

A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY
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shall soon be out of range," she answered.
"But can we continue it?" I asked.
"The strain must be enormous. Do you feel how every timber is quivering under it?"
As I spoke Alle turned, and I saw that Janet had come on deck. With a white face she looked at the two vessels behind us and asked what their presence meant.
"It means," said Alle, going to her and assuming possession of her hand, "that England is determined to try and have the Beautiful White Devil after all."
"But she shan't," said Janet loyally, "not if I have to keep her off with my own hands."
"Bravo, my sister!" I cried enthusiastically. "That's the sort of spirit we boast about this boat. Never fear, we'll nip them yet, won't we, Alle?"
The girl answered me with a smile that went to my heart, so brave and yet so sad was it.
By this time the men-of-war had turned and were in full pursuit of us, but we had the advantage of a start and were momentarily increasing our lead. A gain on ship speed, but as we were all steaming too fast for comfort aiming the ball did no damage. Admitted that they saved their powder and concentrated all their energies on the task of catching us. All the morning we steamed on and by 8 o'clock were a good ten miles ahead.
"If we can only keep this pace up till dusk, I think we may manage to give them the slip after all," said Alle, going to the taffrail and looking behind her at the pursuing ships.
Their commanders seemed to realize this, too, for they once more began to fall very close on our heels.
About half past 3 Patterson left the bridge and came down to where we were sitting aft. He held a chart in his hand, and when he came up with us he knelt down and placed it on the deck.
"May I draw your attention to this chart?" he said as soon as his preparations were complete. "You will remember that the first time we were ever chased it was in this very place. Well, on that occasion we managed to escape by taking the channel between these two reefs. Our pursuer, as doubtless you have not forgotten, drew too much water and could not follow us. Now, if you are willing to chance it we might try the same plan again."
"What do you think?" asked Alle, turning to me.
"It is a desperate risk to run, but then we must remember that we are in a desperate position."
I knelt down upon the deck and carefully examined the chart. It showed a long, straggling reef shaped something like a wriggling snake, with an opening in the middle just wide enough, if the measurements were to be depended upon, to permit our vessel to pass through. One fact was self evident, and that was that if we did get through we should be saved.
"I am for chancing it," I said after I had given the matter proper consideration.
"Then we will follow your advice," said Alle. "We will try the passage."
"Very good," Patterson answered quietly, and having rolled up the chart, he returned to the bridge.
After that for nearly half an hour we reeled on at full speed, the warships coming after us as fast as their steaming capabilities would permit.
Then our pace began somewhat to abate, and, looking ahead, I could distinguish in the gathering dusk what looked like an unbroken line of breakers stretching away for miles to port and starboard, from far out in the open sea almost to the ragged coast line on our left. One course had long since been altered, and now we were steering directly for the troubled water. The pace was still terrific, but we were slowing down perceptibly.
"We are close to the opening now," said Alle, leading the way up on to the bridge. "If we make a mistake and touch, we shall go to pieces in five minutes. Let us therefore keep together, husband mine."
We stood to windward of the binnacle and watched what was about to happen. The breakers were scarcely half a mile ahead, the warships perhaps six miles astern.
Then two men crawled into the chains and set the lead going. The second officer was sent forward to reconnoiter, and Patterson, dismounting the steersman, took the wheel himself. The third officer was stationed at the telegraph.
Suddenly Patterson drew himself up upon the spokes with a preliminary twist to see that all was in working order, and then turned to his subordinate at the telegraph.
"Stop her!" he cried.
The bell tinkled in the engine room and answered on the bridge. The throbbing of the propeller ceased as if by magic, and next moment we were only moving forward by our own impetus. Almost before one could think we were among the breakers, but still going forward. I glanced at Patterson out of the

