# BULLY HAYES.

The Pirate of The Pacific.

THE THRILLING STORY OF A DOUBLE LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

BULLY HAYES'S LAST CRUITE.

A time came when the excesses of Buily Hayes, and other desperadoes encouraged by his example and impunity, reached the limit of endurance of the European powers interested in the Pacific. The Goddetrois had failed, with liabilities amounting to more than five millions of dollars, mainly through the state of insecurity caused by these vil lains, and their trading stations had fallen into the hands of all sorts of unscrupulous adventurers. The most beautiful and delightful portion of the globe, in short, had become a veritable pandemonium.

Half measures having utterly failed, the British at length took the bold step of annexing the Fiji Islands, expelling the impudent impostors who called themselves the government, pensioning the King and appointing an officer of great ability as Governer with the additional title and almost unlimited authority of High Commissioner of the Western Pacific.

In order to meet the slaves and pirates on their own grounds, or rather, in their own waters, a number of small steam cruisers and swift-sailing schooners were built, in the navy yards at Sidney and fitted out under the command of young officers who had already seen service among the islands. The exceedingly elastic terms and boundaries of the High Commissioner's jurisdiction, gave these officers power to deal with suspicious vessels in any way they thought best, and the sea rovers soon found the climate of the Pacific becoming unpleasantly warm. Not a few of them got long sentences of imprisonment in the terrible stockades of New South Wales, while others, against whom no indictable offence could be proved, under the civil law, were detained in jail at Levuka, the seat of government at Fiji, by the High Commissioner's authority. lew, who were clearly proved to have stained |

their hands with blood, were hanged. Bully Hayes met with his usual luck during these trying times. He was three times captured, invariably through treachery; but twice he obtained an acquittal, partly through the extreme difficulty in obtaining any sort of reputable evidence against him, partly through his wonderfully able defence of himself, and partly through the sympathy of the jury with a bold adventurer in a disordered state of society. On the third occasion, when things looked uncommonly bad against him and everybody thought the game was up, he mysteriously escaped from custody, and remained in hiding until the affair had blown over.

After that things settled down rapidly in the Pacific, and Bully Hayes, cleverly adapting himself to the new regime, became quite a respectable trader and was even of great assistance to the authorities in detecting and following up the slavers. His fine appearance and mild manners prepossessed everybody, and among the merchants and even the naval officers he came to be regarded as a much maligned man.

The pirate, however, still survived under that smooth exterior, and before very long the old Adam got the upper hand.

Like most adventurers and dishonest people generally, Hayes was always a comparatively poor man. Though enormous sums must have passed through his hands from first to last, and though he always had his pockets full of gold, he had never laid anything by, and now, when he had given up his old methods of supplying himself with cash, he was sometimes quite in straightened circumstances. There is nothing harder than for a habitual rogue to earn an honest living, and Bully Hayes was not the man to try very long.

During this interval of seeming respectability, too, he had once more become susceptible to female charms, and contemplated matrimony with the buxom widow of a trader at one of the islands. The lady, however, was not particularly eager for the match. She stipulated that Capt. Hayes should quit the sea once for all, and that he should be able to produce sufficient means to buy out her late husband's partner, and secure certain lands in the neighborhood of the trading station for cultivating cocoanuts and ccff:e.

The truth was, Hayes was not nearly so attractive as he had been when a younger man, and the widow was much more inclined to confer her hand and her late husband's savings on his mate, a remarkably handsome young Irishman named Magee, commonly called the archbishop, from his alleged relationship to the celebrated prelate of the name.

Hayes had a suspicion of this, and was desperately jealous of Magee. At the same time each of the men knew the other's strong qualities, and a great deal of mutual respect and confidence existed between them. They had been through many dark adventures together, and either might have betrayed the other to the gallows at any moment. But each knew that he might trust the other implicitly, and, in fact they had come to have that feeling of attachment for one another which sometimes prevails among the worst of men.

Magee chafed under idleness and repectability not less then Hayes did, and as he also had his reasons for wishing to make a good large haul-reasons not altogether unconnected with the widow aforesaid-he was heartily glad when Hayes proposed to him one day that they should make just one more cruise in the old style before relinquishing the sea forever.

