

# A SISTER'S VENGEANCE

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

## CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

What followed was one terrible scene of despairing men striving for their lives against a foe of overpowering strength. The fierce fire of the schooner, as she came nearer and nearer, was felt to rebound to, and in a short time the deck streamed with blood, as the shot came crashing through the bulwarks, sending showers of splinters to do deadly work with the hail of grape. There was no thought of capture now; no need of bidding the men attack; following the example of their officers; and one and all doggedly determined to sell their lives dearly, the men dragged gun after gun round as those they worked were disabled, and sent a shot in reply as often as they could.

With uniform torn and bedabbled, with blood, face blackened with powder, and the red light of battle in his eyes, Humphrey Armstrong saw plainly enough that his case was hopeless, and that, with all her pomp of war and pride of discipline and strength, his sloop was prostrate before the buccaneer's snaky craft.

The schooner's sides were vomiting smoke and flame, and she was close alongside now. She had been so maneuvered as to sail right round the end of the reef, whose position seemed to be exactly known, so that from firing upon the sloop's bows and raking from stem to stern, the firing had been continued as she passed along the larboard side.

Hardly had Humphrey seen the enemy's intentions and gathered his men together, than the schooner's side ground up against the shattered stern of the sloop. Heavy grappling irons were thrown on board, and with a furious yelling a horde of blackened, savage-looking men poured on to the bloody, splinter-strewn deck, and coming comparatively fresh upon the sloop's exhausted crew, bore down all opposition. Men were driven below, cut down, stunned and driven to ask for quarter; and so furious was the onslaught that the sloop's crew were divided into two half-helpless bodies, one of which threw down their arms, while the other, which included the captain and the officers, backed slowly toward the bows, halting at every spot where they could make a stand, but forced to yield foot by foot, till their fate was to surrender or be driven through the shattered bulwarks into the sea.

It was a matter of minutes. The fight was desperate, but useless; Humphrey Armstrong and those around him seeming determined to sell their lives dearly, for no quarter was asked. They had given way step by step till there was nothing behind them, but the shattered bulwarks and the sea, when, headed by their leader, the buccaneers made a desperate rush; there was the clashing of sword and pike; and, as sailor and officer fell or were disarmed, Humphrey stepped in a half-congealed pool of blood, slipped, and went heavily backward, the buccaneer's lieutenant leaping forward to brain him with a heavy ax.

There was a rush, a fierce shout, Black Mazard was thrust aside, and the commodore sprang past him to plant his foot upon the fallen officer's chest, while, the fight being over, the rest held their hands—the conquerors and conquered—to see what would be the captain's fate.

"Now, Captain Armstrong," cried the buccaneer leader, "beg for your wretched life, you cowardly dog!"

"Coward!" roared Humphrey, raising himself slightly on one hand, as with the other he swept the blood from his ensanguined face. "You cursed hound! you lie!"

The buccaneer shrank back as if from some blow; his foot was withdrawn from the wounded officer's chest, he lowered the point of his sword and stood gazing at his prostrate enemy wildly.

"The captain shirks the job, lads," cried a coarse voice. "Here, let me come."

It was Black Mazard who spoke, and drunk with the spirit of the furious fight, he pressed forward, ax in hand.

Humphrey raised himself a little higher, with his white teeth bared in fierce defiance as he prepared to meet the death-blow he saw about to fall.

But at that moment the buccaneer caught his lieutenant's uplifted arm.

"Enough!" he cried, fiercely. "no more blood. He is no coward. Bart—Denny, take this gentleman ashore."

Humphrey Armstrong did not hear the words, for his defiant act exhausted his falling strength, and he fell back, insensible to all that happened for many hours to come.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Not dying, Bart?"

"No, not exactly dying," said that worthy in a low growl; "but s'pose you shoots and wings a gull, picks it up, and takes it and puts it in a cage; the wound heals up, and the bird seems sound; but after a time it don't peck, and don't preen its plumes, and if it don't beat itself again' the bars of the cage, it sits and looks at the sea."

"Then you mean that Captain Armstrong is pining away?"

"That's it."

"Has he any suspicion of who we are?"

"Not a bit."

"And you think he is suffering for want of change?"

"Course I do. Anyone would—shut up in that dark place."

"Has he complained?"

