

A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"There's plenty of strange plants out in these parts," said Dinny, laughing. "but I never see one that grew flies. Only there's more ways of killing a cat than hanging him, as the proste said when he minded his old brogues wid a glue-pot. Come here."

He took off his flannel jacket, folded it, and laid it in the bottom of the boat, but looked up directly.

"Ye've got a bit of sail," he said, "and there's a nice wind. Where are you going first?"

Mary looked at her brother, and Abel glanced at Bart.

"Ye haven't made up yer minds," said Dinny, "so look here. About twenty miles out yander to the west there's a bit of an island where the overseer and two officers went one day to shute wild pig and birds, and I went wid 'em. Why not go there till ye make up yer minds? It's a moighty purty place, and ye're but over looked by the neighbors' cabins, for there's nobody lives there at all, and we can have it our own way."

"Wild pig, there?" said Abel, eagerly.

"Bedad, yis, sor; nice, swate bacon running about on four legs all over the place, and fruit on the trees, and fish in the say for the catching. Oh, an' it's a moighty purty little estate!"

"And how could we find it?" cried Mary.

"By jist setting a sail, and kaping about four miles from the shore till ye see it lying like a bit o' cloud off to the south. Sure, and we could hang our hammocks there before night, and the muskett here all ready to shoot a pig."

"Yes," said Mary, in response to a glance from her brother.

"Then I'll hoist the sail," said Bart.

"Nay, let the boy do it," said Dinny, "and you come and sit down here. I'll soon show you a thing as would make the sergeant stare."

Dinny drew a large knife from his pocket, and a flint and steel. The latter he returned, and, taking the flint, he laid his open knife on the thwart of the boat, and with the flint jagged the edge of the blade all along into a rough kind of saw.

"There!" he said; "that will do. That iron's as soft as cheese."

This last was a slight Hibernian exaggeration; but as Mary hoisted sail, and Abel put out an oar to steer, while the little vessel glided swiftly over the sunlit sea, Dinny began to operate upon the ring around one of Bart's ankles, sawing away steadily, and with such good effect that at the end of an hour he had cut half through, when by hammering the ring together with the butt of the muskett, the half-severed iron gave way, and one leg was freed.

"Look at that, now!" said Dinny, triumphantly. "Now, thin, up wid that other purty foot!" he cried; and, as the boat glided rapidly toward the west, he sawed away again, with intervals of rejagging at the knife edge, and soon made a cut in the second ring.

The island was found just as the Irishman had foretold, and as evening approached, without having even sighted a sail on their way, the little boat began coasting along, its occupants eagerly scanning the low, rock-reefed shore, above which waved a luxuriant tropic growth. The last fetter had been laboriously sawed through, Dinny having persisted in continuing the task, and he now sat resting and watching the shore with a critical eye.

All at once, upon sailing round a jagged point to which they had to give a wide berth on account of the fierce race which swept and eddied among the rocks, a pleasantly wooded little bay opened out before them with a smooth, sandy shore where the waves just creamed and glistened in the sun.

"Look at that, now," said Dinny. "That's where we landed; but I was asleep after pulling a long time at the oar, and I disremembered all about where we went ashore."

"How beautiful!" said Jack, gazing thoughtfully at the glorious scene, and asking herself whether that was to be her future home.

"And d'yer call that beautiful?" said Dinny, contemptuously. "Young man, did ye ever see Dublin Bay?"

"No," said Jack, smiling in the earnest face before him.

"Nor the Hill of Howth?"

Jack shook his head.

"Then don't call that beautiful again in me presence," said Dinny.

The boat was run up on the shore and hidden among the rocks, not that it was likely that it would be seen, but the position of the fugitives and the dread of being retaken made them doubly cautious. Bart even going so far as to obliterate their footprints on the sand.

"Now, then," said Dinny, "you've got the muskett and the bagnet, and those two make one; but if I was you I'd cut down one of them bamboos and stick the bagnet on that, which would make two of it, and it would be a moighty purty tool to kill a pig."

The hint was taken, Bart soon cutting down a long, straight lance shaft and forcing it into the socket of the bayonet.

"Then next," said Dinny, "if I was captain I should say let's see about something to eat."

"Hear that, Abel?" said Bart.

"Yes, I was thinking of how we could get down some coconuts. There are plenty of bananas."

"Haps," put in Dinny, "and there's a cabbage growing in the heart of ivery one of them humbles of leaves on the top of a stick as they call palmas; but thin's only vegetables, captain, dear, and me shontach is asking for mate."

"Can we easily shoot a pig—you say there are some?" said Abel.

