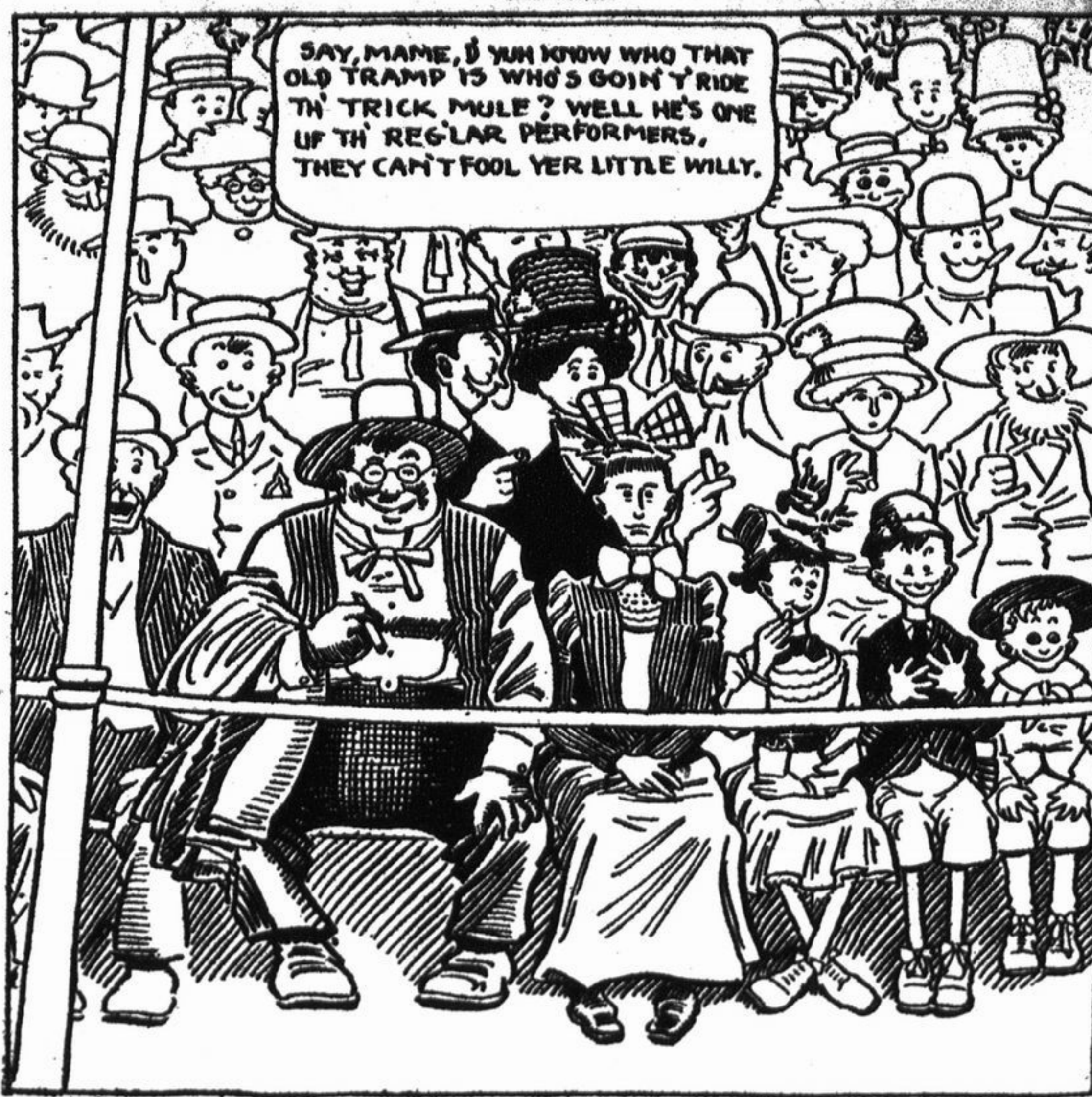


SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THE CIRCUS WORTH WHILE.



Cincinnati Post.

The Pirate of Alastair

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Duponceau and I lifted the chest before us and as silently as we had entered the woods...

"Run," said Rodney, and like a football player, lunged at me and me, straight at the man's knees.

"Run, Mr. Felix!" cried Charles, and I saw him jump at the struggling men and pull his free.

Duponceau and I ran, caring nothing for shelter now, but making straight for the ship. The enemy were numbered half a dozen.

"We'll get that pirate!" one of the men called. There was silence on the ship.