"Nor he. Too brave a lad. Why not give him and his lads a boat, and let them go?"

"To come back with a strong force and destroy us?"

"Ah, I never thought of that! Make him swear he wouldn't. He'd keep his word."

"But his men would not, Bart. No; he will have to stay."

"Let him loose, then, to run about the place. He can't get away."

"I am afraid."

"What of it?"

"Some trouble arising. Mazard does not like him."

The buccaneer took a turn or two up and down the quarters he occupied in the vast range of buildings buried in the forest a mile back from the head of the harbor where his schooner lay; and Bart watched him curiously till he stopped, with his face twitching, and the frown deepening upon his brow.

"He will not give his word of honor

not to attempt to escape, Bart," said the captain, pausing at last before his follower.

"'Twar'n't likely," said Bart. "Who would? He'd got away if he could."

"The prisoners cannot escape through the forest; there is no way but the sea, and that must be properly watched. Due notice must be given to all that any attempt to escape will be followed by the punishment of death."

"I hear," said Bart. "Am I to tell the captain that?"

"No. He must know it; but I give him into your charge. You must watch over him, and protect him from himself and from anyone else."

"Black Mazard?"

"From anyone likely to do him harm," said the captain, sternly. "You understand?"

"Yes, I'm going," replied Bart, in a low growl, as he gazed in his leader's eyes; and then, with a curious, thoughtful look in his own, he went out of the captain's quarters and in the direction of the prison of the king's officer.

As Bart approached he became aware of a faint rustling sound, as of someone retreating from the window among the trees, and starting forward, he looked out. But all was still; not a long rope-like liana quivering, no leaf crushed.

"Some monkey," muttered Bart, and turning back, he gazed down at a heavy frown at the frank, handsome face of the young officer, till he saw the features twitch, the eyes open and stare wonderingly into his; and once more the prisoner, roused by the presence of another gazing upon his sleeping face, suddenly sprang up.

"You here!"

"Yes, sir, I'm here," said Bart.

"What for? Why?"

"Nothing much, sir; only to tell you that you can go."

"Go?" cried the captain, excitedly.

"Yes, sir, Captain Jack's orders—where you like, so long as you don't try to escape."

"But I must escape!" cried Humphrey, angrily. "Tell the captain I will not give my parole."

"He don't want it, sir. You can go where you like, only if you try to escape you will be shot."

Humphrey Armstrong rose from where he had been lying and made as if to go to the door, his face full of excitement, his eyes flashing, and his hands all of a tremble.

"There, the sickness has passed off. Now help me out into the sunshine."

Humphrey Armstrong was weaker from his wounds than he believed; but the change from being shut up in the dim temple chamber with the great stone idol for company to the comparatively free open air of the forest clearing rapidly restored the elasticity of his nature, and gave him ample opportunity for studying the state of affairs.

He found that the buccaneers went out but seldom, and that when expeditions were made they would be fairly divided. At one time the captain would be in command, at another the lieutenant, so that their settlement was never left unprotected.

As far as he could judge, they were about a hundred in number, and great dilapidated chambers in the range of temples and palaces formed admirable barracks and means of defense, such as in time of need could easily be held against attack.

But Humphrey's great idea was to escape; and to accomplish this it seemed to him that his first need was to open up communication with his men.

This he determined to accomplish, for with the liberty given it seemed to be a very easy thing to walk to some heap of stones at the edge of the forest and there seat himself till he was unobserved, when he could quietly slip into the dense thicket, and make his way to where his followers were imprisoned.

He had not long to wait, for it seemed that, after being closely watched for the first few days, the latitude allowed to him was greater. He had but to walk to the edge of the forest and wait, for the opportunity was sure to come.

The forest path had evidently been rarely used of late, for the soft earth showed no imprints, the tender sickly growth of these deep shades had not been crushed; and as Humphrey realized these facts, he glanced back to see how easily his trail could be followed—each step he had taken being either impressed in the vegetable soil or marked by the crushing down of moss or herb.

The sight of this impelled him to additional effort, so that he might gain some definite information about his people, and perhaps seek them by night, when once he had found the means of communication. In this spirit he was hurrying on when he came suddenly, in one of the darkest paths, upon a figure which barred his way, and it was with the addition of a rage-wrung savage exclamation that he uttered his captor's name.

