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joy. But we know him, don't we, Jack?

Well, I confess I shall not be happy till

you are Captain Pentecrosse, with a

am but your servant, though a proud

And so we sat and talked, while Ni-

watched all the time as a dog keeps

At this time my mistress was 16, a

time when many girls are already mar-

ried. But she was still a child, or a

young girl at heart, being one of those

who, like a fine Orleans plum, ripen

time they take. In person, if I may

was finely made, somewhat taller than

which is the chief glory of the Eng-

how that fair hair, with those blue

es and that soft cheek touched with

September peach, she would draw aft-

and his court and even the grand in-

quisitor and his accursed crew of tor-

She was of a truly affectionate dispo-

sition, her mind being as lovely as her

face. In manners she was easy and

of her wealth? But I believe that they

was except the captain. The girl was

great man. He knew not as yet how

he should find this great man, but he

knew that there were very few, even

of the noble lords in the house of peers,

whose fortune or whose income would

compare with that of his ward-his lit-

tle maid. And I, who knew this ambi-

filling his pipe and calling for another

glass of October, as we expected, push-

ed back his chair and rose with dig-

ceive his sentence at once. The thing

mother, "the persuader."

you are old."

many mansions.

might bestow upon her.

one eye always upon his master.

share in every cargo."

and joyful servant."

STORY OF LOVE AND THE SEA

CHAPTER I. THE HEIRESS AND THE POET. HE happiest day of my life up to that time, because I should be the basest and the most ungrateful of men were I not to confess that I have since enjoyed many days far excelligh happiness that day, was the 20th and June in the year of grace 1747. for on that day, being my nineteenth wider, I was promoted, though so to be mate or chief officer on hard my ship, the Lady of Lynn, thin Jaggard, then engaged in the

will tell you presently how I was so muste as to be apprenticed to so es craft as the Lady of Lynn. Just wit is enough to set down that she as the finest vessel in the little fleet ships belonging to my young mis-Molly Miller, ward of Captain wie. There were eight ships, all the Lady of Lynn, the ship in web I served my apprenticeship; the w Miller, named after her father; Lovely Molly, after herself; the sen and Jennifer, after her par the Pride of Lynn, the Beauty Lynn, the Glory of Lynn and the for of Lynn-all of which you may se if you like as named after their Molly owned them all.

have to tell you in this place why se day in especial must ever be resembered by me as the most surprisand the happiest that I had ever

was standing on the quarter deck duty when the boy came up the monion, saying that the captain ented to speak to me. So I followed. the thinking of what he had to say. meting no more than some question but log or cargo, such as the skipper pluays putting to his officers.

h the captain's cabin, however, imd sitting at the table not only Capin Jazzard himself, but my old had and patron, Captain Crowle. jolly face was full of satisfaction good humor, so that it gave one esure only to look at him. But he toright and assumed the air of digtrobled spoke of the quarter deck. A an who has walked that part of the th in command doth never lose the

ak of anthority. Note Pentecrosse," he began, "I have m for you in order to inform you it on the recommendation of Captain and here"-Captain Jaggard gravetellned his head in acquiescencewith the consent of Miss Molly er, sole proprietor of this good ship, le lady of Lynn, I have promoted blothe rank of chief officer."

Sr." I cried, overwhelmed, for in al had no reason to expect this motion for another two or three is. "What can I say?"

We don't want you to say anything, a my lad." The captain came in from the quarter deck and bemy old friend again. "Give me and. You're young, but there's a better sailor afloat, is there, Main Jaggard?"

Mone, Captain Crowle; none for his or his years naturally. He's sait mgh and through, isn't be, Captain

and through, Captain Crowle." My her was a man of grave aspect and

Well, then, let us drink the lad's "And upon that the cabin boy, no needed no furtuer order, dived inthe locker, produced a bottle, opened and placed three glasses.

