

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Did he tell you that?" uttered the youth, indignantly, and with much surprise. "Then he deceived you, Mary, most wickedly deceived you. On that occasion our vessel lay at our rendezvous at Manila. Six of our men lay at the point of death, and when they heard that I meant to leave them they wept like children, and begged me not to forsake them to death. What could I do? These men had been friends to me, and I know that some of them would have laid down their very lives for me in case of need. I asked Laroon to run me to Silver Bay, but he would not. I asked him what was to become of our sick men. His answer was this: Let them die if they will. We can get new men more easily than we can cure the old ones. I told him to come, and to tell you that I had remained behind to save the lives of some of my suffering fellow-creatures."

"Oh!" murmured the maiden, once more throwing her arms about the youth's neck. "I could not believe all that he meant for me to believe, but at I was sad and unhappy. But I bless you now. Ah, Paul, I should have been happier had I known all before."

"Then you may be happy that you know all now. And if the knowledge of your truth will make you happy, be so ever."

"Yes, Paul—happy now," she exclaimed; "but how shall the future be?"

"I know what you mean," and holding his companion so that he could look into her face, Paul continued: "It was upon this subject that I desired most to speak. I know that I am not safe here, but I have resolved not to remain any longer than I can help. Many a time could I have fled from the wicked man, but I had rather die than go alone. Sometime—some time when I can take you with me—then I will see from them. Do you understand me, Mary?"

"Yes, Paul."

"And would you flee with me?"

"Oh, how gladly—how quickly!"

"And when we have fled, would you be mine for life?"

"Everything—everything—for you, Paul, so that I might be free from the rule of our dark master."

CHAPTER IX.

For some moments after this the twin lights looked in each other's arms. At length the young man spoke:

"Mary," he said, "we have a strange man on board our vessel. He knows where we used to live in America."

The maiden started up and looked her companion almost wildly in the face; but he extreme emotion soon passed away, and she was more calm.

"He told me some things," continued Paul, "which I remembered. Do you remember the name of Humphrey?"

Mary repeated the name several times, and a sort of intelligent gleam rested upon her countenance.

"Surely, Paul, there is something familiar in the sound of that name, but I cannot call it to mind."

"I should not suppose you could, for you were not over three years old when we both came with Laroon. But this man of whom I speak has seen us both, years ago—when we were both very small—at Col. Stephen Humphrey's; and I remember of calling some one Uncle Stephen. I remember it well, Mary, we must escape from here! I know that Laroon has no right to us, and I cannot direct myself of the sea, that he did a great sin when he took us away from our home," said Paul.

"Then he is not your father?" uttered the maiden, with some surmise.

"No," answered Paul, quickly and emphatically. "I know he is not my father. Not only does every feeling of my soul assure me that such is not the case, but Laroon's own manner proves it. And then this man—Buffo Burnington—he calls himself—assures me that he is not. Thank heaven, I owe no spark of being to that dark-souled man!"

There was another silence of some moments, at the end of which Paul resumed:

"Laroon was here last night. Of course, you saw him? What did he say?"

"I could not tell you. He talked very strangely at times, and you may laugh at me, and think me very foolish—but certainly he did talk more like a lover than a guardian."

Paul started and turned pale.

"Laroon does love you—all he is capable of loving. If we remain here you are lost. Now, I know what his strange words to me have meant. He means that you shall be his wife!"

The fair girl gazed into her companion's face for some moments without speaking, and the fixed, vacant look of the eyes showed that she was thinking of something past.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" she at length uttered, clasping her hands together. "It is for that perhaps that he has called the miners—four of them—to the castle, and bade them remain here. It is for that he has given directions for the nightwatch doubled, and for having to pass out from here save the crew of the brig, and the fishermen and hunters."

"And how has it been with you since he was here last? Have you been strictly watched?"

"I have been but a prisoner, Paul—but a mere prisoner. I have not been allowed to go outside of these walls without two attendants, and one of those must be from Laroon's blind followers. His negroes have kept an eye upon me all the time, and I do not think that during the past year I could have escaped, even had I bent my whole energies to the purpose all the time. But do you—oh, do you think that he means to—"

"I fear he means to make you his wife."