There was a dead silence in the dark forest as these two stood face to face, buried as it were in a gloomy tunnel. After Humphrey's impatient exclamation, quite a minute elapsed; and then, half mockingly, came in a deep, low voice:

"Yes! Commodore Junk!"

Humphrey stood glaring down at the obstacle in his path. He was tall and athletic, and, in spite of his weakness and the tales he had heard of the other's powers, he felt that he could seize this man, hurl him down and plant his foot upon his chest; for the buccaneer captain was without weapons, and stood looking up at him with one hand resting upon his hips, the other raised to his beardless face, with a well-shaped, small index finger slightly impressing his rounded cheek.

"Yes," he said mockingly. "Commodore Junk! Well, Humphrey Armstrong, what mad fit is this?"

"Mad fit?" cried Humphrey, quickly recovering himself. "You allowed me to be at liberty, and I am exploring the place."

The buccaneer looked in his eyes, with the mocking smile growing more marked.

"Is this Captain Humphrey Armstrong, brave commander sent to exterminate me and mine, stooping to make a miserable excuse—to tell a lie?"

"A lie!" cried Humphrey, fiercely, as he took a step in advance.

"Yes, a lie!" said the buccaneer, with-

out moving a muscle. "You were trying to find some way by which you could escape."

Humphrey was silent.

"Come, Captain Humphrey; you will suffer for this. There are chills and fevers in the depths of this forest which seize upon strangers like you, especially upon those weakened by their wounds, and I do not want to lose the officer and gentleman who is to be my friend and help here, where I am, as it were, alone."

"Your friend and help!" said Humphrey, haughtily. "I am your prisoner, sir; but you forget to whom you are speaking. How dare you ask me to link my fate with that of your cutthroat band—to share with you a life of plunder and disgrace, and with the noose at the yard-arm of every ship in his majesty's navy waiting to end your miserable career?"

He made a clutch at the nearest branch to save himself, for his head swam, black spots veiled in mist and strangely blurred seemed to be descending from above to form a blinding veil before his eyes. He recovered himself for a moment, long enough to resent the hand stretched out to save him, and then all was blank, and with a hoarse sigh he would have fallen heavily but for the strong arms that caught him, held him firmly for a few moments, and then a faint catching sigh was heard in the stillness of the forest, as Humphrey Armstrong was lowered slowly upon the moss and a soft brown hand laid upon his forehead, as the buccaneer bent down upon one knee by his side.

"Want me?" said a deep, low voice; and the buccaneer started as if from a dream, with his face hardening, and the wrinkles which had been smoothed reappearing deeply in the broad forehead.

"You here, Bart?"

"Ay, I'm here."

"Give me a lift and I'll carry him back."

All this was done, and Dinny summoned, so that when, an hour later, Humphrey unclosed his eyes, it was with his head throbbing with fever, a wild, half-delirious dreaminess troubling his brain, and the great stone image glaring down at him through the dim green twilight of the prison room.

It was a bitter experience for the prisoner to find that he had overrated his powers. The effort, the excitement, and the malaria of the forest prostrated him for a fortnight, and at the end of that time he found that he was in no condition to make a further attempt at securing the means of escape.

"You're to keep to your prison till further orders," said Bart one day as he entered the place.

"Who says so?" cried Humphrey, angrily.

"Luffenant."

"What! Mazard?"

"Yes, sir. His orders."

"Curse Lieut. Mazard!" cried Humphrey. "Where is the captain?"

No answer.

"Is this so-called lieutenant master here?"

"Tries to be," grumbled Bart.

"The captain is away, then?"

"Orders are not to answer questions," said Bart, abruptly; and he left the chamber.

Midday arrived, and Humphrey was looking forward to the coming of Dinny with his meal. The Irishman lightened his weary hours, and every time he came the captive felt some little hope of winning him over to help him escape.

"Ah, Dinny, my lad!" he said, as he heard a step, and the hanging curtain was drawn aside.

He stopped and listened, for a voice whispered from somewhere close at hand the word "Kelly!"

"Yes; what is it? Who called?" said the prisoner, aloud.

There was a momentary silence, and then a peculiar whispering voice said:

"Don't be frightened."

