

The Sea Scourge

CHAPTER XVI (Continued)

"Treachery! treachery!" cried the lieutenant, drawing a pistol from his belt. "Beware, my friend! Arm, arm!" Langley's pistol was knocked from his grasp by the lieutenant, and on the next instant the lieutenant himself was lying prostrate. The rest of the pirate gang would have sprung to his assistance, but by this time the horsemen were upon them, and they had to look to themselves.

The struggle was a short one, though one of the pirates escaped—a young, shaggy fellow named Jack Martin. He seemed more inclined to use his legs than his arms, and he got off, but the others were quickly captured, and their arms pinioned behind them. Langley had arisen, and as soon as he could command himself he spoke:

"Why is this?" he asked, turning a flashing look upon his captor. "By what authority do you thus assault quiet people who are about their own business?"

"Ah, that remains to be proved. I will tell you the whole truth and then you can best judge whether any harm can come or not. The Governor of Nagasaki sent us here, and ordered us, if we found any one catching horses here, to take them and bring them to him."

"And do you mean to take us?"

"I do, most surely." Upon this the prisoners were all mounted and secured in their seats, and the party started on. It was a strange piece of work, and so suddenly did it come upon them that the pirates knew not what to make of it. But to Nagasaki they had evidently got to go, and they made the best of it by hoping that horse stealing would be the only thing brought against them, for they felt sure that they could free themselves from that charge; but there were other things which, should they be brought against them, would rest more heavily upon them.

Buffo Burnington tried to beg off upon the ground that he had been in the country but a short time, and had been hired to catch horses by Mr. Larson. He professed to be horrified at the idea of horse stealing, and assured his captor he wouldn't have engaged in the work had he dreamed that there was anything wrong connected with it.

"Your very face gives the lie to your words," said the officer, with a sarcastic smile; "but if you can make Pedro Manriquez believe you, you may get clear."

"And who is he?" asked Buffo.

"Governor of Nagasaki."

Burnington said no more. In one hour the party had gained the small bay where the fishermen's huts were built, and here was found a small government vessel, on board which both men and horses were soon placed. Shortly afterward the prisoners were on their way beyond the power of escape—for some of them, thinking that the whole passage, of some ninety to a hundred miles, was to be made by land, had held strong hopes of getting away.

In the meantime Jack Martin had made his way back to the brig, where he had stated the strange event which had transpired. At first the pirates were frightened, fearing that they should all be taken, but when Martin came to assure them that Langley and his men were taken for horse-stealing, their fears were mostly removed.

Paul heard the whole story, and his suspicions at once fell upon Burnington. He remembered the letter he had disposed of, and which was directed to Pedro Manriquez, and he had since learned that Manriquez was the governor. But he had no idea of what it all meant. It was but another strange link in the mystic chain of circumstances that seemed to him that dark-skinned man to his present position and to others about him. If Burnington had been the means of getting these men entrapped, he must mean something more by it than their mere apprehension for crime. And if this were the fact, then he must have meant from the first to be taken with them, for he had been very urgent of late to be allowed to accompany the shore parties, pretending that it did him much good to roam about on land.

But Paul's meditations were soon cut short by another cause. It was now near sundown, and just as the youth came up from the cabin, where he had been eating supper all alone, the captain's boat was seen coming down the river as swiftly as the oarsmen could pull. The captain was not there, and Paul's heart sank, for he feared that something ill had befallen Mary. The coxswain leaped on board the brig as soon as he came alongside, and moving at once up to where Paul stood, he said:

"You must go up to the castle immediately. The young lady is worse."

Paul rushed to the cabin, and, having possessed himself of every kind of medicine that could possibly be wanted, he hastened back and descended to the boat, and in a moment more he was on his way up the river.

CHAPTER XVII

When Paul reached the castle, the first person he met was the faithful Oteheva.

"Fear not, my master," she said, in a tone that no one else could hear; "she is not much in danger. She has fainted again, and I made the captain believe that she would die if she did not have medicine. I knew he must send for you, then. Keep up a good heart, for you have some loyal friends who will not betray you. All is not lost yet."

The youth pressed Oteheva's hand with gratitude, and then hastened away to Mary's room. He found Mr. Larson by her bed, while the maiden seemed to be asleep. But his step aroused her, and she opened her eyes. She smiled as she saw who had come, and, putting out her hand, she said:

"I am glad you have come, my brother."