The maiden bowed her head, and her face shook with strong emotion. It was now growing dark, for the sun had set some time since, and the shades of night were beginning to gather over the things of earth. Mary turned to the window and looked out. Paul arose and walked several times across the deck, and when he stopped it was close to the door which opened to the cabin, which he had entered. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one come down the stairs. Without waiting to see who it was, he ran to the door, and as he opened it he saw a man just hurrying from the spot. His first impulse was to spring out into the corridor and catch her, and he obeyed it on the instant.

"What are you doing here?" was his first question, as he seized the negroess by the arm. She was one of Laroon's slaves, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a face upon which were marked cunning and cruelty. "What are you doing here?" repeated Paul, in no very gentle terms.

"Nothin' was the short reply.

"Then why are you here?"

"Cause I have to be here—all over the house jus' what I'm a mind to."

As the woman gave this answer she freed herself by a jerk from the youth's grasp, and then hastened away. Paul returned to the room where he had left Mary, and found her just coming toward him.

"Paul," she said, "I thought you told me that Marl Laroon would remain on board the brig until you returned."

"So I did," said the young man, with some surprise.

"But he is here now."

"Impossible!"

"I am sure I saw him in the garden but a moment ago, and he was gazing most closely up at my window."

Paul started to the window and looked out, but he could see nothing. The window overlooked a small garden which was enclosed within the wall, and Mary pointed to a clump of orange shrubs, where she had seen Laroon. But it was now too dark to see objects plainly at such a distance, and Paul gave up the search. But he was not easy. First, he believed that the old slave had been set to watch him, and if Marl Laroon had really come up from the brig, then there was something serious in the wind. Mary ordered her attendants to prepare supper in her own apartment, and candles were brought and the meal was served. Paul ate almost in silence, for he was very uneasy, and he wished not to force doubts upon his fair companion; and Mary, too, was far from being easy in her mind.

CHAPTER X.

While Paul and Mary were eating their supper, there was a scene transpiring in another part of the building that was not wholly unconnected with their interests. Marl Laroon had come up from the brig, though he had not come in a boat. He had administered a powerful dose of opium to the old gunner, and as soon as the invalid was asleep, he had been set on shore for the purpose, as he said, of taking a look at the country. As soon as his boat had returned, and he had got out of sight of the crew, he had started for the castle.

It was an out-of-the-way apartment in which the pirate captain now was, and he had one companion—the very woman whom we have seen at the young people's door, and whom Paul caught in the very act.

"Now, what have you heard?" asked Marl, with much eagerness.

"Oh, I heard lots," returned the old negroess, showing the whites of her eyes prodigiously. "Paul said you wasn't his father, and Miss Mary say she was dreffful glad. Den dey tote—our rudder Mas'r Paul tote 'bout a man 'board de brig as tote him you for sartin sure wasn't his father."

"That is some of Mr. Buffo Burnington's—"

"Dat's um, dat's um, mas'r," interrupted the slave, clapping her hands. "Dat's his name, 'cause I heard Mas'r Paul say so."

"But tell me, Hagar, what else did Paul say about this fellow?"

"Oh, he said lots. Fust, dis man tote him when he was born, and who he lib wid when he was a little pleacanny. Den he tote him 'bout—'bout de man what he call uncle. It was Humphrey. Dat's um for sartin sure."

The pirate's black eyes now emitted sparks of fire. He walked up and down the narrow apartment several times like a chafed tiger. At length he stopped, being somewhat cooled down.

"Now, tell me what else the boy and girl talked about."

"He lubs her and she lubs him, an' dey talk 'bout runnin' away."

"Did they make any plans for so doing?"

"No, not as I knows on. But dey was boff of um dreffful 'traid you war goin' to marry wid Mary."

Marl Laroon walked up and down the room, and when he stopped there was a dark smile upon his face.

"Hagar," he said, "you have done well, and you shall be rewarded for it. You must watch them carefully, and be sure that they move not into the garden without you are close upon them. Follow them everywhere they go, and hear every word they say. And, mind, not one lip that I have been here to-night—not a word to a living soul. I shall be here to-morrow night, and then you shall tell me what more you have seen and heard."

Hagar promised to obey, and shortly afterward the pirate captain left the place. He passed out through the garden, and thence he made his exit by way of a postern, and then hurried off by the upland path to the bay, which he reached about 9 o'clock. At a given signal a boat came off for him, and his patient was not awake, so he fancied that he would be no trouble on account of poor Ben.