"I'm not," said Humphrey, trying to make out whence the voice came, and only able to surmise that it was from somewhere over the dark corner where he slept. "But where are you?"

"Up above your chamber," was the reply. "There is a place where the stones are broken away."

"Then I am watched," thought Humphrey, as the announcement recalled the captain.

"Can you see me?" he asked.

"I cannot see you where you are now, but I could if you went and lay down upon your couch."

"Then I'll go there," said Humphrey, crossing the great chamber to throw himself on the blankets and skins. "Now, then, what do you want with Dinny?"

"I knew the captain had gone to sea," said the voice, eagerly; "but I did not know Kelly had been taken, too. He cannot be, without letting me know."

"Listen!" said Humphrey, quickly. "You are Mistress Greenbeys?"

"Yes."

"And you love Dennis Kelly?"

There was silence.

"You need not fear me. I know your history," continued Humphrey. "You are, like myself, a prisoner, and in the power of that black-looking lieutenant."

"I am a miserable slave, sir."

"Yes, yes, I know. Then look here, can we not all escape together?"

"Escape, sir! How?"

"Through Dinny's help."

"He would not give it, sir. It would be impossible. I—I—there! I will speak out, sir—I can bear this horrible life no longer! I have asked him to take me away."

"Well, will he not?"

"He is afraid, sir."

"And yet he loves you?"

"Yes! Commodore Junk!"

"And you believe it, or you would not run risks by coming here."

"Risks," said the woman, with a sigh. "If Mazard knew I came he would kill me!"

"The wretch!" muttered Humphrey. Then, aloud, "Dinny must help us. Woman, surely you can win him to our side! You will try?"

"Try, sir! I will do anything!"

"Work upon his feelings, and I will try and do the same."

The curtain dropped. Humphrey stood listening and thinking. Finally he rose and without any hesitation walked straight out through the opening, and made his way along the corridor to where the sun blazed forth.

The prisoner made a bold dash in a fresh direction, going straight toward where he believed his men's quarters to be; and, as before, the moment he passed behind the ruins he found himself face to face with a dense wall of verdure.

Defeated here, he tried another and another place, till his perseverance was rewarded by the finding of one of the dark, maze-like paths formed by cut-

ting away the smaller growth and zig-zagging through the trees.

Into the dark pathway he plunged, to find at the end of five minutes he had lost all idea, through its abrupt turns, of the direction in which he was going; while before he had penetrated much further the pathway forked, and, unable to decide which would lead him to the required direction, he took the path to the right.

This suddenly debouched upon another going across it at right angles, and after a moment's hesitation the prisoner turned to the left, and to his great delight found that he had solved one of the topographical problems of the place, for this led toward what was evidently the outer part of the buccaneers' settlement, and of this he had proof by hearing the soothing sound of voices, which became clear as he proceeded, and at last were plainly to be made out as coming from a ruined building standing upon a terrace.

(To be continued.)

## The Punishments of a School.

When the John Worthy School of Chicago was created there was no law on the statute books prohibiting flogging, and so the institution flogged. Soon society heard of it, raved, fomented and sprinkled protests in the newspapers, and afternoon teas, appalled but not speechless, were agog with indignation, and the great city council, stirred by the feminine fluster, put, as it were, a gag on society's mouth by enacting an ordinance making corporal punishment unlawful. Then the solitary cell, known otherwise as the solitary, or, vernacularly, as "the hole," came into existence—solitary confinement for one, two or three days, according to the offense. But it was found that offenses were committed for which solitary confinement of any length of time would be too severe but which still ought to be checked by proper reprimand. To supply this want a new and peculiarly punitive device was contrived. In course of time it became known as "ploughing," a term suggestive of anything but prison life. This new punishment consisted of continuous walking about the four sides of a large rectangular hall, the walking being incessant under watch of a guard, and of a duration sufficient in length to permit the sufferer to hear at least one meal gone to which he could not respond.—Thomas A. Steep, in Leslie's Monthly for August.

## What Is Electricity?

At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence, says a writer in the Academy, has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe is about as far as he has got; and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks," we should probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess as to what electricity is, and the only point on which they agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion among scientific writers that it is not a fluid—i. e., a continuous stream of ponderable matter, as is a liquid or a gas—and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat. Outside this limit the scientific imagination is at liberty to roam where it listeth, and although it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, no definite result has followed up to the present time.

