

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Ha!" uttered Paul, starting. "Then he knew of my flight at that time? Buffo Burnington has betrayed me?"

"Why—did you trust that man with your secret?"

"Yes, I thought he was my friend."

"Then you were most woefully deceived. He was in the cabin all the evening, and once, when I slipped in upon them, he was showing the captain a letter. It was written with a pencil."

"That was mine?" gasped Paul. "Oh, fool—fool—that I have been!"

Again the youth wished he had never written that letter; but now the weight came with different feelings from those he experienced before. But it was now too late indeed!

When they reached the landing where the horses had been kept, the day was just breaking, and it was soon evident that the captain was going to the brig, for he turned into the path which led that way. Just as the sun made its appearance over the high headland of the cape, the party stopped upon the beach opposite to where the brig lay, and Laroon made a signal for a boat. Just then, too, the other boat made its appearance, just coming in sight around a curve in the river, and both parties reached the brig about the same time. The four men who had come from their night's watch by the river bank were not a little surprised at seeing their young master thus brought back to the brig. They reported themselves to the first lieutenant, however, who had charge of the deck, and he bade them remain by the mast until the captain came up, and turning to the coxswain of the boat he asked him where he had been all night.

"Been waiting for Mr. Paul, sir," replied the old salt.

"Very well, that will do."

So the boatmen went forward, while the captain turned in the opposite direction, leading Mary, who still wore her sailor's suit, by the hand. The maiden's bundle of clothing had been brought along, and she was conducted to a stateroom, and there bidden to resume her own garb.

CHAPTER XV.

Paul walked moodily up and down the quarter deck, and no one came there to trouble him. Once he had seen Buffo Burnington since he had returned, but it was only for a moment. That individual had come up the fore hatch, but upon seeing Paul on deck he went immediately back. That alone would have been enough to convince the young man that Burnington was the betrayer. Of course he felt the most bitter contempt and indignation toward the dark-looking man, but yet he could not see through the whole of it. The young man was walking thus when the steward came and told him that the captain would see him in the cabin.

Paul at once obeyed the summons, and when he entered the cabin he found Mary there, habited in her own garb, and looking very pale. She sat away in one corner, but when Paul came in she quickly arose and went to meet him.

"Stop," said the pirate captain. "You may be seated together, if you wish."

Accordingly Paul sat down upon the softly cushioned seat which extended all around the cabin. He looked into Laroon's face, and he found an expression there which was beyond his power to translate. But Mary left him not long for study.

"Paul," he said, speaking very calmly and candidly, but yet revealing something in his black eyes which gave the lie to his manner. "I have sent for you to let you into a secret which I meant ever to have kept from you. You may think that I have never loved you—that I have never cared for you more than any other man or boy who may have been under me. Now, why have you wished to flee from me?"

"Because I loathe the life I am here forced to lead. I allude to the dark, condemning crime that surrounds me on every hand, and the atmosphere of which I am forced to breathe."

"Ah, you fear the gallows?"

"No, sir, I fear God and my own soul."

"Well, perhaps you do. But now tell me why you would have taken Mary with you?"

"For the self-same reason on her part."

"What did you mean to do with your charge after you had not clear?"

"I meant to place her in a position where she could have been contented and happy."

"And Mary had consented to become your wife?"

"I had consented, sir," replied Mary, frankly.

"Then I shall never believe in the instincts of nature more," uttered the captain, looking first upon the youth and then upon the maiden. "Paul," he added, changing his tone to one of deep import, "I have tried to deceive you. You are not my child!"

At any other time the young man would have received this announcement with joy; but now a terrible fear struck to his heart, and his brow grew cold with a freezing moisture.

"You are no child of mine, and no relative save by adoption," continued Laroon. "Your father died when you were only three years old—or rather nearer to four. Your real name is—Delany!"

"Delany?" gasped Paul.

"Ay," returned the pirate, while a grim smile played upon his dark features. "You bear the same name as does Mary—so if you should ever marry her, there would be no change of names. Caprice, isn't it?"

"In on," gasped Paul, paying no attention to this last line.

"It's all told in a very few words," the pirate captain resumed. "Mary is your sister."