"And is it aisy shoot a pig?" said Dinny. "Here, give me the muskett."

He held out his hand for the piece, and Abel, who bore it, hesitated for a moment or two, and glanced at Jack, who nodded shortly, and the loaded weapon was passed to the Irishman.

"Ye doubted me," he said, laughing; "but never mind; it's quite nat'ral. Come along; I won't shoot any of ye unless I'm very hungry and can't get a pig."

He led the way through an opening in the rough cliff, and they climbed along a narrow ravine for some few hundred

yards, the roar of the sea being hushed and the overhanging trees which held on among the rifts of the rocks shutting out the evening light, so that at times it was quite dark. But the rocky barrier was soon passed, and an open, natural park spread before them.

A low grunting and squeaking which had suddenly been heard in the distance increased loudly; and directly after a herd of quite two hundred pigs came tearing down through a narrow opening in the rocky jungle and made straight for the lake. Dinny had an easy shot at a well-fed specimen which rolled over, the rest dashing off through the trees, squealing as if every one had been injured by the shot.

"We shan't starve here," said Dinny, with a grin of satisfaction, and before many minutes had passed a fire was kindled in a sheltered nook, where the flame was not likely to be seen from the sea, and as soon as it was glowing, pieces of the pig, were frizzling in the embers.

"They had been a month on the island, leading a dreamy kind of existence, and had begun to sleep of a night deeply and well without starting up half a dozen times bathed in sweat, and believing that the authorities from Plantation Settlement were on their track. The question had been debated over and over again: What were they to do?"

Finally an incident occurred one day which settled the matter for them. This was no less than the coming to the island of the cutter from the penal settlement. It contained beside the crew a number of soldiers and the overseer. They had not come in search of the fugitives, whom they deemed hundreds of miles away by this time, but for a day's pig hunting.

Thinking the island uninhabited, they only left one sailor on board the vessel, while the others proceeded to the woods, where they were soon busy popping away at the pigs.

The party concealed in the bushes watched these proceedings with intense interest, and soon determined that now was their chance to seize the cutter and make their escape for good.

As silently as possible they swam out to where the cutter was anchored and climbed on board to find the solitary sailor had taken the opportunity to indulge in a nap. He was awakened only to be made a prisoner of, Jack pulled up the light anchor, while Bart and Abel raised the sails, which, catching a lively breeze, set the cutter going at a brisk rate before the overseer and his men knew what had happened.

"Well, Dennis Kelly," said the captured sailor, whose name was Dick Dullock, as they sat together on board later, with the stars gathering overhead and faint sounds wafted to them from time to time, as they glided rapidly along a few miles from land, "you can only make one thing of it, my boy, and that's piracy; and piracy's yard-arm and a swing at the end of the rope."

"Ah! get along with ye," said Dinny, contemptuously, "and don't call things by bad names. They're three very pleasant fellows, and they've boarded the boat and taken us prisoners to help them in the cruise; or, if ye like it better, we're pressed men."

"But what are they going to do next?"

"Not a bit do I know, and not a bit do I care. I've no belts to pipe-clay and you've no deck to holy-stone. What there is to ate they share with ye, and they take their turn at the watch. Sure, it's a gentleman's life, and what more would ye have?"

"Well, Dinny, I don't mind for a change; but it's piracy, and I hope as we shan't all be hung."

"The same to you," said Dinny, giving the sailor's shoulder a sounding slap.

CHAPTER IX.

"Then we'll die for it, Bart," said Jack, fiercely.

"If so be as you says die for it now, or to-morrow, or next day, or next week, die it is, my lad," said Bart despondently; "but luck's agen us, and we're beat. Why not give up?"

"Give up?" cried Jack, whose appearance was somewhat altered by his two years of hard sea life in the tropics since the night when the cutter sailed away into the darkness of what seemed to be their future. "Give up?"

"Yes; and back out of it all. Why not take passage somewhere, not as Jack, Commodore Junk's brother, but as bonny Mary Dell o' Devonshire, going home along o' Bart Wrigley, as is Bartholomew by rights?"

"Well?" said Jack, sternly.

"Don't look at me, my lad. I'm tired o' boarding ships and sending people adrift."

"Growing afraid, Bart?"

"Yes, my lad; but not for Bart Wrigley. For someone else."

"You are preaching to-night, Bart."

"May be, my lad, for it's solemn times; and something keeps a-saying to me: 'Don't run no more risks! There's Old Devon a-waiting for you, and there's the old cottage and the bay, and you've got the money to buy a decent lugger, and there's plenty o' fish in the sea.'"

"Go on," said Jack, mockingly.

