

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"The traitor!" muttered Humphrey.
"False to one, false to all!"
"Where is he, then?" roared Mazzard.
"Faint, he is in his skin, captain."
"You dog!" roared Mazzard. And there was the report of a pistol, followed by a wild shriek.
"Don't—don't kill!" cried a piteous woman's voice. "Don't kill him!"
"Not kill him?" snarled Mazzard.
"No, no! Spare him, and I'll tell you."
"Bedad, an if ye do, I'll never forgive ye," cried Dinny, fiercely. "Ye don't know anything. He's escaped."
"Where is he?" roared Mazzard.
"Speak out, woman, or I'll blow his head off!"

Humphrey sprang up a couple of steps to defend Dinny, but Mary Dell lay there, and to show himself to be a traitor—the woman he passionately loved. Of himself he thought nothing.

But the task of betrayal to save her lover was spared to Mistress Greenheys, for as Black Mazzard stood with one hand on Dinny's shoulder, and his second pistol pointed close to his ear, so that his second shot could not fall, one of his men exclaimed aloud:

"Why, he's there! Look at the blood!"

Mazzard turned and glanced down at the floor upon which he stood, then at the stained stone which formed the cover of the vault. He uttered a harsh laugh, for the stone had been slightly moved.

"Here, half a dozen of you!" he roared. "Lay hold!"

His men seized the stone; and after one of two trials to raise it up, it was thrust sideways and the hiding place revealed.

With a yell of savage delight Black Mazzard began to descend, followed by his crew. There was a clash of swords, two men fell, wallowing in their blood, and then Humphrey drew back into the corner before Mary Dell, determined to defend her to the last.

Two more men went down; and there was a brief pause, followed by a savage rush and a melee, in which Humphrey's sword snapped off at the hilt, and the next minute he was above in the great chamber, between two of Mazzard's men; and Mary Dell was borne up to lie at her comrade's feet.

"Ye savage!" roared Humphrey, as he sank panting on a stone.

"Savage!" retorted Mazzard, with a brutal grin. "Stand up, you dog!"

"Stand yourself—in the presence of your king's officer!" shouted Humphrey, in his rage.

"King!" cried Mazzard, mockingly. "I'm king here. Now, then, you!" he cried to his men, who enjoyed seeing him bearded. "Quick! two ropes!"

He turned sharply upon his men, who hurried off to obey the command.

Humphrey gazed at Mazzard aghast. The threat implied in the order seemed too horrible to be believed, and for the moment he looked round in doubt.

But Mazzard was in power; and in a few moments the ropes were forthcoming.

Before they could recover from their surprise he had torn a sword from one of them, and, whirling it round his head, he drove them back, and, clashing Mary Dell's waist, stood with flashing eyes, ready for the first who would attack.

"Is there no man here who will help?" he shouted.

"Bedad there is!" cried Dinny, leaping upon the nearest, and in a moment bearing his weapon from his hand. "If I die for it, captain, it shall be like a man."

Black Mazzard stood for a moment aghast at the daring display. Then a grim look of savagery crossed his evil countenance, and he drew his sword.

"Now, my lads," he said, fiercely, "it's three ropes we want, I see. Come on."

He made a rush forward, followed by his men; but at this moment a solitary shot flashed from the folds of the curtain, and as the report reverberated through the great stone chamber, Black Mazzard spun round as if upon a pivot, and fell with a heavy thud upon the floor.

His men paused in their onslaught, appalled by the suddenness of their leader's fall; but as they saw that he was dead, piece in hand, their hesitation turned to rage, and they advanced once more to the attack.

"Good by!" whispered Humphrey, bending for a moment over Mary, who clung to him, her eyes fixed on his with a longing, despairing gaze, and then, as he thrust her back, the attack began.

The odds were about eight to one, and the issue could not for a moment be in doubt; but hardly had sword met sword, and brown been exchanged, when a ringing cheer arose, and with a rush a couple of dozen well-armed sailors dashed in by corridor and window, and the tables were completely turned.