"It cannot be!" cried the stricken youth, clasping his hands.

"I never spoke more truly in my life," replied Laroon. "She is your own sister. You had but one father and one mother, though the father died some months before Mary was born. I felt it to be for my interest, when I first took you, to claim you for a son. I hoped you would be more obedient; and having once told you that, did not mean to give you up, and so he without

some strong cause for it—and that cause has now most surely come. But you don't seem very happy at having found a sister. How is it with you, Mary? Are you not glad you have found a brother?"

The maiden gazed up into her interlocutor's face, but she did not speak. Her face had now turned to an ashy pallor, and her hands were moving about her throat and bosom as though there were a sense of oppression there. Paul thought he heard a gasping in her throat, and on the next instant her eyes began to glare wildly at himself. He threw his arms about her, and as he did so she sank upon his bosom like a swoon. He quickly laid her back upon the seat, and rubbed for his medicine chest and obtained a bottle of liquid ammonia. By this time the captain was on hand, and he entered into the work of resuscitation with a will. Cold water was brought, and her brow and temples bathed, while her hands were chafed, and ever and anon Paul held the ammonia to her nose. The maiden possessed a strong and perfect organization, and ere long she revived, but she was too weak to converse. For a while her pulse beat very slowly and irregularly, but ere long its velocity increased, and finally it beat with extreme feverish rapidity.

"She must be removed to the castle immediately," Paul said, "for I fear a fever will set in upon this, and this is no place for her to be sick in."

"Do you really think there is danger of fever?" asked the captain, now speaking earnestly, and without any of that strangeness which had marked his words thus far.

"She will have one most surely, if she remains here," returned the youth, "and she may have one at any rate; but the sooner she is removed, the better—for should she be taken down, it would be too late."

Mary showed by her looks how grateful she felt for this interference in her behalf; but she did not speak—she could not then have spoken above a hoarse, painful whisper had she tried. Laroon at once hastened on deck to have a boat called away, and while he was gone, Paul clasped Mary to his bosom.

"Dearest," he whispered, "we may yet be—"

He stopped suddenly as though something had struck him, and the pain marks came to his face, for at that moment he remembered that she was only a sister.

In a few moments the captain returned, and made Paul help him get the maiden ready for going. This was quickly done, and then Laroon took her in his arms as he would have done a child, and carried her on deck.

"Shall I not accompany you?" asked our hero.

"No," was the simple answer.

As the captain thus spoke he proceeded up the gangway, where most of the crew were gathered.

"Back, back! every one of you!" cried Laroon.

All obeyed this order save Buffo Burnington. He crowded nearer up, and as the captain came to the gangway ladder, he said:

"Let me take her, captain, while you go down in the boat, and then I will hand her to you."

Mary had not before thought of the difficulty he should find in descending to the boat with his load, and he quickly gave her into the man's arms. Buffo seized her, and with a quick, excited movement, he brushed her hair back from her face and brow, and then, for one moment, he gazed into her face with all the power of outward and inner vision.

"Mary," he uttered in a low, thrilling tone, "Mary," he repeated, seemingly forgetful of those who stood around, "look at me!"

The maiden looked up to those horrid features, but she did not shrink, nor did she tremble, but she seemed rather to be fascinated by the devouring gaze that was fixed upon her.

"All ready," cried Mary.

In an instant Burnington ascended the ladder, and when he had gained the top of the bulwarks, he adroitly held his burden with his left arm, and seizing the man rope with his other hand, he descended and deposited the girl safely in the captain's arms. He waited to see the boat off, and then he returned to the deck.

CHAPTER XVI.

Paul had seen all this strange work on Burnington's part, and he was sorely puzzled. He gazed into those features, and he thought they seemed all kinship and love. And his gaze was returned. For a while the youth was really mystified. Perhaps he thought, there must be some mistake after all. Perhaps Burnington did not betray him. He took a few turns up and down the deck, and finally he resolved to call the strangers to the cabin and question him. As soon as he had come to this determination he went to the gangway, where the man yet stood, and touched him upon the shoulder.

"What is it?" asked Buffo.

"Come to the cabin, will you?"

