"He was short and stood very square

and sturdy upon his feet; he had jet-

black hair and eyebrows, and a swarthy

red color in his cheeks; his lips were

pushed forward, and his eyes very

flerce; he was like a man always on the

point of speaking angrily, and follow-

ing with a blow. When we saw him

looking so bold and full of force, we

guessed in a moment what he was there

for. He had volunteered, when all the

regular pilots hung back, to take the

"I remember the captain called out

'Now, gentlemen, the Edgar leads!' and

we cheered. The dark man went to the

wheel, the master himself took the lead

and went forward; we weighed, and

stood right out for the entrance of the

stand in the chains and see to the heav-

ing of the lead began to dispute for

places; they were each claiming the

larboard side, which was the one ex-

posed to the enemy's fire. The captain

gave it in favor of Bradnock, and he

"We soon came within shot of the

first Danish ship, and she began firing

single guns at us. I was not tall enough

to see over the hammock nettings, so

I held on to them and pulled my " if up

on my toes. The enemy were nearly all

hulks and batteries, and looked very

felt a kind of warm shock, as if I had

been struck amidships, but my hands

were still cold and numbed. I longed

desperately to hear the sound of our

own guns, and felt quite angry that we

"Then I was going toward the fore-

castle when I heard a sudden roar and

a crashing sound. It was the first

broadside from the Provesteln, and a

good many shot struck the ship all at

"Bradnock spun over and fell dead in

a beap across the chains; the splinters

flew all round him, and several men

came running up. I heard Wilson, the

starboard Heutenant, cry out, 'My

turn! in a sharp voice, and scramble

on to the deck and across into the oth-

"I felt horribly sick and dazed, and

hurried away blindly, without any idea

where I was going. I had got nearly

to the quarter deck when a man ran

into me, and I recled violently off into

the captain himself, who had just come

down the ladder. I hadn't time to get

my breath to apologize; he picked me

up and clapped my cap down on my

" 'Well, young gentleman,' he said.

"I was warmer for the tumble, and

his kind, folly voice did me no end of

good. He sent me with a message to

the lower gun-deck, and I ran off feel-

"As I was on the way down a tre-

mendous explosion seemed to rock the

whole ship; we had let go our anchor

and opened with the larboard broad-

side. I felt suddenly mad with joy,

my throat swelled, and the tears came

into my eyes. When I reached the low-

er deck the guns were being run out

for the second time, and I stood still

to watch. The roar was awful, and the

smoke filled the whole place so that I

could scarcely see at first. The men

were cheering and working like demons

in the dim lantern light, but as only one

broadside was in action a lot of them

had nothing to do except now and then

to pick up the wounded and take their

places. Some of them might have been

safe enough behind the bits, but there

was only room there for a few, and no

one would take an advantage over the

"It was dreadful to see them standing

quietly there to be killed in cold blood

as it were. Half a dozen dead and dy-

ing men were propped up against the

starboard guns; some were being car-

er, so I slipped quickly down the other

side to speak to the captain of the deck.

Before I got to him a chain-shot cut him

in two, and killed all the men at the

"The heat and smoke and the smell of

blood made me dizzy again, so I gave

my orders to the second in command

"I found him telling the pilot that he

might go below, but the man refused,

and stayed on deck, staring flercely

through the smoke at the enemy. I saw

.him still there when the firing ceased,

and he seemed actually sorry that the

action was over. I wish I could give

you an idea of how his look worked

upon me; I could hardly take my eyes

off him; and though I've really very

little to judge by, as you see, I feel sure

I've never met his equal for desperate

"What was his name?" asked Camil-

"He was English, then?" said the

"No, he was half Scotch, half Span-

ish; his full name was Hernan John-

stone, and he was said to be a well-

"Did you ever hear of him again?"

once; for instance, I heard that he tried

to kidnap Bonaparte, when he was at Finshing, by running down his barge

"Yes," replied Dick, "I did, more than

la, who had been listening, breathless.

and hurried back to the captain.

"I couldn't bear the sight much long-

ried below to the surgeons.

gun next him.

courage."

"Johnstone."

known smuggler."

ing quite a man again.

I thought you were a round shot at the

er n place.

went on without firing a shot.

"Every time a gun went 'boom!" I

went forward, laughing.

"The two lieutenants who had to

first ship down.

King's channel.

(CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED).

RAND MENALLY & CO. .

BY PERMISSION OF

"I have never cared to revisit Ireland; for I am in habit and feeling a Frenchwoman; but there were many of my countrymen in Paris, and I picked up from them the trick of the tongue which astonished you so much yesterday."

