt.

"I say, barbah," queried the very young man as he naused at the door of a crowded toneorial parlor, "how long will I-aw-have to wait fob a shave? "Oh," replied the barber as he glanced at the beardless face of the speak-

Practical Experience.

"What we require," said the man-aging editor, "is the services of a man capable of taking full charge of our 'Query Box.' Are you capable of answering all kinds of questions?"

"Weil, I rather guess yes," replied the applicant. "I'm the father of eleren children."-- Chicago News.

Awaited.

Young Man-So Miss Elin is your oldest sister? Who comes after her? Small Brother-Nobody ain't come ad yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.-Pearson's.

In Good Shape.

"That young Bimler who married the Mixer girl says he's going right to bousekeeping.

"Indeed. 1s he well fixed?"

"I guess he is. One of his friends told me that he had enough coal in last him through the winter."-Cleve land Plain Dealer.

The Real Problem.

"Do you expect that you will be able to make a flying machine that will really ny?"

"I'm absolutely certain of it," an swered the inventor. "It's no trouble at all to get a flying machine to by The dilicuity is to make one that will let you have some idea of which way it is going and how it will light"-Washington Star.

An Advantage.

"Wealth has its embarrassments." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox with sigh. "It's a great advantage to a me to be able to say he must stay at hom and work instead of being draged around from one fashionable resort another "--- Washington Star.

The Worried Housewife. Husband-What have you been louis ing so blue about all day, my dear?

Wife-I'm afraid our hired girl won'l approve of our new washwoman Boston Post.

They Cost Money.

She-Certainly you have some friends?

He-Yes, but it takes every cent 1 can rake and scrape .-- Town Topics.

Easy to Go Off.

"So your former employer is conside ered a big gun?" interrogated the friend.

"Yes, a rapid-fire gun," sighed the clerk who had been discharged without notice.

Wedding Stock.

Customer (looking over the stoch I can't see a useful thing in all your stock. Jeweler-Of course you can't! These

are all wedding presents .- Pearson's.

Point of View.

Duct-"Who in the world would

Enjoyable.

"How did you enjoy the automobile

"Very much indeed," answered the

timid pedestrian. "It was very grati-

fying to see so many automobile pre-

prietors going along peacefully, all in

The Late Arrival.

"Judge for yourself. He thought a

lightning bug was a street lamp and

tried to light his cigar by it."-Chicage

The Only One.

Madge-What's the prize in the girls'

Marjorie-The young man who has

The Thorn and the Rose

Mrs. Temperton-I've got the dearest

old darling of a husband that ever hap

pened. He has an awful temper and

about once a month he gets mad and

Miss Bingleton-And you call him s

dear old darling after that? How cas

Mrs. Temperton-Well, you see, be

always has a fit of remorse next day

Freddy's Preference.

"What does Freddy like to play?"

"Freddy." replied papa, "likes to

play whatever games mamma and

Well Watered.

Stubb-You complain about these

streets being damp. Why, I know a

city where the streets are always a

But Not Batiefer.

about the literary profession being up

The Poet-Of course. Why, it is the

greatest appetite producer in the world.

Impossible,

guilty of an attempt at blackmall.

Diggs No woman on earth we

thing of accepting "hash money."

Diggs | don't believe it.

Biggs Why not?

Biggs They say Mrs. Gabbleton i

The Author-This is all none

decide are too rough for him."

Penn-What city is that?

want to use that stuff?'

came home last night?"

ping-pong tournament?

just arrived.-Puck.

tears up my best hat.

and buys me a better one"

asked the caller.

field of water.

healthy.

Stubb-Venice.

News.

you?

"Now, Captain Armstrong," cried the accaneer leader, "beg for your wretch-

ed life, you cowardly dog?" "Coward!" reared Humphrey, raising himself slightly on one hand, as with the other he swept the blood from his ensau-guined face. "You cursed hound! you guined face.

The buccaneer shrank back as if from ome blow; his foot was withdrawn from the wounded officer's chest, he lowered the point of his sword and stood gazing at his prostrate enemy wildly: "The captain shirks the job, lads," cried

coarse voice. "Here, let me come." It was Black Mazzard who spoke, and. drunk with the spirit of the furious light. be pressed forward, ax in hand.

Humphrey raised himself a little high-er, with his white teeth bared in fierce denance as he prepared to meet the death-But at that moment the buccaneer

caught his lieutenant's uplifted arm. Enough!" he cried, fiercely; "no more

blood. He is no coward. Bart-Dinny, take this gentleman ashore.