Paul led the way, and the lame man followed. Many of the crew noticed the movement, and many were the nods and sideling shakes of the head it caused, for all the crew had by this time come to know that there was some mysterious connection between Paul and the one-eyed pirate.

The young surgeon was alone with the man who had occupied so much of his most earnest thought, but the latter evinced no uneasiness or fear. He took a seat opposite the youth, and then prepared to wait for some one to commence the business.

"Burnington," said Paul, as soon as he could sufficiently compose himself to speak calmly, "I have called you here to ask you some serious questions, and I hope you will answer me truly. You are, of course, aware that I attempted last night to make my escape from this place and those people? And you must be aware, too, that Mari Laroon overtook me?"

"Certainly."

"And is it not reasonable to suppose that some one in whom I reposed confidence betrayed me?"

"I should think so."

"Excuse me for the question, but I must ask it. Did you betray me?"

Burnington did not answer this question at once. He gazed into his interlocutor's face, and then beat his eyes to the floor.

"Your silence almost amounts to an affirmative answer to me," said Paul, with a spike of bitterness in his manner.

"Very well," returned Burnington, returning Paul's gaze calmly and steadily. "I was thinking, not what answer I should make, but whether any explanation would be of use. I can simply say that I did betray you. I showed the captain the letter you gave me; and but for me you might have been in Nagasaki."

"Why did you do this?" the young man asked, striving to keep back his anger.

"Because I felt it to be my duty," calmly returned the other. "We all have our ideas of duty, Paul, and perhaps if it were to explain this point you would be no more satisfied than you are now."

"That is enough, sir," uttered the youth, rising from his seat. "I thank you for your candor, for I shall know now whom to trust. I have nothing more to say."

Without a word Burnington arose and moved toward the ladder. His step was very slow and heavy, and, in addition to his lameness, he seemed to have an impediment of motion that proceeded from within. Paul could see his face, and he could see that there was a sad, unhappy look upon it. In an instant the whole current of his feelings changed.

"Stop—stop one moment," he uttered. "Tell me why you did this thing."

"Because I meant that you should not leave the brig," answered Buffo, stopping at the foot of the ladder and turning toward his questioner. As he thus spoke, he turned again and moved up the steps.

As soon as Burnington was gone, Paul began to pace up and down the cabin floor, and at the end of half an hour he had fully made up his mind that Buffo Burnington was more ready to serve the interests of the pirate captain than any one else.

It was now dinner time, and Paul was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of the steward, who had come to set the table. After dinner the second lieutenant took the deck, while the first lieutenant, took twelve men and started off to hunt up more of the horses. With this party Buffo Burnington went, and as we shall have occasion to note something that befell them on their route, we will go with them.

Mr. Langley, the lieutenant, knew all the crooks and turns of the woods where the horses wandered, and as it was now approaching the season when horses were in demand, Laroon wished to get up all that were fit to break and dispose of them; for, as we remarked before, the pirate made much money by the raising of stock on his estate, and the merchants of the neighboring cities knew him only as the owner of the Silver River estate.

Langley's party were furnished with bridles and harnesses, and when they reached the shore they took their way to the enclosure where the tame horses were kept. Their first movement was to call the horses together, which was done by a peculiar whistle, and while they were thus engaged, they noticed a man approaching them from the woods. He was a well-dressed, gentlemanly looking person, in the prime of life, and possessing a frame of great muscular power. He came up to where the party stood, and after running his eyes over the men, he selected the lieutenant for the superior.

"Can you tell me," he asked of Mr. Langley, "if Captain Laroon is about here?"

"I think he is at his dwelling," returned the lieutenant, eyeing the stranger sharply.

"He has a vessel somewhere about here, I believe?"

"He may have; he owns several."

As Langley made this reply, the stranger took off his hat and took therefrom a handkerchief, and after wiping his face with it, he returned it to the place from where he took it, and replaced his hat upon his head. On the next instant there came a crashing sound from the circumjacent wood, and upon looking in the direction from whence the sound came, Langley saw a party of some twenty horsemen dashing towards him.

"What means this, sir?" he uttered, turning to the stranger.