"No, no," said Dick, "that's not at all what it was; it was your wit and presence of mind-"

"That took you by surprise, you mean?" she said, quickly. And then, after laughing at his confusion, "But now it's your turn to give me something to wonder at."

"Oh!" he said, "there's nothing in my life to make a story of. Why, I went to sea when I was 12."

"But that's a romance in itself," she

Dick blushed, perhaps from embarrassment, perhaps also from pleasure. for he was anxious to be less of a stranger to her, and was flattered at her appearance of interest. So, of course, he became foolish and procrastinated.

"I'm sure there's nothing you'd care to hear," he said, hoping for the encouragement of a contradiction.

"Why, that's how I began," she replied. "If you steal my forms of speech I shall take yours and answer, as you did just now, that it is not a matter of personal interest at all, but a mere story of adventure, that's in question."

"I'm certain I did not say that," he answered. "I mean, I beg your pardon. but I couldn't have said anything so

"Bo rude as what I have just said to you?" she asked, with a mischevious pretense of innocence.

"Oh!" he groaned, "I'm no good with words. I can't handle them!" And he made a sudden gesture as if to grasp a more downright kind of weapon.

The action and the flush which accompanied it became him quite well, and she glanced up at him with secret approval. He had, in fact, gained, not lost ground; but in his confusion he did not suspect the fact, and was more troubled than ever when the door spened at this moment and the colonel came In.

"I hope," he said, bowing, "that I did not interrupt?"

Camilla was grave again in an instant; and Dick saw, with quick gratitude, that however much she might have been playing with him before, she had no intention of putting him to shame before a third person.

"Capt. Esteourt has been telling me something of his life at sea," she replied to her brother-in-law's inquiry: "and was about to give me his opinion of the relative merits of the English. French and Spanish sailors. You see there is nothing that you may not

"In that case," answered the colonet, "I shall have the pleasure of joining in the conversation. Dinner is ready, and we will, if you please, Capt. Estcourt, hear your observations at the table." Madame de Montaut took Dick's arm

and they passed into the dining-room. "That was kindly done," he murmured as they went.

"Follow it up, then," she answered. And they took their seats.

"And what, in effect, is your opinion, naked the colonel, "upon this question?" He had seen, but not heard, their bit of hyplay, and was in hopes of catching his guest tripping.

But Dick was now inspired to do his best, and showed presence of mind against a merely male antagonist. "Well, to tell the truth," he replied.

spolly, "on second thoughts I'm not entitled to criticise the French or Spanfards, for I have never met either of them in a general engagement." You have had the misfortune, then,

to miss the greater number of such avents?" said the colonel, "I was at Copenhagen and Algiers."

mid Dick; "but that's all." "Oh!" exclaimed Camilla, anxious to defeat her brother-in-law's inquisitive-

"tell as about Copenhagen; that seh better than hearing of our wand it really is rather interesting in

trait." he replied. "At any rate that ay produced upon me a more vivid imon than any that I ever spent-at he added, rather disjointedly. Camilla enjoyed an inward smile.

least go on," she begged. "I was a boy of 15 then," he said; "a on the 74-gun ship Edgar. I lay good time the night before, about home and that kind of When we turned out at dayak I fell to shivering, though it was

particularly cold. We all-laughed loked more than usual, we middles, I remember that our teeth were nattering most of the time. Some of he men seemed to take it all quite na-arally, but some were a bit solemn, officers were very cool, and w; one of the Beufepants, of Readmock, had been at the Nile something about

now in England, and apparently living somewhere down at Limehouse; and he's not likely to have mistaken his man."

The colonel leaned forward to hear this answer with an eagerness which Dick did not perceive; but Camilla saw it, and guessed the cause. This Johnstone was no doubt the very man they needed for the more active part of their enterprise.

But she was at the same time consclous of a certain feeling of reluctance. It was not altogether pleasing that this assistance should have come to them through Dick, whose bonor, if he had known of their object, would have been concerned in keeping such information from them. She frowned, and the colonel instantly left the subject.

"You were not at Trafalgar, then?" he asked.

"No," said Dick, to my lasting sorrow. I was then with Malcolm in the Donegal, which had gone into the Mole three days before, and only returned in time to help destroy the prizes the day after the battle."

He looked rather grim as he spoke, and the colonel saw that the subject was a sore one.

"Malcolm?" he asked. "What Maicolm was that?"