stern grinding noise for a second or two, and then Patterson gave a shout:
"Full steam ahead!"
The bell answered like magic, and instantly the schooner shot forward. Next moment we were through the reef in smooth water and safe.
Looking behind us we could see that the cruisers had stopped and turned. They knew too well what the result would be if they attempted to follow us.
An hour later a large island hid us from sight of the reef and our pursuers. But still, in the gathering gloom, we steamed ahead as fast as our propellers could drive us.
At 7 o'clock the gong sounded for dinner, and after a last look round we went below to it. When we remembered how hopeless it had appeared at the beginning, it was difficult to believe that we had emerged so safely from our awkward escape.
During the meal I could hardly get for looking at Alle and thinking of all the events which had occurred since first I sat at that table with her. She must have been thinking something of the same kind, for at the end of dinner, just as we were about to go on deck, she bade the steward charge our glasses and proposed to drink to the bride.
"I drink to the Lone Star and these who have saved its life."
We drank the toast with enthusiasm and set our glasses down again. But just as we did so there was a loud crash, a trembling of the entire vessel, a curious pause, and then another awful crash.
"We have struck something," I cried, springing to my feet. Then, as if by instinct, I said, "Run to your cabins and get your shawls."
They did so, and by the time they emerged again the hubbub was deafening. The sound of rending and tearing could only be described as awful. Then there was sudden and complete silence which was almost worse than the noise. We ran on deck and made our way as fast as we could to the bridge.
"What has happened?" I cried to Patterson, who was issuing orders as fast as his tongue could utter them.
"We have struck a rock that is not on my chart," he said, "and I have reversed the engines to pull her off."
I could see that we were going astern, but even a child could have told by the way the schooner moved that it was a hopeless case with her.
Even while he was speaking she was sinking perceptibly.
"There is no hope," he said at last.
"We must leave her."
All the hands by this time were at their stations, and the boats were lowered with exquisite care and precision. Fortunately they had been that very day uncovered and equipped in case of accident, so that there was no cause for delay.
Keeping Alle and Janet by my side, I descended to the boat allotted to us, and we took our seats in the stern. By the time we had pulled to a distance of about 100 yards the deck of the yacht was level with the water. Five minutes later the gallant but ill fated Lone Star tipped up on end, gave a sudden plunge and disappeared beneath the waves to be no more seen by mortal man. I dipped my arms around Alle's waist and drew her close to my side. She was trembling violently.
"Be brave, dear love," I whispered.
"For all our sakes, be brave."
She turned her head in the direction where the poor yacht had disappeared and said almost under her breath:
"Goodby, Lone Star, goodby."
Then she stooped forward and buried her face in her hands.
To divert her thoughts I turned to the boat nearest us, which was commanded by Patterson, and asked what he thought we had better do.
"I'll pull up the coast as fast as we can," he answered. "My boat will take the lead. The rest had better follow in single file. If this wind holds, we shall fetch the settlement or be somewhere thereabout by dark."
The wind did hold, and we did make the settlement by the time he specified. Then passing behind the great doors which, as I have said before, concealed the entrance to the canal so cleverly that even from the close distance of a mile I had not been able to detect where the imitation began and the real cliff ended, we pulled inside. Then, to cheer us, standing before them all, I uncovered my head and cried, perhaps a trifle theatrically:
"Gentlemen, the queen has come back to her own again."
As the cheers that greeted my announcement died away we left the canal and entered the little landlocked harbor.

LE'NOU.
Three years have passed since the wreck of the schooner Lone Star, and today is the third anniversary of our return to the settlement. It is a lovely morning, and I am sitting in the veranda of our bungalow on the hillside, pen in hand, waiting for a step whose music grows every day more welcome to my ears. My patience is rewarded when a

England are still proceeding, and Brand-won confidently hopes, in view of certain considerations, that he will be able to carry out his plans and win a free pardon for a certain beautiful lady of my acquaintance."
"Then it is all as satisfactory as we could wish," she says. "I am thankful for that. And now I have some news for you."
"Are you going to tell me that I am the happiest husband in the world, or that they boys, playing with old Bel-yonder, whom we both worship a good deal more than is good for him, is being spoiled by the entire population of the settlement?"
"Neither of those things. No, it has to do with your sister Janet."
"Ah, then I can guess. She is so enraptured with the settlement that she is willing to prolong her stay indefinitely."
"How did you guess?"
"Have I not eyes, my wife? You don't mean to tell me that you think you alone have seen the outrageous court Walworth has been paying her these six months past?"
"You have no objection, I hope?"
"Not the very slightest. She is a good woman, if ever there was one, and he is certainly a man after my own heart. If they marry and are destined to be as happy as we are, then they'll be lucky people. That's all I can say, my wife."
"Can you truthfully affirm that you have never regretted giving up so much for me?"
"I regretted! How can you ask me such a question? No, my darling; rest assured if there is anything for which I am grateful to Providence it is that here I placed my arm round her neck and drew her lovingly head down to me."
"What is it?" she whispered.
"That I was permitted to be the husband of the Beautiful White Devil!"
THE END.

ABOUT HIVES.
They Are Usually Caused by Some Error of Diet—Remedies.
The most distressing eruption, known medically as urticaria, and popularly also as nettle rash, hardly needs a description, for there is scarcely any one who has not at some time in his life suffered from it more or less. It consists in the sudden appearance of one or more purplish swellings on the skin, each of a whitish or pinkish color, which itch and burn and sting intolerably.
These wheals may be no larger round than a pea, or they may be of the size of a silver dollar or even larger. They usually last only a few hours or a few minutes, but may persist for a day or more. Sometimes they keep coming out in successive crops on the same or different parts of the body.
The wheals generally disappear as rapidly as they come, and with them disappear every sign of the eruption, except, perhaps, the marks of the finger-nails which the sufferer has dug into the skin in the vain effort to quiet the itching.
The causes of hives are numerous, but in the greater number of cases they are referable to some error in diet. Some people cannot eat shell-fish of any kind without paying for it an attack of urticaria; others are similarly affected by some kinds of berries or nuts, or by certain drugs. Irritation of the skin by medicinal applications, such as arsenic or iodine, by poisons, such as that of the nettle or of certain insects, or by the underclothing, as well as the action of a very low temperature, may also produce an eruption of hives.
If it is possible to discover the cause and to remove it the treatment of urticaria becomes a very simple matter. While the eruption lasts the itching and stinging may be relieved somewhat by bathing the parts in a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda, borax, household ammonia, alcohol or vinegar and water.
A useful application is carbolic acid, one part in thirty parts of water, with a little glycerine. Sometimes an ointment containing carbolic acid, borax or boracic acid, zinc or chloroform is very grateful.

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