"Oh, those are friends of mine," was the cool reply.

(To be continued.)

Ecce Homo Eats in Korea.

That the Sovereign of the Land of the Morning Calm, otherwise Korea, has some peculiar notions which he impresses upon his subjects is not perhaps matter for surprise, but they are matter for amusement. Every Korean official wears a band of woven horse-hair, which fits tightly round his head. Mr. Hatch, in a recently published book on the manners and customs of Korea, says, "The origin of this curious adornment is attributed to a desire on his Imperial Majesty's part to restrain the intellectual powers of his servants. According to his notion, brains might expand if not thus held in. It is not unconstructive to know," adds Mr. Hatch, "that the Emperor does not deem this adornment necessary in his own case."

The hats worn by Korean state functionaries have brims of enormous dimensions—three feet across sometimes—and are required to be made of clay. The reason for this, Mr. Hatch remarks, is that some years ago the then ruler of Korea was annoyed at the habit of whispering that prevailed at court, and so decided upon compelling his courtiers to wear hats that would make it somewhat more difficult to put their heads close together and exchange confidences.

Popular Facts.

This literary journal, "contends that the newspaper man, contends that the modern book-reader skips."

"It isn't always the book reader," said the great merchant; "sometimes it's the bookkeeper."

His Mustang.

Cholly—Miss Lindsey is very proud of her new saddle horse. She says he's afraid of nothing.

Miss Sharp—Really? And did he shy at you?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Perhaps the plot of a play allowed to thicken so it can't leak out.

WOMEN AND FASHION

To Retain Your Husband's Love.

Many young women seem to labor under the impression that once the marriage ceremony is over their object is attained; they have played their part, so to speak; the future can take care of itself. It is one thing to gain a man's love, it is quite another to retain it; and the girl who is willing to rest content with having gained it will never make marriage much of a success. A girl generally studies her sweetest, says or does, she considers it this will please him or if that will not. Well, if that sort of thing is so far essential before marriage, it is absolutely necessary after the nuptial knot is tied; a husband must be studied, and the wife who does not study her husband will never retain his love and respect.

Again, why is it that a sweetheart who always dressed well and neatly before marriage, adopts a slovenly style immediately after settling down? This often happens, and it may give the husband food for much reflection. For what does it hint at? Does it not suggest that having got him, she does not care; in other words, may it not mean that she only dressed carefully in order to entrap him? Let a husband get those ideas into his head, and love, on his side, may be conspicuous by its absence. A wife should really dress just as carefully after marriage as before, more carefully in fact, if she wants her husband to remain a lover also, and by the way, that is the best condition under which married life can be spent.

Then there is another important thing—a wife must always be interested in her husband and all his doings, and her interest must, in certain circumstances, be blended with sympathy. Take his business or profession, for instance. Well, of course, it is to her advantage to be interested in his business; if he starts talking about it she must listen, and if he wants advice she must be ready to give it to the best of her ability. This great, aids a man; he is strengthened by the fact that his wife takes a deep interest in his affairs; it spurs him on; he has an incentive. Then if business worries crop up she must be sympathetic, and who knows but what she may be able to give him many a valuable hint. Be very sure that the wife who thus acts will retain her husband's love; he finds that he could not do without her; he gets into the habit of turning to her as his wise counselor.

On the other hand, if a wife is apathetic, and takes no interest whatever in her husband's affairs, can one wonder if his love becomes a trifle lukewarm? It is hardly necessary to say a word about cooking and housekeeping, but it may be remarked that a tidy, clean, well-ordered house, coupled with prompt, well-served meals, go a long way in holding a man's love, but enough of that.

Then there is one other important thing, most men have a hobby; indeed, the man without a hobby is hardly a desirable person to marry. Well, a wife should always take the deepest interest in her husband's hobby. It may be argued that the particular hobby may have no interest for her, but she must make herself interested in it; she must show him that his hobby is also hers, and this goes a long way in keeping a husband's love and respect.—Home Monthly.

Flats and Home Life.