Having obtained possession of a hav schooner by a deliberate and singularly clever fraud, they leaded her with produce at Lavuka, under the very nose of the High Commissioner, and, having got their papers in due form, sailed away under the British flug, nominally bound for Sydney. No sconer were they clear of the track of vessels, however, than they ran to an uninhabited island, landed their cargo, repainted the schooner, changing her name and post of registry, hoisted the French flag, which was then becoming rather common in those

seas, and sailed due north. Well knowing the plans and whereabouts of the Brit'sh cruisers, the freebooters easily eluded them and making for the Solomon Islands and other equatorial groups, carried out a series of depredations on the native villages and trading stations there which quite recalled the bad old days. The Belle Etoile of Tahiti became a name of terror throughout that portion of the borrid zone, and the plunder she obtained, together with | question.

the price of the ill-fated laborers she carried off. must have amounted to a very large sum.

Returning southward, Hayes and Magee, emboldened by their success, and becoming reckless in their eagerness to amass a fortune speedily, had the audacity to attack a large sailing ship which they took to be an Australian liner, and from which they hoped to obtain a great prize in gold. Adopting his old adian. device, which had answered so well with the Karl, Hayes partially dismantled his vessel, and hung out a signal of distress. Following out the same tactics as before, he contrived to get close to the ship as night was falling, to be home again! "Canada for the Canwith the intention of letting the schooner bear down upon her in the darkness and then, beautiful country with such passionate dein the confusion of the collision, boarding her from his boats and overpowering her crew.

All went well up to the point of the attack, but there Hayes found that he had made a terrible mistake. The ship was rot an Australian liner, but a china trader, well manned and armed, and thoroughly prapared for meeting all comers. Her lascar crew fought like tigers, and Hayes and his men thought themselves lucky to get back into their boats and regain the schooner, leaving fully one fourth of their number dead or wounded on the deck of the other ship Hayes himself received a severe thrust from a pike, and this, together with mortification at his failure, and trouble of mind about his love affair, made him morese and quarrel some, and addicted to drink.

From that time forward the captain and the mate of the Belle Ltoile were on any long they settled down into a bitter rivalry.

The mate took care never to sleep without his revolvers ready and a man whom he could trust on the watch to give him the alarm at any moment. Hayes, however, showed no disposition to take advantage of him on board the schooner, and they came to a tacit agreement to have nothing to say beyond what was necessary for working the

It stood to reason that such an arrangement could not last long between men of violent passions and natures hardened and brutalized by long familiarity with deeds of darkness.

Hayes, nevertheless, was not ordinarily brutal in his impulses, though there was nothing he was not capable of in cold blood when he was bent on any purpose. But he had his own peculiar way of doing things. Magee, on the other hand, was a hot headed fellow, a perfect savage when his passions were aroused, but not really such a bad-hearted man as Hayes.

The Belle Etoile was nearing an island in the New Hebrides one day, not far from the scene of the Karl outrage, and the mate was sitting alone at his dinner, for the Captain and he never took their meals together.

Hayes suddenly came down into the little cabin, and seating himself at the table, said in his pleasantest voice :

'Mr. Magee, I have a proposal to make to you, sir. Things haven't been very agreeable aboard this ship for some time omens and to be frightened in dreams. past, and I think it's about time we came to a proper understanding. There isn't room for two captains on one deck, and what's more, there's a certain lady, whose name I won't mention, that can't marry more than one man at a time. You understand me. don't you?'

The mate nodded and went on eating his tinned beef and pickles, wondering what was coming rext.

"Well, then, that's all right," the Captain resumed. "What I suggest is that when you've done your dinner we should just step ashore with our bulldogs and see who's the best man of the two. Don't you hurry, it's early yet. There's eight bells going now. You try some of that pudding. You'll find it very good. I'll go and bring her to anchor, and then we'll get out our shooting irons and go and settle this matter snugly and comfortably like gentlemen."

The mate saw nothing for it but to comply, and, indeed, he was not sorry to see an end to his suspense, for he knew there must be a death struggle sooner or later.