Humphrey Armstrong did not hear the words, for his definat act exhausted his failing strength, and he fell back, in-sensible to all that happened for many bours to come.

OHAPTER XII. 'Not dying, Bart?"

No, not exactly dying," said that wor-in a low growl; "but s'pose you shoots wings a gull, picks it up, and takes It and puts it in a cage; the wound heals up, and the bird seems sound; but after a time it don't peck, and don't preen its plumes, and if it don't beat itself again' the bars o' the cage, it sits and looks at "Then you mean that Captain Arm-

strong is pining away?"

It." 'Has he any suspicion of who we are?"

Not a bit 'And you think he is suffering for want

of change?" "Course I do. Anyone would-shut up in that dark place." "Has he complained ?" "Not he. Too brave a lad. Why not

him and his lads a boat, and let m zo?"

come back with a strong force and

"Ah. I never thought of that! Make him swear he wouldn't. He'd keep his

ord... "But his men would not, Bart. No: will have to stay." "Let him loose, then, to run about the lace. He can't get away."

"What of?"

tome trouble arising. Massard does

quarters he complet in the f buildings buried in the rh from the head of the

or lay; and Bart

But Humphrey's great idea was to cape; and to accomplish this it seemed to him that his first need was to open up communication with his men.

This he determined to accomplish, with the liberty given it seemed to be a very easy thing to walk to some heap of stones at the edge of the forest and there seat himself till he was unobserved, when be could quietly step into the dense thick-

et, and make his way to where his folwers were imprisoned. He had not long to wait, for it seemed

that, after being closely watched for the first few days, the latitude allowed to him He had but to walk to the was greater. edge of the forest and wait, for the opportunity was sure to come.

The forest path had evidently been rarely used of late, for the soft earth showed no imprints, the tender sickly growth of these deep shades had not been crushed: and as Humphrey realized these facts, he glanced back, to see how easily his trail could be followed-each step he had taken being either impressed in the vegetable soil or marked by the crushing down of mose or herb.

The sight of this impelled him to addi

tional effort, so that he might gain some definite information about his people, and perhaps seek them by night, when once he had found the means of communication. In this spirit he was hurrying on when he came suddenly, in one of the darkest paths, upon a figure which barred his way, and it was with the addition of a rage wrong savage exclamation that he uttered his captor's name.

There was a dead silence in the forest as these two stood face to face, buried, as it were, in a gloomy tunnel. away. After Humphrey's impatient ejaculation, "We quite a minute elapsed; and then, half

mockingly, came in a deep, low roice: "Yes! Commodore Junk!" Humphrey stood glaring down at the obstacle in his path. He was tall and

athletic, and, in spite of his weakness and the tales he had heard of the other's powers, he felt that he could seize this man, hurl him down and plant his foot upon his chest; for the buccaneer captain was without weapons, and stood looking up at him with one hand resting upon his

hips, the other raised to his beardless face, with a well-shaped, small index finger slightly impressing his rounded

cheek. "Yes," he snid mockingly, "Commodore Junk! Well, Humphrey Armstrong, what mad fit is this?" Junk!

"Mad fit!" cried Humphrey, quickly covering himself. "You allowed me to at liberty, and I am exploring the place.

The bucenneer looked in his eyes, with the mocking smile growing more marked. "In this Captain Humphrey Armstrong,

brave commander sent to exterminate me and mine, stooping to make a miserable exemption tell a lie?"

eried Humphrey, f

'Yes: what is it? Who called the prisoner, aloud, There was a momentary silence, and

then a peculiar whispering voice said: 'Don't be frightened.

"I'm not," said Humphrey, trying make out whence the voice came, and only able to surmise that it was from somewhere over the dark corner where he slept. "But where are you?"

"Up above your chamber," was the reply. "There is a place where the stones are broken away." "Then I am watched," thought Hum-

phrey, as the announcement recalled the captain.

"Can you see me?" he asked.

"I cannot see you where you are now, but I could if you went and lay down upon your couch.

"Then I'll go there," said Humphrey, crossing the great chamber to throw himself on the blankets and skins. then, what do you want with Dinny?" "I knew the captain had gone to sea said the voice, evasively; "but I did not know Kelly had been taken, too. He cannot be, without letting me know." "Listen!" said Humphrey, quickly. "You are Mistress Greenbeys?"

"And you love Dennis Kelly?" There was silence.

"Yes

"You need not fear me. I know your history," continued Humphrey. "You are, like myself, a prisoner, and in the power of that black-looking lieutenant." "I am a miserable slave, sir." "Yes, yes, I know. Then look here,

can we not all escape together?"

