



CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Two days passed away from the time of the announcement to her of Tudel's return, and on the afternoon of the third day she came to her apartment alone. He smiled when he came in, and having reached the place where the maiden sat, he extended his hand; she took it, and without a shudder. She gazed calmly upon him. There was in her soul a consciousness superior to the man before her, and yet, as much as she had cause to dread him, her only feeling now in his presence was one of deep, unmitigated disgust.

"Irene," said the visitor, in a tone which he meant should have been very sweet, but which sounded like the grating hinges when too carefully moved, "you came very high losing me."

"Ah, is it possible?" uttered the maiden, in a tone too calm for terror and yet too sarcastic for joy.

"Yes; I came high being a lost man. I fell into the hands of a prowling Yankee—a Texas cruiser," resumed Tudel.

"Ah!" said Irene, in a very guarded tone.

"Yes; and but for my own wit and bold daring, I should now have been in a Texas prison."

"Ah," said Irene again, more guarded even than before. "Who was it captured you?"

"A fellow named Howard. He commanded a heavy vessel called the Lone Star."

The maiden said nothing to this; she only let her hand drop upon a sheet of music before her, and as soon as her nerves were steady, she picked it up and ran her eyes over the notes.

"But I made my escape," pursued the dark lover, taking no note of his companion's peculiar emotions. "I was put in double irons, stout and strong—but I cast them off. There was a stout man watching over me—but I overcame him—killed him on the spot, and then—"

"Killed him!" uttered Irene, in a quick, terrified whisper.

"Ay; of course I did."

"Killed Captain Howard?" gasped the maiden, letting both her hands drop, and seizing the edge of the table.

"No, not exactly him; though I wish I might have been him. It was the sentinel he posted over me. But why does it move you so? What had it been to you if I had killed the whole Yankee crew?"

"Nothing, nothing," whispered Irene, with a mighty struggle; "only I thought of your hands being red with the blood of one who had spared your own life."

"Bah! He would have given me up to his judges as a pirate, if he could. He would have brought me to the gallows, if he had been in his power. That is sparing my life with a vengeance!"

Irene soon composed herself, and then she said, with the old coldness upon her face: "You were very fortunate in thus escaping, for of course the Texans would have hung you if they had found you in their power long enough."

"Ay, lady, I was most fortunate; and yet, in all the risk I ran, the thought of meeting you once more was all that served me on. Ah, am I not fortunate in thus being spared to bask in the sunlight of your smiles once more?"

"Did you ever see me smile, senator?" the maiden asked, in a quaint tone.

"Well—really—I don't know as I ever did. But you will smile; you must smile when you are my wife."

"Perhaps I ought to."

"You ought to, and you must, sweet lady. Why, wouldn't it be like night all the time to have a sun that would give no light. I think you do smile sometimes."

"When I am happy, senator."

"Then it shall be the work of my every thought to make you happy, Irene."

"You can do so very easily, senator."

"Ah—pray tell me how."

"I'll tell you, and never think again of making me your wife, and I will not only be very happy, but I will bless you from the very depths of my soul."

"Why couldn't you add, just by way of filling up the pleasant measure, that the cutting off my head would heighten your joy?—because of course I should do it, O, yes—of course."

The man spoke this in a tone half of anger, and half of irony; but he did not allow his passion to manifest itself.

"Do not misunderstand me, senator," Irene returned, very calmly. "I do not wish you harm. I only wish peace for myself."

"So if I should take a fancy for your head, and ask you to let me chop it off, I might swear that I wished you no harm, but only joy to myself. But it won't work, lady. I thought that part of the business was settled. When I reckon up my observation at noon, after I have taken the sun, I don't stop to find if two and two make four, because that was settled way back in the first lesson of mathematics. And so with this sun; that you are to be my wife is one of the solid facts of the past, that must last through all coming time; so now we have only to reckon up from that. I hope you understand."

"Yes, senator—very well."

"I'm glad of that, because you'll know now how to work. But I will just say—just for your present satisfaction and for your guidance, too, that nothing on the face of the earth can induce me to give you up. Nothing—not even death itself. So just consider that settled."

"Certainly, senator—if you say so."

"Well, I do say so; and I mean it, too. And now to something more important—now to working out the sum. When shall we be married?"

"As my wishes are not consulted in the other matter, I see not why they should be in this," replied Irene, directly.

"Because I explained to you that the first proposition is an already established fact; so there is no need of consulting any one about that part."

"But I might surely have been consulted before the fact, as you are pleased to call it, was substantiated."

The pirate lover shook his head and smiled.

