

# TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

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CHAPTER XII.



"JOHNSTONE!" cried Dick, at last, "what does this mean? How do you come to be here?"

"From the Hamilton," replied the man; "I'm working out to the Cape."

"But they told me your name was Gildez."

"So it was on the barque yonder. You see my own's a bit too famous for general use. But here I'm among friends, and can fly what flag I please."

"Among friends?" said Dick; "what do you mean by that?"

"It seems I've an old acquaintance with you to begin with," said Johnstone, impudently; "and then I've come a good way with madame and the colonel."

"Answer me," said Dick, angrily, "and remember your place!"

"So I do," retorted the other; "I'm captain of this ship for the time being."

Estcourt was more astounded than ever, and indignant at the brazen face of the fellow. "Come, my man," he said, sternly, "your tongue's too loose; you'd best tell me the plain truth at once."

"You've got it already," replied Johnstone. "I'm to sail the brig for Captain Worsley until he's on his legs again."

"By whose authority?"

"His own; he's an old friend o' mine. We've made many a lucky voyage in company before now, and he knows there's no crew afloat that I couldn't handle."

Dick looked at the herculean frame and fierce dominating face before him. He remembered how the boldness and force of the man had indelibly impressed him years ago at Copenhagen, and he felt that Worsley was amply justified in his opinion. And he reflected, too, that it mattered little to him who called the Speedwell his long as she was safely carried into port; in fact, of the two men he preferred Johnstone, for, though he was less respectful than Worsley, he was at any rate beyond comparison more active and courageous.

The colonel was here again in a difficulty which he had not foreseen. "My dear Estcourt," he said, confidentially, to Dick, "if I were you, I shouldn't enlighten her as to the identity of this Johnstone with the hero of your story."

"Why?" asked Dick, in astonishment. "Well, you may think me absurdly cautious, but it is only for your own sake I am. You know how anxious I am for your success with Camilla."

Dick grew hot with mingled embarrassment and gratitude. "This man," the colonel continued, "once tried—as I think you yourself told us—to capture the Emperor by a desperate stratagem; my sister-in-law has had a particular horror of him ever since she heard this, for she thinks he must have been actuated by motives of personal malice—you know how her enthusiasm runs away with her; if she is not told, she probably will not think of connecting this man with that incident merely because of the name. In any case, if she is to learn of the identity, let it be through me, and not through you, from whom she might think the information in bad taste."

"I don't quite see it," said Dick; "but no doubt you're right. I'd rather bite my tongue out than hurt her feelings, and I'm very grateful to you for the hint."

Rain now began to fall heavily and they were obliged to go below. The wind rose in gusty starts, sail after sail was reefed, and by the middle of the afternoon the brig was scudding along before the gale with her masts almost bare. She was at all times unusually fast, but she was now flying along at nearly half again her ordinary rate, and for six whole days she never relaxed her speed.

In spite of the rain and the spray, which from time to time swept over her, Dick and Camilla spent a good part of every day on deck, keenly sympathizing with each other in delight at the swift, exhilarating motion of the vessel and the unchanging restlessness and grandeur of the waves over which she passed so lightly.

Of the rest of the company on board they took but little heed. The mate never came their way. The captain was reported still unable to stir outside his cabin, where Dick, after one or two more ineffectual requests for admittance, was quite content to leave him. The colonel had struck up a considerable intimacy with Johnstone, whom he pronounced to be not nearly such a ruffian as he looked. When the ship's motion was not too violent he went on tours of inspection with the new captain, and was even found one morning alone in the hold, examining the cargo with incomprehensible energy and interest.

"I can't think," said Estcourt, laughing, "what on earth you can find to amuse you in the sight of all these casks and cases."

"It is the thought of what they contain that fascinates me," replied the colonel, who was in a humorous mood. "What!" cried Dick, "scurvy and stings fascinate you? That's a dry taste!"

"Ah!" said M. de Montaut, "but I have the poet's vision; I look beyond the mere articles themselves to the results they may effect. These packing-cases, you say, are but necessities for the refitting of your ship. I see more than that. From the parts I reconstruct the whole in imagination. I see, rising from these fragments, an entire vessel, with a fate of her own, and fraught with many destinies. Nay, who knows," he added, with mock sentimentality, "but the ship that lies hidden in this despoiled cargo of yours may change the course of history!"

Dick laughed again. "My dear colonel," he said, "you see a good deal more than I do; I find it uncomfortably dark down here."

"Ah, that's because I'm standing between you and the light," replied the colonel, taking up the lantern. "Come, let's go upstairs again." And he led the way back to the middle deck.