There was a rush made for the door, but those who tried in that direction were driven back; while half a dozen who backed into a corner of the great chamber, as if desperately determined to sell their lives dearly, were boldly attacked and beaten down, the whole party being reduced from the savage band of followers of the dead ruffian at their feet to a herd of helpless prisoners, subject to a decree.

Humphrey saw nothing of this, only that they were saved; for, dropping his sword, he sank on his knees by the side of her who lay back with her eyes fixed upon his, full of a longing, imploring look.

He bent down closely to her to take her hand in his, and started to find that it was cold, but there was vitality in it enough for the fingers to close upon his hand tightly, while the lips he kissed moved slightly, and he heard as faintly as if just breathed:

"It is better so."
"No, no!" he panted. "We are saved! Mary—dearest!"

He said no more, for the longing look in those eyes seemed intensified, and the gentle throb slowly to remain fixed and there.

It was the buccannier's last look on earth.

CHAPTER XX.

The officer who led the strong boat's crew to the woman, guided by some of the buccannier's men who had been taken before and after terrible privations, had found help, drew back and looked at the woman.

a strange silence reigned in the gloomy chamber as Humphrey knelt there holding the dead hand in his till he was touched upon the shoulder, and looking up slowly, half stunned by the event, it was to meet the pale, drawn face of Bart.

"Do they know, captain?" he whispered, meaningly.

For a few moments Humphrey did not realize the import of his question, till he turned and gazed down once more upon the stern, handsome face lying rigidly in death.

"No," he said, quickly, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast and softly spread it over the face of the dead. "It is our secret—ours alone."

"Ha!" sighed Bart, and he drew back for a moment, and then gave Humphrey an imploring look before advancing once more, going down upon his knees, and taking and kissing the cold hand lying across the motionless breast.

"Captain Humphrey Armstrong, I think," said the officer of the rescuing party.

"Yes," said Humphrey, in a dreamy way.

"We were just in time, it seems."

"Yes," said Humphrey, with a dazed look.

"I'm glad you are safe, sir; and this is—"

He had not finished his sentence when one of Black Mazzard's men yelled out:

"The commodore—our captain—sir!"

"Once!" said Humphrey, roused by the ruffian's words, and gazing sharply round; "but one who spared my life, sir, and with this poor fellow here defended me from that dead scoundrel and his gang!"

As he spoke he spurned the body of Black Mazzard, who had hardly stirred since he received Bart's bullet.

"I am at your service, Captain Armstrong," said the officer, "and will take my instructions from you."

"For the wretches taken in arms, sir, I have nothing to say; but for this poor wounded fellow, I ask proper help and protection. I will be answerable for him."

Bart looked at him quickly and reeled slightly as he limped to his side.

"Thank ye, captain," he said. "I ought to hate you, but she loved you, and that's enough for me. If I don't see you again, sir—heaven bless you, and good by!"

"But we shall see each other again, Bart, and I hope—here, quick!" he cried; "help here; the poor fellow is fainting from loss of blood!"

Bart was borne away to be tended by the surgeon, and Humphrey Armstrong stood gazing down at the motionless form at his feet.

He did not speak for some minutes, and all around respected his sorrow by standing aloof; but he turned at last to the officer:

"I ask honorable burial, sir, for the dead—dead to save my life."

The officer bowed gravely, and then turned away to give a few short, sharp orders to his men, who signed to their prisoners.

These were rapidly marched down to the boats, two and two, till it came to the turn of Dinny, who stood with Mrs. Greenheys clinging to him, trembling with dread.

"Now, my fine fellow," said the warrant officer who had the prisoners in charge; "this way."

"Sure, and ye'll let me have a word wid the captain first? Sure, an' he'd like to shake to me wan wurrd," said Dinny.

"Wouldn't ye, sor?"

"Yes," said Humphrey, turning to the officer in command; "a very good friend to me, sir, and one who would be glad to serve the king."

"Or anny man else who'd behave decently to him."

"Let him tend his companion," said Humphrey. "He is a good nurse for a wounded man."

Mistress Greenheys caught Humphrey's hand and kissed it.

That night, covered with the English flag, which she had so often defied, the so-called Commodore Junk was borne to the resting place selected by Humphrey Armstrong.