After Paul and Mary had finished their supper and the things had been removed, they sat down and commenced to converse once more. The young man had thought much during the meal, and he was now ready to go ahead with his investigations.

"Mary," he said, "are you sure that was Marl Laroon whom you saw in the garden?"

"Just as sure as I am that I see you now," replied the maiden.

"Then of course he has come to watch us. I know him well. Is there any one in the castle whom you have occasion to think he would select in preference to another for a spy?"

"Oh, yes; he would take old Hagar for that business."

"And she is the one whom I found at the door. Does she answer your suspicions?"

"Yes, always; but you will get nothing from her, for she is so crafty a cat, and so cunning an animal, you know."

"Never mind. I may not get any words from her to that effect, but I can read much from her looks. Will you call her?"

Mary arose and pulled a cord that hung near her, and ere long a young Indian girl appeared, and Mary requested her to send Hagar up. The girl disappeared, and in a short time afterwards Hagar made her appearance.

"Hagar," said Paul, speaking kindly and with a smile, "I forgot to tell you before, but the captain wants you to have everything ready for him to-morrow night as he will be here at that time."

"Sartin," replied the old woman, with a twinkling of the brown eyes that Paul at once understood.

"That was the order he sent by me, and for the sake of doing my duty I give it, but you needn't make the preparations, for he will not come. This afternoon he fell and broke his leg."

"Hi, hi, hi—yah!" laughed the old slave, "Mr Paul don't know nuffen 'bout it."

"But I do know. The poor man is suffering the most excruciating agony, and he cannot bear to be brought up here."

The old woman smiled, but spoke not a word.

"What do you think about it?" asked Paul.

"I think I'll do same as you do. I get 'um all ready so to obey orders."

Hagar went out, and as soon as Paul was sure she was out of hearing, he said:

"So she has seen him. How did she know his leg was not broken, if she had not seen him. But do not fear, for Marl Laroon will have his hands and head both full when he attempts to come directly to the antagonistic with me. Very fortunately, I know as much as he does, and more, too; for I know just how much he knows, while he will not dream that I mistrust him."

"But how much do you think he does know?" asked Mary.

"Why, I feel confident he knows nearly all we said before you saw him in the garden. I am confident Hagar heard it all, and if she did, then the captain knows it all now. I am more sorry for Burnington than for myself; but I will put him on his guard as soon as I go on board. I wish I knew more of that man."

"Why?" uttered the maiden. "Is there anything peculiar about him?"

"Of course, there must be; and since I have been here I have thought more of him than I ever did before. His face is before me, and I see it plainly—I see it as something that I have already seen before; and yet, so strange is that face that even an infant should not seem to forget it. And then his voice, too. But I cannot think—I cannot call up clearly, or even dimly, anything of him in the past."

"But what is he, Paul?" asked Mary, much interested. "What sort of looking man?"

"At first sight he is one of the most homely, repulsive men I ever saw. He has but one eye, and the yellow socket is very much disfigured. His face is very much disfigured and is very dark, his hair red and short, and crisp, his brow very low and overhanging, his face all distorted and grim; and beside all this, one of his legs is much shorter than the other."

"Surely," returned Mary, with a smile, "you have painted not a very lively figure."

"So he appeared to me; but since I have talked with him he seems different. When three stout men had set upon me, he came up and overcame them. When not another of my shipmates noticed me, he sought me out in my need and saved me. He stuck bravely, too."

"Oh, how I shall love him now," murmured the fair girl, while her zeal brought a bright tear-drop to her eye. Paul understood her meaning, and his grateful look was reward enough.

(To be continued.)

HEROISM OF A BOER BOY.

Faces Death Rather Than Reveal the Whereabouts of His Companions.

Major Seely, D. S. O., tells a pathetic story of a little Boer lad who preferred to die rather than give any information likely to result in the capture of his fellow countrymen.

On one occasion during the war, Major Seely said, he was instructed to get some volunteers and try to capture a commandant at a farmhouse some 20 miles away. He got the men ready and they set out. It was a rather desperate enterprise, but they got to the farmhouse all right, only to find, however, that the elusive Boer had cleared out in an unknown direction.

