



Continued from last week.

I bowed low, somewhat impressed by his elegance, and waited with an air of deference for him to speak. I doubted not he was some rich grandee, and very likely the owner of the ship and cargo. He looked at me coldly, yet with some curiosity, and after a brief glance at my companion, said in choice Spanish: "Who are you, senior, and how did you come upon the raft?"

I repeated what I had told the captain, though with some enlargement. As I proceeded I saw his brow darken, especially at the mention that we were English.

"Grieve, senior, to find that you and your friends belong to that nation of heretics and robbers," he said in a severe voice. "Pray, upon what business was your ship, and what was she doing in these waters?"

I perceived the dangerous thing that was in his mind, and suffered no delay in answering.

"Why, your lordship," I replied (I elated this title to him at a venture), "our ship was a peaceful merchantman, and her business was to convey a cargo of English cloths and small wares to Havana, and fetch sugar, spices and the like thither. Our captain can give you more of this matter."

"And where, think you, went your escaping merchants?" he inquired, without pause.

This disconcerted me a bit, but I felt it best to out with the truth.

"To join that scoundrel Morgan, if our guess is not greatly at fault," I let go boldly.

He smiled in a grim fashion.

"Aye, senior, such was my thought of the matter. They have gone to join



that child of perdition, doubtless, and some good Spanish blood may be shed in consequence. What think you," he went on, looking at me fixedly, "shall I not be doing my sovereign and the church a service if I endeavor to discharge a small measure of this debt?"

I began to think that we had fallen out of the frying pan into the fire, for I was at no loss to guess what he meant. Nevertheless I was resolved not to quail, and, indeed, it was possible he might be only trying me. I collected myself, therefore, and answered him.

"A debt, your lordship, should be paid by the debtor, and not by him who has no part in it. The Spanish blood you speak of was not shed by me or by my comrades. We abhor piracy and every such lawless doing."

The Hidalgo nodded, but I could not see that I had produced any measurable impression on him. It was an anxious moment, and I discerned that my companions had detected something amiss and come closer, though I could not then give heed to them.

"Well, senior," he replied, at last, "there is reason in what you say, and I am not disposed to deal with you harshly. Nevertheless—here his look hardened again, and my spirits sank—"I cannot forget that you are Englishmen. If you yourselves have done my countrymen no harm, neither had the Spaniards of Puerto Rico and Maracaibo done the English harm. Your lives are safe, but you have forfeited your liberty, and on your arrival at Panama will be sold as slaves. You may go forward for the present and serve with the crew."

He needed to signify that he had concluded, and with the same stately precision as at first, passed in among the crowd and made his way out of sight. I was in a measure dumfounded, and stood where he had left me, trying to grasp the full purport of what had befallen. Cast into slavery, and by the people of a Christian nation! What worse would it have been had we fallen among the heathen Algerines? I was aroused from this overwrought state by the voice of Mr. Tym, and turning about, acquainted both him and the captain with what had passed.

"Slaves to the dons, is it?" said Sellinger, when I had finished. "A middling hard part to steer into, after all that has befallen us! The greasy lobster-loungers! I hope we shall manage to put a trick or two upon them before we are done. To think of such tallow-heads making slaves of free-born Englishmen!"

We had time for only a few words further, for some one of the officers—the boatswain, as I presently discovered—came along and ordered us to pick up our things and follow him to the forecastle. This we accordingly did I carrying the supercargo's box, to show him that much respect, though he tried to dissuade me. On the way I took some thought of the people about me, not having till now observed them with particularity, and found that most save a few in armor, who seemed to be professional soldiers, belonged to the ship's company, the passengers not numbering above a score. Of these the greater part were dressed in a rather rich sort, though not comparable to the don, and about one-fourth were females.

I got below, and in great weariness put down Mr. Tym's box and fetched a glance around. By degrees, as I became accustomed to the darkness, I made out the features of the place.

It was low for the bigness of the ship, and was furnished after a very poor and rough sort. The bunks and hammocks were old and fit to drop apart, none of the timbers or work of the ship were smoothed except by the friction of use, and a mere dilapidated fence served as a bulkhead to part off the cook's quarters. Luckily the smells of the place, ill as they were for all was disordered and dirty—were not of the worst, for at this time both a windward and a leeward port stood partly open, and the passage of the small breeze through served to sweep out the chiefest of the odors.