"Ay, lad, I will," said Bart. "And you might settle down there, and live happy with a man there to wait on you and be your servant—ay, your dog if you liked, and some day, if you thought better of it, and was ready to say, 'Bart, my lad, you've been a true chap to me, and I know as you've loved me ever since you was a boy, so now I'll be your wife,' why, then—"

Bart stopped with his lips apart, gazing wonderingly at the angry countenance before him.

"You madman! What are you saying?" he hissed into his ears. "Mary Dell died when she left home, driven away by man's tyranny—when she sought out her brother and his friend, to find them working like slaves in that plantation. It was John Dell who became your companion; Mary Dell is dead."

"No," said Bart, speaking softly and with a homely pathos, as he sat on the deck of a long, low, heavily sparred schooner. "No, my lad, Mary Dell isn't dead. She's hidden here in my breast, where I can look inward and see the

bonny lass with the dark eyes and long black hair as I knowed I loved as soon as I knowed what love meant, and as long as I live that lass will never die."

"Hush, Bart, old friend!" said Jack, softly. "Let her live then, there; but to me she is dead, and I live to think of her persecutions, and how for two years man has pursued us with a bitter hatred and hunted us down as if we were savage beasts."

"Aye, but see how we've grown. First it was the bit of a canoe thing as you came in up the creek."

Jack nodded.

"Then we took the cutter."

"Yes, Bart."

"And with that cutter we took first one ship, and then with that another, always masters, and getting, bit by bit, stout, staunch men."

"And savages," said Jack, bitterly.

"Well, yes, some on 'em is savage like, specially Mazzard."

"Black Mazzard is a ruffianly wretch."

"True, lad; but we've gone on and got better and stronger till we have under our feet the swiftest schooner as swims the sea, and Commodore Junk's name is known all along the coast."

"And hated, and a price set upon his head; and now that he is a prisoner his people turn against him, and his most faithful follower wants to go and leave him in the lurch."

"Nay, don't say that, my lad," cried Bart. "We was overmatched and he was took."

"Yes, by his men's cowardice."

"Nay, you're cross, my lad," said Bart, unconsciously raising one arm and drawing back the sleeve to readjust a bandage.

"Month-to-night and the deck was running into the scuppers with blood, half the lads was killed, and t'other half all got a wound. We was obliged to sheer off."

"Yes, you coward! you left the captain to his fate."

"But I saved the captain's brother," said Bart, slowly, "or he'd have been shut up in prison along with poor Abel now."

"Better so," said the other, fiercely; "and then here'd be an end of a persecuted life."

"But I did save you."

"Bart, old lad, don't take any notice of what I say," whispered Jack; "but Abel must be saved, and the men agree."

"Aye; they say they'll have the skipper out of prison, or they'll die first."

"Brave fellows!" cried Jack enthusiastically.

"But I don't see how a schooner's to attack forts and cannon and stone walls. My lad, it can't be done."

"It shall be done!" cried Jack. "How's Dinny?"

"Bit weak still; but he says he can fight, and he shall go."

"Brave, true-hearted fellow! And Dick?"

"Says he shall be well enough to go; but he won't—he's weak as a rat."

Jack drew a deep breath, and a fiercely vindictive glare flashed from the dark eyes which glared at Bart.

"They shall suffer for all this. Abel will pay them their due."

"Aye," said Bart; and then to himself, "when he gets away."

"It was a cruel, cowardly fight—four to one."

"He would attack," said Bart, heavily. "He'd had such luck that he wouldn't believe he could be beat."

"He was right," said the other, fiercely. "He is not beaten, for we will fetch him out, and he shall pay them bitterly for all this."

The speaker strode forward, and went below into the cabin, while Bart drew his breath hard as he rose from where he had been seated and limped, slightly bending down to press his leg where a severe flesh wound was received on the night of the engagement when Abel Dell—whose name had begun to be well known for freebooting enterprise as Commodore Junk—had been taken prisoner.

Bart walked to the forecabin, where he found Dinny and Dick Dullock.

"Well," asked Dinny, "what does he say?"

"Says he shall fetch the captain out."

"And what does Black Mazzard say?"

"Don't know. Hasn't been asked."

"Look here," said Dick, in a low voice. "There's going to be trouble over this. Black Mazzard's captain now, he says, and he's got to be asked. He was down here swearing about that boat being sent off, and he's been savage ever since."

"Hist! What's that?" said Dinny, starting up, and then catching at Bart's shoulder to save himself from falling.

"Head swim," he said, apologetically.

"Ay, you're weak, lad," said Bart, helping him back to his seat. "Why, the boat's back!"

