

Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER XVII.

I was not destined to improve my acquaintance with Mr. Matthew Mayfield. I would give a good deal for a quiet half-hour's interview with him now, in some room with the door locked and the key thrown out of the window; but on that eventful day I was ungrateful enough to be just as pleased with the greasy note he sent me at the end of the hour as I should have been with his reappearance in person. I am afraid I regarded him rather too lightly as a means to an end, and though within limits I was right, I came nigh to paying dearly for my disrespect.

The note was as follows:—
"Dear Sir,—I have been called away to visit a dying seaman—poor fellow, I fear he is unrepentant—at the far end of the Bay, and shall therefore not be able to give myself the pleasure of waiting upon you.
"But in the meanwhile I have seen Captain Dicey of the Miranda, and he will be willing to oblige you on the terms mentioned. The yacht is lying off the Little Mole, and will sail for Cagliari punctually at six this evening. You should be on board in plenty of time, as Dicey says he can't wait. The run will take about twenty-five hours, and you thus stand a great chance of finding the Queen of Night still off the port. Wishing you a speedy passage and a happy reunion with your friends, also assuring you of the privilege which I feel it to have been of service to you.

"I remain,
"Yours obediently,
"MATTHEW MAYFIELD.

"P.S.—Captain Dicey is an excellent fellow, and as honest as the day, but of course, as the master of a small steam-yacht, is not a man of much culture and refinement."
"Culture and refinement be hanged, so long as he runs me across to Cagliari before the Queen leaves the island," I cried, and I hurried off to the hotel bureau to square my account and give up my room. My baggage did not trouble me, since I had nothing but a few articles I had purchased for present requirements, and these were comfortably stowed in a handbag. Having made my small preparations, I found that I had still three hours to kill before the yacht sailed, and I decided that a portion at least of the time might be profitably spent in the selection and purchase of a revolver, for I did not know what was before me when I should again stand face to face with Zavertal and Vizard.

I went for the purpose to the shops on the Strada Chiaja, and after providing myself with a very good weapon, strolled along to the Little Mole to have a look at the Miranda. With my limited capabilities for asking my way, I had some little difficulty in finding her among the crowds of shipping, and when I did I can't say that I thought much of her. She was very small, being under a hundred tons, and her appearance did not suggest that the refit she had been undergoing had been very extensive. A couple of swarthy sailors, certainly not Englishmen, were busy refurbishing up her dingy brass-work, and a stream of smoke from a black and rather rusty funnel showed that the fires were alight and steam in process of being got up. After all, the capa-

bilities of her engine-room were what I was most interested in, and though the boat was anything but the small craft I had expected, there was nothing to show that she was not fast.

By a frequent repetition of the word "capitano" I managed to make one of the sailors understand that I wanted the captain, and being informed by gesture that he was on shore, I decided to take a walk in the neighborhood till he should put in an appearance. Turning into a by-street in the crowded part at the back of the harbor, I was reminded by the sight of a small restaurant that I had been too occupied to think of food since breakfast, and I went in and sat down at one of the small tables.

The room was a long one, with a door at the far end forming a second entrance from another street, and at that hour was unoccupied save by the waiters, and by a couple of customers seated together over a bottle of wine at a distant table. The pair being separated from me by the length of the room, I did not on entering pay any attention to them, but after giving my order, and while waiting to be served, I allowed my eyes to stray their way. One of them had risen, and was hurriedly putting on his hat previous to departure. A second later he had vanished through the door near him into the street, but not before I had intercepted a furtive glance cast at myself, and had recognized in the fugitive Mr. Matthew Mayfield, the long-shore missionary who had procured me passage in the Miranda, and who, according to his own statement, ought to have been soothing the last moments of a dying seaman at the further side of the Bay.

I attributed his hasty flight and evident desire to avoid me to a not unnatural dislike to have the discrepancy detected. I cannot say that the sight of him hobnobbing there in a restaurant, so far from his supposed sphere of duty, caused me actual uneasiness, but it certainly made me look at his companion with an interest I should not otherwise have felt. The now solitary occupant of the distant table sat still, steadily finishing the bottle of wine, and, I suppose, not having Wayfield's reason, evinced no concern in me or in my affairs.