During the night of the 22d the wind fell to a steady breeze, and on the following morning they saw the sun again at last, standing over a headland that lay on the larboard quarter. The colonel appeared at breakfast with a chart, and Dick, borrowing it from him, explained the position of the Speedwell to Camilla.

"Here," he said, putting his finger upon the map, "is the stretch of coast along which the wind and the Guinea current have been hurrying us so fast. Here is Cape Palmas, which we have just passed, and now we shall see more of the shores of Africa. You see we have been carried a little too far to the east already, and Ascension lies right below us in mid-ocean there."

"No," replied Camilla; "didn't you hear Captain Estcourt say that they are peculiar to St. Helena?"

"But surely they must have made their way across at some time or other; the two islands are not so very far apart."

"It is curious," said Dick, "but I assure you that there are none to be found anywhere else. If I saw one of them, I should know for a certainty that I was off St. Helena, though a moment before I had been thinking myself in the Pacific or the North Sea."

He rolled up the chart and returned it to the colonel, who went off with it to his own cabin and did not appear for some time.

Dick and Camilla went on deck, and enjoyed the sun and blue sky after so many dark days. "Do you know," she said, "that I did not always enjoy that perpetual rush of wind and rain? And if I hadn't seen that you were quite cheerful about it, I should have really been quite alarmed at times."

Dick smiled. "I was more timid than you, I expect; I was by no means as cheerful as I looked."

"Then there was danger?" she asked. "There was a lee shore, and there were nights in which we could see nothing."

"Then how could the ship be steered?" "She couldn't," she drove before the wind, which happily was in the right direction; all the steersman could do was to stand to his helm and be always ready for a sudden danger."

"What work?" she cried. "Then it was really one man who saved us all?" "Oh, no," he answered, "that's too much to say; let's hope he would have saved us if he had had the chance."

"How can you speak so lightly of him?" she exclaimed, warmly. "He is a hero, and I shall thank him myself!" Dick was silent, and looked away. Johnstone was passing near, and Camilla called to him.

"What is your steersman's name?" she asked, as he approached. "Dick had made some hasty excuse, and was gone in a moment."

"We've been taking the wheel in turns of late," said Johnstone, "but on the worst nights Captain Estcourt wouldn't let her out of his own hands."

She nodded and turned away. Johnstone passed on with an approving shake of the head. "My word!" he muttered, "he would be a fool to stick at scruples now; he'll be better paid than me by a long sight."

As for Camilla, this episode brought to a decisive end the struggles which had been going on at intervals in her mind since she came on board the Speedwell. She was convinced, and glad to be convinced, that Dick was indeed the man she had thought him of. Whatever had been his reasons for joining in this expedition, they were not, she felt certain, either weak fondness for herself or dilatory to the colors under which he served.

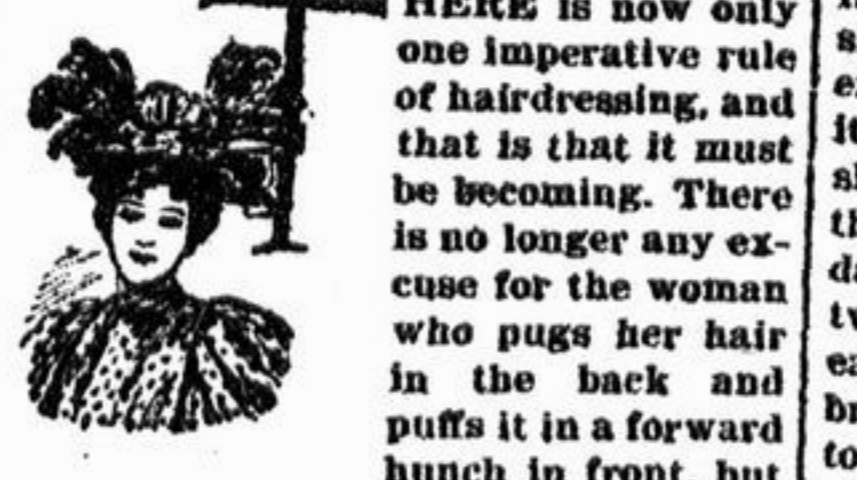
With this conclusion, which was rather due to logic than reasoning, and was but half-consciously present to her mind, her old feelings toward him resumed their place, and the restraint which she had hitherto endeavored to put upon them broke down completely. Eight days passed in great content. The colonel troubled them with his society less than ever. When he was not alone in his own cabin, he was generally in that of Captain Worsley, of whom he gave reports to the others twice a day.

