

DICK RODINI, Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"Hullo!" said Tom Lambourne, suddenly looking aloft, as the topsails flapped and shivered; "she's yawning or steering wild; what is that Spaniard about?"

"But where is he?" added Carlton, as we now missed Antonio from the wheel; "Antonio, where are you?"

"Gone overboard, I hope," exclaimed the second mate, with something more that need not be repeated, as he rushed to the wheel, and, after making it revolve a few times rapidly, he filled the sails and steadied the brig. This was done just in time for the Spaniard had a press of canvas on her, and had been taken aback, the consequences might have been serious.

"Look about for the skulking lubber," said Lambourne, in great wrath, "and send him well with a slush-bucket; another moment and the craft would have been broached to!"

"He must have crept behind the longboat and got into the fore-castle," suggested Carlton.

"I'll bring him up with a round turn for playing this trick," grumbled Lambourne.

"Hush," said I, as a strange sound fell upon my ear.

"What is it?" asked the others, listening.

"A cry—did you not hear it?"

"No—nonsense!" said they, together.

"It was a cry that came from somewhere."

"I did hear something," said Will White; "but it was a sheave creaking in a block aloft, I think."

"No, no," said I, pausing by the capstan, as a terrible foreboding seized me; "it came from the cabin."

"There is no one there but the Captain, Hislop, and the boy Billy, who sleeps in the steerage, and they are all three sound enough by this time," said Lambourne.

"But the sound was from the cabin," I persisted, hastening aft.

At that moment another cry, loud and piteous—a cry that sank into a hoarse moan, echoed through the brig, "piercing the night's dull ear," and ringing high above the welter of the sea alongside, the bubble at the stem and stern, or the hum of the wind through the taut rigging.

We all rushed aft to the companion, and at that instant Antonio sprang up the cabin stairs. By the clear splendor of the tropical moonlight we could see that his usually swarthy visage was pale as death, while his black eyes blazed like two burning coals. He grasped his unsheathed knife, the blade of which, as well as his hands and clothes, were covered with blood!

My heart grew sick with vague apprehension, and my first thought was for a weapon; but none was near.

"What have you been about, you rascally plearoon—and why did you leave the wheel?" shouted Lambourne, becoming greatly excited; "the masts might have gone by the board—what devil's work have you been after below?"

Then the dark Spanish creole grinned, as the blood dripped from his hands on the white and moonlit deck.

"Knock him down with a handspike, Carlton," added Lambourne, who could not leave the wheel; "knock him down—the shark-faced swab!"

On hearing this, Antonio drew from his breast a revolver pistol, one of a pair which we knew always hung loaded in Weston's cabin, and fired straight at the head of Carlton—who dodged the shot, which killed the seaman named Will White, who stood behind him.

The ball pierced the brain of the poor fellow, who bounded convulsively nearly three feet from the deck; he fell heavily on his face and never moved again, for he was dead—dead as a stone.

In its suddenness this terrible deed paralyzed us with horror, not unmixed with fear, as we were all unarmed and completely in the power of this Spanish demon, the report of whose pistol brought all the startled crew tumbling over each other out of the fore-castle.

"Aha, maldita! Santos y Angeles!" said the Spaniard, waving the pistol, the muzzle of which yet smoked, toward us in a half circle, as a warning for all to stand back; "did you think to run your rigs upon me? I am Antonio el Cubano, and don't value you all a rope's-end or a rotten castano, as you shall find. I am now the captain of this ship, and shall force you all to obey me, or else—here he swore one of those sonorous and blasphemous oaths which run so glibly from a Spanish tongue—"I will shoot you all in succession, till I am the last man left on board; and when I am tired of the ship I can burn or scuttle her. Do you understand all this?"

Dead silence followed this strange address, the half of which was scarcely understood by our men, as it was said in Spanish.

"Basta!" (avast) I see that you do understand," he resumed; "and now begin by obedience. Throw this carlin—this bestia muerta—overboard."

But perceiving how we all shrank back—

"Overboard with him!" he added, brutally kicking the inanimate body of poor Will White; "or demonio, I shall send the first who disobeys me to keep him company."