"He is now Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and commands at St. Helena." The colonel rose abruptly from the

"I beg your pardon," said Dick; "have

I toucked on anything painful?" "Not in the least," replied the colonel, recovering himself; "on the contrary, I have listened to you with the liveliest pleasure; but aww, as you are taking no wine, we will, if you please, all go into the drawing-room together.

CHAPTER V.



S THEY WENT upstairs Dick noticed with dismay that both his companions were stlent and that an awkward feeling of constraint seemed to have fallen upon the party. He feared that he himself must be the

cause of this, and could not belo thinking it connected, in spite of the colonel's assurance to the contrary, with the latter part of the conversation just ended. He resolved. accordingly, if he had the chance, to Fay something polite, and soothe, if posrible, the patriotic feelings of his

As a matter of fact he was both right and wrong in his suppositions; he was the cause but not the offending cause. of this embarrassing allence. The colonel was pondering deeply upon the line he must immediately adopt in order to utilize the advantages which chance had so unexpectedly offered him; Camilla had divined the thoughts that were parsing through her brother-in-law's mind, and instinctively resented them. It was no doubt unreasonable of her, but she was keenly troubled at the idea of Dick being tempted to take any part or interest in the enterprise to which she had devoted herself. Of course he would refuse and treat such overtures as an insuit; or-if white could after all be black-if he could be led by blind devotion into the slightest acquiescence, she would hate herself and despine him; and for some unexplained reason he was the one man of all others whom she least wished to despise just

She resolved to show the colonel the futility of his design at once, and stop him at the outset. So she waited until they were all three face to face again her maneuvers with cool directness. "Capt. Estcourt." she said, "how you,

as an English officer, must hate the em-

"Ah!" thought Dick, "that's it! I was afraid I'd been too strong

So he said aloud: "Hate is a hard

word to use; you would scarcely say that a gunner hates his target, would This from his point of view was skill-

ful, but it was not what Camilla want-"You mean," she said, "that it is your

duty to hate him?" "Duty does not necessarily imply in-

clination," he replied. Camilla was in despair. The colone smiled, and came gliding into the con-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEALS

They Are as Simple as Those the Person of Moderate Means Enjoys.

Queen Victoria is rather simple in her tastes, as a rule. For instance, a kind of natural soup very often finds its way on to the menu. The wine served with it is white sherry, which her majesty usnally drinks from a beautiful gold cup formerly belonging to Queen Anne. Boiled beef and pickled cucumbers-a favorite dish with Prince Albert-invarlably follow the soup, while a baron of beef is likewise a constant feature. It is noteworthy that the Queen still adheres to the old practice of having the cook's name called out as each dish is brought to the table. This custom dates back to the days of George II., and had its origin in a conspiracy against one Weston. formerly an assistant, whom the king had raised to the dignity of chief "mouth cook," His late comrades, fealous of his preferment, endeavored to disgrace him by tampering with the dishes. Upon Weston proving the existence of this plot to his royal master, the latter gave orders that in future, as each dish was brought on, the name of its cook should be called out, in order that praise or blame might be bestowed where due.

Work of Colored People,

I. Garland Penn, chief of the negro department at the Cotton States and International exposition, visited the Tuskegee normal and industrial institute, Tuskegee, Ala., and personally inspected the exhibit to be made by that institution. The exhibit will cover a representation of twenty-six departments, and will be in every detail the work of colored boys and girls. The exhibit from the state normal and industrial institute at Normal, over which Professor W. H. Council presides, will also be a conspicuous exhibit of the

LONDON'S LORDMAYOR

WALTERHENRY WILKEN A VERY POPULAR MAN.

Lately Inducted Into Office in a Presidential mangurations - A Sketch of His Life.

Wilken. London's

Hatch, and was born April 1, 1842. Af- | whose keystone bore the arms of the ter completing his education at Breat- city. At the turning into St. Mary's wood he read for the profession of the avenue the four points of the inter-

with corporate politics dates from 1876. In 1893 he served in the office of sheriff of the city in conjunction with Sir Joseph Renals, and with his colleague received the honor of knighthood on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York. He is prominent in freemasoury and a past master of ner That Would Put to Blush Our | No. 1 Lodge, which is known as Grand Masters' Lodge. Among his classmates at Brontwood were Sir Edward Clarks and Sir Heavy Irving. On the occasion HENRY of his inauguration as lord mayor all Leadenhall street was converted into new lord mayor, is an avenue of spreading festoons of orimmensely popular. iginal and beautiful designs, the exand his induction pense of the display being borne by the into office was made | electors of his ward as a token of the the occasion of a esteem in which they held him. At the memorable demon- boundary of the ward a triumphal arch stration. Sir Walter | heavily laden with garlands was erectis the only surviv- ed. It was raised on solid pedestals, ing son of the late from the sides of which rose four David Wilken, mer- | fluted columns, which were surmountchant, of St. Mary-Axe, and Kelvedon ed by the handsomely ornamented arch,



