DARRAMANAAAAAAAAAAAA

## THE GRIP

Cyrus Cownsend Brady. Author of "The Southerners," "In the Wasp's Nest," Etc.

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(Continued From Page Three

Brms. "Helm's-a-lee, hard-a-lee!" Neill at this moment.

"Rise tacks and sheets!" roared the exptain.

The ship shot up into the wind, straightened herself as its pressure was removed from the sails, lost headway, the jibs swinging and tugging in the gale as she began to swing to larboard away from the reef on the starboard side. She worked around slowly until the wind began to come in over the starboard bow. "Haul taut!" shouted the watching

Paptain. "Mainsail haul!"

The great yards, with their vast expanse of slatting, roaring, thrashing canvas, whirled rapidly around as the nimble crew ran aft with the sheets and braces. The Ranger fell off quickly and drifted down toward the needle, the aftersails aback.

"Board that main tack there! Man the head braces! Jump, men, lively! Let go and haul!"

There was a frightful moment Would she make it? She stopped. Ah, Thank God, they gathered way again, slowly, then faster.

"Right the helm; meet her-so. Bteady! Get that main tack down now Wall on to it, all of you, sway away! Get a pull on the lee braces, Mr. D'Neill, and haul the bowlines. Ah that's well done!"

They were rushing through it again. The white water and the breakers were left behind. A sigh of relfef broke from the reckless men, and even the fron captain seemed satisfied with his achievement as he walked aft to the guarter deck.

"Get a good offing, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, "and then heave to. First send the hands aloft to take in the to'gallant sails, and then you may get a boat ready. We must see if there are any poor creatures left on that ship yonder."

"Very good, sir," replied the lieutenant, giving the necessary orders, when presently the ship, easier under the reduced canvas, was hove to in the beat-

"Shall I take the weather whale-

boat, sir?" "Yes," returned the captain. "I think you had better try to board under her lee if it be possible to do anything among that wreckage. I doubt if there be anybody left alive on her, but we gan't afford to risk the possibility, especially in the case of that woman whom you found so beautiful," he add-

ed, with a smile. Aye, aye, sir," said the lieutenant, blushing beneath the bronze in spite of himself as he directed the boatswain to call away the whaleboat, which, manned by six stout oarsmen. with himself at the tiller, was soon cast into the heaving sea. Meanwhile the Ranger alled away again and beat to and fro off the coast, taking care to preserve the necessary offing, or distance from shore to leeward.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTOR CAPTURED. T was a long, hard pull, and only the great skill of the officer prevented their capsizing before the whaleboat finally drew near the Maidstone. The ship had hit the reef hard at flood tide, and the waves had driven her farther on. Every mast and spar was gone, wrenched away by the storm and the waves. It was manifestly impossible to approach upon the weather side without staving the boat, so O'Neill cautiously rounded the stern of the wreck and briefly considered the situa-

He did not dare bring the boat near enough to enable him to leap upon the deck through some of the great gaping openings in the sides made by the tremendous batterings of the massive spars, and he finally concluded that the only practicable access to the Maidstone was by means of some of the gearing trailing over the side and writhing about, snakelike, in the water. Intrusting the tiller of the whaleboat to old Price, the veteran gunner, he di-

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rected that it be brought alongsme as close as consistent with safety, and at exactly the right moment, as they rose upon the crest of a wave, he sprang out into the water and clutched desperately at a rope hanging over the side of

the wreck. The men swung the boat away from the ship instantly, and he found himself clinging to a small rope wildly tossing about in the tumultuous sea. He was dashed to and fro like a cork, the waves repeatedly broke over his head, the life was almost buffeted out of him, but he held on like grim death. Fortunately the other end of the rope was fast inboard.

With careful skill and husbanding his strength as much as possible he pulled himself along the rope through the water until he drew near the side of the ship. Then, though the operation was hazardous in the extreme, as he saw no other method, he began to pull himself up hand over hand on the rope along the side. In his already exhausted state and with the added weight of his wet, sodden clothing the effort was almost beyond his strength.

He endeavored by thrusting with his foot to keep himself from being beaten against the side by the waves, but without success, for when he had hardly reached the rail an unusually large breaker struck him fairly in the back and dashed his head against a piece of jagged timber, cutting a great gash in his forehead. Blood filled his eyes; his head swam; a sick, faint feeling filled his breast; he hesitated and nearly lost his grasp of the rope. The men in the tossing boat a little distance away held their breath in terrified apprehension; but, summoning all his resolution to his aid, he made a last desperate effort, breasted the rail and fell fainting prone upon the deck of the ship.