He was a heavy, squat-built man of the bull-dog type, and though he was too far off for me to note more than the outline of his features or to judge of his expression, he gave me the general idea of his being what is known as an "ugly customer." Not much was to be learned from his shabby, ill-fitting suit of blue serge, and from the unbraided cheese-cutter cap on the adjacent chair, except that he was a seafarer of not very exalted rank, and I ticked him off as the engineer or mate of a tramp steamer. Having outstayed Mr. Matthew Mayfield by some five minutes, he slouched heavily through the further doors and disappeared.

By the time I had finished my refreshment and paid the score it was five o'clock, and I made my way back to the Mole in the hope that the master of the Miranda had come aboard. The sailors had knocked off work and were lounging in the bows, where they had been joined

by a third man, also an Italian, and, from his greasy, smoke-begrimed clothes, probably the combined engineer and fireman of this curiously manned and much-worn "yacht." On this occasion my appearance at the gang-plank seemed to excite some interest among the crew, and almost before I sang out my word of inquiry, "Capitano?" one of them rose and shouted through a skylight, the others eyeing me strangely the while. The man's summons met with an answering hail from below, and immediately a head was protruded from the companion-hatch that caused me something of a shock. The reason was this: the head belonged to the rough-and-tumble individual whom I had seen half an hour before in the restaurant tete-a-tete with Mayfield.

"Cap'n Forrester?" he sang out.

"Yes; I am here by arrangement with Mr. Mayfield," I replied.

He turned and put his head back into the companion-hatch for two seconds, then came right out on deck and invited me to step aboard.

"You won't find no luxuries on this 'ere steam-yacht," he added as I crossed the plank, "but she's a devil to go."

"You are Captain Dicey, I suppose?" I said, as he received me with a rough handshake.

"That's me—likewise not much to look at, but a devil to go," was his reply. "You're prepared to hand over the dibs, 'cording to contract?"

I put the stipulated amount in his grimy hand, and was proceeding to assure him that he should have the other twenty pounds on landing, provided I caught the Queen of Night, when he cut me short with the remark that he made no blooming doubt about hooking the balance; it was as good as in his pocket already.

"And now, seeing as the cargo's aboard, there's nothing to hinder us getting under weigh," he added. "You just amuse yourself while I do the needful, and when we're clear of port I'll show you your bunk and the saloon."

Going forward, he shouted to his crew in Italian, and when they were at their posts the mooring rope was cast off and we were soon steaming across the Bay towards the declining sun. Dicey himself steered from the small erection, hardly to be called a bridge, forward of the funnel, and seating myself in the stern I paid critical attention to the steaming capacity of the vessel. The opinion I formed, as soon as we were at "full speed ahead," was that the phrase "a good'un to go" as applied to the Miranda was a decided misnomer. Her engines were better than might have been expected from her dilapidated appearance, but she certainly was not fast, and I began to grow anxious as to the result of the attempt to head off my enemies.

On other grounds, too, a feeling of uneasiness stole over me, now that I had time to calmly consider the circumstances under which I found myself on this strange craft. I had not been much smitten with Mr. Matthew Mayfield's manners and appearance, and it had only been the service he came to render that reconciled me to him. My confidence in him had received a rude shock in his desire to avoid me at the restaurant, and really, now that I came to think of it, had his account of himself been correct, there would have been no reason for such avoidance. He would, if everything had been above-board, have made some excuse for his change of plans and have come forward to introduce me to Dicey.

Again, the Miranda and her crew opened up a wide field of conjecture that was not very reassuring. The vessel might have been used as a yacht at some early stage in her history, but there was certainly nothing about her to show that she had been "in commission" lately. She gave me more the impression of a superannuated steamer that had been "laid up" for sale, and that she had been hurriedly prepared for sea at short notice. The hands, too, were all Italians, which, to say the least of it, was an incongruity in an English-owned yacht, and was a good deal more in accordance with the theory that the boat had been hired or purchased for a special purpose. If so, what was that purpose likely to be? Was it possible that Mayfield and Dicey were emissaries of Vizard and Zavertal, charged with the duty of luring me into another trap?