He hurried on deck, to find a boat alongside, out of which four men climbed on deck, while Jack Dell, who had just heard the hail, came hurrying up.

"Well?" he said. "What news?"

The one spoken to turned away and did not answer.

"Do you hear?" cried Jack, catching him by the shoulder as a heavy-looking man came on deck and walked fiercely and steadily up to the group.

"Bad news, captain," said another of the men, who had just come aboard.

"Bad news of the commodore?" said the heavy-looking fellow.

"Yes."

"Tell me," cried Jack, hoarsely, as he pressed forward to gaze full in the speaker's face, "what is it? They have not sent him away?"

The man was silent; and the rest of the crew, attracted by the return of the boat, clustered round, Jack reeled.

"Stand by, my lad," whispered Bart at his ear. "Don't forget."

The words seemed to give nerve to the sturdy, broad-shouldered young man, who spoke hoarsely.

"Fried and condemned," he said, in a hoarse, strange voice. "They've hung him—"

"What?"

"In chains on a gibbet."

A hoarse, guttural sound escaped from Jack's throat as he clung tightly to Bart's arm.

"The gibbet's on the low point by the mangrove swamp," said the man. "They've cut down two palms about a dozen feet and nailed another across, and the captain's swinging there."

"A lie!" yelled Jack; "not my brother!"

"Yes, we all saw it and made sure; and a number of acquiescence arose from his three companions, who had been in the boat in search of far different information to that which they had brought."

"But let my brother!" groaned Jack.

"Yes," said the man. "It was Commodore Junk."

As a dead silence once more fell upon

the group, the dark, heavy-looking man stood for a few minutes, gazing down at Jack, who had dropped into a sitting position upon a water keg, his arms resting upon his knees, his hands hanging, and his head drooped; while Bart stood by his shoulder, with his face wrinkled and a pained expression upon his brow.

The heavy man nodded and seemed about to speak, but remained silent for a time. Then patting Jack on the shoulder:

"Brave lad! Good captain! For time of war," he said. "But never mind, my lad. We'll pay them for it yet."

He walked slowly toward the captain's cabin, unnoticed by Jack and Bart; but Dinny's eyes were sharp enough to read what all this meant, and he turned to his comrade Dick.

(To be continued.)

ILLUMINATIVE.

Only Light Suitable for Use in Cabin of Noah's Boat.

At a meeting of the Archaeological Club, so the New York Times reports, Prof. Lewis B. Paton of the Hartford Theological Seminary, who is well known as a distinguished student of Semitic archaeology, was approached by a lady who had come as a guest for the purpose of interviewing him.

"Oh, Professor Paton, I'm so glad to meet you!" the lady gushed, shortly after an introduction. "I want to consult you about a matter which has given me much anxiety."

The professor looked politely interested, and the lady continued:

"We are arranging a series of tableaux for the benefit of our church, illustrating events in the Old Testament, and I am anxious that everything shall be in keeping. One of the tableaux represents Noah and his family in the cabin of the ark. I have the costumes quite correct, I'm sure, and the accessories are strikingly appropriate. Some of them are more than a hundred years old. But I cannot think how the cabin should be lighted appropriately. Now, professor, I want to ask you what sort of lights Noah had in his cabin, so that our tableau can be as nearly correct as possible from the archaeological point of view."

"Well, madam," said Professor Paton, after reflection. "I do not know of any data respecting the time of Noah; but if it devolved upon me to make suitably luminous the beautiful tableau you have described, and everything else was as appropriate, I should certainly use arc lights."

An Embarrassing Kindness.

There is one young woman in Philadelphia, declares the Inquirer, whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock recently. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger, who had a ravelling hanging over his collar.

Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled ladies who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father, if he were to go to church with a ravelling hanging down his back; so when the congregation rose for the first hymn she decided to pick it off.

Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but the ravelling was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more of thread appeared.

Setting her teeth she gave a pull, and about a yard more of that horrible thread appeared.

This was getting embarrassing, but still determined, she gave another yank, and then discovered that she was unraveling the man's undershirt.

Her discomfiture was evident when the gentleman turned with a kindly and inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

Satisfied Them.

A lady who is a district visitor became much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indeed they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell them," was the calm reply, "that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

Our Troops Well Disciplined.

The army surgeons in the Philippines attribute the deaths of American soldiers from cholera almost entirely to their disobedience of orders in reference to diet and drink. They aver that an American who takes proper care of himself is almost certain to escape the infection. Admitting this to be true, the small percentage of soldiers who have died of cholera shows a pretty good state of discipline among the troops.—Minneapolis Tribune.

For Personal Adornment.