Paul started at these last two words, for he had almost forgotten them. A single point reached his heart. But he stopped not; he took the small white hand and raised it to his lips.

"How do you feel, Mary?" he asked, when he had taken a seat by her head, Larson moving his own chair further down in order to allow him room.

"I am very weak, Paul."

Paul felt of her pulse for some mo-

ments, and then examined her tongue. After this he ran his hand over her brow and temples, and then said:

"Ah, Mary, you are very low, and you must have the utmost care. If you manage to keep quiet and easy, I think I can break up the fever."

The young surgeon found the circulation free, and after some reduction he resolved for the present to administer some light sedatives and watch their effect. This he accordingly did, and then he left his patient under the charge of Oteheva, with full directions for her treatment.

After this he and Larson withdrew, and as soon as they reached the hall, Paul told the captain what had occurred to Mr. Langley and his party. At first Mr. Larson was dumb with astonishment; but soon his tongue found its use, and he questioned the youth upon every point; but the latter could only tell what he had heard from Jack Martin—that the party had been captured by a band of soldiers, and that they had been accused of horse stealing.

"Why?" exclaimed Paul, vehemently, "not a single horse have I captured, or any men, that did not belong to me. There is some villainy in this."

After pondering upon this thing for some time he resolved to leave Mary wholly in the charge of Paul, and return at once to the brig to see if he could not hunt up something more concerning the business.

On the following morning Paul found Mary much better, and he felt assured that she would have no fever if she remained quiet. About 10 o'clock Mr. Larson came up, and after he had seen the invalid concluded to let Paul remain to attend her, for he had planned to go to Nagasaki and learn why his men had been arrested.

Accordingly Larson hastened away, and Paul was alone in company with the being he so wildly, so fondly loved.

That evening as the sun touched the western horizon and poured its flood of golden light into the room, Paul sat by the bed and held Mary's hand within his own. He sat thus for some time in silence, when the maiden spoke:

"Paul," she said, in a low, tremulous voice—trembling from emotion rather than weakness—"you are not happy at having found a sister."

The youth started, and for a moment his eyes were bent to the floor. But soon he looked up, and while an expression of more than common sadness rested on his handsome features, he replied:

"It is not what I have found that moves me. It is a holy blessing to own a sister's love. But what have I lost?"

"None of my love, Paul," quickly cried Mary. "I can love you ever, my brother."

"Oh, Mary, if you love me, speak not that name. Call me Paul—call me—call me—Love. Oh, call me anything but that!"

"And do you not love your sister?" murmured the stricken girl, in soft, plaintive sadness.

"Yes, yes, oh, yes; I love you more than I can tell. But do not call me—brother. Not now—not now. At some time when my heart has arisen from its grief, I may hear it. But not now."

The youth pressed the white hand he held to his lips, and the tears coursed freely down his cheeks. In this position was he when Oteheva entered the room. "My master," she said, addressing Paul, "you must not fear, for all is not yet lost. I have been long prepared for any emergency, and Mr. Larson cannot succeed in any plan of wickedness he may undertake, save to keep my mistress here a prisoner; and I do not think he can do that."

Paul returned her a look of gratitude, but he made her no immediate reply in words. The sun was now down, and the shades of evening were gathering about the place. The youth saw that his fair patient needed repose, and leaving with Oteheva instructions how to administer the medicine, he left the apartment and walked out into the garden, and there he paced to and fro until long after the darkness had come.

"She my sister?" he murmured to himself, stopping suddenly and clasping his hands together. "I know the man can lie—most basely lie; but this may be true. Alas, I fear it is for my own memory holds some such picture. Well do I remember of calling her my sister, yet it may be false. The man with whom I lived was not my father, for Burnington has told me as much; and then I remember that I called him uncle. Oh, why has this come to blast my life plan? Why has this heavy hand of anguish fallen on me? Burnington might tell me something, but he is my enemy—and he is a prisoner, besides."

Paul stopped, for at that instant he felt a light touch upon his shoulder. He turned and saw Oteheva.

"What seek ye here?" he quickly asked.

"To tell you a secret," answered the dark-skinned girl, at the same time casting her eyes quickly about.

"A secret?" repeated Paul.

"Ay," whispered Oteheva; "and when you know it you may be on your guard, though you must trust me more than yourself. Mr. Larson means to make my mistress his wife as soon as he comes back."