These unpleasant reflections were interrupted by the approach of one of their subjects. We were now well clear of the land, and the lights of the port, just beginning to twinkle in the fast-gathering twilight, would be soon left far behind. Dicey gave the helm to one of the men, and came lurching aft, a figure far more suggestive of a waterside bully or loafer than of a gentleman's sailing-master.

"Now, Cap'n, maybe you'd like to go below for a bite and a sup," he said. "I'm on board wages, and the steward is on leave, so there's no table-sloths nor finger-glasses, you understand."

"I should rather think there were no table-cloths and finger-glasses in the mouldy, evil-smelling den into which he ushered me, and probably never had been. The cuddy was not more than fifteen feet long, and the narrow, ladder-like stair ran straight

down into it. A couple of cabins on either side blocked all source of daylight except such as filtered through the dusty skylight, and now that night was falling only the bare desolation of the place was visible. Dicey kicked open the door of one of the cabins, which, so far as I could see, was devoid of all furniture save a bed-place and a bench.

"There's your quarters," he said. "Hold on while I light the cuddy lamp, so as you can stow your bag."

There was a certain tremor, not exactly nervous, but rather of eagerness, in his voice that somehow put me on my guard against I knew not what. It was as though he had been working up to a crisis which was now at hand, and he wished to be through with it. At least that was the way it took me in my suspicious frame of mind, and it had the effect of making me follow him out of the cabin into the cuddy while he lit the lamp. I had already registered an intention to spend the night on deck, for the narrow cabin, barely five feet across, was much too much of a cul-de-sac for a man laboring under my apprehensions to be left alone in, even for a minute. I had got the feeling that I wanted to see all that went on on board the Miranda, and above all to be ready.

Dicey's stumpy, grime-stained fingers fumbled with a match-box, and soon the swing-lamp over the centre table broke into a brilliant glow that for the moment dazzled me, falling as it did full across my face. Then, while my eyes were still struggling with the sudden glare, Dicey stepped quickly back from me, and a sternly melodious voice from the darkness of the recess behind the mast told me that the crisis had indeed come.

"So, Forrester, my friend," came the well-remembered tones, "the next time I promised you has arrived, you see—in spite of your clumsy efforts to postpone it."

And then my eyes, grown accustomed to the change of light, at last fastened on Vizard standing not eight feet away, his pistol levelled straight at my head, while Dicey flattened himself against the wall to let the bullet pass.

(To Be Continued.)

BABY'S BEST FRIEND.

The best friend baby can have is a simple medicine that will relieve and cure the minor ailments that make his little life often very miserable. Such a friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They cure indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. All mothers who have used these Tablets praise them. Mrs. F. L. Bourgeois, Eastern Harbor, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and look upon them as baby's best friend. I have found them an excellent remedy for colic, and they have done our baby much good in many ways." Little ones take these Tablets as readily as candy, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Once used always used where there are little ones in the home. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHEN THE CZAR REVOKED.

The Czar of Russia was one night playing a game of whist at Homburg, and his Majesty the King, at that time Prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among those friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known social lion of a few years ago.

Sir James was one of those blunt, downright, rough-spoken Scotsmen who, like so many of his countrymen, know no fear or awe of any man.

In the midst of the game Sir James called out to the Czar: "You've revoked!"

"Everybody's blood ran cold. The Prince of Wales kicked the Scotsman under the table, and the Czar, blushing and confused, exclaimed in bewilderment: "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!"

But Sir James persisted, and the monarch was proved to be in the wrong, whereupon Sir James replied to the observation of the Czar: "I dare say you've often revoked, your Majesty, but this is the first time you were ever told so."

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE ...

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

A BIG DAIRY FARM.

A company has been organized at Winnipeg to conduct what will, it is said, be one of the largest dairy farms in America. 1,750 acres of land on the south bank of the river just one-half mile from the city limits have been secured. This land is one solid block and is well adapted for the purposes of this new company to keep 600 cows, a large percentage of which will be Holsteins. The next largest farm to this is said to be in New Jersey, where 500 cows are kept.

THE POOR DYSEPTEIC.