"Ah," he uttered, "when this fact was made you were not quite sensible enough

perhaps that was because he had always been in the habit of sailing in new, staunch craft, and hence did not allow for the age and infirmities of the one he was now in. And again, before that time venturesome vessels had been captured by Mexican cruisers when too far from shore to make good their escape. But perhaps Clarence, having always before been rather anxious to meet these same cruisers than otherwise, forgot the comparative weakness of the craft he was now in.

However, at one o'clock the schooner's head was put to the southward and westward, and she behaved herself very well. All went on nicely till about half past one o'clock, and then one of the men at the bows reported a sail.

"Where away?" asked Clarence.

"Right straight ahead," replied the man.

Clarence looked, and he saw a brig not over four miles distant. It might have been seen some time before, had any one been on the lookout, but the man whom Clarence had requested to perform that duty had been attending to something else.

"What d'ye s'pose 'tis?" asked Max.

"Have you a glass?" asked the young man, in return.

"Yes. Spyglass, ye mean?"

"Certainly."

"Got a sort of a one down in the cabin." And thus speaking he went down and brought it up. The glass proved to be an excellent one, and Clarence was not long in making the stranger out to be a Mexican, and an armed vessel at that.

"And she is standing directly for us, too," concluded he, as he lowered the glass.

"Then what'll we do?" asked Max.

"By the great bar, if I was ashore now I'd know d'fere quick what to do; but ye see, here on the water I don't stand a fair chance. Ken we run away from the fellow?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Clarence.

"That fellow is directly to the windward of us, and I am sure his best point of sailing is with the wind about his beam, while that is our worst. Before the wind we might run off seven knots, while that chap can run nine; so you see he'd overhaul us in two hours at the farthest."

"Then we're as good as trapped, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

It was quickly arranged that the schooner should be kept away and run for the land; so the sheets were eased off and the helm put up, and as soon as the brig could notice the movement she turned her course more to the northward.

"Captain Winter," said Clarence, "I am sorry I got you out here, for upon my soul, I did not think of this."

"Don't be sorry on my account," returned Max. "I ha'n't got no blame for ye. Ef I'd a had the knowledge I should 'a' run out here myself, so let that drop. But we're in a bad pickle, though, and no mistake. What ken we do?"

"I know of no way but to surrender," returned Clarence.

"We've got our rifles w' us. Would them be of any kind of use?"

"Why not?" uttered Clarence, starting with the thought, "how far can you shoot with any certainty?"

"Almost a mile, with our tight slugs."

"By heavens, Max, let's have them loaded. It's a new mode of naval warfare, but it may work well."

Max immediately ordered his men to get up their rifles—they had two each, and some three—and load them. They were quickly brought up, and Clarence knew, the moment he looked at them, that they would do much execution; they were the heavy, long hunting rifle, made for great range, and faithful to their aim. When one of their balls missed its mark its owner knew that he alone was to blame.

The brig was now a little over two miles distant, and her character could be more plainly made out. She carried sixteen guns, and appeared to have a full complement of men, though Clarence could see that she was not handled with much skill.

"That's a set of lubbers as sure as the world," he said, "and if I am not much mistaken, I can handle the schooner so as to bother them some; they're some squad of rancheros or leneros, who may have smelled salt water some, and have taken advantage of a letter of marque to change the field of their robberies. Let the schooner be put off a little, and when she gets within shooting distance we'll try a new scheme."

Captain Winter had the utmost confidence in the young commander's capacity for handling the schooner, and he fell in with all Clarence proposed.

"And now there is one thing more," resumed our hero, after a moment's thought. "I had started on a peculiar mission, and I took everything I could think of that I might need. Among other things I have a lot of small, keen files, with edges like saws. Now if we are taken by that fellow we shall be put in irons and huddled together somewhere, and why may we not contrive some plan of escape? By my soul," continued the youth, warming with zeal, as the plan more fully developed itself in his mind, "we may capture the brig, after all. Before she can bring a shot to bear upon us, we can pick off a number of her men; and then, after we are in irons on board their vessel, if we can get the shackles off undiscoversed, why may we not overcome them at night, when they think not of it? We won't fight a moment after our own lives are fully at stake, for that would be madness. As soon as we find they must come alongside, we'll surrender at once."

"But," suggested Sloan, "won't they be likely to butcher us, out of clear revenge?"

"Revenge for what?"

"Why, for shooting so many of their men, of a few do shoot em, an' I think I ken shoot a few on 'em of my old shootin' iron don't rebel."

"You mistake these fellows," said Clarence, with a pitying look. "The poor wretches will thank us roundly for every one of their number we kill. Your cargo is a pretty valuable one, worth how much?"

"'Taps three thousand dollars, besides what money we've got, which is a thousand more," replied Sloan.

"Then I have a little," resumed Clarence; "but call it four thousand dollars. These fellows are bound together by no other ties but those of aid in plunder; and you may be sure they will much prefer to divide that plunder only among ten than among fifty. You understand now?"