6 better Lisbon," said Captain gard, pouring it out. "Goes even he table of the king, God bless

30%, gentlemen"—Captain Crowle ed a glass to me-"first a glass to a Molly, my little maid. Jack, Wite been her playfellow, and you're The servant."

could ask nothing better, sir." mow-a good and zealous servant. that it off, a full glass, running over,

Molly Miller." he obeyed, nothing loath.

and now, Captain Jaggard, here's bealth of your new mate, long to ere under you, your right hand, your be open when you are off the deck, or sailing master, the keeper of your Jack Pentecrosse, I drink to your

that was the event which made this of the happiest in my life. Another ment of which I thought little at the was more important still in the the consequences. This was the hullation of Samuel Semple.

in the evening as soon as I could get here I repaired, as in duty bound, to my respects to my young mistress. was sitting in the summer house some needlework. Beside her sat good old black woman, Nigra.

She dropped her work and and up to meet me. "I thought you one this evening. Oh, are you

Too hew I should come, Molly. hare I not to thank you for my

have me ber hand with her sweet nes and her smiling face. a make you captain, Jack, but to the though I am only waiting. tice of the peace. "Come with me, Jack. It shall not be

said that I inflicted this punishment without a witness. All the world shall know about it, if so be the culprit desires. Come with me. Jennifer, keep within, and if you hear groans praise the Lord for the correction of a sin-

was not unusual in the house of a jus-

Greatly marveling, I followed the captain as he marched out of the parlor. Arrived at the garden, he looked around. "So," he said, "he has not yet come. Perhaps it is light enough for you to read some of his pernicious stuff." With that he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a paper. "Read that, Jack. I say, read it."

I obeyed. The twilight gave sufficient I am proud of you, Jack, because evlight for reading the manuscript. Beerybody speaks so well of you. I met sides, the writing was large and in bold your father this morning and gave him characters. "Why," I said, "I know the good news to rejoice his good old this writing. It is Sam Semple's." heart. He was too proud to confess his

"Very good. Go on, therefore"-At the very first words I understood what had already happened and guessed pretty well what was going to hap-

"Nay, Molly, the ship is yours, and I "Molly divine! Thy heavenly charms prevail, As when the sun doth rise stars fade and pale." "No need for much more of the rubbish, Jack. Read the last of it. I read gra went on with her work, sitting at it all, and it made me sick." the feet of her mistress, whom she

"So, matchless maid, thy silence grants consent. See, at thy feet, the poet's knee is bent When evening roses scatter fragrance faint And the sad Philomel renews his plaint. "Did ever man hear such stuff, Jack? Go on."

"Within this bow'r, afar from sight of men, Tomorrow, Wednesday, at the hour of ten, That bow'r, a shrine of love and temple fair, I will await thee-Samuel Semple-there."

slowly and are all the better for the "What do you think of that, Jack? Samuel Semple, the ragged, skulking, speak of what should be sacred, she sniveling, impudent son of a thieving exciseman! A very fine lover for my the average, her hair of that fair color little maid! Ha, will he? Will he?" The captain grasped his cudgel with lish maiden. If a Lisbon girl could "Sir!" I said, with submission. "What

did Molly say to this precious epistle?" uddy bue and the velvet bloom of the "Molly? Dost think that I would er her the whole town, with the king let the little maid see such ranting stuff? Not so. The black woman brought the precious letters to me. There are three of them. Wait, Jack. Thou shalt see. Hush! I hear his step. Let us get into the summer house and lie snug to see what hapcompliant, in discourse sometimes We stepped into the summer house,