As a general proposition, it may be safely stated that every time inventive genius seeks to lighten the burdens of housekeeping, or bring it up somewhere near the standards of economical efficiency reached by other industrial sciences, he disturbs what is popularly called "domesticity" and menaces "home life." It is true that a great fireplace, with its crackling backing and brass andirons, is more "home-like" than a steam radiator. Every man likes to regulate his own heat in winter, and sit beneath his own tree in summer. But the flat was not designed for bank managers or merchant princes.

The flat encourages matrimony and domesticity, for the reason that if it were not for the flats hundreds of young men of moderate salaries who are obliged to be at their places of employment at an early hour would have to forego the pleasure of married life. The flat is not an ideal place in which to bring up a large family. But it is a great boon to young married people who have not reached the point where they can afford to keep an "establishment." The flat is an evolution from industrial conditions in the metropolis. It admirably meets the necessities of modern life. Any ordinances designed to regulate the construction of flats should be directed toward making them fireproof and securing perfect sanitation and ventilation, rather than the curtailment of their benefits.—New York News.

A Woman Preacher.

Miss Gertrude Von Petzold is a striking type of the much talked of new woman. She recently was offered the charge of the Unitarian Church of Northborough road, Leicester, England, and thus has become the first woman preacher in the United Kingdom. Miss Von Petzold is an accomplished student. She has had the degree of master of arts conferred on her and speaks several languages. She is deeply interested in church work and believes that she will command as much attention in the pulpit as would be given to a man.

Drying the Umbrella.

During the frequent use of umbrellas in the spring showers we should keep in mind the oft repeated caution concerning drying them. They will last much longer if they are always placed, when wet, with the handle downward to dry. The moisture then falls from the edge of the frame

Boarder—Why in Heaven did you ring the breakfast bell at 4 o'clock this morning?

Cook—The missus heard it thundering, and told me to hurry up and serve breakfast before the milk soured.—New York Weekly.

GOWNS FOR INDIAN SUMMER.



1. Striped volle, with inner vest of the same color as the stripes. Skirted coat and skirt formed of two flounces.
2. Soft olive green silk trimmed with pinked plaited ruffles of the material and dark green velvet rosettes.

DAME FASHIONS DECREEES

Flowered taffeta will make some long winter frocks.
Flannel waists have big water spots in Persian coloring.
Silk coats of the Louis periods will be particularly smart.
A rebellion against overelaboration is predicted for autumn.
The new skirts positively invite crinoline into their folds.
Two or three featherbone cords are used in the silk dress skirt.
Cuffs, revers, collars, vests and belts are all fashioned of leather.
Velvets that imitate furs are among the leading millinery novelties.
Leather foils and cordings are decidedly smart for turbans intended for

Dainty Indoor Gown.



either automobiling, street wear or traveling.
Armbands are hiding under a narrow adjustment of trimming.
Ruchings, ribbons, ruffs and cordings disfigure the new dresses.
Necklaces of amethysts are in high favor for wear with white dresses.
A new chiffon veil can hide a multitude of sins in the way of a shabby hat.
There are bags of that bright new orange which up ears so glaring in belts.
It is said that mitts will be worn in the house this winter with elbow sleeves.
Yokes take on a pointed effect, following the lines of the director's guide.
The modish long and tight cuff offers a pretty opportunity for a series of tiny bows which may seem to effect the closing.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD

Among female Moors, birthday celebrations are unknown. A Moorish woman considers it a point of honor to be absolutely ignorant of her age.

The ordinary marriage customs of the Orient are reversed in Tibet. Instead of the men having a plurality of wives, the women have the privilege of a plurality of husbands.

Middle, Gauthin, a girl of 20, living in a suburb of Paris, has lately been awarded a prize of £23 by the municipality for supporting her octogenarian grandmother, her invalid mother and her six brothers and sisters.

A would-be bridegroom in Kamchatka has to serve some time in a menial position in his prospective father-in-law's household in order that the bride's family may have an opportunity of observing whether his habits and temperament are worthy of her.

In Japan a well-bred woman does not go to the theater until she is old and ugly. It is not thought proper for her to understand music. If she is religious she is termed "flighty." She spends most of her time at home tending to her children and servants and performing all sorts of menial service for her husband and his family.



MISS VON PETZOLD.