

The Pirate of Alastair

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER V.

Three days passed before anything further happened to disturb my equanimity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying on my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he had discovered the diminutive missive aforesaid tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually contained only the daily papers. The envelope was square and of a delicate shade between violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet:

"My Dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are): I shall visit the Ship Friday afternoon—when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial. I looked at my calendar—I was apt to forget the days of the week—and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased.

The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the aspect of a spot made for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combes, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now I did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and this did not suit me at all. I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after dinner: it was falling. I glanced at the sky: it was still a deep, dome-like blue, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice. At the appointed time I went up to the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin: it was empty, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice.

At the appointed time I went up to the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin: it was empty, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice.

"Nothing." "It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if we wish to do so?" "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old revers will come back."

So I took cushions that lay with my painting things and made her a seat on deck, and I lighted my pipe, and told her all I had dreamed about the Ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her to some adventures as she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met!" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It almost makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town, in another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the Ship; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her hand. "Talk that tongue," she said in that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treasures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman, and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes, gray that shaded to blue—the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat, and the delicate little hand that pillowed her chin. I noted the locket, oval and flat, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but I knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There passed no limitation to the work. The sea stretched out for past the Shifting Shoals and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high. Only the white clouds flecked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, silver-tipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

stances when one would be always lying. Her eyes changed, the depths in them vanished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me. "Ours," she echoed. "Ours?" I answered. "The moment of thought that she had changed as swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun."

"You are a great dreamer," she said. "Are you also a man of action, I wonder?" "Give me the chance." "Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it."

"If I were a man, I would order the tide to come in." The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids dropped. I forgot everything but the picture that she made—the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed. Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home."

I was up and standing beside her, leaning on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the Ship and take tea with me, or take supper on the Ship? When will it be?" "Wait; not for a day or two."

She crossed the deck, and drawing out the small handkerchief, held it to the breeze. "The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days." "Several, not many," I answered. She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"That is for me," she said. The inland sea was low; I recovered the handkerchief and came back, to find her half way across the causeway. "Thank you. This is the second way you devised of leaving the ship on foot."

"I will," I assured her. A storm was certainly coming; it sang in the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-backed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck, and it lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

There was no mistaking those features; they belonged as unquestionably to the man in tweeds as did the locket to Barbara Graham. Moreover, the photograph did him justice, and showed an extremely prepossessing, slightly smiling face, and that I considered added insult to the injury.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the nearest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question—how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Also, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship, the amused smile as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us drinking tea. So they were in all likelihood married, and I a poor lackey that had been baited back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh as one should who sees a clown, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into the cold-dreamed and fancy himself a prince with the world as his realm. The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet, like hounds yelping. But I would not run, I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor-minded-brained idiot that I was.

But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a comely, stout, plump young woman when she was a trifle wailing of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as guileless as a maid in short skirts and braided hair, when she had watched the sea, and then I remembered those sudden flashing changes when the lisp of subtle mischief had danced in her blue-gray eyes. She was just a bundle of mischief, to whom a new man was simply so much sport. Yet I envied Islip with all the strength of my heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the cottage; moreover, he had built a fire in the living-room, which was also the dining-room, to take the chill out of the rapidly dampening air. Ordinarily, I would have been glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, snug and comfortable, but now I was as much out of sorts as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head.

Charles came back and said that Nero would be around at 8. I had supper in silent state, and then sank into gloomy thought before the fire. Confound me for being such a simple, gullible fool, I who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I should have been prepared, properly grieved and breast-plated, but here she had come upon me in my own natural wilderness, on my own simple beach, in my Ship of day-dreams, where everything was so free and open as the sea.

Charles eyed me askance as I pulled my oilskin hat about my ears and vaulted upon Nero. Even the poor beast must have looked at me suspiciously, for this was no night for riding on any simple errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-tumble story. Had I only known how that night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gallop into a strange and swirling enterprise!

The pines shot their water into my face as I galloped along the narrow road. The sandy footing gave now and again, and I had to let Nero's instinct save us from foundering in the bogs which the heavy rain was making of the country. The night was black as pitch; the wind, risen to a hurricane, screeched through the forest in a thousand varied voices, each more harsh and ominous than the last. Several times, riding out from the middle of the road, wet branches driven by the gale flying themselves against me and almost bludgeoned me from my horse. I crunched low, hunched forward for safety, and that I might peer into the murky blackness of the road. Several times Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, left him with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my riding-breeches and boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," I said to the clerk at the desk, and he recognized me and sent a butler to find her. "Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door," reported the butler, "and says she will see you there."