We did not come by a good knowledge of the place instantly, for it was somewhat dimly lighted, the port on the larboard side being closed and that upon the starboard standing scarce two inches upon the hook, but upon peering about a bit at first one feature and then another came out.

We had taken two or three steps forward, and I was casting a glance in the direction of the cook's furnace, when an object nearly concealed by it moved, and this I presently saw was the cook himself. He had been sitting on a box, with his elbows on his knees, or in some manner bowed forward, and rose up as we stopped and looked alertly at us. He was a little fellow, inclined to be puffy, and near all his figure was hidden by a long white apron, his face, however, coming out in the wrinkles of a short pipe. I discovered that he had light hair, which is not common among the Spanish, and this made me notice him a little more than I should otherwise have done.

He came out from his place, seeing us halt, and made a little civil gesture, upon which I bowed gravely and gave him good morning.

"Buenos dias," he responded, and then, to my great surprise, softly added: "But gude mornin' in the auld tongue, if sae ye'll hae it."

He took up his pipe as he spoke and crossed over to us.

"What, a Sandy!" I cried, delighted, "and what is he doing here?"

I seized his hand and gave it a most cordial grip, as did also my companions, with a meaning nod toward the forecastle. "Ye mauna seem over-pleased. You'll find this a pleasant ship," he added in Spanish, "and able in all weathers. I take it yonder is where you are to sling your hammocks."

My companions caught the point he would make, which was to avoid the jealousy or suspicion of the boatswain, and they did not interrupt, while I returned a suitable answer.

"Attention to sling your hammocks now," he swiftly whispered, as I needed. "Likewise say bawdily that ye need a mickle rest, and wad hae a bit drink and a sup."

I nodded and asked aloud for a pipe. "Mine is broken," I said in Spanish, "and you know what a seaman is without his clay."

"I am to ask the boatswain to grant us a little time below," I whispered to my companion. "Feign overcoming weariness as we pass out."

With this I signed to my companions to follow, and returned to the forecastle. The boatswain had lighted his own pipe and was sitting on one of the men's boxes, firing away in leisurely puffs.

I made heavily along to him, exaggerating my real weariness, and preferred my request.

"Aye, if you like," he replied, carelessly. "Yonder, in that corner, you will find three hammocks. Sling them and afterward take your bite. Aye, and have a turn with the pipe. A seaman is naught without his clay, and you will be fitter for the work."

I thanked him and translated the talk to my companions.

We were not long, saving that we dared not mend our pace too suddenly, in slinging the hammocks and disposing of our few effects.

It was now the beginning of the first dog watch, and none of the men were in the forecastle. The time was reasonable, and we hastened to begin our confab with the cook. We asked him first what had brought him on a Spanish ship, for we Britons are not often found on such, and in answer he gave us a brief but consistent story of shipping from a Scotch port and in a smart blow falling overboard, to be picked up just in the nick of time by a Spanish coaster. She carried him to Malaga, he said, his original port being Cartagena, and from there he had been cast to ship on the Planica. His story ended, we felt to questioning him on our present surroundings. What was the Planica, and who were these fine people he carried?

"Aweel, the Planica is naething but a common sort of merchantman," he answered, "and her trade is maist times betwixt Havana and the straits, but just noo she is a special charterer frae the king. She is carrying Don Perez de Guzman, governor of Panama, to Chagre, and the auld noble ye elavered wi' is the man."

"But now a word as to our own state, Sandy," I began. "Or, first, I should be thankful for a better grip of your name."

"It'll be cordial to hear ye speak it; these loons canna," he answered, with a sniff. "It's Donald Mac Ivrah, frae Clagvarloch."

"Then, friend Donald," I went on, "what think you of our prospects? Are they not something dubious?"

"I canna say nae," he answered, his countenance sobering. "Ye are like to be ser'd wi' no sweet sauce ye reach Panama."

"Let it rest so," said Mr. Tym. "And now another question: Who are all these other bravely dressed people? I noticed both men and women." "Will it be the dress folk?" said Mac Ivrah, brightening. "Nay, but we hae the governor's lady—the auld dame wi' the dour look and the bit whiskers—though it's no sure ye wad see them, either, along wi' the man-tilla, and sic like—and for another gait ane, Don Luis Delasoa, a count by title, and rich in land and gold, but sma' in body, and an ill tyke to look upon. He is the governor's son-in-law, and is not to be envied, they say, sic a dell's ane scould is her ladyship. Among the

others are Don Lopez Castillo, Don Enrique de Cavodilla, and Don Leon de Cruzon. They are hidalgos, and friends o' the governor, and three mair proud, preceese auld cocks ye'll gae far to find."

