

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

As soon as the enemy showed a disposition to lay down their arms, Mari Laroon gave the order for stopping the conflict. There were but about thirty Russian left alive, and they were huddled together upon the forecastle. They laid down their arms upon promise of their lives being spared, and were quickly put in irons. After this was done, Captain Laroon mustered his men, and fifty-seven answered to their names, so thirty-three were either dead or so badly wounded as not to be able to answer.

The next movement was to clear the deck, and hammocks were brought from the corvette in which to sew the dead bodies, and three men were detailed among the prisoners to help in the work. They commenced to bury the dead, and by the time this was accomplished it was well into the afternoon.

As soon as a hasty dinner had been prepared and eaten, the pirate captain took some of his men with him and went on board the corvette, where he made a general searching of the cargo and stores. He found something over seventy thousand dollars in gold. This was moved first. Next he took what provisions he could conveniently stow away, considerable ammunition and arms, some sails and rigging, and all the charts, signals, mathematical instruments, etc. The next movement was to get the corvette's boats down and put the prisoners into them—all save seven, who wished to join the pirates, and who were gladly taken. The rest were directed to pull for the shore as quickly as they pleased, and as soon as they shoved off the ship was set on fire in half a dozen places.

It was just dark when the pirates fled their manly way so that skill could be made on it, and by this time the corvette was in flames. Ere long the Scourge was sweeping away to the northward, and just as her boatswain was calling the first watch, a broad, wild glare shot up into the heavens, and on the next moment a loud roar burst upon the air, and the devoted corvette was but a black, charred mass of torn and blasted timbers.

CHAPTER VII.

Paul had not so much to attend to as one might have imagined. There were but a few cuts, and even those were not of much moment. He had only six men upon his list, and these he promised to restore to duty in a few days. The old gunner was in a precarious situation, and the surgeon assured him that it was out of his scrupulous care that he could hope to recover.

On the morning of the third day from the engagement with the corvette, land was reported directly ahead, and in an hour more other land was made out upon the larboard bow and beam. At 10 o'clock a number of small islands were plainly distinguished, and before noon the brig had run in among them. After this, her course was laid more to the southward, and to one not used to the place it appeared as though the vessel was to be run on shore. But ere it was a narrow inlet was opened, between what proved to be the mainland and a large island, and beyond there appeared a wide bay. The track through this inlet was a dubious one, a large black rock lifted their heads above water on every hand; but the brig was run safely in, and was then within a circular bay some ten miles in diameter. The end was not yet. Toward the eastern side of this bay appeared to be a sort of cape extending out some distance from the mainland, but which proved, upon approaching it, to be an island which stood at the mouth of a smaller bay. Around this island the brig made her way, and ere long she was anchored at the mouth of quite a respectable river.

This was Silver Bay, and the river bore the same name. Its position was upon the coast of Japan, and some fifty or sixty miles distant from Nagasaki. It was a strange place in view of its natural defenses, and seemed made for the use to which it was now put. Mari Laroon had received it from an old freebooter who had used it for many years, and probably the present chieftain told the truth when he said that it had been a practical retreat for nearly two centuries.

"How long shall we lay here, captain?" asked Buffo Burnington, after everything had been put to rights.

"Perhaps a month. That last haul from the corvette may give us a longer resting spell than I had before calculated upon." Then turning to Paul, who stood near him, he said: "Do you want to go up with me this evening?"

The youth started, but if he felt any strong emotion he quickly subdued it, for he soon replied, and without any hesitation:

"I think if you go up this evening I had better wait until you come back, for I do not think it safe to leave Ben Marton alone. Either you or I should be with him."

"What is the need of that?"

"He is very low, now, and his recovery depends entirely upon his being suited in every respect. If we can keep him easy, say four days at the outside, he will be over the crisis. So you go up to-night, and when you come back I'll go."

The captain's first impulse was to leave Ben Marton out of the question, but he dared not do such a thing as that in the presence of his crew. But he went down to see the old man, and it was his request that either Paul or the captain should stick by him. So finally Laroon agreed to "go up" alone, and let Paul "go up" on the morrow. Accordingly, just at sundown, the boat was manned and the captain was pulled away up the river.