(To be continued.) MARY LAUGHLIN'S ART. Domestic Crisis Made Her Great, 12 Not Rich and Famous, after the first excitement of meeting was over, and the two old friends had settled down for "good talk," and what has become of Mary Laughlin is she still as wonderful as ever?

"A hundred times more so," her husband answered, proudly. "What is she doing. Has she become a famous artist, as you expected? The last thing that I heard definitely was that she took the first prize at the academy, and you looked for great things from her."

The other woman smiled the slow smile of one whose thought wanders back through memories years. "Mary Laughlin is greater than we ever dreamed," she said. "For six years she has been painting dinner-cards and favors."

"Painting dinner-cards?" "They are exquisite dinner-cards," the friend declared, whimsically. "They are all the rage." "What dinner-cards? Helen Andrews, what do you mean?"

"I mean," Mary's friend said, gently now, "that Mary has proved herself greater than her art. The year that she was to go abroad her sister's husband died, leaving her with no means and four little children. She could not support them and care for them too, so Mary came to the rescue. To make name and reputation great enough to support them by paintings would have taken years, and money was needed at once. So she began dinner favors. They are all living together, as they have for seven years. The children adore her."

"But—her genius!" the other woman cried. "What a cruel sacrifice!" "Mary's friend smiled again. "Wait until you see Mary," she said. They saw Mary a few days later. From being an impulsive girl, she had grown into a woman, strong, poised, self-reliant, joyous. That she had had her battles no one could doubt, but the completeness of her victory was shown by her generous, unobtrusive recognition of the successes of her old comrades at the academy. She talked much of them—of the one who had won fame as a portrait painter, of the two who had become well-known illustrators and of many others. And all the time she talked the guest was conscious of the exquisite atmosphere of the simple little home. She had not meant to speak of it, but the question came in spite of herself.

"Don't you ever long for it—the painting—yourself?" Mary Laughlin's steady eyes met hers quietly. "I was narrow," she said. "I thought art was the one thing in the world. I was in danger of missing—womanhood. I am not only content, but glad." On the way home the guest broke the silence but once. "You are right—your Mary Laughlin is great," she said.—Youth's Companion.

The Last Word. She—And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last work.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Testing of Jack

Elinor glanced roguishly at the young man sitting dejectedly beside her on the sand at Milton Point. "You may have as many minutes as this sand takes to run through my fingers," she said, taking up a handful of warm, white sand from the beach, "and then if you continue to be disagreeable and cross, I'll—well, never mind, you will regret it, Mr. Jack Robinson."

She let the soft sand trickle slowly through her sun-burned fingers like a minute-glass as she hummed, carelessly, softly, "If I But Knew."

The young man turned impatiently and looked out across the broad expanse of water. How easily the white-winged yachts skimmed over the water! He wished his little craft of love would run as smoothly. "Elinor," he said, turning to her, "will you stop singing that song?"

"When your present fit of ill-temper blows over," she retorted, watching the last few grains of sand fall from her fingers. "If I but knew your heart were true," she hummed on, ignoring him.

"See here, what can I do to prove to you that I am sincere?" He watched her dust the sand from her pretty palm. "Do? You make me feel like a prisoner of 'ye olden time.' Then brave knights sent their ladies by acts of courage, but now—"

"Yes, now?" he said, looking up at her eagerly. "Oh, now we don't even take a man's word for anything." And Elinor laughed a merry, captivating laugh, which chased away the frowns from Jack's brow. He could never be angry with her for long.

"Suppose we play we are living one hundred years ago," she said, after a minute. "I'll play anything you like." "And do anything I like?" she asked, looking at him dubiously. Her tone was half-serious, half-playful.

Elinor did not reply nor look up; she was tracing her name in the sand—thinking. She had tried to believe Jack, but somehow, at times, she doubted that he really meant all he said. He was such a serious sort of fellow, and she—oh, she was frivolous and scatter-brained, according to her own estimate of herself. And yet, why should he love her? And yet, why should he say so if he did not?

At last she covered the sand letters over and looked up. "Jack," she said, "would you really do anything for me, even if it was silly and—and awfully dangerous, just to prove to me that you like me?" "Not to prove that I like you, but that I love you—yes."

He laughed a little at her serious face. "Do you see that big rock out there?" She pointed to a large rock just in the edge of the now low tide. "I do." "You know when the tide is high it is a long distance from the shore? The water almost covers it and splashes around it and makes a terrible noise."