We were very well satisfied with this description, and indeed, some what so, felted, especially in view of the tempting smells from the cookery. Mac Ivrah hastily inverted another box, hunted up three paniniks, with spoons, which he placed upon it, and poured out the mess from the pot. It proved to be a delicious onion stew. We lost no time in proving it, which I will say now pleased my palate more than anything I ever remember of eating, and in this wise I continued—being no whit less my companions—till the pot was empty.

Mac Ivrah now crowned his hospitable efforts by producing pipes and tobacco, and when we had moved the boxes about, that we might take more comfortable postures, we raked a coal from the furnace, and with great ease and pleasure proceeded to light up. Our stomachs were satisfied, we were cozy by ourselves, and the ship was traveling very pleasantly along, so that for the time at least, we might be said to be in a state of comparative content. This was all the more grateful after the long hardship and exposure of the raft. In the discourse that followed we answered freely Mac Ivrah's questions, he having till now but a scant knowledge of us, and contrived to impress him, as I thought, with the advantage to himself in continuing his friendship and good offices came down, and some of the crew forced their company on us, we conceived that it might not be wise to prolong our confab, and accordingly gave the cook a sign and broke up. In no great while afterward the boatswain summoned us, and we learned that we were presently to be sent into the watches and report for duty. This was done, and we found that the captain was chosen for the first mate's watch, and Mr. Tym and I for the second mate's, or starboard watch. It seemed that we had four hours each, continually—that is, watch and watch.

At four bells Mr. Tym and I were called, and we left the captain to turn in (he being weary enough, as indeed, were we), and repaired to the deck.

CHAPTER IX.

Nothing noteworthy happened during the day, and the Spaniards too lazy or too indifferent to set us tasks. I had Mr. Tym always in my eye, ready to give him a lift should need be, but all passed without the call.

That night passed uneventfully, and, as I may as well add, to be brief, so did the next three days. The weather held fair, with moderate winds, and there was nothing to put a strain upon anyone.

Meanwhile that this time was passing my companions and I had come by a better knowledge of things through the voyage and the governor's plans. It seemed we were to make but one more port before reaching Chagre, that being a place called Baracoa, in the eastern part of the island of Cuba. There the governor was to transact some business and obtain such fresh stores as we needed, and thence meant to fetch straight over for Chagre.

On the morning of the fourth day after our rescue something of a thrilling and in part of a dreadful sort happened, and this I shall now proceed to detail. Mr. Tym and I were lying in our hammocks, it being our watch below, when I thought I heard some small stir on deck, followed by the bawling of voices as though delivering commands. I sat up and listened, for I could not guess what was in the wind, and as I did so the ship suddenly began to saw up and down.

"What is doing?" queried Mr. Tym, sitting up in his hammock as I had done.

"It is passing singular," I said, and with one mind we rose and scudded into our shoes, having a keen desire to solve the mystery. In the forecastle beyond we met the cook, who had just descended the ladder. He was a little out of breath, as though from hurry, and his looks showed something had happened.

"Boots!" he cried, without waiting for us to speak. "We're in a peckle. A buccaneer will be yot yonder."

"A buccaneer!" I cried, in surprise and joy. "Are you certain? Nay, that is a pickle that is right enough. When did he beave in sight?"

"He has been showing 'a' watch," he answered, "and now we are rising him fast. Gin ye are e'er sae wae pleased, ye wad be wise to hide it," he added, under his breath.

I was quick to see the wisdom of the suggestion and returned an answering nod. "Come, Mr. Tym," I said, in a lower and soberer key, "let us go and have a look at this pirate."

I spoke the words with purposeful emphasis, knowing that the fellows in the watch—most of whom were now sitting up in their bunks or slapping about in their bare feet—would hear, and so far understand me. "A pirate!" went from one to another. The most sluggish bounded out in a twinkling.

Leaving the cook to finish with them—or those who would stay to hear—Mr. Tym and I hastened up the ladder. Truly enough, the sun was in our faces, and the Planica was driving eastward, close hauled.

Directly astern, and I guessed now about four or five miles distant, was the well-defined canvas of the supposed buccaneer. There was no saying anything about him, of course, without a glass, and I could merely guess that he was quite a little smaller than the Planica. We might be raising him, but of course that would not be apparent without longer inspection.