A lighted lantern does not seem quite the thing one would desire for a personal ornament, yet it serves that purpose in Paris. The fashion originated with a speculative manufacturer, whose "petites lanternes" were bought by tens of thousands at the fair of Neuilly. The lantern is very small and neat, and made in a Gothic form after an ancient model.

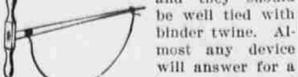
When it comes to making payments, some men never get beyond compliments.

Dreams go by contraries and the man who indulges in day-dreams is always contrary.

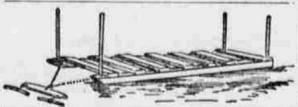


Handling Corn Fodder.

Where shocks are made of unbound fodder it will be necessary to employ the aid of a horse for building them and they should be well tied with binder twine. Almost any device will answer for a horse around

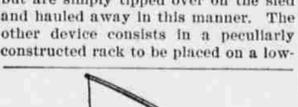


which to shock the corn. Herewith is shown a device sent by a contributor for tying shocks that is very necessary. After the shock is made as large as desired, the shaft of this device is thrust through the shock a little above the half way distance from the bottom to the top, the end of the rope is brought around the shock and the end

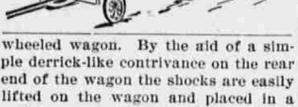


passed over the smooth end of the shaft. By giving the handle a few turns the compass of the shock will be so drawn that it can be easily tied. Shocks tied in this manner seldom get twisted or out of condition.

For hauling in fodder we have two designs. One of these is an ordinary sled-like device that is easily constructed and will be found very handy for hauling fodder. It will be found especially handy in loading fodder. Some use this sled for hauling and the shocks are not torn apart in hauling, but are simply tipped over on the sled and hauled away in this manner. The other device consists in a peculiarly constructed rack to be placed on a low-



wheeled wagon. By the aid of a simple derrick-like contrivance on the rear end of the wagon the shocks are easily lifted on the wagon and placed in a position on the load. We know of several farmers who have used this device, and they pronounce it good. Many ways can be provided for making racks that will be convenient for hauling fodder, and these are only given as starters along this line.—Iowa Homestead.



Here is a sketch of a cheese press that we have found to be very useful; it can be made at a trifling cost. The uprights are 2x4 inch scantling, 4 or 5 feet long, with pieces of the same fastened to the bottom for bases; 30 inches from the floor stout cleats are nailed firmly to the uprights, upon which rests a 2-inch plank, which serves as a table; upon this plank is a cheese hoop with a cheese inside to be pressed; above this is a stout strip (2x4) with ends resting in mortises cut in the uprights; this strip should be 5 or 6 feet in length; under it, in the center, is a block which rests upon a round follower the exact size of the cheese to be pressed. The power is furnished by the eccentrics, or arms, which are merely levers with unequal circular ends; these work on a bolt which pierces the circle near the top; to the ends of the arms fasten strings, which are tied to the side of the table to maintain the pressure. When the cheese is placed in the hoop, the follower and block adjusted, by pulling down on the eccentrics a pressure of any required degree is applied upon the cheese. Both the board and strip being elastic, the pressure is maintained as long as required.—Jacob Harper, in the Epitomist.

Winter Spraying of Fruit Trees.

The spraying of fruit trees during the winter should not be neglected. Before the leaves start the trunk and every branch of the tree should be well sprayed with a solution of one pound of copper sulphate in twenty-five gallons of water to check scab, codling moth, bird moth, tent caterpillar, canker worm, plum curculio and San Jose scale on apple trees, to be followed up after the blossoms fall by the regular bordeaux mixture of four pounds each of sulphate of copper and lime to fifty gallons of water. Some prefer to use six pounds sulphate of copper instead of four pounds, but we are not sure that this is any better than the other, while for peach trees that have put out their leaves the use of three pounds of sulphate of copper to six or nine pounds of lime is thought strong enough for fifty gallons of water. But we are now speaking of a winter spray before the leaves come out. The mixture of fifty pounds each of lime, salt and flowers of sulphur is used on the Pacific coast for the San Jose scale, but in our Eastern climate it does not seem to be as effectual, as the frequent rains wash it off. A mixture of pure lime made as a thin whitewash and used on peach trees two or three times in the winter has been recommended as a spray that will keep the leaves and buds from starting early enough to be killed by the spring frosts.—American Cultivator.

Keeping Late Cabbage.

Late cabbage laid in shallow trenches roots up will keep well if not placed too close together in the trench. Dig a trench about eight or ten inches deep and two and a half to three feet wide, putting some cross-pieces of wood in the bottom of the trench for some odd and end boards to rest upon, making a rough