As soon as the schoener was moored the Captain and mate went ashore, with two other men to see fair play, the rest of the crew going aloft to get a better view of the proceedings. The spot chosen was a smooth terrace just above the beach. The distance was twenty paces, the combatants being placed back to back with an agreement to walk ten paces straight ahead and then turn round and fire.

The moment they turned Magee fired but Hayes stood still with his revolver in his hand at his side, looking calmly at his opponent. The mate, seeing that he had missed, and surprised at Hayes's sceming hesitation, lowered his weapon and called out, "What's the matter?" Haves, having thus gained time to take a deliberate aim, raised his revolver like a flash of lightning and sent a bullet into Magee's breast. Magee at once returned the shot, and Hayes, throwing up his hands with a shout, turned half round and fell headlong on the grass. He was perfectly dead when the men got up to him, the bullet having struck him in

the throat and severed the jugular vein. They buried him where be fell, and raised

cairn of stones to his memory. Magee's wound was not dangerous, the bullet having run along the breast bone and come out at the side. He sailed the Belle Etoile back to Fiji under her old name, and restored her to her owners, paying them handsomely for the use of her; and, in consideration of his having rid the Pacific of a scourge and his promise to lead a new life. the authorities consented to overlook his

offer ces. He married the widow and did well in trade, and many a time, when in a mood for reminiscences, he told the tale of Bully | world. Hayes's last cruise, with judicious selections from the adventures of the pirate of the EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

Little Clara's Ambition.

Mabel-Let's play house; I'll be the

George-Yes, and I'll be the father. Clara-And I'll be the cook. Mabel and George (indignantly)-Yes, that's just you. You always want to be boss of everything.

Jimson calls matrimony "a one-act farce. He is'nt up with the times on the divorce

### WARNED OF DANGER BY A GHOST.

THE MEETING ON THE ROAD AND THE SPECTER'S WORDS OF GUIDANCE.

The Shade Was "Not Wrapped Up for Driving" and Refused the Invitation to Ride, as "Walking Was Warmer."

Such a glorious night! The snow sparkled like diamond dust, and the sleigh runners equeaked as they passed over it, with frosty sound so dear to the heart of the true Can-

as day. The horse's breath seemed to fill the air with clouds, and his coat aleady began to sparkle with frost. Oh, it was good adians." Is it any wonder we love our votion?

From these high and patriotic thoughts I was aroused by coming to a turn in the road, a fork. Now there were two roads to the village from this point, one leading down a long, steep hill, at the bottom of which an aboideau, or primitive bridge, built of fir trees and brush, with alternate layers of earth and stones-a sort of earthwork, in fact-spanned a deep treacherous little creek, in which the ice piled in buge blocks in winter, and, as it was an estuary of the river, it was a dangerous spot when the tide was high. Taking this road would cut off more than half a mile of my journey, so I decided to try it, despite a curious reluctance on the part of my horse. The road certainly did not look as if it was traveled much, but just at the turn the snow had drifted off, leaving it nearly bare. thing but friendly terms, and before very So I forced the unwilling mag into the road. way and jogged on cautiously.

> The spot bore an unpleasant name, and a still more unpleasant reputation. It was celled "Ghost's Hollow.

#### AN UNCANNY PLACE.

Fifty years ago, in the old days when the province was thinly settled and a weekly stage coach was the only means of communication between the different towns, the horses of a heavily laden coach had taken fright at the top of the hill, and dashing down at mad speed gone over the aboideau. The tide was full in at the time and the creek filled with great floating blocks of ice. There were none to help in that lonely spot, so every one had been drowned, and the superstitious country people insisted that on wild winter nights any one standing at the top of the hill and listening intently could hear the muffled sound of sleigh bells, the shouts and the splashing and struggling of the horses. Certain it was that, when the tide was very low and the wind high, the water rushing through the gurgling sound that was not by any means Scotch farmer, with whom I had been a

## THE MEETING ON THE ROAD.

He was a superstitious old fellow, who declared that he had the gift of second sight, and who had always insisted that to hear the sound of the groans and struggles in "Ghost's Hollow," was a sure forerunner of coming misfortune to the one hearing them.