"What?" ejaculated the young surgeon, starting as though he had been shot. "How know you this?"

"Because I heard him say so; and he has sent for a priest. The priest will come here and remain until the maiden is well enough to be married."

Paul started away with his hands clasped. The girl hesitated a moment, and then she added in a thrilling whisper:

"Wait until the time comes. Even the base man's life is not worth that maiden's happiness."

CHAPTER XVIII

It was just a week from the time of his leaving that Mr. Larson reached the castle on his return. His first movement was to learn the condition of Mary. He found her not only convalescent, but almost wholly recovered, and the peculiar sparkle of his eyes told how much inward satisfaction he found in the fact. Although it is near sundown, the captain had his best called and murmured, for he desired to visit the brig, to see how matters were progressing there.

Paul's heart beat quick when he heard this order, for he feared that he should be forced to accompany his co-mander, but such was not the case. Mr. Larson told him that he should return before long, and then went away.

Paul now felt anxious and uneasy. He had seen Mary recover with much joy, but ever and anon that joy had been clouded by the fears which Oteheva's revelation had brought up. But now those fears assumed a palpable form. The dark spirit had returned—the lovely maiden was strong again—and within the dwelling there had come a man whose very look and air of sanctity struck him with dread. It was the priest.

At 10 o'clock the captain returned, but he did not again see Mary that night. During the latter part of the night the wind arose, and before morning heavy drops of rain began to fall. When daylight came a severe storm had set in, and before noon the wind blew almost a hurricane; but Larson did not make himself uneasy about the brig, for he knew that the tops of the hills would have to blow off before the gale touched the vessel; and besides this, he knew that Storms and Ben Marton would know as well what to do in case of danger as he would himself.

The wind came from the northward and eastward, and before night the atmosphere had become really cold—so cold that Mary shuddered under the influence of the searching blast, and Larson ordered a fire to be built in the great sitting room; and after this was done, Paul and Mary repaired thither to supper, the captain having invited them to eat with him.

The meal had been eaten, and the table moved back, and both Paul and Mary had taken seats near the blazing fire, when there came an alarm from the great gate. Mr. Larson's first emotion was one of fear, for he showed it in his every motion; but he soon overcame that, and by the time the porter entered, he was quite calm.

"What is it?" he asked of the servant.

"A stranger, sir, who asks hospitality for the night."

"Then let him in."

The servant withdrew, and ere long the door of the sitting room was opened, and the stranger was ushered in.

He was a medium-sized man, or rather of medium height; but in his frame he was more full and bulky than usual, though not tending at all to obesity. His features were regular and handsome, his eyes of a dark hazel, and very brilliant, his hair a dark auburn in color, with much mixture of silver, and in age he appeared about fifty. The only peculiarity about him was a peculiar squint of the eyes; or rather a tendency to a crossing glance, one of the eyes turning differently from his neighbor. But this was not noticed at all times; it was only when he looked sideways that it was very apparent. Further than this he seemed to be a man who had seen much trouble, and his features had assumed a melancholy cast.

"Have you traveled far?" asked Mr. Larson, after the stranger had become seated.

"From Nagasaki since yesterday," returned he. "This is the place of Captain Larson, I think? Are you the gentleman?"

"I am, sir," returned Mr. Larson, beginning to eye the stranger with interest. "What may I call your name?"

"Fox, sir—James Fox."

"Ah—an American? From what part did you come?" asked the pirate, now showing palpable signs of uneasiness.

"From the east."

Mr. Larson was not the only one who watched that man with more than usual interest. Paul also eyed him anxiously, and once or twice when Fox spoke the youth started as though some long-forgotten memory had suddenly come to him. But the guest seemed to notice nothing of this. He had simply examined the countenances of those present when he first sat down.

The servants were called and directed to set the table; and while this was being done, Larson engaged his guest in conversation.

"You may deem me over curious," said Mr. Larson, after some remarks had been passed about the weather, and so on; "but we seldom see a traveler on this road, save our fishermen and peasants."

"Oh, it's natural that you should be curious about it," quietly answered the other. "And I'm sure I should be so myself. It was pleasant when I left Nagasaki and I only came to look at the country, and perhaps find some opening for business."

"Business? What business would you find here?"

"Hunting for jewels."