"Yes," said Sloan. "And it's just like 'em, too."

After this, Clarence went down to his chest, and from thence took a bundle of

tools which he carried on deck. In the first place he had two curiously constructed saws; the bows were of stout wire, covered with cotton cloth, and so shaped that they could be worn about the neck as a part of the shirt binding. Into these frames little saws, made like a watch spring in size, could be quickly set. One of these he kept himself, and the other he gave to Max Winter, after having explained to him how to use it. Then to each of the men and to Peter he gave two small, sharp files, which they were instructed to conceal in their shirt sleeves, just under the shoulder. After all this had been attended to, and some instructions given about the best method to file off the Mexican shackles, their attention was once more turned to the brig.

(To be continued.)

THIS JUDGE WAS SEVERE.

How He Punished a Young Attorney for Assaulting a Blackguard.

Judge Hamilton Finney, who is visiting friends in Kansas City, was formerly Police Judge, and he has by long odds the time record for holding a case under advisement. Twenty years is the time, and the case is not decided yet.

It was when Judge Guinotte was a young law student in the office of Tichenor & Warner. He had a case in one of the justices' courts one day which had been postponed on two or three occasions. On this particular day he demurred a trial. The lawyer on the other side, a man very unpopular with all judges and attorneys, grew abusive. Then he became so insulting that young Guinotte's French blood boiled over, and he threw a heavy inkstand at the man, striking him on the head. The result was that Guinotte was arrested for disturbing the peace. He went before Judge Finney the next morning in police court.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the Judge.

"Guilty," answered Mr. Guinotte.

Ordinarily that would settle a case. The Judge is supposed to have no alternative except to punish. Judge Finney scowled.

"Young man," he said, "this is a case of a most aggravated assault. You actually struck this man with an inkstand. It's so serious I'll take the case under advisement."

He still has it under advisement, and the conversation between the Judge and Mr. Tichenor after court had adjourned on the day of the trial.

"You took Guinotte's case under advisement?" asked Mr. Tichenor.

"Yes," answered the Judge, "but I ought to have fined him for not breaking that fellow's neck!"

Founded by a Foundling.

Very curious and romantic are the circumstances under which certain flourishing city enterprises have been founded. For instance, there stands in the heart of Cheapside a noble pile of buildings, occupied by a firm whose name is a household word throughout the kingdom. The founder of that business was mysteriously dropped on the doorstep of a city church and sent by the authorities to the Foundling Hospital where he was named after the church in question. He was afterward intrusted to a respectable woman, who undertook to bring him up with her own family.

Soon after this inquiries were made at the Foundling Hospital about the boy by a young and beautiful lady, whose name and rank—she was evidently of aristocratic origin—remained shrouded in mystery. A solicitor was ultimately instructed to pay the boy's foster-mother a certain sum monthly. This continued until he arrived at the age of about 14, when he was taken away, put to a good school and finally started in life. Plucky and pushing, he developed his business until it became one of the finest of its class in the city. He died a wealthy man, without having penetrated the mystery of his birth.—London M. A. P.

Water Piled in Ridges.

The coast and geodetic survey has recently completed some very careful leveling operations which show that the surface of the Gulf of Mexico lies perceptibly higher than that of the Atlantic Ocean. Between the surface of the ocean at St. Augustine, on the eastern shore of Florida, and the surface of the gulf at Cedar Keys, on the western shore, there is a mean difference in level of nine-tenths of a foot. This is considered to be sufficient to account for the outpouring current of the Gulf stream, which in the narrower part of the Strait of Florida touches bottom. The surplus of water which raises the Gulf above the level of the ocean is apparently received through the Yucatan channel, being driven in by the prevailing equatorial currents from the east.

Noble Little Georgie.

Proud Mamma—Wasn't Georgie a noble little gentleman to insist upon Nellie's helping herself to a peach before he took one himself?

Uncle Henry—Oh, yes—very noble, Georgie, what made you let Nellie help herself first?

Georgie—Because there wa'n't but two peaches—a great big one and a little bit of a one. I knew Nellie would be too polite to take the big one.—Boston Transcript.

Imprisonment of a Roman Priest.

A parish priest in Rome has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for declaring after King Humbert's murder that regicide is sometimes justifiable.

Telephones in Manhattan.

There were at the last count 42,478 telephones in use in Manhattan borough. This constitutes the largest system in the world.

Women are always in quest of something—but a conquest seems to suit them best.

its inner fibers of the cocoon of the silk worms are much finer than those of the outer layer.

One woman to every fifty men worked for wages fifty years ago, but now the ratio is one to four.