He grasped me by the hand—his hateful clutch was firm as a smith's

vis—and then he leveled his pistol at the head of Ned Carlton.

For a moment the latter stood irresolute, and then, seeing the black muzzle of the revolver within a foot of his head, he muttered a deep malediction, stamped his foot with rage on the deck, and said:

"Mr. Rodney, bear a hand with me to launch this murdered man—this poor fellow—overboard!"

"Obey!" thundered Antonio.

Like one in a dream I bent over the dead man, on whose pale face, glazed eyes and relaxed jaw the bright moonlight was shining, and in my excitement and bewilderment I nearly slipped and fell into the pool of blood which flowed from his death wound.

I had never touched a corpse before, and an irrepresible shudder ran through all my veins. But, that emotion once over, I could have handled a dozen with perhaps indifference; and there are few who, after touching the dead, have not experienced this change of feeling.

Ned Carlton, with a sound like a sob in his honest breast—a sob of mingled rage and commiseration—raised the yet warm body; I took the feet, and through one of the quarter-boards, which was open, we launched it into the great deep, and as the brig flew on, rolling before the early morning wind, there remained no trace of poor Will White, but his blood, a dark pool upon the deck, and the crew stood staring at it and at each other with blank irresolution, horror and dismay expressed in all their faces.

Empty-handed and defenseless as we all were, each was afraid to speak or act, lest he might be the next victim whom the merciless Cubano would shoot down.

With a growl of defiance Antonio now turned away, and, brandishing the revolver in token of the obedience he meant to exact, he descended slowly into the cabin, where we soon heard him smashing open the lockers, and busy with the case-bottles in the steward's locker, or Billy the cabin boy's pantry.

His departure seemed a relief to all, but in half a minute after he was gone below little Billy, or "Boy Bill," as he was usually termed, whose sleeping place was the steerage, rushed up the cabin stair in his shirt and ran among us, sobbing with fear and dismay.

CHAPTER XX.

Conference of the Crew.

Some time elapsed before the poor boy became sufficiently coherent to be understood, but it would seem that on hearing the first cry, which had alarmed me, he sprang out of his berth, which was at the foot of the companionway, and on looking into the cabin, he saw by the night light which swung in the skylight, the Cubano, armed with a bloody knife, rush from the captain's state-room into that of the mate, which was opposite.

Another choking cry acquainted him that Antonio had stabbed Hislop in his sleep; and fearing that his own turn would come next, he had crept into an empty case which lay below the companion-ladder, and remained there, trembling with dread, until he took an opportunity of rushing on deck and joining us.

This terrible revelation added to our dismay.

We were now in a desperate predicament, without a captain or mate to navigate the brig, and at the mercy of a well-armed desperado, to whom homicide was a pastime; thus, all who had handled him so severely on the night we crossed the line began to feel no small degree of alarm for their own safety, being certain that more blood would be shed the moment he came on deck.

All dressed themselves with the utmost expedition, and it was resolved to hold a council of war. Lambourne was still at the wheel; and to be prepared for any emergency, he resolved to reduce the canvas on the brig. So the royals were taken down, all studding-sails taken in, and the topsails were hauled; all this was done as quietly as possible, lest any sound might arouse the fiend who seemed now to possess the Eugenie.

Lambourne ventured to peep down the skylight, when he saw Antonio drinking brandy from a case bottle, without troubling himself with a glass. Then the Spaniard proceeded to attire himself in the best clothes of Captain Weston; he forced open several lockfast places, and took from them money and jewelry, which he concealed about his person. What his ultimate object could be in performing these acts of plunder on the open sea, we could neither conceive nor divine, but on chancing to glance upward, he caught a glimpse of Tom's eyes peering down.

There was an explosion, a crashing of glass and a ball from a revolver, fired upward, grazed Tom's left ear and pierced the rim of his son's-wester as a hint that our Cubano had no intention of being overlooked in his operations below.

We heard him close the cabin door with a bang, and after locking it, throw himself on the floor behind it, with the intention of sleeping, probably, but with the full resolution that no one should enter without disturb-

ing him; and in this way, after examining his pistols, he reposed every night afterward while on board.