"It was vitally important that the British force should get some information, for it became a question perhaps of the Boers catching them and not they catching the Boer commandant. At the farmhouse they saw a good-looking Boer boy and some poemen. Ma or Seely asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.'"

"Where has he gone?" was the next question, and the boy became suspicious and answered, 'I don't know.'"

"I decided then," continued Major Seely, "to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.'"

"The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'present.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy. 'Now,' I said, 'before I give the word which way has the general gone?'"

"I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen before but once. He was transfixed before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it," concluded the major, "but to shake hands with the boy and go away."

A man who is thought that others think he is better than he is.

WINTER STYLE TIPS.

PICTURESQUENESS IS TO BE THE WATCHWORD.

Old Fashions Are to Be Raked Up and Adapted to Modern Use—Velvet Named as Favorite Material for Modish Gowns.

New York correspondence.

WINTER fashions are to be strong in the element of picturesqueness. The period from which designers are choosing is hardly more marked in this quality than were those from which the styles of spring and summer were taken, but that is a point easily gotten over. The fashions just passing were, for the most part, the result of the adaptation. Rarely was there more left of the original than its look of quaintness, so many and so thorough were the changes. Often the relation to old-time styles was not recognizable until after close consideration of the model. There is to be change in this respect. Gowns from the beginning of the nineteenth cen-



tury or from the last of the previous one are not to be transferred by wholesale, but the processes of adaptation will leave some features of the old modes untouched or so little altered that they can be readily traced. The accompanying touches of the current time will be less assertive and, so far as most model gowns now indicate, they will be in harmony with picture effects raked up from the past.

There will be more velvet in the winter dressmaking than there was last year. Some of it will be put in the showy coats fashioned from long ago. More will be used in trimmings, and it is indicated that the velvet gown will be much more numerous than it has been of late. The very thin weaves will be especially favored.

In evidence, and paradise feathers will be in demand—such demand that few ordinary folk will employ them because of their cost. A more positive change will come in crowns, which are to compete with, though not at once to displace, the hat affairs in vogue for so long. But hats of moderate size and character will be numerous, and they will meet with cordial admiration because of the immense variety in them. Even in the small ones there is absence of types, much duplicated, or recognizable in numerous sorts different one from another only in slight changes. Much cheville and felt braid is seen. Brown is as impressive here as in dress materials and trimmings. Bonnets are in revival, and strings are to be a feature that will help

Decorative Tricks for Winter.



DECORATIVE TRICKS FOR WINTER.

More Preparation for Cold Weather.

Such goods being far better adapted to shirring, gathering and the like than the heavier qualities. Skirts of such velvets are to be made tremendously full, and with puffing, shirring and other trimming will be elaborate enough. A coat bodice usually will accompany them. Velvet of heavier quality will be used for walking suits, corduroy weaves coming in here for great favor. A stylish skirt will consist in trimming such suits with cloth bands.

All the talk of severity that was heard more or less all summer is stifled. Lingerie will be given to suit yourself, and some very simple dressing will result, but it will be difficult to be picturesque and simple at the same time, so dressmakers

youthful faces, perhaps some not so youthful.

Fashion Notes.

Glazed kid is considered smart on outing hats.

Wide plaited ruching is very unbecoming to many.

With a knocking about coat a woman is ready for anything.

Make up your mind to the waistcoats, they have come to stay.

Gilt braid and buttons still give evidence that the war is not ended.

Zibellines are coming in strong for half dress coats, and are very smooth and silky.

will rule for dressy costumes, at least. Those put here, then, are not complex by comparison with much that is offered, but are to be graded as moderate, as abundant are the highly wrought effects. In the first picture is a brown velvet trimmed with darker brown velvet bands and fancy buttons. Showy buttons, by the way, are to be a feature of winter trimming. In the second picture are a tau zibelline, a goods actively revived, with handbags of dark tan leather having applique embroidery headings. A dotted white lace vest set off the bodice. Beside this the artist shows a dark blue Henrietta cloth trimmed with lace of the same shade embroidered in gilt. And next to this see a brown voile, with openwork medallions over a darker brown silk foundation, with velvet vest and skirt of the darker shade. Medallions are to hold for winter, especially the open work sort. A row of them about the hips is new use.