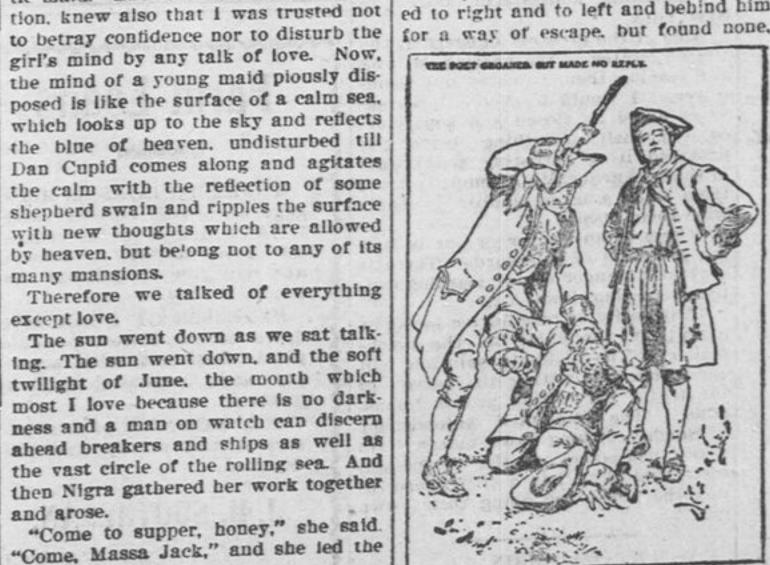
grave and sometimes merry. As for now pretty dark, and waited expectant. her great possessions, she was so sim-Like the captain, I was filled with ple in her tastes and habits, being in amazement that Samuel, whom I knew all respects like the daughter of a plain merchantman's skipper, that she well, who was my schoolfellow, should understood little or nothing of what presume to lift his eyes so high. Alas! these possessions meant or what they There is no bound or limit, I am assured, to the presumption of such as No one, however, must believe that this stringer of foolish rhymes. Yet there was any thought or discourse con- I felt some compunction for him becerning love between us. I had been cause he would most assuredly receive her companion and playfellow. I knew a basting such as would cure him efher very mind and could tell at any fectually of the passion called love, so time of what she was thinking. Some- far as this object was concerned.

times her thoughts were of high and | Presently we heard footsteps crunchserious things. Mostly they were of ing the gravel. "Snug, my lad. Lie things simple, such as the prospects of snug," whispered the captain. We the last brew or the success of the heard the steps making their way latest cordial. Of suitors she had none, glong the path between the gooseberry although she was now, as I said, 16 and current bushes. Then they came years of age. There were no suitors. I out upon the grass lawn before the very well know why, because, perhaps summer house. "The grass is as big for friendly reasons, Captain Crowle as a quarter deck, Jack." said the caphad told me something of his ambition tain. "It will serve for the basting of for his ward. She was too rich and a measly clerk. I've knocked down too good for the young men of Lynn. | many a mutinous dog in the quarter What would any of them do with such | deck."

The poet came to the summer house an heiress? She was too rich and too good even for the gentlefolk of the and stood outside, irresolute. He could county, a hearty, rough, good natured | not see the two occupants. He hemmed people who hunted and shot and feast- twice aloud. There was no reply. ed and drank. What would they do "Matchiess Molly!" he whispered. with an heiress of wealth beyond their | "Divine maid! I am here at thy feet. highest hopes had they any knowledge | Nymph of the azure sea, I am here."

"The devil you are!" cried the caphad none. No one knew how rich she tain, stepping out. "Why, here is a precious villain for you! Jack, cut him intended by her guardian for some off in the rear if he tries to get away. So-so, my young quill driver, you would peach on the preserves of your betters, would you? Would you? Would you?" At each repetition he tanged the wooden post of the summer house with his cudgel.

The poet made no reply, but he looked to right and to left and behind him



Supper over, the captain, instead of for I was ready to bar his flight. turning round his chair to the fireplace, wherefore his shoulders became rounded and his head hung down and his knees trembled. Samuel Semple was caught in a trap. Some young fellows would have made a fight of it, but not Samuel. All be thought about was "Jennifer," he addressed Molly's submission and nonresistance, which might provoke pity.