"Whoever goes nigh him in the cabin, either by the door or the skylight, risks being stabbed or shot," said Tattooed Tom; "so we must go to some other way, shipmates, and that other way must be considered."

"We might close and batten the skylight and companionway, and then starve or smoke him out," suggested one of the crew, Francis Probart, our carpenter.

"Smoke him out?" echoed Tom.

"Yes, as we do rats."

"By what?"

"Fill a bucket with spun yarn and greased flax, with sulphur and bilgewater—ain't that the medical compound for rats?"

"Nonsense," said Tom; "you would burn the ship—"

"As he has often threatened to do," said Carlton, "and may do yet."

A most extraordinary scheme was proposed by one man—that we should launch the longboat, throw into her some bags of bread and gang-casks of water, unship the compass, double-bank the oars, and shove off for the coast of South America, after scuttling the brig and leaving Antonio to his fate.

We were in a horrible state of perplexity, and I seemed to see constantly before me the gashed bodies of my two kind, brave and hospitable friends—Captain Weston and Marc Hislop—lying in their berths dead and unavenged, with their destroyer beside them!

We had the capstan-bars, and with these it was proposed to assail him when next he came on deck. Then we had the carpenter's tools, among which a hand-saw, an auger, an adze and a hatchet, made very available weapons, and these, with the old cutlars and harpoons which figured on the night we crossed the line, were speedily appropriated. I was armed with a heavy claw-hammer, and, vowing firmly to slay by each other, we resolved to lynch Antonio the moment he came out of his den.

While we were thus employed in devising the means of punishment, the dark shadows of night passed away; the morning sun came up in his tropical splendor, and the blue waves of the southern sea rolled around us in light, but not a sail was visible on their vast expanse.

The crew seemed pale and excited, as they might well be, and with buckets of water we cleansed the deck from the blood that stained it.

The morning advanced into noon, and the vessel was steered her due course, for the wind was still fair. Ned Carlton was at the wheel, and the men were all grouped forward, when suddenly Antonio appeared on deck with a knife in his sash and a revolver in each hand.

He was so pale that his olive face seemed almost a pea-green, and a black crust upon his cruel lips showed the extent of his potatoes in the cabin. He glanced into the binnacle, and perceiving that the brig was still being steered her old course, he cried, in a hoarse voice:

"Hombres, allegarse a la cuestra!" (men, bear toward the land) and pointing to the direction in which he knew the vast continent of South America—from which we were probably four or five hundred miles distant—must be, he added orders in English to shape the brig's course due west, and stamped his right foot on the deck to give his words additional force.

(To be continued.)

MAIL NUISANCE

That Threatened to Inundate the Family of a New Father.

At an Adelaide street residence the servant went to the door, met a perspiring and scowling letter carrier, and took in a basketful of mail. It was the third such lot of the day, and there had been a like delivery for a week.

"Dump it into the furnace," roared the young man who is at the head of the family. "I'm going to see the post-master, write the head of the department at Washington, and get out an injunction. I'll see if there is not some way to abate this nuisance."

"But there may be some other mail; something that we want to read," interposed a gentler and feebler voice. "I don't care if there is. I don't care if there's a draft or a postal order in every other envelope. Chuck the whole outfit into the furnace and don't lose any time doing it. Whoever's working this rig on me may think he's smart good and plenty. It's the confoundest, meanest, smallest, most impudent thing I ever heard of." "But it's only a joke, my dear." "I'll joke 'em. Do you know that we've received over a car lot of catalogues, prospectuses, and all that sort of thing from female seminaries in the country? There were over 200 in the first batch and that was the smallest one received. Dump the whole batch into the furnace, I say. Nice thing! I guess not, sending up those female seminary advertisements and our little girl not two weeks old yet. You can bet that I'll stop the thing or know the reason why."—Detroit Free Press.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes that we should give soft words and hard arguments—that we should not so much strive to vex as to convince an enemy.—Bishop Wilkins.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE DRUNKARD'S WOE, LAST

'And There Shall Be a Great Cry Throughout the Land of Egypt'—Exodus, Chapter 11, Verse 6—The Loss of Self-Respect.