It was a solemn scene as the roughly made bier was borne by lantern light through the dark arcade of the forest, and the sailors looked up wonderingly at the strange aspect of the moaning old pile.

But their wonder increased as they entered the gloomy temple, and the yellow light of their lanterns fell upon the flag-draped coffin in the center, and the weird-looking figures seated round.

Side by side with the remains of her brother, Mary Dell was laid and then draped with the same flag spread by Humphrey Armstrong's own hands, the picture exciting the wonder of the officer in command, to whom it all seemed mysterious and strange. Greater wonder than all, though, was that Humphrey Armstrong, lately a prisoner of the famous buccannier who had been laid to rest, should display such deep emotion as he slowly left the spot.

As he stepped outside volleys were fired by the men, and as the reports of the pieces rumbled through the antique building, and echoed in the cavernous cone, the reverberation loosened some portion of the roof over the vast reservoir, an avalanche of stone falling with a reverberating hollow splash, and a great bird flew out and disappeared in the darkness overhead.

A fortnight had passed, during which period Humphrey Armstrong had kept himself quite in seclusion, when in obedience to a stern resolve he journeyed slowly up to town.

St. James' Square looked just as of old, and the same servant opened to his lady knock and met him with a smile.

He had come without sending notice, and he had made no inquiry since his landing, telling himself that it was better so; and now, strung up for his palatial task, he strode into the great, marble-paved hall.

"Ask Lady Jenny if she will see me—a private interview," he said to the ponderous old butler who came forward as the footman closed the door.

"Lady Jenny, sir? The countess is at the labes with her lordship."

"The countess! I said Lady Jenny."

"Yes, sir," said the old butler, with a

smile; "we always speak of her young ladyship now as the countess."

"The countess! Why, you don't mean—"

"Yes, sir; she was married to the Earl of Winterlyton a year ago, sir."

"Oh!" said Humphrey, calmly. "I have been to the West Indies, and had not heard the news."

He nodded good-humoredly to the old butler, and went off across the square.

"Now, it's my belief," said the old butler, "that he's another on 'em as her young ladyship was always a-leadin' on!"

"Thank heaven!" said Humphrey, with a sigh of relief; and he went and behared like an Englishman, for he walked straight to his club, ordered his dinner, and for the first time for months thoroughly enjoyed it, and thought of his next expedition, and that it with its earnest work would be the best remedy for a mind diseased, and made up his mind that if he could persuade him to leave his newly made wife he would have Dinny for one of his men.

"And old Bart, too, if he will serve," he said, half aloud. Then two or three times over, as a pretty, powdered and painted image, all silk and gawaws and flowers, filled his imagination, "What a release! Thank heaven!"

He was almost alone in the great club room, for the various diners had risen and gone, and for the time being the long, gloomy place seemed to be the old prison chamber, with its stone altar and great carved idol gazing stolidly down upon him, as he said softly:

"Mary Dell! True woman! I shall never love again!"

He bowed his head in memory of Commodore Junk, and stubborn Englishman to the last, he kept his word.

(The end.)

What the Burglar Faces.

A jeweler who was a well-known fence (receiver of stolen goods) put us onto where we could get thousands. Dal and I looked the place over and thought it a bit risky, but the size of the graft attracted us. We had to climb onto the front porch, with an electric light streaming right down on us. I had reached the porch and removed my shoes, raised the window and had just struck a light when a revolver was pressed on my head. I knocked his hand up quick and jumped, heard a cry and then the beating of a policeman's stick on the sidewalk. I ran, with two men after me, and came to the gateway of a yard, where I saw a big bloodhound chained to his kennel. He growled savagely, but it was neck or nothing, so I patted his head just as though I were not shaking with fear, slipped down on my hands and knees and crept into his dog-house. When my pursuers came up the owner of the house said: "He isn't here. The dog would eat him up!"

