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PIRATE.

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY and ALICK MUNRO.

(Cauright 1900, by Weatherba Chasher and Alies Munro:

医游疗法名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名名 tag reak, and like a macking flend our Marn. fighting desparately avery step as we huried them and turned them | moment that the world held other evil to hissing steam that hit back at the

Panting and scorched, we gathered, a smoke grimed group, on the counter and realized that we were beaten. A shout arose that the powder room was on fire, and a half charred boat was dropped into the water. Springing in,

we pushed off. Scarcely had we pulled a cable's length away when the Scourge blew up. Masts, spars and deck shot up toward heaven and then fell in a blazing shower around the column of smoke which marked the place where the

shattered hull had sunk. The rest of the night dragged itself wearfly through, and the sun rose upon an unflecked sky. The boat was without stores or provisions of any kind. She had neither compass nor sail, and with one pair of oars we could make little headway through the calm, even had we known where to steer for.

Which of us did not envy the old man in his beautiful island hermitage

We looked around at the unbroken | crowd and stood before us. He saw wircle of the horizon, with the water | what we had suffered, and he was It encinctured untarnished by a single zephyr and gleaming like a glancing lips parted in a smile a double row of mirror of light, then at the cruel sun | cruel, yellow teeth shone out between that was arching a course of scorching | them. splendor through the cloudless vault above, and as we looked we took but little comfort from the cheering words | Miguel del Cassamoro. which Alec spoke to us. What help could reach us from such a barren flery wilderness? What oasis could we hope to find in such a broiling, track- from which we had escaped was

But in spite of the enervating heat | now, having got out of that, we were we tugged doggedly at the oars. The | perilously near finding ourselves in work, purposeless as it seemed, was i the fire. Don Miguel was carrying us some relief. To active men there is no | to Spain to the torture, and even his torture like indolence in a case like | vengeful cruelty could invent for us this, for indolence is the advance picket | no more malignant fate. of despair.

But each couple, though eager for ! the galleon, together with other booty. their turn of toil, were glad enough to I lay snugly hidden on a lonely island quit it at the appointed time. Water | under the guard of a crippled dotard, driven from the body in perspiration (doubtless his eastward voyage would makes its want more keenly felt with- have been broken. He would have In. The burning thirst was aggravated | been charmed, too, now that the tables by exercise. Alec, being sparely built, were so effectually turned, to renew perhaps suffered least. I, a thirsty his acquaintance with the old man, soul, ever given to quaffing what was | his former jailer, for thus the auto da offered, endured ten men's agony. In- fe he pictured would have another deed, as evening drew near, I began to | actor. But he believed that all our fear that before another watch had run | gains lay fathoms deep on the sea bottom with the ill fated Scourge and

My time, however, was not yet come. anced mind by undeceiving him. As the sun went down in the west its dying glory lit upon a sail that peeped above the southern water line. With frenzied effort we made for it and feared that the darkness would come of wood and drawer of water, and he down before we could reach it. As we drew nearer we made out that in kind. We were made to ply our

sne was a carrack. The breeze which brought her up had lagged behind, and she had run into a beit of calm. Relaxing our efforts not one whit, we Dushed fiercely on, urging the boat with Titan strokes; for we were no | blow was the payment. And though gaunt famine worn specters, no starve- the gorge of one of us would now and lings of the ocean who had been eking out a day's pittance to make it last | tremble on his tongue, his mates would over ten. In bodily health we were all | bid him knuckle under, grin if he hale and hearty and as good men as we were the day before, save for the ! mad thirst which consumed us. But father," Willie Trehalion would mutthat is a madness beside which all oth- ter prophetically. er emotions sink to nothing; passion and prudence alike die when the thirst roost," his nephew Job would chuckle gage touches them. Urged by it we in reply. would have charged an army or have

fled from one man, and so double bank ing our oars we tore toward the car-

That she was Spanish from truck to tiller mattered nothing. Her people clustered on the decks in armed suscould not stop us. "Water! Agua!" we cried at them hoarsely. We | awful.

We climbed on board, and the Spanlards staid their hands, some because some through bity and others perhaps the gods and the green slime, whose tickled with. We drank and we drank awaijawed our waters missiles as fast | and forgot in the satisfaction of the

But there was one at hand who

Our old enemy's turn had come again.