## Sarcasm that Failed.

He is such a little man—only 3 years old—yet he insists upon intruding his presence and advice upon his elders, often to their intense annoyance.

It was only a few days ago that his mother and his Aunt Belle were discussing some household problem—something that an infant was not supposed to know anything about. Suddenly Cliff appeared upon the scene, and in a moment was informing both of the feminine members of the family just what the facts were.

"Oh, Wisdom, when did you arrive?" exclaimed Aunt Belle, thinking that she might be able to "squell" the youngster.

"Just come dis minit," replied the mite, not in the least abashed by the sarcasm. And Aunt Belle gave it up as a hopeless case.—Duluth News-Tribune.

## Five Boons of Life.

In the morning of life came the good fairy with her basket and said:

"Here are gifts. Take one, leave the others. And be wary, choose wisely; O, choose wisely! for only one of them is valuable."

The gifts were five: Fame, Love, Riches, Pleasure, Death. The youth said eagerly:

"There is no need to consider," and he chose Pleasure.

He went out into the world and sought out the pleasures that youth delights in. But each in turn was short lived and disappointing, vain and empty; and each, departing, mocked him. In the end he said:

"These years I have wasted. If I could but choose again, I would choose wisely."—Mark Twain in Harper's Weekly.

## Apace with the Times.

"Yes," said the landlord of the picturesque old tavern, "I am going to alter my 'Accommodation for Man and Beast' sign."

"In what way?" queried the tourist.

"Why, I am going to put up 'Accommodation for Man and Automobile.'"

To ascertain the correct age of a horse, ask the owner and multiply his answer by two.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Women are certainly queer creatures," remarked the old physician.

"What is it now?" asked the druggist.

"Why," answered the old pill dispenser, "I just received a postal card from a woman patient marked 'Personal.'"

Had Not Decided.

Theatrical Manager—Here's a letter from the lithographer, and he wants to know what will be the color of your hat this season."

Actress—Tell him I'll wire him next week.

### Very Active.



Jones—Were you there when they passed around the cheese?  
Smith—Yes; I took an active part.

### Best Course.

"Husband," wailed the speckled hen, "I laid my eggs high up in the loft and some one took them. What should I do now?"  
"Lay low!" chuckled the red rooster, as he strutted away.

### His Confession.

"To what," asked the inquisitive person, "do you owe your success in life?"  
"To my wife," replied the man who was in the tax-dodger class.

"Would you mind giving me further details?" asked the l. p.

"Details are scarce," replied the capitalist. "I simply married a widow who had half a million in cold cash."

### An Awful Jolt.

"I say, barba!" queried the very young man as he paused at the door of a crowded tontorial parlor, "how long will I—aw—have to wait for a shave?"  
"Oh," replied the barber as he glanced at the beardless face of the speaker, "you might come back in a couple of years."

### Not an Omission.

"I see Reginald has changed his mind and decided to prosecute the owner of the automobile that ran over him."

"Yes, indeed. At first he thought it was the racing machine of a Newport millionaire, but now he finds it only belonged to a common broker."

### Useless.

Sue—Yes, it was terribly lonesome down to the beach. No one to make love.

Belle—But you said there was one man down there?

Sue—Yes; but he was no use to us. He was the "armless wonder" from the museum.

### Did Not Understand.



"What on earth's the matter with Mrs. Safta, anyhow?"

"Jealous of Safta, I guess. She's been made ever since he told her the other day that he was going to buy a new ribbon for his typewriter."

### A Draw.

Summer Boarder—Tell me something to decide a bet. Is that horse of yours older than the wagon?

The Farmer—They're twins.—Puck.

### Like a Book.

"Mrs. Judson says she knows her husband like a book."

"Yes, and she treats him like one."

"How's that?"

"Treats him carelessly and shuts him up."

### Ready to Take Chances.

First Old Maid—Well, you know, marriage is a lottery, and I truly believe it.

Second Old Maid—So do I! But where do you suppose I could get a ticket?

### As Indicated.

Ping—That fellow Graspit certainly knows the value of a dollar.

Pong—Been trying to borrow one of him?—Chicago News.

### Practical Experience.