"You'll find but few here. None at all, I should think."

(To be continued.)

INDIAN B L L A GORY GAME.

Contests Are Often Bloodier than Most D sperate struggles of the Gridiron.

Indian ball is a peculiar, a fascinating and a bloody game. It is played on a ground almost like a gridiron. There are two goals 150 yards apart and the object is to pass the ball between these goals. The ball is like a basketball, the Indians making them themselves with yarn covered with deer skin. A stick about two feet long with a spoon shape at the end backed by thong laces is used and in this spoon the Indian must catch the ball. He is not allowed to touch it with his hands. He catches and throws with his club.

The game is a skirmish all the time and there are 20 players on a side. An Indian catches the ball in his stick if he is skilful. He starts on a run for his goal. He is immediately tackled by all his opponents and the scene closely resembles a "down." He runs as far as he can and then tries to throw the ball. The opposing players balk at him at every move. They strike his stick if they can and if not they strike whatever is in reach, often the head of the player.

The games are sometimes bloody, especially when played between rival towns, and many a player has been killed in a game. When women play they are allowed to use their hands in addition to their sticks. They can throw the ball any way they like. They are as fleet as the men, and, with the advantage of their hands, often win. A game consists of 21 points and there is no time limit. They play until one side has put the ball through the goal 21 times.

WOMEN AND FASHION

PHASES OF FASHIONABLE SLEEVES.

Often Make Best Wives.

It might very naturally be supposed that, after having reposed her whole love and trust in a man, only to have the same ruthlessly trampled upon, a girl's faith in men in general would be utterly destroyed, making her an undesirable wife. It does not necessarily follow, however, that because a girl has been disappointed in one love affair that she is going to develop into an old maid, who never misses an opportunity of warning all girls against marriage.

There are some girls, of course, who find it almost impossible to recover from the bitter experience of being jilted. The shock and humiliation are so great that they regard all men with contempt and even hatred, and view with distrust each member of the opposite sex with whom they come in contact. Such girls have very little to recommend them for the position of wife, for, although there is some justification for their mistrust of men, it is only a narrow-minded girl who will blame the majority for the faults of the few.

The wise girl recognizes that it is better to be jilted before marriage than neglected when there is no escape.

Though the experience is a bitter one, she will look upon it as a special act of Providence that she has been fortunate enough to discover the fickle nature of the man she at one time loved, before bound to him by marriage ties. And she will appreciate all the more the love of the one she knows to be good and true, and even find cause to be thankful to the one who has jilted her, seeing that otherwise she would not have discovered the man to make her life truly happy.

Some men might possibly hesitate to marry a girl who had been jilted, on the ground that it is not possible for her to love twice, and that the experience of her first lover's deceit would probably cause her at times to harbor suspicion against her husband.

This is a very much mistaken idea. It is quite possible for a young woman to love twice, more especially when the first love has been destroyed by jilting. And if the man she marries shows himself to be a true husband in every sense of the word, with a desire to make her life happy, the mere comparison of him with the one who jilted her would make nearly any woman thankful that she had after all discovered the man to make her life happy and cause her to resolve to make herself worthy of her husband's love.—New Orleans Picayune.

New Walking Costume.



The illustration shows the newest fashion in a walking costume. It is built in face cloth and trimmed with military braid of a darker shade. The revers and collar are of white cloth embroidered.

Maxims for Women.

Don't vegetate—a humdrum existence is never right.

"Nothing to do" spells a listless life and listless eyes for woman.

Because you have married, your best aims and efforts have not ended—they have begun.

A busy life, full of vital interests, will preserve your charm when cosmetics fail.

Be aspiring—ambition lifts up, keeps you young. Heavy contentment drags you down.

The woman who is alert and alive, interested in humanity as well as herself, is the woman who wins and holds love.

If you want to keep young, if you want to interest and attract others, if you want to hold the love you won, never permit yourself the luxury of settling down.

Clever Woman's Idea.

It is a well-known feminine fact that hats and frequently gowns made up from "things in the house" often turn out better than if shops had been ransacked on purpose to obtain the needed materials, says the New York Tribune. A woman who had conscientiously saved the left-over bits of ribbon and put them neatly in a box which she kept for the purpose made a happy hit this summer in the way of a hat by choosing a soft medley of her ribbon scraps in harmonious tints of mauves, blues, pale yellows and pinks.