It was near midnight, and the old gunner had fallen asleep. Paul watched him until he was sure he slept, and then he went upon deck. The night was calm and serene, and the heavens were cloudless. He was alone upon the quarter deck, the anchor watch being all forward. A deep sigh escaped him as he looked down, and he bowed his head upon his hands.

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waiting from the things of evil that surrounded me?"

At that moment the youth heard a movement near him, and on looking up he saw the outlines of a human figure. He started to his feet, and as he did so the intruder spoke:

"I trust I have not offended?"

"Burlington," cried Paul, extending his hand. "No, no, you need not fear to offend me by your presence, for I have had it when my very life hung upon it."

As the youth spoke he sat down upon the carriage of a gun, leaving room for Buffo to sit by his side.

"I suppose you saved my life as much for the captain's sake as my own?" the young man said, after Burlington had seated himself.

"Why should I have thought of the captain?"

"Because you thought him to be my father. Did I not hear you speak of my resemblance to him?"

"Yes, for you both stood by the binacle as I spoke, and you looked more like Mari Laroon than you did like a binacle. I only discovered that you both belonged to the same family of animate beings—that you were both of Adam. But let that pass. When Caucasian parents give birth to an Achaetan child then I might believe that some few drops of Mari Laroon's blood flowed in your veins, but not till then. And yet I—I have seen some members of a family whom you resemble."

Paul started and placed his hand upon Buffo's arm.

"Do you mean anything by that?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Yes. I mean that I have seen those of whom your face puts me in mind."

"And who are they? Where do they live? The name?"

"Let me ask you a question first. How long have you been here?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"And you can remember nothing back of that?"

"Yes," returned Paul, eagerly, and yet sadly. "I can remember of playing in a wide park and riding a little pony. And I can remember of a little brook where I used to play in the water."

"And do you remember the name of the person with whom you lived then?"

"No, sir. Laroon has done everything in his power to make me forget those things; and what with my youth, and with his falsehood, I have forgotten it all. I can remember one cold, wet day, of being taken into a carriage with a strange man, and my little Mary with me—and of being driven off a long distance, and then Mari Laroon came up, and during the rest of the day we walked. And I can remember how little Mary cried and how he told her he would kill her if she did not stop. And then we stopped at a strange house and slept that night and the next day we reached the place where I saw the ships and wharves. That was Boston, as Mari has since told me."

"Did you come here then?"

"No. His rendezvous was then in Manila. We remained there until I was ten years old, and then he took me to sea, and left Mary in care of an old woman there. When I was fourteen he moved his headquarters to this place, and since then Mary has lived here. He and the Malays have harried the seas ever since."

"Is this girl of whom you speak a sister of yours?"

"Oh, no," quickly replied the youth.

"Did you ask Laroon whom you used to live with?"

"Yes, and he told me it was with a man named Delany."

"Then why did you say you had forgotten the name?"

"Because I do not think that is true."

For some moments Burlington was silent, but at length he said:

"Did you ever know any one whom you called 'Uncle Stephen'?"

Paul started to his feet and laid both his hands upon his companion's shoulders, and after gazing a few moments into his face he said:

"Speak that name again."

"Uncle Stephen."

"Ay, I remember it well. Now do I know that that name has often prattled over my boyhood's tongue. But there is more. Stephen is but half the name."

"Humphrey," said Buffo, in a low tone.

The youth sat back upon the gun carriage and folded his hands in his lap.

"Why, or why," he murmured, "have I never been able to call these things to mind? Oh, how clear, now, is the whole thing! How well do I remember that name—Uncle Stephen—Stephen Humphrey. But tell me, sir, what you know of this?"

Burlington made no answer, but sat with his dark face hidden in his great hands. Paul had more time to reflect, and his anxiety grew apace.

"You must know something of my people—something of my early childhood. Do not refuse me."

"I know your countenance puts me in mind of those whom I have seen," returned Burlington, who, after some hesitation, added, "I was at Col. Stephen's."

"Col. Stephen?" interrupted Paul, with energy. "Then I am honorably connected?"

"You once had most honorable friends. But let me go on. I was once at Col. Stephen Humphrey's, and I saw you there. I am sure 'twas you. That was seventeen years ago. You were a mere infant then, perhaps two years old. I can tell you no more, save that I knew you from the very lines of your face."