Jennifer was her Christian name. She "Three times, jackanapes, hast thou got up and drew from the corner by the presumed to send stuff to my ward. cupboard a stout crab tree cudgel, Here they are." He took from me the twisted and gnarled like the old tree last sheet of doggerel verse and drew from which it came. "Be not revengefrom his pocket two more. "Here they "No, no. I am a justice of the peace. are one, two, three all addressed to received a few words in reply and re-I am captain on my own quarter deck. the matchless Molly. Why, thou im tired, each apparently well pleased, me. We are strangers, remember, and and blue eyes, the face and figure of a lam part of the matchless Molly. To the new part of the matchless Molly. The matchless Molly are promised for promises cost nothing. To the new part of the matchless Molly are matchless to the matchless Molly. Punishment I shall bestow, not re pudent villain, what devil prompted for promises cost nothing. To the poet thee to call her matchiess Molly? Who asked for a subscription and prof-"Well, John, but he is young, and Matchless to such as you! Take that, fered a dedication my lord promised you are old. "Young, is with a will. The poet groaned, but added a few words of praise and good sock with bands of the whitest and a man, why not apply yourself for the captain Crowle laughed. "Young, is with a will. The poet groaned, but wishes Prot the subscription was a sock with bands of the whitest and a man, why not apply yourself for the he? And I am old, am I? We shall made no reply, again looking vainly to wishes. But the subscription was nev. doubt if the analysis and the delication was nev. right and left for some way of escape.

Crowle with his own hand quelled a mutiny and drove the whole crew under hatches.

It was a poor, shrinking, trembling figure full of bruises and aches and pains that presently arose and slunk away. I should have felt sorry for him had he taken punishment like a man. Why, I would maroon any of my crew who would cry and grovel and snivel when tied up for his three dozen. It made one sick and ashamed to see him and to hear him, with his "Mercy, captain! Oh, enough, good captain! Oh, captain, I confess! I deserve it all. Never again, captain. Oh, forgiveness, forgiveness!" and so on. I say it made me sick and ashamed. When all was over, I followed him to the garden gate. "Oh, Jack," he groaned, "you | stood by and saw it all! I am a dead man. He shall be hanged for it. You are the witness. I am nothing but a bag of broken bones, ribs and collar bones and skull. I am a poor, unfortunate, murdered man. I am done to death with a cudgel."

"Go home," I said. "You a man? You cry like a whipped cur. Murdered? Not you. Cudgeled you are, and well you deserved it. Go home and get brown paper and vinegar and tell all the town how you have been cudgeled for writing verses to a matchless maid. They will laugh, Sam Semple.

They will laugh." The captain went back to the parlor somewhat flushed with the exercise. "Justice," he said, "has been done without the cart and the cat. My pipe. Jennifer, and the home brewed. Molly, my dear, your very good health."

A day or two afterward we heard that Sam Semple had gone to London to make his fortune. He was carried thither by the wagon that once a week makes the journey to London, returning the following week. But when Sam Semple came back it was-in a chaise, with much splendor, as in due course you shall hear. You shall also hear of the singular gratitude with which he repaid the captain for that wholesome correction.

> CHAPTER IL A NOBLE LORD.



T is three years later. We are now in the year 1750. At 12 o'clock in the morning the anteroom of the townhouse of the right honorable the Earl of Fylingdale was tolerably filled

with a mixed company attending his

Soon after 12 o'clock the doors of the private apartments were thrown open, and his lordship appeared wearing the look of dignity and proud condescension combined which well became the star he wore and the ancient title which he had inherited. His age was about 30, a time of life when there linger some remains of youth and the serious responsibilities are yet with some men hardly felt. His face was cold and proud and hard, the lips firmly set, the eyes keen and even piercing, the features regular, his stature tall, but not ungainly; his figure manly. It was remarkable among those who knew him intimately that there was as yet no sign of luxurious living on face and figure. He was not as yet swelled out with wine and punch; his neck was still slender, his face pale, without any telltale marks of wine and debauchery. So far as appearance goes, he might pass if be chose for a person of the most rigid and even austere virtue.

