"You—Why, You Are a Robber, a Pirate!"

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man imprisoned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

She bent her head slightly.

"What vessel is this?"

"The steam yacht Sea Queen of Liverpool, owned by Lord Darlington," she announced, soberly, her face and lips white.

"How came you anchored off the government docks?"

"By special permission of the presidente. We were towed into that berth early last evening, after the Esmeralda had been hauled up against the quay to ship armament and stores."

I drew a deep breath.

"Could you tell me if it was known to others that you contemplated anchoring there?"

She hesitated, her lips slightly apart, one hand pressed against her temple.

"It is most important that I learn the exact truth," I urged, earnestly. "I ask from no idle curiosity."

"I am not generally consulted in such matters, senor," she admitted, "but I believe we had been waiting several days for the opportunity to take that position. This is as I have been told."

She seemed to be awaiting my explanation, striving to be courteous, yet with her impatience slightly evidenced by the continual tapping of her foot on the rug. But I was not yet through with my questioning.

"Were no officers left on board last night?"

Her gray eyes widened.

"Certainly yes; the first officer and the engineer were in charge when I retired. The others, with the majority of the crew, had gone ashore at sundown to enjoy the fun. But why do you ask, senor? Are these not on board now?"

"I regret being compelled to answer no. Only the engineer, three of the harbor watch, and some Kanaka firemen have been found. I have discovered no trace of the first officer."

"Then—then he must have rowed ashore with two of the men!" she exclaimed.

"How chanced you to be left here alone?"

She hesitated, her hands clasped on the chairback, her bosom rising and falling tremulously. Yet finally she forced her lips to reply, as though thus seeking the quickest way of clarifying the situation.

"We were all invited to the palace of the presidente to listen to the speeches and view the fireworks. Lord Darlington was greatly interested, and most desirous of attending. The unfortunate scene which occurred at the hotel early in the evening left me, however, with so severe a headache that I begged to be allowed to remain here alone with Celeste. At first both Lord Darlington and mamma refused to depart without me, but when the presidente dispatched his own steam launch to convey the party to the wharf, they decided it would be most discourteous not to attend. Lord Darlington's membership in the house of lords gives him a certain official recognition abroad which he does not care to have lapse. The yacht's captain accompanied them, and no dream of evil befalling those left behind ever occurred to any one of us. O senor, tell me, what does it all mean? What has happened?"

"I presume I must explain," I said, regretfully, "although it is not an easy task by any means. You will have confidence in me, Miss Doris?"

"I shall endeavor to do so," she returned, an increasing coldness in her voice. "But I am Lady Darlington."

"Your parden; I supposed you to be that gentleman's daughter."

The color swept in a wave of rich crimson into her cheeks, the gray eyes becoming darker.

"Nevertheless, senor, I am Lord Darlington's wife."

Even in that moment of embarrassment and perplexity, when I was scarcely less agitated than herself, this unexpected announcement of such a relationship came to me as a shock. Why it should, what difference it could possibly make, I did not in the least realize, yet I was instantly conscious of the disappointment, of deep regret. The revelation, thus calmly, proudly made, was so unexpected, so destructive of all my previous conceptions, as to seem an impossibility. Could this young, clear-eyed woman be indeed the wife of that grim, inactive, ancient peer of the realm?

"You apparently question the truth of my words," she remarked, coldly observant.

"It was only the natural surprise of a moment, Lady Darlington," I hastened to apologize. "The thought of your marriage had never before occurred to me."

She looked directly into my eyes, her own plainly indignant, yet her words strove to overcome the bluntness of my speech.

"I do not feel, senor, that there can be any necessity for discussing my private affairs with you at present. Enough that I am Lady Darlington, and that I have patiently answered the rather impudent questions you have seen fit to ask. Now, Senor Estevan, kindly enlighten me as to the cause of your intrusion into this apartment, and your presence on board the yacht."

Her tone had changed to imperiousness. This was plainly a command, and, back of the fair face fronting me, I read strength of character and a proud insistence long accustomed to control. It was not fear but disdain that darkened her gray eyes. Her manner begged nothing—it pictured dominant command, the attitude of one who addresses a servant, expecting implicit obedience.

"Lady Darlington," I began, standing directly before her, and reverting to the use of English, so as to be certain of making my meaning sufficiently clear, "whatever explanation I may make cannot be pleasant, but it shall be truthful. It is far better that you comprehend fully the situation we are in—your own peril, as well as my responsibility."