I smiled to myself as I remembered it, and made a mental note that I would tell Angus the first time I saw him, and ask him what he made of the omen now.

The horse stopped so suddenly that I nearly fell over the dashboard! And direct- time. ly in front of the sleigh I saw a man plodding slowly along through the snow. I could have sworn that he was not there half a minute before, and yet he could not have come out of the woods without my seeing him. "Holloa!" I called. He turned slowly, and I saw that it was old Angus

"Why, Angus, old fellow," I said "what in the world are you doing in this lonely spot? Jump in and I'll drive you home. I was just thinking about you.

"Many thanks, Walter, for yer offer and yer thoughts, too; but it's a cold night, and I'm not that wrapped up for driving; walking's warmer," he answered.

"But what brings you out here on such a night, Angus?" I persisted. "Your rheumatism must be better than it was, or you would not run such risks."

## CAME TO GIVE WARNING.

"Ay, the rheumatisms not that bad, was seein' to the fox traps, an' then I heard the bells an' knew some one was going down the hill, so I came out to warn them. The 'bito's' ail down, Walter, an' you'd get an ugly fall amongst those ice cakes if ye went over; turn back, boy, an' go the long way."

"I'il do well enough, lad; I'm going home now. good night. "Good night," I answered reluctantly,

"I'll see you to-morrow." He made no answer and I turned the trembling horse, who pranced and snorted and tried to bolt until he realized that he

back Angus was gone. Once on the main road again we went like the wind, and soon the lights of home shone out, and in a few minutes more I was in the hall being shaken hands with, and kissed and questioned, passed around from one to the other like a sort of cordial, exclaimed over and commiserated because I had not any tea, and reading a welcome in Maggie's sweet eyes that was more "truly sustaining," as the old ladies say, than all the teas in the

"Walter dear," said Maggie," vou have not been taking care of yourself. You look terribly worn and pale.

WHY HE TOOK THE MARSH ROAD, "Never mind, Maggie," I answered, "I

am going to rest and get strong again now." The boys were both home for the day.

I thought with a sigh.

Then mother came in to tell me my supper was ready, and every one came into the dinning room to see that I was well taken care of. Maggie poured out hastily made coffee, and if I could only have shaken off a curious feeling of languor that would creep over me, I should have felt as if I Colon."

were in Paradise, after my long months of

"By the way, Walter," said Jack sudden-"How did you happen to come the Marsh road, as of course you did, or you would not be here-you know you always took the old coaching read because it was a little shorter. Was it by chance, or did they tell you at the botel that the aboideau was down?"

"I believe they did tell me," I answered. "At least the hostler called after me, but did not hear him. So I took the coach road, his furnaces. When the watch is over the and if it had not been for poor old Angus McDonald I should be floundering among the ice cakes now instead of sitting here. I met him before I had more than started down The moon had risen, and it was as bright | the hill, and he told me about the 'bito,' as he called it."

#### A SPECTRAL GUIDE

For a full minute after I spoke there was a dead silence. Then Jack opened his mouth to speak, but was checked instantly it regularly. by a look from father. Maggie grew very pale, and then flushed uneasily, and mother said something hurriedly about my having missed the train, and how disappointed the girls had been.

Something had evidently happened, for every one seemed constrained, but made nervous efforts to talk, so I was glad when lish and American lines because the men got the meal, which had begun so merrily, came drunk too often and the grog did them much to a close.

and tried to feel as I did when I first came in, but it was of no use, and, hearing Jack's not mind the heat a bit, but when it worked footstep crossing the hall, I slipped out and off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was stopped him.

anything out of the way at supper ? "No! the heat would sober him off or give him Oh, no, "said Jack, uneasily; he had evi a stroke of apoplexy."-[Popular Science dently received private instructions to hold | Monthly. his tongue, and he found the task a hard "Very well," I answered shortly : "if you

don't choose to tell me, I'll go out in the | Good thoughts, good words, good deeds, kitchen and ask the servants. They will tell make up a good day; seven good days make me fast enough. Now what was there in my | the round or a week. Goodness in the heart one 20 ?"