"Does it?" he asked, amused. "Yes; and unless one is a very good swimmer one cannot possibly get in until the tide goes out again. If one is caught out there, it would be awful to stay there all night." Elinor shivered at the very thought of it. Should she go on? "And what then? Who ever stayed out there all night?" he asked, knowing well what was coming. "Why—why, nobody." She hesitated. "Would you do it?"

"Do you ask me to?" He looked at her intently. She was building a pyramid of sand. "I—I'd believe you if you did," she said, at length, and looking into his eyes to see how he would receive the suggestion. "And you'd like to believe me, Elinor? Tell me that—but no, don't! I'll do it. Are we not living a hundred years ago?"

Elinor wished, now that she had promised to do it, that she had not asked it. Suppose a storm should come up and the waves should dash over the rock and sweep him off and—and he was not able to swim far enough to reach shore! "Jack," she said, a little nervously, "let's move forward a hundred years; I'll believe you."

MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS NEW WHITE HOUSE



Tent which will be the Ex-President's home during his African expedition.

I don't like the old times. I—I might believe you." "Get in, Jack," she said, impatiently. She hoped no one was on the shore to see. "I would, if I but knew," he said, meaningly. "Then know, Jack, and do come."

As Jack walked home from the little cottage that night he thought one hundred years was the shortest space of time imaginable. He broke into a happy whistle. "If I but knew, if I but knew!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

VERTICAL TRANSPORTATION. Twice as Many Folks Carried in Elevators as on Lateral Lines. Vertical transportation in New York has reached enormous proportions, and according to a paper recently read before the Electrical Engineering Society of Columbia University, twice as many people are carried vertically as are carried horizontally every twenty-four hours, says the New York Sun.

Taking twenty-six of the large office buildings in the lower part of the borough of Manhattan, all of eighteen floors or over, this authority states, we find a total of 372 floors in all, aggregating a height of approximately one and one-third miles. In these twenty-six buildings there are 116 express elevators traveling an aggregate distance of 275 miles an hour and averaging 243,000 passengers a day. These same twenty-six buildings have 115 local elevators running approximately the same number of car miles an hour, but carrying about 372,000 passengers a day. This makes a total of 231 elevators running 1,400 miles, carrying a total of 647,000 passengers a day.

Taking the 8,000 elevators used exclusively to carry passengers in the borough of Manhattan and dividing them into groups, according to the number of persons carried, we find that they transport approximately 6,500,000 passengers a day. From the last report of the public service commission we learn that only 3,200,000 are carried a day by surface, elevated and subway cars in the entire city of Greater New York.

No Longer in Control. Kicker—Did Jones lose control of his auto? Becker—Entirely; his chauffeur won't let him use it at all.

SUCCESS OF DES MOINES PLAN; CITY RULED BY A COMMISSION

IOWA'S law authorizing the establishment of commission government in cities of 25,000 or more population, which has been very successful in its first year of trial by Des Moines, according to reports from that city, was enacted by the Legislature in the spring of 1907. Applying to eight cities by virtue of the population clause, it was instituted in Des Moines, a city of 75,000 inhabitants, soon after the Supreme Court of Iowa, in February, 1908, upheld its constitutionality without a dissenting opinion, and has become widely known as the "Des Moines plan." In its general features the plan provides for a method of city government that has been tried, with good results, for several years in Houston and Galveston, Tex.

Instead of a mayor and a board of aldermen or councilmen, the "Des Moines plan" makes the governing power of a city a commission consisting of a mayor and four councilmen. Large powers are combined in the commission, which makes the local laws and executes them through a division of authority whereby each member of the commission becomes the head of a department. These departments are as follows: Public affairs, accounts and finances, public safety, including fire and health; parks and public property, public improvements.

The Iowa law may be adopted by any city within the State having sufficient population, which makes it eligible for eight cities. Cedar Rapids has followed the example of Des Moines and has elected to try it. If 10 per cent of the voters of an eligible city petition for the purpose an election must be held to decide whether the city shall adopt the law. A majority of the voters may adopt it or may drop it after trial. Initiative and referendum provisions form an important part of the law. At the demand of 25 per cent of the voters there must be a referendum on any action of the commission positive or negative, and the decision of the majority of voters at the referendum election is made binding on the mayor and councilmen. All ordinances granting franchises must be submitted to the voters for adoption or rejection. Sessions of the commission must be public.

To judge from the reports from Des Moines, the plan has been especially effective in financial and police matters. For the second year in its history, it is said, the city has lived within its income, having a surplus of about \$20,000, instead of a deficit of \$50,000 or more. The five members of the commission have been paid \$3,000 each, whereas councilmen were formerly paid \$250 each, but it is estimated that business methods of administration have saved more than the \$15,000 total cost of the commission. Every department of the government has been reorganized; structures have been abolished, and it is even stated that "there are no more political jobs." Streets have been kept clean, better lighted at less cost, and paving contracts have been carried out in the spirit and the letter of the contract. Each commissioner takes personal pride in his department and feels personal responsibility for it.