Spaniard came forward from the

Our old enemy's turn had come

again. We were the prisoners of Don

CHAPTER XXX.

strangely like a vast frying pan, and

Had he known that the plunder of

we would not agitate his well bal-

Don Miguel did not put us in irons in

the hold, though some of his underlings

suggested it. No; he remembered the

time when he was our unwilling hewer

prepared to pay back some of his debts

craft as mariners whenever our serv-

ices were wanted, and for the rest of

Every dirty job in the ship fell to the

the time we were the slaves of any one

Englishmen's share, and a curse or a

again rise and a mutinous refusal

"A coward's blows never forget their

"Aye, uncle, an curses come home to

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who chose to command us.

The burning circle of sun baked sea

comes from no creature what breathes that's his night song. D'you think I shouldn't know his voice among a would remind us. A tall, handsome Master Topp?" I shook my head.

Outwardly no band of unfortunates

was ever more numbed by despair,

were meek and submissive as Indians,

going about our labors mechanically,

court suspicion by excess of zeal, while

we avoided additional tyranny by

But we meant to escape. The car-

rack should never set us on Spanish

ground. We would fire her powder

room sooner, and perish with the rest

of her crew in one overwhelming holo-

caust. In the meanwhile we lived in

hope that the chapter of accidents

would unravel the coil in which we

The pilot left the carrack at the most

easterly point of Trinidad, and then,

bidding goodby to domestic navigation,

we set out on the ocean voyage. For

two days we beat, tack and tack,

against easterly winds, sagging to lee-

ward like a haystack, and making

hardly any headway. Then for three

days the wind chopped round fair,

and we sped easily along our course.

But after the third morning had passed

the barren plain of ocean began to

haze over, and as the thickness in-

creased the breeze died away, till at

last the carrack lay motionless in the

Night came, and the gray twilight of

the afternoon changed to inky black-

ness. All of us were asleep, tired out

with the exertions of the day and glad

Suddenly Alec and I were aroused

by a warning touch of Willie Treha-

the blackness, a sound that was half

wall, half howl, but wholly weird and

"A water pixy," said I, trembling.

The sound made itself heard again-

with unutterable mournfulness.

"Ther're scenting pres: We're

Bea Welfes Baver Bullia

calm of a dense fog.

to snatch a little rest.

"Listen!" he whispered.

llon's hook.

had entangled ourselves.

steady obedience.

"The night mist has got into your rain, Willie. You must be mistaken nere," I said. "Mebbe it's Nep's ghost that's hail-

ng, uncle," boatswain irritably, turning on this

last speaker. "Hold your tongue, Job, | beaks." an let others speak that has sense." "But if it is Nep, Willie?" "This-if that's Nep, why, then, it's the Bristol Merchant too. Think a minute. Why shouldn't it be her? Those on board couldn't be expected to wait

for us up the great river till the crack | the booms and lowered, and we were o' doom. The three years that Captain Ircland told them to bide there is as long ago, an, so believing that we're an | whispered command. They would give swallowed up in the wilderness, they're us neither food nor water, neither commaking the best o' their way home with | the news. Besides, listen again. There! | curses, and, bidding us shove off, I'd stake my hand on it that's Nep's | threatened to quicken us with a saker voice! An, as Nep would never desert | shot if we did not hurry out of each. the Bristol Merchant, we must just try an frighten the dons into setting us adrift. We'll maybe fall between two stools; but, anyway, it's our best

"If we can do it," said Alec, "but"-"Trust me to manage it, Captain Ireland," interrupted Willie. "I've a weapon in mouth that would frighten the very soul out of a Spaniard, if the devil bred Spaniards with souls. Ask Master Topp. He knows what I can do. Look at them now! Fearsome o'the darkness, they've lit a score o' lanterns an are clustered together like a flock o' sheep, a-wringing their yaller hands with fright. Now's our time; now or never. An, markee, my lads, out-Spaniard the most Spanish o' them in trembling. If it's laughter that makes your limbs shake, never mind. The dirty hounds

are too scared to know the difference." And, whispering further directions to Alec, he led him away, and the rest of us dropped down the ladders and mingled with the trembling group in the

Again the melancholy "Ma-a-o-o-w" floats to us out of the darkness, and Alec, stepping forward into the lantern light, clapped a cupped hand to his ear and cried: "Listen! There's some one hailing from the masthead."