This, as I have said, was considered remarkable by his friends, most of whom were already stamped on face and feature and figure with the outward and visible tokens of a profligate life, for, to confess the truth at the very beginning and not to attempt concealment or to suffer a false belief as regards this nobleman, he was nothing better than a cold blooded, pitiless, selfish libertine, a rake and a voluptuary. one who knew and obeyed no laws save the laws of (so called) honor. These laws allow a man to waste his fortune at the gaming table, to ruin confiding girls, to spend his time with rake companions in drink and riot and debauchery of all kinds. He must, however, pay his gambling debts; he must not cheat at cards; he must be polite in speech; he must be ready to fight whenever the occasion calls for his sword and the quarrel seems of sufficient importance. Lord Fylingdale, however, was not among those who found his chief pleasure scouring the streets and in mad riot. You shall learn in due course what forms of pleasure chiefly attracted him.

I have said that his face was proud. There was not, I believe, any man living in the whole world who could compare with Lord Fylingdale for pride. An overwhelming pride sat upon his was betrayed by his carriage. With such pride did Lucifer look round upon his companions, fallen as they were and in the depths of hopeless ruin.

He was dressed in a manner becoming to his rank. Need we dwell upon his coat of purple velvet, his embroidered waistcoat, his white silk stockings, his lace of ruffles and cravat, his gold buckles and his gold clocks, his laced hat carried under his arm, his jeweled sword hilt and the rings upon his fingers? You would think by his dress that his wealth was equal to his pride, and by his reception of the suitors that his power was equal to both

pride and wealth together. The levee began. One after the other stepped up to him, spoke a few words. The basting which followed was real- ward altered so far as the superscrip- finer. ed found guilty, sentenced and to re- ly worthy of the days when Captain | tion to another noble patron. To the

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clergyman who asked for a country living then vacant my lord promised the most kindly consideration and bade him write his request and send it him by letter for better assurance of remembrance. To the officer he promised his company as only due to gallantry and military skill. To the place hunter he promised a post far beyond the dreams and the hopes of the suppliant. Nothing more came of it to either.

The company grew thin. One after the other the suitors withdrew to feed on promises. It is like opening your mouth to drink the wind. But 'twas all they got.

When they were gone, Lord Fylingdale looked round the room. In the | you." window stood, dangling a cane from his wrist, a gentleman dressed in the

highest and the latest fashion. Yet when one looked more closely it for me." was seen that this gallant exterior arrayed an ancient gentleman whose years were proclaimed by the sharpening of his features, the wrinkles of his feet, the crow's feet round his eyes and his bending shoulders, which he continually endeavored to set square and upright. Hat in one hand and snuffbox in the other, he ambled toward his lordship on tiptoe, which happened just then to be the fashionable

Therefore I sent a letter. Briefly, Sir feet and rang the bell. "Tell Mr. Sem-

Harry, wouldst do me a service?" "I am always at your lordship's commands. This, I hope, I have proved."

It is probable that for certain private reasons I may have to pay a visit to a country town, a town of tarpaulins and | At this time he also called himself sectraders, not a town of fashion." Sir Harry shuddered. "Patience, my friend. I know not how long I shall endure the barbaric company. But I must go. There are reasons - let me | ter"whisper, reasons of state, important secrets-which call me there." Sir Harry smiled and looked incredulous. "I want on the spot a friend"-Sir Harry smiled again, as one who began to understand - "a friend who would appear to be a stranger. Would you, therefore, play the part of such a friend?"