"Up anchor and off for the Spanish Main!" he cried. "I really feel like a pirate."

"Here!" We turned and saw our gentleman adventurer sitting on the chest. Rodney burst into a laugh.

We had all four come out of the scrimmage unscathed, except for a few bruises, but were too much excited to sleep.

"It's not a very explicit, and in some way the best," he said, as if he were to unsway him in more mystery.

I went up on deck, where Charles was peering steadily back and forth.

"You saved Mr. Islip from a very bad position, Charles," I said. "How did you manage to quiet that fellow so soon?"

"With an upper cut," I learned in the old country, sir. I left him fast asleep. Had been prowling round the kitchen, sir, and making himself generally disagreeable, and I was glad to settle the score."

"If you saw me, and another asleep on the beach. This begins to look serious."

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles. "I've been saying to myself, 'What a state of suppressed excitement—that is, all of us except Duponceau, who seemed to regard a trial by bullets as nothing out of the usual."

CHAPTER XV.

I watched the east sun pale with the coming sun, and the sea pale through the pale, translucent haze of the mists.

I had the world to myself, the sea and its dancing colors, the ship and its early-morning memories. That awe and veneration which steals over the watcher of dawn—as though witness to a birth both physical and spiritual—stole over me.

I came back to reality, and wondered how it was that I, who only a week before had been busy with my manuscript in the study of my cottage, should now be facing a life as strange as it was daring.

"I have plenty of water and food in my house. It'll stand a good long siege, if any of those rascals are living in it, I'd like to turn them out. What do you say?"

"It sounds pretty good to me," assented Rodney.

Duponceau nodded, and so it was arranged that we should leave the ship. There were no two ways about it, to go or stay and be starved into surrender.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our chance of base was to be made after sunset, between those hours when the darkness should first steal across the beach, and those when our enemy might expect that we would venture forth under the shade of night.

"If they see us," said Rodney, "they'll settle down to besiege us. They could starve us out here in forty-eight hours. I've an idea, however, that they're afraid to do that for fear of legal consequences. I take it this is a purely personal fight."

I had the same thoughts; some French enemies of Duponceau's were trying to kidnap him, had been my conviction.

rocks. I turned and signalled to Rodney that the coast was clear, and saw him lower himself by one arm and find a foothold. Then, with a silent prayer that no stray bullet would be in the way of us before we reached shore, I stepped gingerly on to the beach.

"Look!" Duponceau was standing, and we followed his gaze and saw a sailboat—my sailboat—round the cliff to the west and lie to the open sea. "Not that way," he said; "there'll be no more swimming done. They're going to guard us from the ocean."

Then Rodney spoke up. "Perhaps I can get across the beach to the cottage and bring some of the tinned meats back."

"Unless they have confiscated my house as well as my boat," I suggested. "How- ever, it's worth a try. Charles stays on guard, and I go with you."

So, a little later, the two of us, having an eye that the men in the sailboat should not see us, lowered ourselves over the side, and waded waist-deep through the water.

We had gone perhaps half-way when the silence rang with a shot. A little furrow blew up in the sand before me, and I saw a light cloud of smoke steal away from the dunes.

"Hello!" said he. "Never mind the gun. I'm alone in the house, and my gun's not in shooting order."

"Suppose I see, sir," said Charles, and a moment later he found a revolver in the man's hip-pocket and appropriated it.

"Well," I demanded, "what have you to say to breaking into a man's house in his absence?"

The other—your could see he had a sense of humor from the wry smile he made—leaped back and cocked his eye at me. "I heard you'd gone to sea," he answered, "and wouldn't be coming back soon."

"Ah, that's where I have the advantage of you, and a very considerable advantage. What I want is the Frenchman over there." He looked past me at Duponceau. "I come in for good when I capture him."

I signalled to Charles, and in a trice he had been the man's right arm and tied him there fast. I found his mouth securely, so that even his wry smile disappeared, and then left him.

CHAPTER XVII.

They are Merciless Things & They Misbrand an Article.

"You can go right on talking to father, Mr. Jerrold," Madge Roberts said, gaily, "but I want Mrs. Jerrold to see my Viot hat."

"I am sure, just because I happen to be a mere man, you wouldn't be cruel enough to deprive me of a pleasure," Mr. Jerrold retorted.

Madge dimpled, and made him a courtesy. She could not help being happy that the hat was so becoming.

"And it cost, exclusive of the label that I begged from Cousin Adelaide, exactly six dollars and seven cents," she explained, triumphantly, to Mrs. Jerrold.