WALTER H. WILKEN.

law, and was called to the bar at the | mediate streets were connected by an Middle Temple in 1875. Owing to the everhanging crown-shaped cluster of death of his father and an elder brother | festoens rising to a point in the center. be subsequently succeeded to the con- Throughout the entire ward all the trol of en extensive business in the city streets in the line of procession presentas an importer of yeast. His connection | ed a picture sque and attractive scene.

LOUISE MICHEL

The French Woman Who Has Come to Tell La How to Live. It is likely that when Louise Michel

visits the West, the actual sight of her on the platform will dissipate much of the halo of romance that surrounds her in the drawing-room, and then began as viewed by socialist eyes across three thousand miles of perspective. She is a most unattractive woman, physically -tall, masculine and raw-boned, and even the charm of youth is absent, for she is sixty-six. An American reporter who tried to find her for an interview six years ago in Paris had a curious experience. The anarchist was then living shabbily in the Rue Victor Hugo, outside the fortifications of Paris. The reporter sought her in the aristocratic Avenue Victor Hugo, and was disconcerted when the servant at the mistaken address slammed the door in his face at mention of her name, rattled the chain-bolt within, and exhibited other signs of alarm.

Gertrude Atherton in England.

The latest American writer to achieve success in England is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who went to London eighteen months ago for a brief residence there, and now finds her work and herself sufficiently popular to justify a prolonged stay. The two books she has published in that time have been favorably received, and she has been welcomed in the literary society of the metropolis. Mrs. Atherton has



GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

a greater share of good looks than most literary ladies possess. She is pretty, and a blonde, and still on the sunny side of forty. She has outgrown her Amelie Rives days, and her stories have more substantial claims to recognition than formerly.

We often hear that love is blind;

Philanthropist and Financier. Darius Ogden Mills, of New York

city, is noted for his generous contributions to many educational and charitable institutions in this country, and is at present contemplating the building of a large hotel in New York city,



DARIUS OGDEN MILLS. for the accommodation of young men of moderate means. He is 70 years of

A Snake Farmer's Fate. H. E. Hathaway, a Texas snake farm-

er, died recently at Beaver Dam, Wis., as a result of being bitten by a diamond rattler while he was giving an exhibition at the Dodge county fair. Hathaway cut open the wound, letting it bleed freely, and apprehended no serious consequences. The wound, however, began to swell and in a short time the man died in intense agony. Mr Hathaway was one of the early settlers of Merrill. Wis., and, being obliged to go to Texas for the benefit of his wife's health, he was induced to go into the business of raising snakes by calls made on him for reptiles by showmen and scientists. He had been in the business about five years and had a farm of several hundred acres in Texas devoted to breeding and raising snakes.

Is in the Swim: Now that her honeymoon has reached

its fullness, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs has gone to New York and taken up her residence on one of the still eminently respectable streets that lead off of lower Fifth avenue. Next to Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Riggs is probably the most popular weman in Maine, which was her early home. She still retains a quaint, old-fashioned house in one of the country villages there, and continues to spend a part of the summer in it. While in New York she is busy with her duties in the Kindergarten association, of which she vice president, and whenever she pears on the platform for a reading

HALF-FARE EXCURSION

To Virginia and the Carolinas. Jan. 14 and 28 the Big Four route, in connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio railway, will sell round trip tickets from the northwest to points in Virginia and North and South Carolina at one fare with two dollars added. For particulars and free pamphlet descriptive of Virginia lands address U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Whiskers for Toothpicks.

A peculiar but profitable industry which Dr. Benjamin Sharp of this city discovered among the natives of Alaska on his recent trip to the Bering sea is the preparation and sale of walrus whiskers for toothpicks. Nature has armed the walrus with a growth of whiskers which extend three or four inches out from its snout, with the apparent motive of enabling it to detect the presence of an iceberg before actual contact has resulted. These whiskers are quite stiff and this quality improves with age. When a wairus is killed the native proceed to pull out, with the aid of rude pinchers, each separate whisker. After a thorough drying they are arranged in neat packages and exported to China, where they are considered a necessary appurtenance of the Chinese dude.-Philadelphia Record.

No matter what kind of a house truth lives in, it is always built on the rock. -Ram's Horn.

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