"Well, if you will have it. there was a good deal. Augus died six weeks ago. I can't imagine how we forgot to write you about it-Walter !!!"

I can't tell much about what happened after that, for the reason that I don't know. Jack says I just staggered and fell, as if had received a blow. And when I was able to take any interest in what was passing around me it was nearly the last of January, and I had lost count of time for many weeks.

#### UNDERNEATH JAPAN.

#### A Volcano Starts Up, and a Well Digger Digs Through.

Tokio journais report that the volcano Shiranesan, which rises from the shores of sluices under the aboideau made an eerie, Lakes Chuzenji, near Nikko, broke out in eruption early on Dec. 5. It was observed cheerful. I could hear it now with painful by the local people on the evening of the distinctness, though there was no wind. And | 4th that the water of the streams which my thoughts traveled back to my boyhood have their sources near the mountain was and to old Angus McDonald, a queer old much discolored and gave forth an unpleasnt smell. About midnight the sound of thunder favorite, who had taught me how to make peals was heard to a distance of seven ri fishness, as has been said, it is a very sweet fex traps and to shoot rabbits, to believe in from the volcano, the noise continuing kind of selfishness that prefers the pleasure during the whole night. The watchman at | and happiness of another before his own. the hot springs at foot of the mountain was so alarmed by the phenomenon that he fled to the nearest hamlet, where he reported that the springs were throwing up jets of muddy water to a height of several feet.

Twenty four hours sfeerward the country folks became aware that the mountain was in active eruption, throwing out fire and ashes, the latter of which spread over the country to a considerable extent, reaching as far as Imaichi. The eruption took place from the crater formed in June, 1872, when the volcano became active for a

Shiranesan was in eruption in June, 1872. pond of a remarkable green color.

disastrous earthquake, while a well digger ably begun with a plate of oatmeal porridge, was excavating for water at a depth of so dear to the palate of the Highlander. about eighteen fathoms, the base fell One of her favorite dishes is smoked ham. through and he was only saved from a des- She drinks beer with great gusto, and eats cent, how far it is not known, by a rope bread baked especially hard and firm. which connected him with the top of the The Queen of Sweden eats substantial pit. Examination has shown that a very food, consisting chiefly of beefstake, which large cavity, depth and width unknown, is an invariable part of each meal's bill of exists, and this was probably caused by a fare. She is also fond of smoked salmon, recent earthquake. The people of Kuma- preserved according to the method of her moto are vericably living on a crust.

About midnight on Dec. 9 the inhabitants | and of eggs fried in milk and oil. of Miyasaki-ken were alarmed by rumbling noises proceeding from the sea and moun- despite the German names of the dishes, is tain in the direction of the southwest. addicted to the French cuisine. Inquiries elicited the fact that the rumbling was caused by an eruption of Mount Kirishima. No damage was caused by the fire, of pastry. &:., emitted from the mountain.

## Receiving the Govenor at Trindidad.

After a lengthy absence from the colony Trinidad's popular and much respected "But, Augus," I cried, "I don't like to Governor, Sir William Robinson, K. C. M. G., has just returned in the Quebec liner Trinidad from England, via Nassau, N. P., to which latter place he had been to assist at the nuptials of his sister in law. In the cool early hours of the bright and pleasant December morning, the boom of a cannon reverberating through the rock begirt Gulf of Paria announced the arrival of His Excelwas going the other way. When I looked lency. Soon after were seen hurrying to the jetty thousands of citizens prepared to give Sir William a hearty welcome. Boarding the Trinidad out in mid-stream a deputation of gentlemen presented the Govenor, on behalf of the inhabitants of the island, with an address of welcome, to which he replied in in his usual happy and felicitous style.