A few moments in the cold water which was flooding over it revived him somewhat, and he rose unsteadily to his feet and looked about him in bewilderment. The change from the tossing boat to the motionless rigidity of the vise-held wreck was startling. There was not a sign of life on the ship. She was breaking up fast. Rails were stove in, boats were gone, three jagged stumps showed where the masts had been, and only the fact that she had been driven so high on the reefs prevented her from foundering at once. There was a dead body jammed under the starboard fife rail forward, but no other sign of humanity. In front of him was a hatchway giving entrance to a small cuddy, or cabin, the roof of which rose a few feet above the level

As he stood there striving to recover himself in a brief lull in the storm he thought he heard a faint voice. It seemed to come from beneath him. He at once turned and, with uncertain steps, descended the hatchway. Reaching the deck below, he stood in the way a moment, brushing the blood from his eyes. As he gradually made out the details of the cabin, dimly illuminated by a skylight above, he saw a woman on her knees praying. She had her face buried in her hands and did not see him until he spoke to apprise her of his

"Madam"- he began thickly.

The woman raised her head with startled quickness and gave him one terrified glance. The glass had told him truly-she was beautiful and young as well, scarcely more than a girl apparently. Even the dim gray light could not hide those things. As for him, he was an awful looking spectacle-wet, hatless, his clothing torn, a great red wound in his forehead intensifying his pallor. He had a heavy pistol in his belt and a cutlass swinging at his side.

She stared at him in frightened silence and finally rose to her feet, deathly pale and apparently appalled. He saw that she was a little above the medium height. At the same moment from an obscure corner there rang out shriek after shriek, and another woman rushed forward, threw herself on the deck at his feet and fairly groveled

"Oh, sir, for God's sake, sir," she cried frantically, "good Mr. Pirate, don't hang us, sir! We never hurt anybody. Oh, sir, take us away. We'll do anything, we"-

"Silence, you coward!" commanded the other woman imperiously. "Get up! Prayers are of no avail with such

"Nor are they necessary, madam," replied O'Neill. "We are not pirates, and I am come to save you and shall do it.

Will you please come on deck?" "I had rather gone down on the ship," said the girl defiantly, evidently disbelieving him. "But you are here, and you are master. Give your orders,

"Very well," returned the lieutenant, calmly accepting the situation. "You will go up on deck at once."

The girl motioned him forward. "After you, madam," he said, bowing courteously, and she stepped haughtily up the companion way, followed next by her shivering, shrinking, terrified

maid and lastly by O'Neill. "Are there any others left alive on the ship, think you, madam?" he

asked. "No one," answered the girl. "Many were thrown overboard or killed when we struck on these rocks here, and the rest abandoned us, the cowards," was

"Do you wait here a moment while I take a look forward to assure myself," said O'Neill, stepping rapidly across ITS EFFECTS ARE MARVELLOUS. the raffle of rope about the decks and making a hasty inspection to make RELIER ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS sure that no unfortunate was left. Quickly satisfying himself that they were gone, he returned to the quarter deck where the two women stood. He looked at them in some perplexity. It would be a matter of great difficulty to get them back in the boat, but he promptly determined upon his course as your savesist FOR IV. TAKE NO STREET. of action. They would not like it, but that would be no matter.

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Signing to the Tockswain, old Price. the boat, which had been riding to a long rope from the ship, was skillfully brought alongside again as near as was safe. One end of a long piece of loose gear was thrown over to the boat, where it was made fast. A bight of the rope properly stoppered to prevent undue constriction was passed around the waist of the maid, at which all her terrors were resumed.

"Oh, for God's sake, for the love of heaven, as you have a mother or wife, do not hang us here! If we must die, let us drown on the ship like good Christian people. Oh, please, good Mr. Pirate"-

But O'Neill was in no mood to pay attention to such trifling, and he summarily fastened the bight around her waist, and, lifting her upon the rail, bade her jump. She clung to him with the tenacity of despair, crying and shricking in the most frantic manner, until finally her overwrought nerves gave way and she fainted. That was just what he wanted. Singing out to old Price to haul in on the line, and having taken a turn around a belaying pin with his end of it, he promptly threw the girl into the water. Of course she was dragged under at once, but in a moment was lifted safely into the whaleboat, where she was shortly revived from unconsciousness by the ducking she had received.

"Now, madam, you see you need fear nothing," said O'Neill peremptori-



The womanly instincts of the girl asserted themselves.

ly to the other woman. "I trust I shall not be compelled to throw you in too?" "Not at all, sir," she replied, trembling violently, but striving to preserve her self control; "I presume you reserve me for a worse fate."

The young lieutenant started violently at the insult, and his face clouded



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darkly at her suspicion "I-no matter, I came to save you," he said as he stepped toward her to

assist her to make the leap. "Please do not touch me," she answered disdainfully; "I am no fainting fool. Give me the rope. What is it you wish me to do?"