In the second group there is at the left an example of the winter's continuance of the blue and green combination that was so stylish in summer. This gown was blue zibelline, with green strappings and buttons, vest and lower sleeves green broadcloth knotted with blue. Then comes a black grenadine over black silk with lavish black lace applique. Last is a dark olive green broadcloth, with pleated skirt tucked at the bottom, with box-pleated coat having fancy buttons and black braiding. Little will be found in the designs put forward to illustrate new fashions that is of simpler manner than this.

Recent taste in millinery was preparation for a season of showy headgear. Wide brims and graceful plumes will be

Equal parts of currant juice and sugar gives a delicious flavor to canned black raspberries.

The gummed flaps of unused envelopes furnish handy strips to mark jelly, jam, etc., plainly.

Don't risk spoiling a can of choice fruit for the cost of a new rubber band for the top of the fruit jar.

If in canning fruit old rubbers must be used on the jars, try using two at a time to keep the contents of the jar air-tight.

Should the jelly threaten to boil over while cooking flow hard on the foaming liquid and it will at once subside.

To prevent jam sticking to the kettle when cooking, pour a few drops of olive oil in the kettle and rub it over the bottom with a bit of clean tissue paper.

In cooking gooseberries a piece of baking soda the size of a pea, used with a quart of the tart fruit, will materially reduce the amount of sugar required to sweeten.

Savory Steak.

Take one pound or more of beef-steak, according to your requirements. Dress it thickly with flour and sprinkle with pepper and salt. Griddle a piece of fish, scatter chopped onion over, and then lay in the steak, cover with slices of onion and tie down with a greased paper. Let this bake very slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Mix together one teaspoonful of curry powder and one teaspoonful of pea flour, a cupful of stock and the juice of half a lemon. Pour this over the beef and then tie it down again and let it bake slowly for one hour and a half, or until tender. To serve, place the meat on a dish with the onion on top, thicken and flavor the gravy and pour it round. Garnish with small pieces of boiled vegetables, cut into fancy shapes.

Custard Souffle.

For custard souffle make a white sauce, using three tablespoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of hot milk and three tablespoonfuls of sugar to sweeten. Stir in the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and set away to cool. Then fold in the stiffened whites and bake in cups or paper cases for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve with creamy sauce, which is made as follows: Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter and six tablespoonfuls of sugar to a cream. Add two tablespoonfuls of wine and two tablespoonfuls of cream, beating vigorously. Just before serving warm the mixture over hot water.

Wild Grape Marmalade.

Take the wild green grapes, cut open with a small knife and remove the seeds. Allow a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put the grapes in the preserving kettle with a little water and boil twenty minutes. Add the sugar and cook until a drop poured in a cold saucer will hold its shape. Remove at once and pour in cups or glass jars. In putting up the winter store of jellies it is always a good plan to fill some small cheese pots or egg cups for use in the children's lunch baskets.

Pickled Apples.

Make a syrup after this rule: Two pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar, one teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one grated nutmeg. Drop in large apples peeled, cored and cut in quarters, or whole crab apples, taking care that the syrup sover fruit. Boil until tender but not broken, then place in cans or jars; boil vinegar twenty minutes longer and pour over fruit. Peaches, pears, grapes and other fruit may be pickled after this recipe.

Strawberry Cream.

Place an ounce of gelatine—two tablespoonfuls—in a granite saucepan, with cold water enough to cover, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon; let dissolve, then mix over a gentle heat. Press a pint of berries through a sieve, strain the gelatine in and set away to cool; when cold add a pint of whipped cream and stir the whole lightly. Set on ice until firm.

How to Make Tea.

Heat the teapot by rinsing with hot water. Put half an ounce of tea in the teapot for each quart to be made. Pour boiling water on the tea. Set on back of stove where it will keep hot, but not boil, for five minutes—not more.

Then serve at once.

Short Suggestions.

To avoid that flat taste, boiled water should be poured back and forth several times from one pitcher to another after it has cooled.

When washing knives be careful not to put the handles in the water, as if this is done after a time the blades will become loose and the handles discolored.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy clean it with liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high luster to the glass.

A simple cement is the white lead that is used in painting in oils. This mends china so well that dishes treated so can be freely washed without danger of rebreaking. The lead can be bought at any shop where art paints are sold.



HOUSEHOLD TALKS.