Is the Most Miserable of Mortals—Only Similar Sufferers Can Understand His Hours of Agony.

There is no mortal more miserable than the poor dyspeptic. He is never healthy, never happy—always ailing, always out of sorts. Every mouthful of food brings hours of distress—every moment of the day is spoiled and soured.

If you are a dyspeptic, you know the signs: the coated tongue, the dull headaches, the heartburn, the biliousness, the persistent torment after meals, the hopeless despondency. Any one of these signs points to indigestion. The one sure cure for indigestion is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood—that's the whole secret. Through the blood they will brace up your strength, waken your liver and set your stomach right. If you ask your neighbor, you will find proof of this right at your own home. Mr. Charles Wood, Jars, Ont., one of the thousands of dyspeptics cured by the use of these pills, says:—"For upwards of twelve years I was a great sufferer from indigestion and nervousness. Everything I ate tortured me. I doctored almost continuously, and used almost everything recommended for this trouble, but never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Words cannot express the good these pills have done me. I am in better health than I have enjoyed in years before, and I have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail."

Bad blood is the mother of fifty diseases, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure them all, because they convert bad blood into good, rich, red blood, without which there can be neither health nor strength. Don't be persuaded to try something else—take nothing but the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GERMANS KNOW BRITAIN.

All the great nations require information about other countries which is not obtainable openly. For this reason the intelligence departments of the great military Powers on the Continent are organized on a scale of cost and efficiency undreamed of in Great Britain. In Russia the secret police employ a considerable number of agents, both male and female, who are resident in Britain. Some of these paid agents, or spies, are people well known in society. The German system of secret service is conducted on much more scientific lines. German knowledge of the United Kingdom is more complete than that of most Britons. Even every picture and work of art of any considerable value is known to the German general staff, while the study of British topography, the mastery of our ordnance maps, the knowledge of the fords, smithies, obstacles, population, and high roads form the subject of examination by German officers who are told off to the duty of acquiring full knowledge of the counties of the United Kingdom. The German agents in Britain, who are occupied in surveying the land with a view to contingencies, are generally to be found in couples in the guise of tourists.



"I hear you go to Europe quite frequently. Do you enjoy the voyages across the ocean?"

"No. Something always comes up to mar my pleasure."

AN EXPLANATION.

"The taxidermist has a paying business."

"Yes, the wolf never comes to his door for fear of being caught and mounted."

THE DIFFICULT PART.

"Well, Thornton has thrown up the sponge," announced Mr. Darley. "Why, how on earth did he manage to swallow it?" asked the literal Mrs. Darley.

The Broken Health of School Life

Close Confinement, over Exertion at Study and Worry over Examinations too great a strain for the Nerves—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

So many school girls and school boys, too, are pale, languid and run down in health, subject to weak spells and nervous headache, and victims of sleeplessness, that we no longer realize the folly of developing the mind at the expense of the body.

It is on the mothers and fathers that falls the responsibility of looking after the health of their children, and to them we suggest the wisdom of having the health of their children kept at the high water mark by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great food cure is so gentle and natural in action as to be admirably suited to the requirements of children. The benefits to be derived from its use are certain and lasting, as it goes to form new red corpuscles in the blood, and creates new nerve force.

Mrs. T. Dalzell, 21 Charles street, Kingston, Ont., states:—"My daughter suffered very much with headaches, caused no doubt from over-study and a run down condition of the nervous system. These attacks of headache were very trying on her and I noticed that she was gradually growing weaker and more nervous. About two months ago I got her a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and since she has been

using this preparation we are more than pleased with the improvement which has been made in her health. She looks one hundred per cent. better, her nerves are steadier, she is not bothered with headaches and is gradually increasing in flesh and weight."

Mrs. R. Wareham, 267 Sherbrooke street, Peterboro', Ont., states:—"One of my children has suffered a great deal with nervous headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, and, in fact, was all run down, pale and languid. These troubles were attributed to over-study and confinement at school. She began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I can say that we have found this treatment exceedingly helpful. It has relieved her of headache, steadied her nerves, and built up her system wonderfully. We can see a great change in her, as the color is returning to her face, and she is gaining in flesh and weight."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-book author, are on every box of his remedies.