A few minutes later I left my friend's kennel. It was four o'clock in the morning and I had no shoes on and only \$1.00 in my pocket. I sneaked through the back window of the first house I saw, stole a pair of shoes and \$89. Then I took a car. Knowing that they were looking for me, I wanted to get rid of my hat. On the seat with me was a workman asleep. I took his old soft hat and left my new derby by his side, and also took his dinner-pail. Then when I left the car I threw away my collar and necktie, and reached New York disguised as a workman.—From the Autobiography of a Thief, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Feet as a Racial Trait.

Scientists were never so busy in curious lines of investigation as in these days, and now they tell us that the shape of the foot has features which distinguish one race from another. The French foot is narrow and long. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood—corresponding to the Castilian's pride of being "high in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Korean says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Irish, flat and square; the English, short and fleshy.

When Athens was in her zenith the Grecian foot was the most perfectly formed and exactly proportioned of that of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians and Germans have the largest feet, Americans the smallest. Russian toes are "webbed" at the first joint. Tartarian toes are all the same length.

Out of the Ordinary.

A novel twentieth century memorial has been erected at the head offices of the Bridgewater trustees' extensive Lancashire collieries. The public clock now strikes thirteen instead of one in order to enable the workpeople to resume operations promptly after dinner. The device is the original idea of the Duke of Bridgewater, who, in the eighteenth century erected a similar clock at Worsley to meet the workpeople's complaint that they sometimes failed to hear the clock strike one.

When Ice Catches Fire.

Strange as it may seem, it is possible to light your cigar by means of ice. Take a piece of clear ice, about one inch thick, cut it into the shape of a disc, and with the palms of the hands melt its two sides convex, giving it the form of a double convex lens, or burning glass. Now, if the sun will only condescend to shine, focus his rays on the end of your cigar, and the feat is done.

Peaches in Georgia.

Georgia is the peach State of the Union, having 7,600,000 peach-bearing trees. Next is Maryland, with 4,015,000, then New Jersey, with 2,700,000, and Delaware, with 2,400,000.

Growth of Commerce.

The volume of the world's commerce is two and a half or three times as great as it was thirty years ago.

Why are people so foolish as to want their own way when yours is so much better?

WOMEN

Why Women Snub Other Women.

It sometimes shocks a sensitive man to hear women tell how coolly and rudely they have snubbed other women. A man dislikes to hurt the feelings of another man, even though he has just cause for hurting them. When he is obliged to resent an injury or deliver a rebuke he does so usually with some reluctance. But the ordinary woman appears to take an amount of pleasure in snubbing.

Women have a gentle way of cutting other women whose acquaintance they desire no longer. Men will continue for years to nod to a man whom they do not like and who can be of no service to them; but women carry no super-natural or detrimental acquaintances. When they no longer have either regard or use for a woman they fall to see her at the next meeting. After one or two such experiences the other woman understands.

Snubbing generally is a cruel and silly practice. There are persons whose conduct may make it necessary to drop them from one's acquaintances, but a great deal of snubbing is done out of sheer wantonness. The true lady, of course, never snubs another unless she has good reason. Most of the snubbing is done by snobs who deem themselves better than other people, and who, as they extend their acquaintance among fashionable people, drop their old friends as detrimental to their social progress.

Women do most of the snubbing because the majority of them, not having to earn their own living, do not appreciate the advantage of having a large acquaintance friendly disposed. A man knows that the most insignificant person may some day have it in his power to do him a favor or a hurt. He knows that it is very bad policy to turn even the humblest friend into a foe. But the women that have not made their own living have not learned this lesson.

Women generally are not so friendly to one another as men are to men. When two men, hitherto strangers, are introduced to each other, they shake hands and fall at once, if circumstances be favorable, into pleasant intercourse. Each is willing to please and to be pleased. Each meets the other halfway. But when two women meet each other for the first time both are likely to be slow in making overtures. They are distant and formal in manner. Each eyes the other sharply, takes her in from hat to boots, notes the details of her appearance, listens critically to her conversation, and decides by some instinctive, inexplicable process that she likes her or does not like her. Men approach each other in an amicable, women in a hostile, state of mind. A man expects to find a friend. A woman expects to find a foe. The difference springs from the difference between a man's life in the world and a woman's life in the parlor.—San Francisco Bulletin.