TWO STYLES IN FULL AND CLOSE SLEEVES.

Without a doubt, the salient feature of the smart gown is the sleeve. Recent changes in arm coverings are very marked, and it would not be an exaggeration to declare that some of the old bishop sleeves are now put in upside down. The heavy puff which once hung at the wrist of all sleeves for dressy toilettes is entirely set aside. In loose enveloping wraps whose sleeves must accommodate others, the baggy puff above the cuff may appear. But the character coat, which is the thing of the hour, requires a sleeve either mannishly close and long or one that is loose to exaggeration at the upper portion and suggesting an elbow length in its arrangement.

The sleeve most in demand for the moment is made in two parts. The fullness is caught up in effect, at the upper arm, a complicated and becoming puffing, under which a little below the elbow, emerges a forearm piece that is almost skin tight. This glove-like section in the dresser toilette is elaborately trimmed, a ruffles of fine lace between little twists of the velvet trimming forming a notable example. With such a sleeve the bodice invariably is adjusted closely front and back, and is in the pointed form which requires no girdling. It is worn over the skirt, which is very full at the bottom and shirred or pleated at the top, and the wearer, if she is very up-to-date, presents the stiff, high-shouldered look of a French fashion plate. In fact, except with tea gowns, it is not the mode to be drooping any more. The stylish figure is stiffly corseted and as slim and tight and inhuman about the torso as it is possible to be.

and shaded greens, and then cutting them in long points (rabbit ears) is the milliner's term for such three-cornered pieces and sewing them together so as to form pompons. These, with gray tulle, formed the only trimming of a white chip hat which was much admired.

How to Brighten the Hair.

Women often complain that their hair is growing darker. This is very apt to be the case the older a person grows. And while one cannot always arrest the process there are several simple shampoos which will be effective. Golden hair is by far the most difficult to treat in this way, for the reason that soda and ammonia are the only ingredients which will have the desired effect of keeping the hair light, and as they are bad for the hair great care should be taken in using them. The yolk of egg, borax, and sub-carbonate of potash and rain water are especially good for dark-haired women.

Sweet-Clover Pillows.

Comparatively few know that sweet clover—the ordinary wild sweet clover that grows along the highways and byways—makes delightful filling for pillows. The stalks should be stripped quite long, and laid in a dry, shady place for a day or two. Toss them about gently so they will dry evenly, and be sure they do not get wet, as this will cause them to become musty. Balsam may be treated in the same way and there is a meadow plant which makes a most fragrant filling for pillows. This also should be picked when in early blossom and dried in the same manner as the clover.

Care of Brooms.

The cleansing of brooms is rarely thought necessary, but they require cleaning as much as anything else, and if washed occasionally will be found to last far longer than otherwise. About once a week prepare a good lather of hot water and soap, and into it dip the broom; shake it until it is nearly dry, and hang it up, with the bristles downward, until quite so.

Oil the Wringer.

Do not fail to oil the wringer every time you wash. If oiled often, there is less wear on the machinery, and less strength is expended by the operator. To clean the rollers, rub them first with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil, and follow with soap and water. Always loosen the rollers before putting the wringer away.

Child's Felt Hat.



Dainty and picturesque is a large white felt hat decorated with a cluster of pink roses on one side and a large flat bow of black velvet ribbon on the other, ending in streamers down the back. The slight roll to the brim gives a very becoming effect.

Fashion Fancies.

One essential is that all bodice sleeves must have their fullness above the elbows.

The Burgundy, plum and blue mauves are being made up for fashionable women.

A buckle that extends an inch above and below the belt is a slight innovation in crush leather belts.

A heavy looking brown felt hat is trimmed with a wreath of light, dainty looking brown silk roses.

Ruchings, pipings, gathers and frills multiply and overflow in the present scheme of dress ornamentation.

Broadtail velvet is exhibited in all the shops and is to be much used this winter for coats and street gowns.

Stunning coiffure combs come in jet. Some are studded with rhinestones, but the all-black are the richer looking.

The leading idea in color effects will be the combination of two or three shades of the same, rather than the use of contrasting colors.

Japanese designs, worked in gold effect, or all silk in Japanese flower designs, will be the striking novelty of the season in embroideries.

Buttons of the handsome eveled and menal varieties will be much used on the waistcoats of elaborate directoire jackets and Louis coats.