"Escape, sir! How "Through Dinny's help."

"He would not give it, sir. It would be impossible. I-I-there! I will speak out, sir-I can bear this horrible life po longer! I have asked him to take me

Well, will he not?

"He is afraid, sir.

"And yet he loves you?"

"He says so." "And you believe it, or you would not run risks by coming here.'

"Risks," said the woman, with a sigh. "If Mazzard knew I came he would kill

"The wretch!" muttered Humphrey. Then, aloud, "Dinny must help us. Woman, surely you can win him to our side! You will try?

"Try, sir! I will do anything!" "Work upon his feelings, and I will try

and do the same.' The curtain dropped. Humphrey stood listening and thinking. Finally he tose,

intening and thinking. Finally he cose, and without any besitation walked straight out through the opening, and made his way along the corridor to where the sun blazed forth. The prisoner made a bold dash in a fresh direction, going straight toward where he believed his men's quarters to be out as here the moment he next where he believed his men's quarters to be; and, as before, the moment he pass-ed behind the ruins he found binnedif face to face with a dense wall of ver-dage. Defeated here, he tried another and another place, till his perseverance was rewarded by the finding of one of the dark, manuality paths formed by est-

storwer by two.

agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion of years." among scientific writers that it is not a fluid-i, e., a continuous stream of

ponderable matter, as is a liquid or a gas-and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat. Outside this limit the sci entific imagination is at linerty to roam where it listeth, and althoug> it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, in definite result has followed up to the

present time. Sarcasm that Failed.

He is such a little man-only 3 years old-yet he insists upon intruding his presence and advice upon his elders. often to their intense annoyance.

It was only a few days ago that his mother and his Aunt Belle were discussing some household problemsomething that an infant was not supposed to know anything about. Suddenly Cliff appeared upon the scene, and in a moment was informing both of the feminine members of the famlly just what the facts were

"Oh, Wisdom, when did you arrive?" exclaimed Aunt Belle, thinking that she might be able to "squelch" the youngster.

"Just come dis minit," replied the mite, not in the least abashed by the sarcasm. And Aunt Belle gave it up as a hopeless case.-Duluth News-Tribuze.

Five Boons of Life.

In the morning of life came the good fairy with her basket and said:

"Here are gifts. Take one, leave the others. And be wary, choose wisely; O, choose wisely! for only one of them is valuable."

The gifts were five: Fame, Love, Riches, Pleasure, Death. The youth said engerly:

"There is no need to consider." and he chose Pleasure.

He went out into the world and ought out the pleasures that youth delights in. But each in turn was short lived and disappointing, vain and empty; and each, departing, mocked him. In the end he suid: "These years I have wasted. If could but choose again, I would choose

wisely."-Mark Twain in Harper's Weekly.

Apace with the Times "Yes," said the landlord of the picturesque old tavern, "I am going to alter my 'Accommodation for Man and Beast' sign."

"In what way?" queried the tourist. "Why, I am going to put up: 'Accom dation for Man and Automobile." "

To as ertain the correct age of sorse, ask the owner and multiply

er, "you might come back in a couple

Not a ompliment. "I see Reginald has changed his mind and decided to prosecute the owner of the automobile that ran over him." "Yes, indeed. At first he thought it was the racing machine of a Newport millionaire, but now he finds it only belonged to a common broker." parade?"

Useless

Sue-Yes, it was terribly lonesome down to the beach. No one to make love

Belle-But you said there was on honor bound not to run over the people man down there? In front of them."-Washington Star Sue-Yes; but he was no use to us

He was the "armless wonder" from the "Was old Bender sober when he museum

Did Not Understand



What on earth's the matter with Mrs Safte, anyhow?"

"Jealous of Safte, I guess. been made ever since he told her the other day that he was going to buy a new ribbon for his typewriter."

A Draw. Summer Boarder-Tell me something

older than the wagon?

husband like a book."

"How's that?"

up."

lieve it.

to decide a bet. Is that horse of yours

The Farmer-They're twins .- Puck.

Like a Book

"Mrs. Judson says she knows her

"Yes, and she treats him like one."

"Treats him carelessly and shuts him

Ready to Take Chances.

First Old Maid-Well, you know, marriage is a lottery, and I truly be

Second Old Maid-So do I! But where

do you suppose I could get a ticket?

As Indicated.

Ping-That fellow Graspit

knows the value of a dollar.

Pong-Been trying to berry