"Pass it around your waist. Allow me. Now stand there, madam, and when I say the word jump." "Very well," she said, stepping upon

the rail resignedly, where perforce he was compelled to hold her to keep her from falling.

How glorious and splendid she looked, he thought, with her unbound hair floating like golden sunlight in the wind against the background of the gray day, while her sea blue eyes looked boldly over the black water from her proud, white, handsome face.

"Now!" he said as the boat rose toward them. Without a moment's hesitation she leaped into the air, and after a swift passage through the water she was hauled into the boat by the rough but kindly hands of the old sailor. Making the end of the rope fast around his own waist, O'Neill, watching his opportunity, sprang after, but he seemed fated for misfortune that day, for a bit of timber torn that moment from the wreck struck him on the head just as he touched the water, and it was a fainting, senseless man Price hauled into the boat. The old seaman laid his officer down in the stern sheets, where the young girl was sitting with her maid crouching at her feet. Necessarily he lay in a constrained position; there was nothing to support his head but a boat stretcher.

She gazed upon his pallid face with its disfiguring wounds. He was a murderous pirate, no doubt, and deserved it all; still he had saved her life. The Maidstone was breaking up. He was so handsome, too, and he looked like a gentleman. She was a woman, well-then the womanly instincts of the girl asserted themselves, and she finally moved her position and lifted the head of the unconscious sailor to her knee. Taking a handkerchief from her neck, she dipped it in the salt water and bathed his head and then poured between his lips a few drops from the flask of rum which Price handed her after the old man had insisted that she take a draft of the flery liquid her-

Under these pleasant ministrations O'Neill opened his eyes for a moment, gazed up into her face with a smiling glance, and closing his eyes immediately, lest she should release him, he lay quite still while the men pulled away toward the Ranger, and in that manner they reached her side. His heart was beating wildly; that look had been enough. She was his prisoner-but her captor was captured!

CHAPTER III.

A GENTLE PIRATE.

AGER eyes on the ship had noted the every movement of the whaleboat as she drew near the Ranger. Old Price saw that a whip and a boatswain's chair had been rigged on the main yardarm to swing his passengers on board. The sight of the dangling rope awakened a fresh fit of apprehension on the part of the timorous maid, and it was with great difficulty that the amused seaman persuaded her that she was not to be hanged outright. Entirely unconvinced, but resigning herself to her fate, she finally sat down on the small board and was swung to the gangway.

The mistress gently laid the head of the prostrate officer against one of the thwarts, and, leaving the handkerchief as a rest for it, followed the maid. Then the old cockswain secured the lieutenant to the chair, and when he had reached the deck, where he opened his eyes and recovered consciousness with incredible promptness, the boat was dropped astern, the falls hooked on and she was smartly run up to her place at the davits, and the Ranger filled away. O'Neill was at once assisted below to his cabin, and his wounds, which were not serious, were attended to by the surgeon.

When the young woman joined her maid on the deck her glance comprehended a curious picture. In front of her, hat in hand, bowing low before her, stood a small, dapper, swarthy, black avised, black haired man, in the blue uniform of a naval officer. He had the face of a scholar and a student, with the bold, brilliant black eyes of a fighter. Surrounding him were other officers and several young boys similarly dressed. Scattered about in various parts of the ship, as their occupation or station permitted, were a number of rude, fierce, desperate looking men, nondescript in apparel. None of the navies of the world at that date, except in rare instances, uniformed its men. On either side of the deck black guns protruded through the ports, and here and there a marine, carrying a musket and equipped in uniform of white and green, stood or paced a solitary watch.

"I bid you welcome to my ship, madam. So fair a face on a war vessel is as grateful a sight as the sun after a squall," said the officer, elaborately

bowing. "Sir," said the young woman, trembling slightly, "I am a person of some consideration at home. My guardian will cheerfully pay you any ransom if you spare me. I am a woman and alone. I beg you, sir, to use me kindly." She clasped her hands in beseeching entreaty, her beautiful eyes filling

At this signal the fears of the maid broke out afresh, and she plumped down on her knees and grasped the captain around the legs, bawling vociferously and adding a touch of com-

edy to the scene: "Oh, sir, for the love of heaven, sir, don't make us walk the plank!" It would seem that the maid had been reading romances.

The seamen near enough to hear and

see grinned largely at this exhibition, and the captain, with a deep flush and a black frown on his face, struggled to release himself.

"Silence, woman!" he cried fiercely at last. "Get up from your knees or, by heaven, I will have you thrown overboard, and you, madam, for what do you take me?"