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This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on an embassy of mischief. The first fiend said: "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said: "I'll take charge of the grain fields." Another said: "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said: "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara Desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard, or, through it, how to damage the world. "The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch; and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment, he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts; I'll strip the vineyard and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit, he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great causeway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the grain field. He waded chin-deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandry, and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grain field and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench, and the people came with their bottles and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grain field, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bungalow laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, full-uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do no more harm, I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the Satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wine glass in his hand; and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, until the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard, and of the grain field, and of the dairy, and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done; and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons, and all the sprites, and all the fiends, filled their glasses, and clicked them, and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe, and darkness, and murder, and death. Drink! Drink!"

But whether by allegory or by appalling statistic this subject is pre-

sented, you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place the inebriate suffocates his own life, and loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for five, ten, twenty, forty years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "he drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down.

What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education, or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, do not bring upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by an odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self-respect, and when you destroy a man's self-respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise; he will say things he would not say otherwise. The fact is that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out, and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After he is three-fourths gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now do stop this; after a while it will get the mastery of you." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now, I can stop tomorrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that habit; you are going a little further than you can afford to go; you had better stop." "Oh! no," he says, "I can stop at any time; I can stop now." He goes on further and further. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down, that he has less self-control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

If a fiend from a lost world should come up on a mission to a grog shop, and, having finished the mission in the grog shop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost; and if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! that's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost world echo with the cry, "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah! my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God, or holiness, or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land, and when I see this destroying angel sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant, and sometimes humiliated. When a man asks me: "What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?" I answer: "I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists! Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the Western states banded together, and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grog shops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer; and if one thousand or two thousand Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission, they could in any city shut up all the grog shops.

But I must not dwell on generalities; I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could

not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it; but I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only the Lord's arm of the strong arm of the Lord's God. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening—our church not yet being open for the autumnal services—I went into a room in the Fourth ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—fifteen or twenty men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately fallen, because they were doing the whole work in their own strength. "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul, the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here today to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can not only save your soul, but save your body. I look off today upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you have never staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate; but God knows, and you know; and by human calculation there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends, to whom I must say that unless you quit this evil habit, within ten years, as to your body you will lie down in a drunkard's grave, and as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As today you open the door of your wine closet, let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, in the love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the dead march of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become victims of this evil habit, you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

Women Live Longest.

Women are said to be longer lived than men. Among centenarians the proportion of women to men is almost double. There are in this country 2,583 women who have reached the century mark, while there are only 1,398 men who have lived so long. In France seven out of ten centenarians are women, while in the rest of Europe there are sixteen women among twenty-one centenarians.

WORTH KNOWING.

A Kansas soldier, in a letter home, tells how "General Ots came along one evening, and when the men had stopped firing for a minute, said: 'Well, boys, how are you coming? Only a few of the men knew him, and one of them said: 'All right, pard, how's yourself?' Another of the boys that knew General Ots told him to shut up; that the man was General Ots. The general overheard him, and said: 'That's all right; pard is as good as general tonight.'"

Strangers sometimes mildly wonder what newspapers or sheets of blank paper are tied on the windows or balconies of certain houses for. A sheet of paper thus arranged is a sign meaning that there are rooms to rent in the house on which it is displayed, and is just as significant in its import as three golden balls over a pawnbroker's shop are in other countries.—Mexican Herald.

"I am sorry," said the magazine editor courteously, "but we are not accepting any short stories now." "But the scene of this story," said the confident contributor, "is laid in a place that nobody ever heard of, and is written in a language that no one can understand." "Then why didn't you say so before?" exclaimed the magazine editor, as he grasped it eagerly.—Life.

Count Sergius Tolstol, the second son of Count Leo Tolstol, who has thrown in his lot with the Doukhoborts, is now located in Winnipeg, where the most important of the settlements is situated. The count is looked upon as a kind of leader, and he has so far realized his role as to set his fellows an example of uncompromising fortitude.

Yawns are excited by improper aeration of the blood, and are akin to the unconscious, tired sigh. Both are evidence of mental fatigue, and sometimes are symptoms of brain disease.