"I will do whatever your lordship commands. Yet to leave town at this season"-it was then the month of April - "the assembly, the park, the card table, the society of the ladies- It is possible that the Lady Anastasia and that-your lordship will pardon the may go there. She will, as usual, keep plain truth-your lordship's credit canthe bank if she does go." The old beau's face cleared, whether

in anticipation of Lady Anastasia's society or her card table I know not. "My character, Sir Harry, will be in

your hands. I leave it there confidentbrow, was proclaimed by his eyes and ly. For reasons-reasons of state-it should be a character of"-"I understand. Your lordship is

> "So we understand. My secretary will converse with thee further on the point of expenditure."

model of all the virtues"-

Sir Harry retired, bowing and twisting his body something like an ape. Then a gentleman in scarlet presented himself.

"Your lordship's most obedient," he said, with scant courtesy. "I come in obedience to your letter of command." "Colonel, you will hold yourself in of her property. She was an heiress

readiness to go into the country. There | already when her father died. That will be play. You may lose as much as you please to Sir Harry Malyus or to any one else whom my secretary will den with a high color, I warrant." point out to you. Perhaps you may have to receive a remonstrance from ed with red and pink, light hair in curis

take a card." And he, too, retired. There remained one suitor. He was a sirrah, and that!" They were laid on the former, accepted the latter and clergyman dressed in a fine silk cas-

> "Good. my lord." he said. "I am. as usual, a suppliant. The rectory of St. i

Leonard le Size, Jewry, in the City, Is now vacant. With my small benefices in the country it would suit me hugely. A word from your lordship to the lord mayor-the rectory is in the gift of the corporation-would, I am sure, suffice." "You are living, as usual, I suppose, at great expense."

"At small expense considering my abilities, but still at greater expense than my slender income will allow. Am I not your lordship's domestic chaplain? Must I not keep up the dignity due to the position?"

"Your dignity is costly. I must get # bishopric or a deanery for you. Meantime I have a small service to ask of

"Small? My lord, let it be great; it cannot be too great." "It is that you go into the country,

"Not to Bath or to Oxford?" "Not to either; to another place, where they know not thy name or thy fame. Very good. I thought I could depend upon your loyalty. As for arrangements and time, you will hear from my secretary." So my lord turned on his heel, and his chaplain was dis-

When the levee was finished and everybody gone, Lord Fylingdale sank into a chair. I know not the nature of "Thy servant, Sir Harry." My lord his thoughts save that they were not offered him his hand with condescen- pleasant, for his face grew darker evsion. "It warm's my heart to see thee. ery moment. Finally he sprang to his ple that I would speak with him," he

Mr. Semple, the same Samuel whom "Then, Sir Harry, this is the case. | you have seen under a basting from the captain, was now changed and for the better. He wore the dress of a poet. retary to his lordship.

"Semple," said his lordship, crossing his legs and playing with the tassel of his sword knot, "I have read thy let-

"Your lordship will impute"-"First, what is the meaning of the

"I have been your lordship's secretary for six months. I have therefore perused all your lordship's letters. I have also in my zeal for your lordship's interests looked about me, and I discovered what I ventured to state in that preamble." "Well, sir?"

"Namely, that the Fylingdale estates are gone so far as your lordship's life is concerned, but in a word all is gone, not last long and that-I now touch s most delicate point to a man of your lordship's nice sense of honor-the only resource left is precarious."

"You mean"-"I mean a certain lady and a certain "How, sir? Do you dare? What has

put this suspicion into your head?" "Nay, my lord; I have no thought but for your lordship's interests, believe

"And so you tell me about the rustic heiress, and you propose a plan"-

"I have had the temerity to do so." "Yes. Tell me once more about this girl and about her fortune."

"Her name is Molly Miller. She is an orphan. Her guardian is an honest sailor who has taken the greatest care

was 18 years ago. She is now 19." "Is she passable-to look at? A hol-

"A cream colored complexion touchworld and the fondest manner."

"Hang me if the fellow isn't in love with her himself! If she is all this, "Because her guardian keeps off all

would be lovers and destines his ward (Continued on Page 4.)