Her expression changed from arbitrary defiance to an amazement not untinged by a sudden development of fear as her hands grasped the chairback convulsively; but I went on steadily to the end.

"I am not, as you naturally supposed, a Chilean, but a native of North America. My name is Stephens. I was in Valparaiso under most unpleasant circumstances, seeking vainly to escape from the country, and hounded by the secret police because of my connection lately with a revolutionary movement along the Bolivian frontier. The merits of that affair need not now be discussed, but I had become involved in it through certain business connections, and had attained Valparaiso after much hardship, seeking escape by sea. There I discovered every avenue closed against me, and was reduced to a desperate plight. I was in hiding from the governmental authorities when I risked almost certain discovery—last evening. A little later—after you left the hotel—a man who I was led to believe represented the Peruvian government, approached me with a strange proposition, which, however, promised immediate release from my dangerous predicament, and, likewise, a suitable reward for the successful performance of a certain service. I am a sailor, and the particular duty required of me was to be performed upon the sea. I was asked to assume the position of a Peruvian naval captain, incapacitated by sudden illness, in the surprise and capture of a Chilean war vessel, the steam yacht Esmeralda, then supposed to be lying at anchor, poorly guarded, in the outer harbor off the government docks. For that purpose I was presented with a Peruvian naval commission."

My glance wandered from the motionless woman fronting me in such white silence to Celeste, who had sunk back upon the bed, her blue eyes staring at me across the brass rail, evidently experiencing difficulty in translating my rapid English speech.

"I had enjoyed but little opportunity of examining the particular vessel we were thus employed to capture, as I dared not leave the hotel except after nightfall," I continued, more slowly. "Yet I knew her place of anchorage, and that she was a steam yacht of some 700 tons burden, schooner-rigged, with lines promising great speed. Otherwise I relied entirely upon the knowledge of the officers under me. We boarded what I believed to be the Esmeralda soon after midnight, overcame the small harbor watch with little difficulty, captured the engine room, and, by holding a gun at his ear, persuaded the engineer to operate his machinery in our service. The very audacity of the attempt brought comparatively easy success. The main cabin had been secured by my orders when we first arrived aboard, and I came below just now, after all danger seemed far astern, to learn if any officers were hidden away here. I had examined all the other staterooms, finding them empty, and at last opened this door in my quest. Not until I saw you did I in the slightest realize that we were on board the wrong vessel, nor that we were engaged in anything except an honorable adventure of war."

That the hasty details of my story both startled her and impressed her with its truth, was evident enough, yet her lips curled with contempt, and her eyes remained unbelieving.

"How many men accompanied you?"

"A crew of 20, with two officers."

"Peruvians, I presume?"

"No, madam," reluctantly, "hotchpotch dragged from the seven seas."

Her expressive face darkened, her fingers clenching again nervously about the chairback.

"And you really expect me to believe that preposterous tale!" she burst forth, indignation shattering all ordinary bounds of speech. "You must, indeed, think very highly of my intelligence. You—why, you are a sea-robber, a pirate!"

My cheeks flushed at the harsh words. I could feel the surge of blood, yet I met her gaze quietly.

"I have told you the exact truth, Lady Darlington, as I promised," I returned, seeking to speak calmly, "without any real hope that you would believe. Yet I want you to try. It is all bad enough as it stands, without endeavoring to make it appear worse."

She leaned slightly forward, clearly impressed to some extent by the gravity of my manner.

"Then prove it."

"How?"

"By steaming directly back to Valparaiso and delivering up this stolen vessel to its lawful owners."

"That sounds simple enough, but do you realize what our probable fate would be?"

She clasped her hands tightly, pressing them against her breast.

"What do I care!" the contempt in her voice grown bitter. "You have done the evil, by your own confession; now you should pay the price. You rescued me once from insult, and I hold the remembrance of that act in your favor. Prove yourself worthy a woman's respect by making amends for this wrong. Take the Sea Queen back now, before it is forever too late, and all I can do, or that my husband can accomplish, shall be done to save you from punishment. Prove to me that your words are not false."

I hesitated, doubt and suspicion rendering me totally incapable of clear thinking before her insistent demand. Her face grew whiter as she marked my silence.

"So you—you lied, then!" the cruel words faltered from between her lips almost unconsciously.

"No, I spoke the truth," I answered, gripping myself sternly, "but I question my power."

"Your power? Why, you just informed me you were in command."