The Governor and Lady Robinson looked the very picture of health. On landing they were received by an imposing guard of honor, composed of mounted rifles, the Port of Spain Volunteers and the police, the band playing the national anthem, as loud and repeated huzzus rent the still morning air from thousands of lusty and loyal throate. His Excellency drove off to his residence escorted by the mounted rifles. Then the huge cannon on the Battery thundered forth a feu de joie to the man who, governed as the island is, holds her destinies in his hands, and on Jack was in the civil service and Will whom the poor, struggling colonist is was in a bank, both younger than I, and depending for the initiation of measures already winning their own way in the world | caculated to advance the material condition of the colony.

> Would Make a Good Short Stop. "Of what nationality is your friend -a Brazilian ?" "Well, I guess he's half Brazil and semi-

The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours on the stretch in a temperature ranging from 120° to 160°. The quarters are close, and they must take care that, while feeding one furnace, their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of their quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off, and waits for another call to men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the forecastle, where they turn in tor eight hours. One man, 28 years old, who was inteviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnaces since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds, and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but it came hardest on those who did not follow

The Life of a Stoker.

"But if we get plenty to eat," he said, 'and take care of ourselves, we are right. Here's a mate of mine nearly 70 years old, who has been a stoker all his life and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the Engharm. When I used to take my grog I'd I went back to the parlor with the girls work like a lion while the effect lasted. I'd throw in my coal just like a giant and that weak that a child could up et me. "Look here, Jack," I began, "did I say Take a man dead drunk before the fires and

#### Food for Thought.

saying I had seen old Augus to startle any makes all time good; so, it you will have " a good time," have a good heart

It may be proved with much certainty that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work.

Nothing sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it. No reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

Death, to a good old man or woman, is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into a flower? Plenty is as distinct from wastefulness as

a whole sack of wheat from a sack with a hole in it for the wheat to run through. Let no one be discouraged because his time is fully occupied. An industrious man's odd minutes are worth more than a lazy

man's all day. To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, but to act kindly is best. Let warm loving light shine on all around you,

and you will never lack friends. If there is really no such a thing as unsel-

Let the things which thy heart suggests to thee to say be well considered before they pass on to the tongue; for thou wild perceive that it would be well to keep back many of them.

Success is rarely a matter of accidentalways a matter of character. The reason why so many men fail is that so few men are willing to pay the price of self-deplal and hard work which success exacts.

## What Queens Eat.

A Frenchman has been collecting data The height is about 8 500 feet. The crater recently in regard to the dishes which the is irregular, and contains depressions filled feminine rulers of European countries prewith water. At the north end there is a fer upon their tables. According to his statements, Queen Victoria is especially At Kumamoto, the scene of the recent fond of Scotch cuisine. Her meal is invari-

> country; of meatballs dressed with beans, The court of Germany, strange to say,

> The Empress Frederick, however, prefers the English cookery, and is especially fond

> The royal family of Italy, although in many ways the simplest and most democratic in Europe, always dine from dishes of gold. They only drink the wine of their own country, and show great preference for the "fritto," a dish composed of the hearts of artichokes and the combs and livers of

Ex Queen Isabella loves the "coeido" of Castile, with all its accessories. She also eats daily a portion of rice.

The Queen-Regent of Spain prefers the Austrian cuisine. She eats roasts of all kinds, with jellies, gooseberry jelly being one of her principal favorites.

Daring the earlier days of her life in Spain she ate only one kind of bread, which was sent to her from Vienna. Of late years, however, probably in keeping with her patriotic endeavors, she eats the bread of the country.

## Drowned in Toronto Bay.

TORONTO, Jan. 3"-1 man nim d Micha ae Mara feil througe a hole in ue wharf, at the foot of West Market street, into the b y, about half past seven o'clock on Sature day evening and was drowned. Several people near at hand heard him fall into the water, and went to his assistance, but they w re unable to rescue him. The unfortunate ma 1 was no swimmer, and he never emerged from underneath the wharf. Joseph Barfield and Fred Banks, residing respectively at 6 and 61 West Market street, made praiseworthy accempts to get him to the surface, but their efforts were unavailing. The body was recovered by constable Dodds, by means of grappling irone, about half an hour afterwards, and taken to the morgue. Mara . was a married man, about 33 years of age, and lived at the East End of the city. He was employed at Messrs. Gurney's iron

foundry.