There was no great change in the weather. The wind had strengthened

TIME IS LIFE



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It cures the croup at once. Then when any one in the family comes down with a hard cold or cough a few doses of the Pectoral will cut short the attack at once. A 25 cent bottle will cure a miserable cold; the 50c. size is better for a cold that has been hanging on.

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a trifle since we went below and there was more head to the seas, but otherwise everything stood nearly the same.

In this part of the ship the watch hung about the braces, and though for orders, and there was an anxious, subdued jabber running round, but no particular confusion.

After I found the poop cleared of bright goods and petticoats, the prudent old governor thinking, doubtless, it might be wise to offer as few allurements as possible, and in their place were five or six of the shining, armored guards. Others of these fighting men were disposed about the quarter-deck, and all on duty. The governor himself, in a somber-lined cloak flung over his gay attire, was walking to and fro on the poop, and Capt. Placido was spying with a glass from the wether mizen shrouds.

It went grievously against the governor's pride and that of the dons to run away, but in prudence no other course seemed open. Besides, the safety of the women was to be considered. The foe had the advantage of a nimble, handier-working ship, and doubtless mustered an equal or larger crew.

We discussed the matter at some length, and decided that a great water-castle like the Planica, with relative small sails and bluff bows, must be inferior at plying, and that some excellent trick of seamanship would be needed if we were to shake off a fellow like the buccaneer.

"And yet," said Capt. Sellinger, "there is one point in our favor—the wind is stiffening. Should it continue she can carry on to beat this fellow, and may yet escape."

"I conceive," said I, "that we three should arrange some definite plot or plan of action. Let us do so while yet we have the time."

"That I am amen to," said the captain. "Mr. Tym, as your brain is more forceful than mine, I leave it to you. Let us rather all consider," answered the supercargo. "Say that we do so while this watch lasts, and then presently confer."

"Agreed," we said; and in order to get the use of our thoughts the better, as well as to avoid suspicion, Mr. Tym and I thereupon left the captain and mingled with the crew.

The Spaniards looked rather more sourly than usual upon us—which, perhaps, was no great wonder—but nothing was said, and we secured quiet retreat upon the 'midships wether-mast.

Mr. Tym and I did not talk, for when we were not observing the pursuer we were busy in reflection, and I tried to forget the chatter behind me and the dining along of the vessel while I made the most of the time.

I confess my brain refused to resolve anything—or anything of moment—and it was at last with some vexation and doubt of the whole matter that I gave up and jumped off my perch.

The stronger wind, as it seemed, was now helping us, for the sail astern no longer enlarged, after the former fashion. Indeed, I thought the Planica was nearly holding her own. In due time our watch went on, and till the other relieved us the supercargo and I were about the deck.

It was now the time that we were to meet to discuss our plans, and I slipped up from below where we had gone with the rest, to see the more natural) and joined the captain. He had us to the weather bow, near the fore-deck, where was no one at the time, and without delay we began.

There will be no need to give the fullness of the talk. In the end we decided upon the scheme proposed by Mr. Tym and slightly amended by the captain. It was, in brief, that we should construct a little boat or raft, on which, as soon as it became dark, or it was evident that the Planica was coming, we should boldly put off.

We would make this craft of oiled and ends to be obtained for us by the cook, and the launching would be from one of the 'ween-deck ports.



Our plot, then, the next thing was to begin to carry it out. The cook, as we expected, was blithe to help us. Indeed, he seemed, I thought, inclined to go with us; but presently, as I started to find out more exactly about it, he shifted the subject. He appeared, however, fully enlisted in our behalf.

The materials for our raft being readily found, we were to form the ends (it must necessarily be very narrow, to pass through the port), and all was made fast with some strong line and a few nails.

On returning to the deck we found the situation in a small degree changed. The buccaneer still stormed along in our wake, but now with a little gain, and the Planica continued to hug the wind. By eight bells the enemy was clearly rising, and at two bells he was not greatly beyond cannon range.

I stood by, ready to jump and haul, and with a quickening of excitement awaited the next turn of events.

It was not long in coming. Capt. Placido swung upon the lee bulwark, holding on by the main shrouds, and bellowed:

"Down helm! Slack lee braces! Haul on the wether!"