THE IMMORTAL 9TH

How Seventeen Members of a Regiment Tried to Take Port Arthur. In the grand assault commencing Aug. 19, the immortal Ninth Regiment of the Japanese army was ordered to cross the field to the foot of the slope on which lay, dead and dying, many of them of the regiment which had gone before. The colonel, Takagaki, surveying the task set for his regiment, sent back a report that it was not feasible, says Richard Barry in Everybody's. The brigade general, Ichihno, replied hotly that one regiment was enough to take one battery.

Takagaki stepped out of the ravine, in which he had been seeking shelter, at the head of his command. Before he had been marching, as colonels usually do, in the rear, while his lieutenants led the advance. Now he leaped forward up the slope, out in front of his men. A dozen paces from the ravine he fell with four bullets through his breast. The lieutenant colonel took up the lead and was shot a few yards farther on. The majors were wiped out. Every captain but one went down.

The last captain, Nashimoto, in charge of D company, found himself at length under the Chinese wall with seventeen men. Looking down upon the shell-swept plain, protected for the moment from the sharpshooters above, with that handful of heroes, a mile and a half in advance of the main body of the Japanese army, he grew giddy with the success of his attempt. Of a sudden he concluded that he could take Port Arthur with his seventeen men. He started in to do it. There was only the wall ahead—the wall and a few machine guns—beyond, the city itself—a five minutes' run would have brought him to the citadel. He scaled the wall and fell across it—his back bullet-riddled. Eight of his men got over, scaling the height beyond, called Wagon Hill, or the watch tower, a place to which the Russian generals formerly rode on horseback to survey the battlefield. On the slope for three months a full sight of both armies the eight lay rotting. The Russians referred to them as "the Japanese garrison."

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Suggestion. Suggestion is a method of awakening the powers of the subconscious mind so that they may assert themselves and accomplish great results.—Rev. C. F. Windigler, Baptist, Washington.

Using What We Have. You have something of life, something of truth, something of reverence, something of the sense of duty, something of loyalty; then use what you have.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

Praying for Religion. The value of our church services will be greatly enhanced when it costs us money. It is an enormous misfortune to get your religion for nothing.—Rev. H. S. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

When Virtues Come. Virtue comes only when a man stands at the parting of the ways between right and wrong, and turns his back on the wrong and chooses the right.—Rev. G. L. Cady, Congregationalist, Dorchester, Mass.

Looking Back. Looking back usually results in going back. The man who holds on to the past of which he is ashamed will some day find himself back in the old place of shame.—Rev. P. M. Strayer, Presbyterian, Rochester, N. Y.

Hard Things Do. It is easy to be happy when singing the doxology in church, but the harder thing is to sing when people set to as a tempt to swear or to hire some one to swear for us.—Rev. J. H. Hobbs, Episcopalian, Ithaca, N. Y.

God-Entered. When human lives learn the blessing there is in becoming God-centered instead of self-centered, the hard things of life will have their bitter-sweet taken out of them.—Rev. S. N. Watson, Episcopalian, Akron.

The Vision of the Ideal. We have to keep a clear light shining in any dark place; we have to keep the flag of righteousness and purity flying here; we have to maintain the vision of the ideal before us.—Rev. Charles F. Aked, Baptist, New York City.

Wrong Start. The weakness and insufficiency of much of our thinking is in that we do not start right. We may spend ages trying to reason from the "contradiction of life to a kindly God and faith."—Rev. T. E. Barr, People's Pulpit, Milwaukee.

Christianity's Gift. The gift of Christianity was the revelation of a person who was to make humanity a perpetual institution—God in Christ, in whom God came from heaven down to earth in the incarnation.—Rev. E. Perry, Methodist, Milwaukee.

Right Feeling. A man is best when right feeling stimulates right thought, in a disciplined and finished manner, and turns upon the feelings and becomes their master directing them with right purpose.—Rev. W. W. Fenn, Unitarian, Cambridge, Mass.

Imagination. Imagination is the most essential element in any great invention, knowledge, business enterprise and religion. If it was not for the powers of imagination, the nations would be stranded long before this.—Rev. C. K. Carpenter, Methodist, Episcopalian, Aurora, Ill.

Champagne Corks. The manufacture of the best kind of corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never entrusted to machines. The ordinary common cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

The amount that people have to learn is entirely too great for their length of life.