"But tell me if I have friends living?"

"Yes, you have friends all about you. Ben Marton would die for you, and half the crew."

"I know that," interrupted Paul, with a grateful emotion manifest in his tone; "but you know what I mean. Have I any friends in America?"

On the following day, toward the middle of the forenoon, he left the brig to go up the river. He had the scum-boat which the captain had used the evening previous, and he would have had the same crew had he listened to the will of Laroon. But he was determined to have men of his own choosing, and he did so. For the first time in his life he believed the chieftain wished to play the spy upon his motions, for there was something in Mari Laroon's look and tone while he was trying to force a boat's crew of his own selection upon the youth, which seemed to indicate that he had some secret reason for wishing it, but Paul simply remarked that he had promised four of his best friends that they should go up with him, and so they should.

"You will take good care of Ben," said the youth, as he stood in the gangway.

"Certainly," returned Mari, gruffly, and with all humor.

As soon as the boat had fairly entered the river, the scene became delightful in the extreme. The bed of the stream seemed to be composed of white sand, and it gave to the water that brilliant, silvery appearance which suggested the name of the stream and the bay. The banks were covered with aromatic shrubs, and flowers of every size and hue were abundant. It was amid such a scene that the boat was pulled for a distance of five miles ere anything like a human habitation was seen. But at length, as they rounded an abrupt angle in the river, they came in sight of a clump of buildings, most of which were small, thatched cottages; but upon one side, where a rivulet flowed down to the river, stood a large building of stone, seeming to have been originally erected for a place of refuge, for it was surrounded by a high wall with circular towers at the angles, in which were numerous embrasures for guns, though no guns were at present to be seen.

Towards this castle-like building the boat was pulled, entering the small tributary stream which flowed beneath the wall. When they reached the point where the water came from beneath the wall Paul gave a loud cry, and ere long a human head appeared on the other side, and soon afterwards a heavy portcullis was raised, and the boat glided beneath the heavy arch which was thus guarded.

This building was constructed somewhat after the Moorish style of architecture, and was quite spacious. There were two stories above ground, and how much there was below this even Paul himself did not know.

In one of the chambers of this place—a chamber sumptuously furnished—sat a female. She was not more than seventeen years of age, and as beautiful as the fabled houri. In form she was light and graceful. Her hair was a light auburn, having a golden hue where it light rested upon it. Her eyes were a deep, sparkling blue, and her features were as regular and finely chiselled as the most ambitious sculptor could wish to create. She was called by those who knew her now, Mary Delany.

She was sitting by a window which overlooked the hills and plains back of the building, and there had surely been tears upon her cheeks. The expression of her face was one of eager, anxious earnestness, and at the slightest noise she started up, while the rich blood mounted to her face. Soon there came the sound of footsteps upon the stairs, and some one approached her room. She started to her feet—her door was opened—she saw the form of a man—and on the next moment she was clasped to the bosom of Paul Laroon.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she murmured, as she wound her arms more tightly about his neck, and gazed up through her happy tears, "thanks be to heaven that I see you once more. Oh, Paul, my own dear—"

She did not finish the sentence, for the word she would have uttered seemed to stick in her throat.

"I am back once more, Mary," the young man said, as he led her to a sofa and sat down by her side, "and what a joy it is mine to find you so well and in safety. Oh, this has been a long, long year."

"And why did you not come and see me last spring, when the captain came? Oh, I watched for you then. He said that you did not care to come."

And as the girl spoke she burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

The New Congressman.

Every member of Congress, when first elected, is faced with the necessity of outlining his program for a public career and must stand or fall upon the wisdom of his decision and his success in realizing his ambitions. He must decide whether he shall enter into competition with the men with records of long and honorable service behind them in seeking his share of the credit and plaudits for honors in the forum of debate and the contest for general legislation, or whether he shall devote his time to the interests of the particular constituency he may represent. If he represents a district in the House or a State in the Senate in which the party majorities are strong and fixed and his tenure of office assuredly long, he may with safety elect to devote his efforts to speciality, to stamping his impress upon legislation on subjects to which he has devoted much thought and attention. In that event his first influence must be exerted to secure assignment to the committees that furnish the field for the exercise of his efforts and after that everything depends upon the man and his willingness to work. Most of the legislation of the Congress, in fact, is the work of specialists.—Leslie's Monthly.