"Give ear to my lord o' the sea!" cried a high cracked voice from aloft, and another from the mainyard arm shrieked, "He comes alongside!" Then, as though from the waters close to, came a third voice, deep and reso-

nant, which asked what ship that was. "Who halls, and by what right does he question?" cried Don Miguel. "I am Neptune, lord o' the sea," returned the voice. "What ship is that?" A look of perplexity came into Don

iards shook with fear. Neptune was impatient. "What ship is that? Answer me, miserable mortal! Know you not that I have power to pull your puny bark timber from timber an to carry your carcasses away to batten my sea

Miguel's face, and the rest of the Span-

"I fear neither sea god nor sea devil," began the commandant boldly, but I the priest interrupted him, saying in

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in Two Days.

wolves in their caverns among

weed jungle below?"

more hopelessly reconciled to an irrevocable fate. To the dons' eyes we and, if we did not show great interest in each task, at least we performed it effectively. We were careful not to

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whisper that it was best to temporize with the powers of darkness some-

And then, with a muttered anathema after every sentence, he answered Neptune's questions himself. "What cargo?" queried the lord of

The priest told him. "What passengers?" "Thirty, of whom seven are women

"And what erew?" "A bundred and sixty, most potent," few yet untold. Old seean bath a him. "There are it prisoners, Bagitab sait:

ers, who are working a passage to one of his majestr's ships Heretics at large an unshackled! Thunder an tempests! I'll destroy

And so the farce went on, until at length the trembling Spaniards, finding that their crossings and pater nosters were useless, began to look upon | growing among a few charred stumps thousand? Old Nep-you'll mind him, us as so many Jonahs. Their saints were forgotten, and they were for above there was rank tropical jungle heaving us overboard at once.

But Neptune would not allow it. "roilute not my sweet brine with the foul bodies o' Englishmen," he warned them. "Set them adrift in a boat, an then my sister's chickens, wherewithal to flesh their hungry over the island.

Don Miguel would have prevented this, for he alone out of his ship's company doubted Neptune's genuineness, but the others would not listen to him. Tackles were rigged with lightning speed, a boat was heaved out from shoved down to it willy nilly, protesting vigorously in obedience to Willie's

We pulled on till the babel of voices on the carrack had died away, and then, judging we were out of earshot of the dons, Willie Trehalion gave a peculiar whistle, low and tremulous. A slight breeze had sprung up, and after a moment's pause a faint sepulchral "Wa-a-o-w" was wafted to

us over the stern. Around spun the boat, and willing backs, straining at the oars, sent her darting in the direction of the sound. Presently the rigging and hull of a brig loomed through the fog and a voice hailed to bid us keep our dis-

"Sheer off or I'll sink you. Ye're pirates, that's what y'are. Our mates is all swalley'd up by the wilderness or took by Spanlards. Sheer off, I tell | tion, etc. Is it, therefore, not possible the

"You've a black cat aboard there, bawled Willie Trehallon impatiently: | Buffalo, N. Y., has such faith in his "Med-"a black cat salling under the name o' Nep, haven't you?" "Mebbe we have, mebbe we haven't.

I bain't a-goin to argy wi' ye. Sheer

off an ha' done. There's a Spanlard away there through the fog. Go an plunder him. We ain't got the value o' a jack o' ale among us." "Wait a minute," said Willie Trehalion. "See if Nep won't remember his old master's call." And the boatswain

repeated his low whistle. "Ma-a-e-ow! Me-ear-wa-ow!" came shrill and distinct across the water. "Well I'm blamed!" exclaimed a fresh voice. "Ef that ain't Willie Trehalion, et's his ghost. Nep'll answer to noan o' us, ill conditioned ole var-

mint es 'e is." "Nep don't forget his old master if his old master's shipmates do. Now I'm telling you true. There's Captain Ireland here an Master Topp an just a han'ful o' others, all that is escaped out o' this murdering land. An now blest if | Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. our own mates will own us, though we've got gould enough stored up to

buy Bristol city with." "Pull a stroke or two nearer." bawled the first speaker, and then added to those beside him: "And ye lads blow yer matches up ready to fire. There's witchcraft enough in that blamed old cat to get the whole lot o' us into trouble yet. Boat ahoy, there! Rest on yer oars again, an advance nearer at yer peril. Strike a light an let's look at yer faces."