ABOUT THE BABY



A certain amount of crying is absolutely necessary; this is the only way a baby can exercise his lungs; under no circumstances should he be given "soothing syrup" to quiet him. A young mother will soon learn to distinguish the cry of pain; it is strong, sharp, but not continuous, often accompanied by contractions of the features and drawing up of the legs.

Before and after the baby is fed his mouth should be wiped out gently with a piece of soft linen or absorbent cotton dipped in boric acid solution. Too great care cannot be taken of rubber nipples and bottles. Use graduated, cylindrical bottles and plain, black rubber nipples; never use bottles having long tube attachments. As soon as the baby has taken all he will from a bottle throw away any remaining food and at once rinse the bottle and leave it full of cold water in which is a pinch of borax.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Avoid First Quarrels.

First quarrels are full of fascination for young lovers. The pleasing qualities found in the process of reconciliation are very enticing, but the pleasure is not enduring. Spats and petty differences are all right so long as they are of the trivial sort, but they lose their luster when they become material. The consequences run all the way from momentary heartaches to the environs of the divorce court. The disease is a popular one, and contagion ominous, but the cure is simple in the extreme—shun the first quarrel as you would shun the germ of discomfort lies smoldering, awaiting only a gesture, or a word, to fan it to the dignity of a conflagration.—The Impressionist.

To Light a Dark Hall.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it, to its great improve-

ment, by letting in a mirror from the floor to the ceiling on one side. This is opposite the parlor door, and the light from that department, falling on the mirror, is reflected back into the hall, to its much better lighting, while the apparent size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat molding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless shutting in of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall; but judiciously used under the care of a good architect the plan is to be commended.—Exchange.



To make a pretty and comfortable petticoat cut the skirt about a quarter of a yard shorter than walking length. Make it the same length all around. Sew this on the machine. Sew on the hem a plaited silk ruffle, cut on the straight of the material, about six inches deep. On the edge of the plaited ruffles sew a narrow bias ruffle about two inches deep. Do not set the ruffles on the skirt proper, as the skirt is easier to walk in, wears better and rustles more if the ruffles are set on the bottom. Small plaits are prettier than large ones.

The ability to appear perfectly well dressed depends far more upon the tact and taste of the individual than upon the length of her purse. I have again and again seen women with more clothes than Flora MacFlimsy ever possessed who in nine cases out of ten were anything but perfectly well dressed. It is far more the knowing of what is appropriate and suitable for various occasions that makes a woman appear well dressed than the following perfunctorily of any Spartan rules of fashion. To dress well means the adapting of the needs of one's life to one's clothes. Please notice I use the word "needs" and not "wants," as feminine wants are notoriously elastic. A sense of delicate discrimination is necessary to women in this matter of appearing well dressed, and I care nothing for those women who turn up their noses at the triviality of the mind of the woman who loves to appear so. It is to my way of thinking a pleasant and a proper state of mind to be in.—Mrs. Ralston in Ladies' Home Journal.

Collar and Cuff Polish.

An excellent "silver" polish that will give a brilliant surface to collars, cuffs and shirt bosoms is made of one ounce each of linalglass and borax, one teaspoonful of white glue and two teaspoonfuls of white of egg. Cook well in two quarts of fine starch. Strain the articles in this and dry them. Before ironing them apply some of this mixture to the bosom and cuffs with a cloth until well dampened. Iron at once with a hot glossing iron.

Health and Beauty.

To whiten the finger nails and remove all stains cut a lemon in half and rub the finger tips well with it at night. Wash off in warm water the next morning.

For red hands use a little chloride of lime—dropping a few grains into the water used for washing the hands. Be careful to remove all rings and bracelets first, for chloride of lime will tarnish them.

One of the most important things to study is the comfort of the feet. Wear well-fitting shoes, neither tight nor loose, and, no matter what people tell you, do not have flat heels. Let them be of moderate height, though not narrow.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia is a household article indispensable in families where there are persons with weak hearts or with tendencies to faint, because it facilitates the heart's action more speedily than brandy or whiskey, and with less danger to some patients. In cases of heart failure or fainting a teaspoonful in a half-glass of water can be given.