Teacher in Bad Humor.

Father—What are you crying about, Bobby?

Bobby (between sobs)—I don't want to go to school to-day.

Father—Why not?

Bobby—She lifted the teacher last night.—Modern Society.

Left in the lurch.

Richard—Why aren't you married, Rebecca?

Rebecca—Oh, statistics show there are not enough men to go around, and I never was good at any kind of a calculation.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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OLD STYLES REVIVED.

FASHIONS FROM AWAY BACK BEING BROUGHT FORWARD.

Pretty Ideas from Costumes of Three Hundred Years Past Are to Be Rehabilitated for the Use of Women of 1904-5.

New York Correspondence:

ABILITIES from away back are coming forward. For a season or two the styles of last century have furnished dress designers with their best ideas and so have dominated the fashion. They supplied so much that outdied up-to-date taste that early in the fall there were hints a-plenty of another season of these revivals. Then came a note of warning that perhaps this field was overworked. It was, however, a faint one, consisting merely of the announcement that for the winter designers would depend chiefly upon the first quarter of

the nineteenth century, letting the 1830 modes alone at last. Now it seems that the search for prettiness is to go still further afield, and that the last three centuries may be raked over for ideas. Your new dress-up, therefore, will be of the time of Louis XIV, or of Napoleon III, or of the time of the expert classifiers; but what is of more general interest is that with this huge field to draw upon and with few restrictions, the designers will be so unhampered that another spell of remarkable diversity is assured.

A consequence of these drafts of the designers is that the return to simple and small sleeves is to be delayed. It has been foreshadowed strongly by many models in which the leg-of-mutton was recognizable more or less readily, and

This one was brown cloth, with novel self-trimming. Velvet is to be used much, often in colors making the strong-est possible contrast with the dress goods, again in pieces or ornaments of original shape. Finesse and strips of silk are similarly employed. With either some appearance of originality is essential, as because of the many styles from which women may choose, nothing will count as a greater fault this winter than conventionality.

This is to apply even to walking suits with short skirts, if certain advance models are to be followed. They will find some approvers, surely, but as to their general adoption there may be doubt, for they constitute a radical departure from that simplicity that heretofore has

been considered an essential of the walking costume. They are not only trimmed freely, but in strong contrast with the material. They show plainly that their designers are determined to bring about such a change in standards that individuality shall be as essential in these simple affairs as in elaborate costumes. You'll see mixtures of men's qualities, though perhaps a bit more highly colored, trimmed with bright cloth galoes. Blue, green and red, each in bright tones, are seen on the simple mixed stuffs thought best suited of late for simply made or severe gowns. The color will appear in piping, bandings or tabs, and a turn down collar or revers may show it.

The maximum of the white linen suit is a drawback. It is apt to look as if you had slept in it after a short journey.

These same sleeves are to remain, but they are to be far from the whole thing. On the other hand, and between the two sorts are many intermediate types, are sleeves of huge dimensions. In some model gowns, the upper of two puffs extends the shoulder line immensely, again a single puff has the same effect, though in less degree. Still other sleeves are so made that the natural shoulder line is disclosed, but from just below its round a full puff blazes out. Interlining to insure a reasonable degree of permanency in this lovely fullness is provided in many examples, but it is not meant to confuse itself. The stylish materials for winter are to be marked by softness, and should not be made up or lined in ways to rob them of this fine quality.

English collars and reception gowns are desirable for the occasions of embrod-

ery and lace put upon them. The employment of lace seems more reckless than ever, for not only is permission given to use simply all you wish, but you may have several sorts on the same gown. The name is true of a dressy wrap. Embroidery is an almost universal decoration for dressy get-ups, nor does it depend merely upon the amount of work in it for its effect. Usually there is, as well, a touch of color, and though striking fancies appear here and there, the change from more subdued embroidery and hand work is going to prove an improvement. Suggestions of what may be done with these garnitures are conveyed by the models pictured herewith. In the initial is a calling gown of white broadcloth, the coat and foot blouse of the skirt heavily embroidered with white and green silk, and at the left in the next sketch is a mauve cloth reception gown embroidered with silk in rose and white. Two lace trimmed dresses remain in the second picture. The first was pale blue, with dots and point de Paris lace, and the other was green silk and both black and white Chantilly laces, the former giving the inserted headings.