I advanced a step forward, my manner respectful enough, yet she half shrank back from my approach and brought the protection of the chair between us.

"Perhaps I may never succeed in making you clearly comprehend my present position," I said, soberly, "yet I intend to try, because, in truth, I need your assistance as greatly as you need mine. Twenty minutes ago, Lady Darlington, it was true I believed myself to be in absolute command of this vessel. Now I gravely suspect whether I may not be a mere puppet, helpless in the hands of others. As I have already endeavored to explain, it was comparatively easy for me to mistake this yacht for the Esmeralda. They are very much alike, and I had enjoyed no opportunity for closely observing either. But it is impossible for me to conceive how the others of my party could have innocently made such an error. What project they may have had in mind I cannot even guess, but I believe now the Sea Queen was deliberately captured, and that I have been decoyed into the leadership of an act of piracy. If so, then I am only one man pitted against 20. What I may accomplish I have at present no means of knowing. I must see the others, endeavor to discover their secret purpose, and learn whether or not I possess any real authority on board. Lady Darlington, do you at least comprehend what I mean? Do I make it clear to you that I am in a position scarcely less perilous than your own?"

With lips parted and hands clenched over her heaving breast she stood silent, apparently deeply aroused by my earnest appeal, yet totally unable to repose full confidence in me. Yet her very hesitancy was to me an encouragement.

"You certainly have every reason to doubt me at present, madam," I urged, with increased confidence, "yet I mean to prove myself worthy your trust by deeds rather than words. Will you consent to do as I wish, at least for the moment?"

She did not appear to know what she had better do or say, her glance wandering in uncertainty from my face to the questioning eyes of the maid. The latter leaned forward with some eagerness.

"Surely it is best to say out, madame; ze man has ze look honorable," her hands gesticulating despair. "An' on ze whol' ship zere was no one else to help us."

"As you say, Celeste, there is no choice;" and Lady Darlington's gray eyes again sought mine reluctantly. "I sincerely desire to repose complete confidence in you; to believe you worthy. What is it you wish us to do?"

"Merely to remain where you are, beyond the observation of others, until I can ascertain the exact truth of our situation. So soon as I learn this, I shall return with the information. Will you accede to this?"

She lowered her head slightly, in silent acquiescence, and, still facing them both, I backed out of the room and closed the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE TYPE OF MAN

Rev. Watson Dana Never Tipped Hat to a Woman.

Archbold's Cousin Never Touched Liquor, Tobacco, and Has Not Seen a Theatrical Performance, Though 70 Years Old.

Kansas City, Mo.—Rev. Watson Dana, cousin of the late Charles A Dana, the famous editor of the New York Sun, and of John D. Archbold the Standard Oil multi-millionaire who visited in this city at the home of his son, 1216 Tracy avenue recently, although more than 70 years old has never raised his hat to a woman and declares he never will.

"No man has greater respect for womankind than I," said Rev. Mr Dana, "but for a man to raise his hat to her is an act of sacrilege. The Bible teaches us to uncover on entering the temple of the most high, and this mark of respect I reserve for my God."

Mr. Dana has never touched liquor, never chewed tobacco, smoked or gambled, has never told a lie and has preached the Gospel for 50 years. He has never entered a theater or seen a theatrical performance, has never traveled a mile on train or boat on Sunday.

He has not an enemy in the world and has never spoken unkindly of his fellowman. He has the reputation of being the best loved man in Ohio. He has given away a fortune, but has never been involved in a lawsuit and has never had a fight.

Rev. Watson Dana's great-grandfather was one of the party that first settled in Washington county, Ohio in 1778. They founded the town of Newport, a city that is surrounded with historical spots and famous places.

He was born in 1836 in the house his father built on Dana's run, within a stone's throw of the Dana mill whose crumbling stone walls served for pictures for many a famous artist.

His father was a minister and the boy grew up in an atmosphere of religion. Early in life he began preaching. As he expresses it, his college course was taken behind the counter of a country store and his theological course on horseback.

There was not a railroad in the state in his boyhood and many a ride of 30, 40 and 50 miles he has taken on horseback that he might be able to preach to a few farmers and settlers in a little neighborhood, too poor to support a minister.

Time and again he has been called

Rev. Watson Dana.

late at night to ride through storm and cold to the bedside of some parishioner. He frequently walked miles to preach rather than profane the Sabbath by taking a convenient train. He has never had his life insured. He holds that life insurance is a specie of gambling, with life and death as stakes.