"By heaven!" He means to run the gantlet!" exclaimed Mr. Tym. So it seemed. The buccaneer had been on our lee bow when first discovered, and was still well to the south. By squaring our yards, then, and deliberately pointing our nose south-west, we meant to run under his very nose.

"And yet it stands to be his safest plan," said Capt. Sellinger. "A ship like this, riding light and with a poop like a church, will do nothing save with the wind. Once let us fetch by and our chances are doubled."

To be Continued.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Real Facts.

(To Editor of The Post.)

Sir,—I notice Mr. Robinson complains that only part of Mr. Rust's report is given. This is a mistake; the whole report was printed. In it he states his valuation does not quite reach \$75,000. He gave his exact valuation, \$72,526, in a letter to Mr. Graham, dated the 11th inst., stating that the exact figures were not to be made public unless the Waterworks Co. consented. We did consent, and he made the figures public. Not only that, but so careful was Mr. Graham to give all information that he repeated his conversation over the telephone with Mr. Rust. I sent a clipping from your paper to Mr. Rust, and received a reply from which you will see that Mr. Graham misunderstood him.—G. H. HOPKINS.

G. H. Hopkins, esq., President Lindsay Waterworks Co., Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I am somewhat surprised to see by the clipping which you forwarded me that I am quoted as thinking that you ought to accept \$70,000. My recollection of our conversation over the telephone is that I asked Mr. Graham whether there was any prospect of your Company accepting \$70,000, and inquired, "why not offer it?" but I did not suppose for a minute that he was going to quote me as saying that I thought you should accept \$70,000. Yours truly, C. H. RUST.

The Waterworks Report.

(To Editor of The Post.)

Dear Sir,—I enclose herewith a letter received from Mr. Rust on Saturday, the contents of which should be made public, as this question of the town purchasing, or not purchasing, the waterworks, is one the people should consider solely on its merits. As chairman of the sub-committee appointed to investigate the Waterworks question, I may state that everything was given in our report, and I trust you will give Mr. Rust's letter to the public, through the columns of your widely circulated paper.—Yours again, JAMES GRAHAM, Lindsay, Dec. 11th, 1899.

Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1899.

James Graham, esq., Chairman Waterworks Committee, Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Sir,—This morning I received from Mr. Hopkins, President of the Waterworks Co., a copy of an agreement made between the town and the Company, and in connection therewith a report from the town's engineers, some things which I did not include in my valuation as I was not furnished with a list, and these should be added to my estimate of \$72,526, as was done in the Belleville case, where Mr. St. George and myself were the valuers. I understand that there is a diving suit, a tapping machine, pressure gauge, jack dies, sundry tools, keys, etc., worth \$800, and if this is correct and they are in good condition, the amount is reasonable.

I see that you are to get drawings and other papers, including water and meter register. I made no allowance for this and an accountant could inform you better as to their value than an engineer.

Further notice that the town agree to pay the company all expenditure they may make upon capital account after the 1st of Jan., 1900 in putting in service, etc. As this is the case there should be at least \$100 added for house repairs.

Mr. Hopkins only recently informed me that the right to procure water from the Scugog river had to be obtained from the Flavelle Milling Co. I allowed nothing for this, and if water cannot be obtained without the Milling Company's consent, it is certainly worth something, but I would want more particulars before I could give information as to its value.

Taking everything into consideration I am of the opinion that your committee have acted wisely in recommending the ratepayers to purchase the plant. Arbitration should be

J. J. Wetherup.

J. J. WETHERUP

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During this month we will give a special discount of 10 per cent on all ordered clothing.

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All orders entrusted to us are guaranteed to be trimmed in good materials, properly made, and a good fit.

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avoided if possible, as experience shows it to be very costly.—Yours truly, C. H. RUST.

A Delicate Question

Christmas is nearing. What shall I send her; Truth, I am fearing. Let I offend her. My heart is the offering. I gladly would send her. I'm chary of offending. Let I offend her.

A Strange Reason

A harmless innuendo of an old gave this reason for his present condition: I met a young widow with grown stepdaughter, and the widow married me. Then my father, who was a widower, met my stepdaughter and married her. That made the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my stepdaughter my mother and my father my stepfather. Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, and a son. That made of course, my brother, because my father's son. He was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter, and therefore his grandmother. That made my mother-in-law of my stepmother, my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepmother of my son, was her own child's aunt, and my father's nephew, and I'm my grandfather. And after trying to explain the relationship some twenty times a day to friends for a night, was brought best—of my own will.

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