It appeared that the medicines on board were insufficient; the Speedwell carried no surgeon, in spite of the twelve weeks' regulation, which expressly includes the Cape; and the patient's condition was, therefore, unsatisfactory, and at times even critical.

## FOR WOMAN AND HOME.

### SEASONABLE READING FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS.

Some Points on Hairdressing—Revising the Styles of 1830—The Value of a Mother's Advice—Some Notes of the Modes.



HERE is now only one imperative rule of hairdressing, and that is that it must be becoming. There is no longer any excuse for the woman who pugs her hair in the back and puffs it in a forward hunch in front, but she can choose her own style of picturesqueness. If her face lends itself to the sweet austerity of straight locks brushed down over the temples she may wear it without a ripple or a wave, and the locks may pass discreetly back of the pretty ears, too. Of course, only the madonna sort of girl—a wan, sad beauty—should do this, but if it suits her, and she does it, she is in style. The woman with a baby face may comb away her locks from a central parting, hold down their pretty rioting by a pair of love knots of bright ribbon, with, perhaps, a rose tucked in at one knot, and then the fluffy curls can escape over the ears. At the back the hair may be softly coiled, with pretty escaping curls to lie on the shoulder. So it goes through the whole list of types of faces, each sort having its permissible coiffure.

Slide combs are still in favor, and are useful articles, since they assist in adjusting the hair, while the long, gleaming line of the comb's back emphasizes the curves of the head and gives a classic effect to the profile that is desirable with the modern costume. Side combs are at their best when worn with tiny hats and bonnets, but they are tucked beneath even such large and showy hats as the one pictured here. The gist of the matter is that if a woman has a handsome pair of combs she can be trusted to display them at every opportunity. While they are worn with such hats as this one, they add very little to its general effect, because the hat itself is so big and elaborate. It is made of violet felt, with a wide brim and a moderately low crown, which is encircled by a ruffle of violet satin, headed with a narrow lace frill at the top, banded with narrow black satin ribbon in the center. In back a spreading black bow, with double loops, sets up against the crown, and on either side are aigrettes of fine black feathers. Then a jabot of lace falls over the brim on the right side. This hat may be faced with violet velvet if desired.—Florette in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Revising a Style of 1830. For those women who only occasionally don an elaborate house gown



A PARISIAN CONFECTION.

look, shrugs her shoulders and declares that "Mother has such old-fashioned ideas." Every woman living can undoubtedly look back upon some period of her existence when she felt that she knew it all. This time is generally from 14 to 18, and if she manages to weather that period with no greater mishap befalling her than a great blow to her self-esteem she is doing well, for experience many times is bought at a much higher price, and the girl realizes when too late that though mother's advice was old-fashioned it was sound and based on a knowledge of the world, the ways of which do not materially change from generation to generation.

Girls, listen to your mothers; they are your wisest teachers, your best counselors. Even though you have received a college education, and the dear one who in all probability has denied herself to give it to you has never gone beyond the third reader, you can rest assured that it is not book learning that will keep your feet away from many pitfalls that she can warn you from in tender, loving fashion that you would do well to heed. The girl who feels herself superior to her mother in education and who shows to the world at large her contempt for a lack that only her superior good fortune prevented her from possessing, is a figure that we are happy to say is not met with often; yet it does exist, and whenever we see a self-complacent young woman openly correcting her mother we feel like giving her a good shaking and telling her that the plain-spoken, ungrammatical and possibly unrefined woman who has never had her advantages is in reality wiser than she will ever be, and that to impress outsiders a little more consideration is necessary. No matter how your mothers may speak, their hearts are in the right place; if their attire is old-fashioned and their manners not up to the frills of a nineteenth century standard, they have had experience of more value than all the schooling and extra accomplishments that you may think of such shining excellence. Heed your mothers—you will never regret it.

Notes of An Paris. An excellent and simple remedy for a sprain is made by mixing the well-beaten whites of six eggs and a half-cupful of table salt together. Apply between thin muslin cloths. Small pieces of toilet soap which are too little to be used may be utilized. Make a bag of Turkish toweling about seven inches square and put into it all the small pieces of soap. When it is three-quarters filled sew up the end and use the bag as if it were a cake of soap.

but who always, nevertheless, look as fresh and pretty as can be, there are no end of lovely new models, combining the prettiest of new effects. Among them is one especially apt; so dainty and womanly and quite elaborate enough for any small home gathering. The material is the



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softest of pretty wools, in the warmest and cheeriest of clear rose colors. It has a separate skirt, just like a street gown, cut to hang in a soft mass of flutes at the sides and back and gracefully drawn over the hips. The bodice is full and round, with a broad box plait directly down the middle of the front, set all along the edge with small, round, jet buttons. A deep girde of beautifully cut jet, fastened in front under a deep buckle of jet. The sleeves are delightfully quaint and enough to decide any woman at once in its favor. They are after the 1830 mode, shirred closely to the shoulders and then flaring out sharply at the elbow. A dainty stock collar of rose velvet has two big stiff loops directly under the ears. There are smart little boots of bright patent leather, with jetted toes, to be worn with it, completing a fascinating tout ensemble.