In the year 1830 all the railroads in the world aggregated only 210 miles; now they measure over 370,000.

A western passenger agent says that his experience has shown that Friday is the best day in the week for railway passenger travel and Wednesday the worst. City hotel people would likely say that their best days in the week for transient guests are Wednesday and Thursday.

The Trust Problem.

Too thoughtful mind the trust problem is one of serious import. It must be firmly grappled with, for it creeps upon society before you are aware of its existence, in this respect much resembling the various disorders which attack the stomach, such as constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will cure all such ailments, and prevent la grippe, malarial fever and ague. Be sure to give it a trial.

A Fixed Witness.

Judge—"Now, my boy, you are on your oath. Do you understand what that means?"

Witness—"Why-er—I don't jest—er—reck-on—"

Judge—"Do you know what you're expected to tell?"

Witness—"Oh yes, the lawyer that that hired me, wrote it all down so that I could not learn it by heart."—Philadelphia Press.

Just Missed a Customer.

"See here!" exclaimed the shopper excitedly "there's a man just dropped dead in that bargain crush!"

"How inopportune!" cried the floor-walker. "We have not yet opened our undertaking department."—Philadelphia Press.

Quote A D. Boreas.

"Wheeler isn't on his feet so much since he bought a bicycle."

"No; he's on his head a good deal now."—Harlem Life.

New York to Have Five Libraries.

Sixteen out of the 129 largest cities have a greater sum invested in public libraries—that is owned by the city—than New York. During the next two years, however, there will be erected in New York City the finest library building excepting the congressional library at Washington in the United States.

How's this!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Fiall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KISSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Fiall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Practice Makes Perfect.

Angela (to whom Edgar has been proposing)—"Tell me, Edgar! Did you ever say anything like this to any woman before?"

Edgar (in a burst of honesty)—"My dear girl, do you think it could be done like that the first time?"—Harper's Bazar.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists return the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

He Could Speak Feelingly.

"Her father you say, gave you a pretty broad hint that he didn't want you coming here any more, did he?"

"No, 10, E. width," briefly responded the young man.—Chicago Tribune.

Paper Wood.

Paper wood is as hard as wood itself, is susceptible of brilliant treatment, is vastly lighter, perfectly adjustable and absolutely fireproof. The erection of skyscrapers necessitated a very serious study of fireproofing treatment of wood, and the result is that paper is coming very largely into use in all cases where woodwork has to be used. It is particularly adaptable for ceilings and is becoming popular for that purpose.

THANKFUL TO MRS. PINKHAM

Letters Proving Positively that there is No Medicine for Woman's Ills Equal to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON

(ALL LETTERS ARE PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION.)

"I cannot say enough in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has done me more good than all the doctors. I have been troubled with female weakness in its worst form for about ten years. I had leucorrhoea and was so weak that I could not do my housework. I also had falling of the womb and inflammation of the womb and ovaries, and at menstrual periods I suffered terribly. At times my back would ache very hard. I could not lift anything or do any heavy work; was not able to stand on my feet long at a time. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for doctors but they did me no good. My husband's sister wrote what the Vegetable Compound had done for her, and wanted me to try it, but I did not then think it would do me any good. After a time, I concluded to try it, and I can truly say it does all that is claimed for it. Ten bottles of the Vegetable Compound and seven packages of Sanative Wash have made a new woman of me. I have had no womb trouble since taking the fifth bottle. I weigh more than I have in years; can do all my own housework, sleep well, have a good appetite, and now feel that life is worth living. I owe all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel that it has saved my life and would not be without it for anything. I am always glad to recommend it to all my sex, for I know if they will follow Mrs. Pinkham's directions, they will be cured."

Gratefully yours, MRS. ANNIE THOMPSON, South Hot Springs, Ark.

CHANGE OF LIFE.

"I was taken sick five years ago with 'The Grippe,' and had a relapse and was given up by the doctor and my friends. Change of Life began to work on me. I flourished very badly until a year ago, then my stomach and lungs got so bad, I suffered terribly; the blood went up in my lungs and stomach, and I vomited it up. I could not eat scarcely anything. I cannot tell what I suffered with my head. My husband got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and before I had taken half of it I began to improve, and to-day I am another woman. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine has saved my life. I cannot praise it enough."

M. A. DENSON, Millport, N. Y.

PROFUSE PERIODS.

"I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound about 3 months ago, and cannot express the wonderful good it has done me. Menstruations were so profuse as to leave me very weak for some time after. Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, tired feeling, bearing down sensation, pain across the back and thighs. I felt as though there was a heavy weight in my stomach all the time. I have taken two bottles of the medicine, and now have better health than I have had for four years."

MRS. LIZZIE DICKSON HODGE, Avalon, Ohio.

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