Six drops of olive oil used every third night to massage the lower face and throat will long keep off the first throat and chin wrinkles that all women dread. Use the tips of the fingers, and stroke the oil in gently, yet firmly. Leave it on over night, washing it off in the morning with hot water and without soap. If it is found that every third night keeps the skin a bit too oily, the interval may be a little lengthened.

GOOD Short Stories

It is said that when Joseph Chamberlain and Gen. De Wet were introduced in London, the colonial secretary addressed the Boer general as "Mr. De Wet." "General," corrected De Wet. Mr. Chamberlain repeated the "Mr.," whereupon De Wet remarked, sternly: "General or no!" And the colonial secretary had to follow the example of Lord Kitchener, and recognize the military status of De Wet before the ubiquitous one would shake hands.

A New Jersey clergyman in a small town recently electrified his congregation by introducing into his sermon a dramatic account of Rudyard Kipling's death-bed scene. One of his parishioners hurried up to remonstrate with him at the close of the service. "Kipling isn't dead!" echoed the preacher, tranquilly; "well, that's odd, I surely read about the thing somewhere. Well, never mind. It must have been some one else who died, but the point remains the same."

The "Hon. Doc" Brown of Morgansfield, Ky., who represents his district in the State Legislature, is one of Kentucky's unique characters. To illustrate a point in a recent speech, he gave the following account of his courtship: "Take my advice and never give a woman anything she can't eat, and never make love to her out of an ink bottle. Why, when I courted my wife, I just grabbed hold of her and said: 'Sally, you are the sweetest thing on earth, and your beauty battles the skill of man and outdoes his ferocious nature,' and I got her."

Ughetti's work, "With Physicians and Clients," contains an anecdote about Heine which is new to us. Returning from a journey to the south of France, Heine met a friend, a German violinist, in Lyons, who gave him a large sausage that had been made in Lyons, with the request to deliver it to a mutual acquaintance, a homeopathic physician in Paris. Heine promised to attend to the commission, and entrusted the delicacy to the care of his wife, who was traveling with him. But as the post-chaise was very slow, and he soon became very hungry, on the advice of his wife, both tasted of the sausage, which dwindled with every mile. Arriving at Paris, Heine did not dare to send the remainder to the physician, and yet he wished to keep his promise. So he cut off the thinnest possible slice with his razor, wrapped it in a sheet of vellum paper, and enclosed it in an envelope, with the following note: "Dear Doctor—From your scientific investigations, we learn that the millioth part of a certain substance brings about the greatest results. I beg, therefore, your kind acceptance of the accompanying millioth part of a Lyons sausage, which our friend gave me to deliver to you. If homeopathy is a truth, then this little piece will have the same effect on you as the whole sausage. Your Heinrich Heine."

Many a man, and boy, too, who enjoys the sport of fishing, dislikes to carry along the street the fishpole which indicates to all that he either has been or is going fishing. Especially is this the case when the fisherman returns empty-handed late in the day, when explanations are in order as to the cause of the ill luck. But if a man saunters down the street swinging his cane and looking innocent and sober fish or no fish, he will be asked in

COMBINED CANE AND FISH-POLE.

DESIGNED TO DECEIVE THE FISHER MAN'S FRIENDS.



questions about his ability to entice the fish into his basket. And yet that same cane may be a fishpole in disguise, as will be seen by a look at the accompanying drawing. The cane is simply a fishpole made up of several hollow telescoping sections, and has a mounting for the reel on one side and a pocket in the handle to contain the lines, hooks and float. The reel is positioned so as to bring the line around a pulley located in the hollow handle, from whence it extends through the hollow tubing to the tip of the outer section. When the pole is contracted the hook is removed from the end of the line and replaced by a metallic tip of the proper shape to fit in the perforation and close the opening, being held in place by drawing up the line and fastening it near the pulley in the handle in which the reel is also stored. The inventor is John A. Ekelund, of Minneapolis, Minn.

Just Pray Over Water.

Twenty thousand Jews visited the Brooklyn Bridge recently, where, Ten abreast in hand, they prayed over the water that their sins be forgiven.