"Every girl I know, except one, thinks I've let into the secret, really." "Why not let them think it a Roberts and get the credit you deserve?"

"Mr. Jerrold suggested with benevolent light words, a gravity which Madge was too absorbed to notice."

"If that isn't a 'notice' question!" she responded. "To get looked down upon by lots of people when a simple little label can get me looked up to!"

"I made my suit myself, and it's a big success as my hat—and every-body thinks it came from Hammond's. It's my good luck to have rich cousins who can furnish the labels to keep my talents in the background."

"Trusting? A mere accident has brought us together. We shall part in twenty minutes. Let us hope Fate may not again be so indiscreet."

"She made no answer, but was apparently absorbed in the view, as their car slowly rose higher and higher. The strains of the band, the whirring rush of the switchback, and the shrieks of the passengers, became fainter and fainter, the elephants and camels in the court below receded to the size of dogs, and the men running briskly about appeared like some fantastic kind of toys.

"Under the circumstances I should have thought even you would have had good taste enough to refrain from intruding on me."

"Your presence is itself molesting," she returned. "She was very pretty, very young, and evidently knew what became her."

"I beg your pardon; perhaps you were not aware these are public cars," he said, with elaborate politeness.

"What is the matter? What are we stopping so long for?" "I presume the Wheel has stuck," he said, calmly.

"Apparently so. I myself am not an acrobat, and I fear you would find the task of climbing down beyond your powers."

"But—but it's 5 o'clock. I have to catch the train at half past 6. I must get down." He was silent, but the shrag of his shoulders said much.

RECOLLECTIONS.

How can it be that I forget The way he phrased my doom. When I recall the arabesque That carpeted the room?

How can it be that I forget His look and mine that hour When I recall I wore a rose And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget Those words that were the last, When I recall the tune a man Was whistling as he passed?

These things are what we keep from life's Supreme joy or pain; For memory locks her chaff in bins, And throws away the grain. —Annie Reeve Aldrich.

Once Around the Axis

Business on the Big Wheel was rather slack that afternoon, and she sat in solitary dignity in her saloon compartment until, just as the official was about to close the door, a young man darted in.

"Let me out. I've changed my mind," she cried, but the man outside shook his head.

"Very sorry, Miss, but it can't be done. You must wait till the Wheel goes round; only twenty minutes, Miss."

"If it is my presence that distresses you," said the young man who had come in, "let me assure you I shall in no way molest you."

"Your presence is itself molesting," she returned. "She was very pretty, very young, and evidently knew what became her."

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"Oh! why don't they get ladders or something? It is shameful! I believe they have done it on purpose."

"Ah! I hadn't thought of that." He returned.

She flashed upon him a look half indignant, half reproachful, and evidently kept silence only by an effort.

SIX CIGARS A DAY.

Ninety-Year-Old Artist Who Still Paints Pictures.

"The King offers you his sincerest congratulations on attaining your nineteenth birthday."

"This telegram arrived at a house in the Malda Vade district the other day, and was handed to a rosy-cheeked old man with snow-white hair, whose armchair was drawn before a blazing fire.

"The recipient of the telegram, who could read with ease on his nineteenth birthday, whose memory was undimmed, and who could still enjoy a good cigar, was W. P. Frith, R. A., the veteran painter, among whose many famous works 'Derby Day' is perhaps the most famous."

"At 90 one can't expect to have many recreations left, but I am a wonderfully lucky old man," he said. "My sight is pretty nearly as good as ever it was. I can read nearly all day, and when I feel drowsy at night I take an armful of papers and books to bed with me and read myself to sleep."

"And how many old fellows of my age can really enjoy a cigar? I can, though. Nearly always I smoke six during the day; often I can manage seven. Sometimes I tell my household-keeper that I must really cut down my smoking allowance. Fancy an old man of 90 starting to cure himself of bad habits!"

"Every day, when the weather is fine, Mr. Frith puts on a warm overcoat, and sets off for an hour's walk. 'It does me good,' he said. 'A walk in Regent's park is what I like. A fine recreation for an old man, so long as he has the use of his legs, is walking. For an hour after dinner I can still enjoy a quiet game of whist. No-life's no dreary thing to me."

"I don't want more than two meals a day now—one in the morning and one at night," he went on. "But I can still eat a hearty breakfast, and then I can manage a nice, simple dinner at night. In the middle of the day I enjoy a good plate of soup. In the afternoon they bring me a glass of hot milk. After that my cigar seems good."