"Are you not a-a pirate, sir?" she answered, hesitating. "They told me

on the ship that you"-"No pirate am I." interrupted the man proudly, laying his hand on his sword. "I am an officer and, with these gentlemen, am in the service of the United States of America, the new republic. This is the American Continental ship Ranger. You are as safe with us as you would be in your own parlor at home-safer, in fact. There you would be surrounded by servants; here are men who would die to prevent harm coming to you. Is it not so, gentlemen?"

A deep chorus of "aye, ayes" rang through the air. The captain continued with sudden heat:

"'Fore God, madam, I don't understand how you could insult me with an offer of money!"

"Oh, sir," said the girl, visibly relieved, "they told me that you were a pirate and would murder us all. Are you not"-

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, madam," interrupted the little officer, with another bow, thrusting his hand in his bosom.

"Yes," said the young woman; "they said it would be you. Why, every news letter in the land describes you as-as"-

"Pirate, madam; say it. You have not hesitated to speak the word heretofore. A rebel-a traitor-a pirate," he said, throwing up his head proudly. "'Tis a penalty which one pays for fighting for freedom; but you, at least, shall be able to speak unequivocally as to our character, for I pledge you my word you shall take no harm from us, though I doubt not my young gentlemen here will be raked fore and aft by the batteries of your bright eyes. Now, will you vouchsafe me your name and some of your story, that I may know with whom I have to do?"

"My name is Howard, sir-Elizabeth Howard," replied the girl, brightening as her fears diminished. "I am the ward of Admiral Lord Westbrooke, the governor of Scarborough castle. have no father or mother."

"Another claim upon our considera tion, ma'am."

"Sir, I thank you. I was going to visit friends in Liverpool when that unfortunate ship there was wrecked. Oh, what will become of me now?" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears

"Liverpool lies in our way, Mistress Howard, and 'twill give me great pleasure to land you upon some convenient point on the coast in a few days if the wind hold and no mischance arise; and now may I present my officers to you, since we are to be fellow passengers

Upon receiving the desired permission from the grateful girl, in whose pale cheek the color began to come again, the captain, who was a great stickler for etiquette, brought forward the little group of officers and introduced them one by one. There was much bowing and courtesying on the quarter deck, which even the seamen seemed to enjoy.

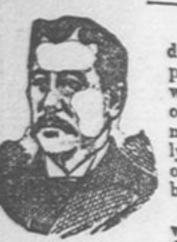
"This is all, I believe," said the captain, having stopped with the smallest | maid," said the captain; "and I premidshipman, who announced himself in his boyish treble, in comical imitation of his elders, as "vastly honored, madam."

"The gentleman who brought me here?" questioned the girl, blushing faintly. "I trust he is not seriously injured?"

"Ah," replied Jones, "my first lieutenant, Mr. Barry O'Neill, a volunteer with us and an officer in the service of his most Christian majesty, my friend, the king of France." On the ship O'Neill had elected to sink his mar-

"He is not much hurt, Mistress Howard, only battered about a bit and pulled down by the nervous shock and efforts he underwent-why, here he is now! Did I not warn you, sir, to stay below?" said the doctor, shaking his finger, as O'Neill, pale and languid, with his head bound up, came slowly up the companion way. "Oh, I am all right, doctor," said the

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neutenant, rather weakly, but smiling with the audacity and gallantry of his race as he spied the girl. "Who would stay below with divinity on the deck? The thought of the presence of this lady above him would lift a crusader from his tombstone."

"Allow me to present you in due form to Mistress Howard, Mr. O'Neill," said the captain, somewhat severely, evidently very desirous of observing the proprieties now.

"Sir," said the young girl, looking gratefully at the Irishman out of her violet eyes, "I have to thank you for a most gallant rescue, made doubly hard by my perversity and foolish apprehension, which this gentleman," bowing to the flattered captain, "has most kindly

"Twas a pleasure to serve you, madam. May I continue to enjoy it? We would sink another ship for such another chance," said the Irishman lightly. "Now, I propose to give up one of my cabins to Mistress Howard and her sume that she will need to rest after the exciting incidents of the day until supper is served. If you are able, Mr. O'Neill, I should like to have you join us there, with Mistress Howard's permission, of course, since the ship is

hers." He smiled toward her, and when he smiled he was irresistible. "I am honored, sir," replied the girl graciously. "And I thank you. Cap tain, I shall be delighted." continue the young lady, laying her hand in his own as he led her aft to the cabin door in the break of the poop. Before she entered she turned and made a grace ful courtesy; her glance swept toward the young lieutenant. O'Neill from that moment was no longer a captive-h

was a slave. "Gentlemen, good afternoon," said, comprehending them in brilliant look, and smiling again. was enough; that glance had given O'Neill any number of rivals. (Continued Next Week!



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