"We have nothing to strike a light with," broke out Alec angrily. "Man alive, the boat's not provisioned for a voyage. She's as bare as Willie Tre-

whom I left in command." "Mebbe I be, an mebbe I bain't," replied the man cautiously. "No disrespect to ye, Captain Ireland, if ye be Captain Ireland, but I'll just make sure before ye come any nearer that a lantern's light won't shine clear through ye. The voices is all right, but they say that sperrits keeps the voices after the body's shelled off on 'em, an I min't a-goin to 'ave no ghosts aboard'

Alec stood up to be inspected. A great horn windowed lantern was thrust out on the end of a boat book, and Martin Snale, climbing into the main rigging, made a penthouse of his two hands and peered at us from under them. The fog was thick, the tallow dip flickered badly and Martin's wits were sluggish; consequently be was very long in coming to a decision. At the end of nearly ten minutes' scruting he stepped down from his perch and, bidding us remain where we were, disappeared for awhile. Presently he returned and, scrambling into the shrouds again, bawled out afresh;

"IS 100ES an ngnt; solld enough, too, I don't deny. But when a man's been a mariner all the years I have he learns that looks is sometimes deceiv-So I'll just make so bold as to heave this orange at one o' ye to see whether it hits anything solid enough to burst. If it does, ye can come aboard."

He lifted his hand and threw. The yellow fruit, flying through the air, was stopped by Willie Trehalion's bald pate. The boatswain never winced, and apparently the sight of the scattered pulp and juice-the orange was an overripe one-streaming down his stolld face was sufficient. Martin Snale demanded no more tests, and we climb ed up the round barrel side of our own old brig, the Bristol Merchant.

There was but one thing which lessened our delight at meeting in freedom "No more? Methinks there's some Dos Miguel know how we had fooled

CHAPTER XXXL

Scourge satted from Cave Island when

Directly she rounded the spit works raised by English hands had in place of our snug, trim built dwellings beneath the palm grove.

A falconet shot roused speech from the cliffs, but brought no reply from human voice. The echoes died away, the screaming sea fowl settled down "Nep's ghost be hanged!" replied the | which feed on carrion, will have the | again and silence once more brooded

We began to feel uneasy forebodings of ill. The old man could scarcely be deaf to such a summons were he anywhere in the neighborhood. True, he might have wandered to the other side His lameness made him loath to walk unnecessarily, and for food be would not require to go far afield.

The vessel in which we returned was, it is true, as different in every point from the Scourge as she well could be, but our spars and rigging were gay with English ensigns and the voices which bailed the shore without answer were English every one.

(To be Continued.)



known ages of human existence. Is it not I true that the earth supplies us with every- 1 thing that we really recaire for existence? Have were ever thought that it is probable that the earth supplies us with the means to keep our bodily vigor, our health, if we only knew it? The animals know by in need for correcting indigestion or constinaical Discovery." Years ago, when he was in general and active practice, he found that a combination of certain herbs and the stomach into a healthy condition, noursh the tissues, feed the blood and nerves

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from the Spaniard yonder and are absolutely unarmed. Come, I know you well enough; you are Martin Snale,





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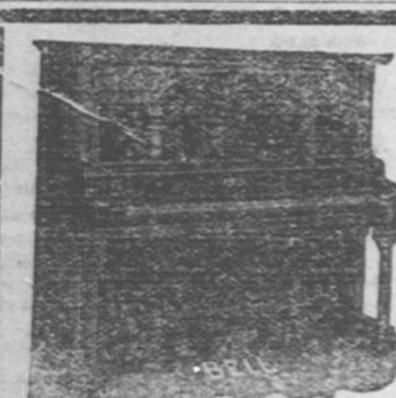
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Turpin wo new gailway

buts to represent froth. -Yours. Many, Oct. 12

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