Equally rich but in quite another manner were the two embroidered gowns at the left in the concluding picture. The first was a gray and white fine check and embroidered with white silk dots. These are to be seen in the goods and done by hand afterward, according to the taste or pocketbook of the wearer. The other dress was white broadcloth embroidered freely with silver beading. In contrast was the tailored calling dress, a sort that will not often be seen, and when adopted will be of anything but severe finish.

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Baked Indian Pudding.

Boil one quart of milk, keeping out one small cupful; mix this with five even tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, stir it into the milk, and boil for ten minutes. Take the kettle from the fire and melt into the mush two ounces of butter—or a quarter of a pound, if you like it rich—stirring it well in. Then stir in one teaspoonful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of molasses, half a nutmeg, grated, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves and four eggs, beaten very light. Bake two hours, and if the top browns too quickly cover it with letter paper until the time is nearly up. Fruit—either currants or raisins, or both—improves this pudding very much. It should be eaten when just cold, and if made the day before it is wanted should be "freshened" in the oven and allowed to cool again.

Pickled Cucumber.

Pick the cucumbers, wash and pack in a jar. To a gallon throw in a handful of salt and pour on enough boiling water to cover. Let stand twenty-four hours, drain off water and repeat the process four or five mornings, or until the cucumbers taste "salty." Then drain off the water. In a kettle put three pints of vinegar (or if very strong elder vinegar, use one-third water), and a little bag of muslin containing a tablespoon of mixed spices. Let come to a boil and pour over the pickles. Repeat two or three times twenty-four hours apart. Pack in glass jars or open jars and heat vinegar and pour over.

Preserves.

Pare and quarter one peck of sweet apples, place a layer in the preserving kettle, pare, core and cut in eighths fifteen large quinces, place a layer of quinces over the apples, then a layer of sugar, alternate the layers to above until the fruit and five pounds of sugar have been used. Add two cupfuls of water and let stand overnight. In the morning cook until fruit is tender, remove fruit with perforated skimmer, place in a jar, cook syrup until thick, pour over the fruit, tie thick paper over and set in a cool, dry place. Use parings and cores of quinces to make jelly.

Stuffed Green Peppers.

Mix together a cupful of cold-boiled and minced chicken and three tablespoonfuls of minced ham, and moisten with a tablespoonful of melted butter. Cut the stems from green peppers so that they stand on end. Cut off the tops, remove the seeds and membrane with a small knife; lay in salt and water for an hour, then drain and stuff with the prepared meat. Stand one end in a baking pan, pour about them a cup of chicken stock and bake until tender all through. Transfer to a hot dish, thicken and season the gravy left in the pan and pour about the base of the peppers.

Apple Jam.

Sound, tart baking apples are the proper ones to use. Part the apples thin, cut them in quarters, core carefully and slice rather thick; to every pound allow one pound of good brown sugar, and to every five pounds of apples allow the thinly cut rinds and juice of four lemons, and, according to taste, either a quarter or half a pound of young whole ginger, and one ounce of cloves. Let all lie together in a bowl till next day, when they should be boiled until perfectly clear and until the apples are a rich amber color.

Stuffed Peaches.

Select medium-sized peaches, wash and take out the stone; cover with salt water and let them stand overnight. In the morning fill the center with grated horseradish, mixed with a little celery seed and a small piece of ginger root. Tie each peach with string and pack in jars. Turn over them heated vinegar, with sugar and spices to taste. Seal jars, and at Thanksgiving you will have delicious peaches to eat with turkey.

Pie.

Line a pie tin with rich crust; fill with a sweet sauce prepared as for "puffs," minus the eggs and milk. Cover with a top crust and bake a half hour—or bake without a top crust and cover with the frothed, sweetened whites of eggs, two to each pie.

Baked Halibut.

Wash and dry one pound of halibut, rub all over with flour and lay in a buttered pie dish. Sprinkle over a little salt and pepper, and then add one well-beaten egg in a small teacupful of milk. Bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

Walnut Cake.</