Then there is the dainty wool frock of soft, dreamy blue, the sort that deepens the color of the eyes. It is cut en princess, falling in a lot of deep box plaits from a tiny circular yoke, braided richly with black silk and tiny gold braid, in arabesques. Over the drooping, puffed sleeves are flyaway revers of the braided stuff, with a full ruffling of soft chiffon on the edges. A Catherine De Medici collar, also braided, in a smart adjunct and gives a wonderful amount of chic to the rig. An entire gown of black, made from the fresh portions of a worn silk gown, with a lot of black crepe de chine frills and narrow bands of ermine, is exceedingly becoming to a blonde beauty.

Value of a Mother's Advice. Deliver us from the smart young miss who considers her knowledge of life, its ways and its wickedness far ahead of anything that her mother can tell and who, with a little exasperating, all-wise

LET THE BASTY REJOICE AND farmers sing. With our new hardy grasses, clovers and fodder plants the poorest, most worn out, toughest, worst piece of land can be made as fertile as the valley of the Nile. Only takes a year or so to do so! At the same time you will be getting big crops! Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sacaline, Lathyrus, what a variety of names! Catalogue tells you!

Tricks of Horse Traders. There are tricks in all trades, but horse trades appear to have more than their share. A new dodge in that line is reported from Philadelphia. The proprietor of an uptown hotel in that city patronized largely by agriculturists was very anxious to sell a horse to a friend from the country, but the latter had some doubt as to the animal's speed. The two agreed upon a certain day for a drive in the park, and in the meantime the hotel man had not been idle. They were bowling along at a pace which was scarcely calculated to create any great excitement when a park guard, who had previously been "fixed," arrested the owner of the horse for driving faster than the allowed 3.00 gait. He willingly paid his fine of \$5, and his companion was so impressed by the occurrence that he immediately purchased the horse.

## Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Uptate and nerve compounds simply destroy the nerves. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. \$1.

## SWAMP ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c. & \$1.00. Adverse & Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD. \$3. If you pay \$4 to \$5 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas shoe, and you will see what a good shoe you can buy for OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. Name genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

## Unanimous Choice

The New York Morning Journal recently offered ten leading makes of bicycles as prizes in a guessing contest, giving the winners free choice of any one of the ten machines. The result was ALL of the ten winners selected

## Columbia Bicycles

The Journal accordingly bought ten Columbias, paying \$100 each for them, without discount or rebate. On even terms a few will choose a bicycle other than the Columbia STANDARD OF THE WORLD Unequaled, Unapproached. Beautiful Art Catalogue of Columbia and Hartford Bicycles is free if you call upon any Columbia agent; by mail from us for two 2-cent stamps. POPE MANUFACTURING CO. Factories and General Offices, Hartford, Conn. Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

## OUR COUNTRY HOSTS.

What They Think of Us, Our Work, Our Ways and Our Ambitions. A young friend of mine overheard this conversation between the proprietress of a country farmhouse and her help the other morning: "Manda, have you rung that second bell?"

"Yes, indeed; but I never see such people! Eight o'clock breakfast! Who ever heard o' such a thing! Why, I'm pretty near ready for dinner now."

"Oh, them folks dunno anything 'bout time. I can't see how they do it. Six o'clock breakfast is late enough for anyone."

"There's that Mr. Craig, goes in his room and writes three hours a day, an' calls that work."

"Why, Eben'd saw a cord o' wood in that time!" Eben would probably get 50 cents for his labor, while Mr. Craig, who is a well-known magazine contributor, earns \$25. But let that pass. "Manda, if that Miss Clarke asks for any more stale bread, just tell her there ain't any. I want what I've got for the flap-jacks."

"My gracious, if nice hot biscuit ain't good enough for 'em, then I'd like to know!" "An' that flinky Mrs. Hall askin' if I mixed up my biscuit with a spoon!" "Well, if her conscience is as clean as my hands are, then it's a mighty good thing for her!" "Here they come! Look out for that pork steak, Manda, an' see that it don't burn."

Shooting Stars. Now doth the glad reporter write These interviews that burn And boom each citizen he knows For President in turn.