At one time he was wealthy; to-day he has practically nothing. There are many persons who owe him and who will never pay, knowing he will not bring suit for recovery.

Utility in Studies.

President Schurman's questioning of the utility of teaching modern languages in colleges is somewhat surprising. While it may be true, as he claims, that not one in 500 outside of teachers will use them, this is not a valid reason for discontinuing them as studies. Such a test could be made to sweep the college curricula of nearly every study now considered essential. What would become of the higher mathematics if this test were applied? Who uses conic sections of trigonometry in his business? What business man has actual recourse to what he learned of chemistry or mineralogy? The utilitarian test can be applied too rigidly to college studies with the result of greatly narrowing the college curriculum. The cultural studies ought to have a chance.—Minneapolis Journal.

Love Will Find a Way.

Oberlin was the first coeducational college in this country. In the early days they had a rule that in case there were but one man and one woman and in a room, at least one chair should be between them. One evening an instructor, passing one of the small sitting rooms, was horrified at beholding a young man and a young woman occupying the same chair.

"Sir," he demanded of the man student, "what is the meaning of this outrageous behavior? Do you not know the rules of the college?"

"Why—er—don't they say that if a man and a girl sit alone in a room they shall have one chair between them?"—Everybody's.

Not the Worst.

"I must confess that I don't sleep well while traveling by train," said Mr. Chuggins. "I had a terrible dream last night."

"I understand they had some trouble on the road."

"Yes. I dreamed my motor car ran over an embankment, smashed the engine and tore the transmission out by the roots. You can't imagine how relieved I felt when I awoke and found it was only a railway collision."

An Exploded Theory.

"Do you believe there is anything in mental suggestion?"

"Not a thing."

"Don't you think it is possible if one person keeps his mind steadily fixed on a certain thing which he wishes another to do that the other will be influenced so that he will eventually do it?"

"No, I don't believe in the theory at all. I've been wishing for a week that you'd pay me what you owe me without making it necessary for me to ask you for it."—Sunday Magazine of the Cleveland Leader.

Sometimes a man is as badly frightened by an imaginary snake as a woman is by a real mouse.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

On Ghosts.

James H. Hyslop, the brilliant psychologist, narrated, during a discussion of the Paladin case in New York, an original old lady's opinion of ghosts.

"Ghosts!" exclaimed the old lady, scornfully. "I don't take any stock in them. If you die and go to the good place it isn't likely that you'd want to waddle back to this poor vale of trouble, while if you go to the bad place you'll be kept there."

The girl who says she wouldn't marry the best man living will probably live to have the satisfaction of knowing she didn't.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

Young man, don't marry a parlor ornament unless you can afford to hire a cook.

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If during the last thirty years we have not succeeded in convincing every fair-minded woman that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands and thousands of women of the ills peculiar to their sex, then we long for an opportunity to do so by direct correspondence. Meanwhile read the following letters which we guarantee to be genuine and truthful.

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St. Regis Falls, N. Y.—"Two years ago I was so bad that I had to take to my bed every month, and it would last from two to three weeks. I wrote to you for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in dry form. I am happy to say that I am cured, thanks to your medicine and good advice. You may use my letter for the good of others."—Mrs. J. H. Breyere, St. Regis Falls, N. Y.

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If You Would Have Friends

Don't Annoy People by Comparisons That Are Humiliating.

When you start in to say plain things to anybody be sure to use plain words and not idioms. Never use figures of speech when rebuking others, for in time your helpful rebuke may be forgotten, but the tang of the biting figure will never be forgotten, and perhaps not forgiven. For example, you might want to tell a conservative person he was not up to the times in some particular matter, but don't call him a fossil—he would never forget it. There is a good deal in a name. Never call a person a crank—crank's a figure of speech. Simply say "You have an odd way of looking at things." This will please, as it suggests individuality, and not eccentricity or worse. Picturesque language is only interesting when applied to things. People don't like it when applied personally. People don't like to be placed in a comical and spectacular light, and that's where picturesque language is apt to place them. Whatever a person's characteristics may be don't call him a mule or her a zany. The clearer the definition the deeper the resentment. Better not call people names, anyway—it only arouses a lot of feeling which is slow to simmer down. Nothing annoys a person more than to be called some ridiculous name—it doesn't seem to set well. In other words, use plain verbs, and cut out the nouns and adjectives, and you will not make many enemies.—Newark News.