Mr. Frith has not even laid his brush aside. Aided by good spectacles, he is painting, when the light is strong, a study of child-life, which is to be called "Many Happy Returns,"—London Daily Mail.

Woman's Travels in Persia.

In times of peril in Persia the medical missions have proved to be the safest places not only for Europeans but also for the Persians themselves, says the Pall-Mall Gazette.

Dr. Emmeline Stuart, niece of the veteran Bishop Stuart, had a remarkable story to tell of her own experiences when preparing to leave the country.

The only escort available through the disturbed country from Ispahan to Teheran was offered to her by the military authorities, and she accepted it, to find that it entailed traveling on a gun carriage harnessed six in hand and that for ten days double teams were effected at a hard gallop, while the shelter of the carriage formed her canopy at night.

Dr. Stuart testified to the unflinching courtesy and kindness of the officers to the traveler placed in their charge and reassured the committee as to the absolute safety of the missionaries during this period of unrest by saying that the mission compound at Ispahan was one of the safest places in the city.

In fact members of the families of officers of the shah have in the last few months resorted to it as an asylum.

A girl is willing for her mother to wash her other articles of clothing, but her shirt-waists must go to the laundry.

A man admires two kinds of women: Girls from 16 to 28, and women like his mother.

Some matrimonial alliances are defensive and all are offensive.

It's the privilege of a hatter to stain a man up.

Science

The largest electric transformer ever built, recently completed by an eastern company, is wound for 100,000 volts, the highest voltage ever employed commercially.

The distance record in wireless telegraphy was established when a station in Newfoundland picked up a message that had originated in Australia, 16,000 miles away.

Gas engine exhaust pipes that are of more than ordinary length should have a tap inserted at the lowest fitting to drain off condensed moisture and prevent back pressure.

The Dominion railway commission has sounded the doom of the car lamp by requiring that only compressed oil gas, acetylene gas or electricity may be used on trains in Canada.

A Boston inventor believes he has perfected an apparatus for using the sun's rays to generate electricity, which is stored in accumulators for use in a light circuit at night.

The temperature of a coal pile rapidly increases after reaching 150, becomes liable to spontaneous combustion after passing 200, and almost invariably ignites at 485 degrees.

A new toilet accessory on the principle of an atomizer sprays liquids around the roots of the user's hair without wetting his or her clothing or wasting the material applied.

An American company which took advantage of the return of the roller skating craze to Great Britain after a lapse of eighteen years, has opened seventeen rinks in various cities, employing 100,000 pairs of skates.

A "world's record" for long distance telegraphy was established on January 23d, when the direct transmission of messages between London and India was begun. The extreme distance over which a message was flashed, without interruption and repetition, was about 7,000 miles. The line of wires that carries these messages was recently completed by filling up the gap between Teheran and Karachi. The Wheatstone system of automatic transmission is used throughout the line.

Recent exploration of the Athabasca-Mackenzie region shows that it contains many valuable fur-bearing animals, and it appears also to be the home of the last wild remnant of the American beaver family. The herds of bison are not numerous, and they are being rapidly exterminated by wolves. The Canadian musk-ox also inhabits this region, and in the spring, when the rivers and springs escape from the frost, great flocks of birds, including most of the migratory game-birds of America, resort thither to breed.

In the new ultra-microscope objects too small to be seen directly are revealed by means of the diffraction discs formed round them by a converging beam of light. But this method may be employed without a microscope. A powerful beam of light projected into a darkened room renders many particles visible which cannot otherwise be seen, and it is probable that many of these are beyond the range of direct microscopic vision. It was by a similar method that Faraday revealed the existence of minute particles of gold in ruby glass.

THAEVITCH WHO ASTOUNDS ELDER.

Grand Duke Alexis, tsarevitch of Russia, is rapidly approaching the age of 5 years and ascending the right to do as he pleases. It was once feared he would grow up sickly, but he is now a strong child and wants to play all the time.

The other day the child saw some grimy urchins playing marbles outside of the imperial park. He wanted to join them, but his nurse explained that such a proceeding would be below his dignity, as these boys would be his future subjects. "Well, they are better off than I am, and have more privileges," said the future sovereign.

Special tutors have been appointed for the boy, who will soon have a fair, but he has no taste for books. There is a violin and piano teacher, but the boy cares nothing for them. He is continually "getting up" again that amuse his father.

A young girl who is a very good singer.

A young girl who is a very good singer.



"YOU DON'T CARE A BIT."



ALEXIA

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