

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The larder was well-stocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of potted ham, boned chicken, pilot biscuit, and coffee, boiled as only Charles knows how.

Meanwhile Charles was spreading the table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first cigarette he had had in three days.

"Little did I think, Selden," said he, "when I lunched with you that day, that I'd be coming back as a member of a midnight expedition, defending a mysterious gentleman in a black cloak, who popped up out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponceau looked at him; "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps you smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I suggested.

Rodney granted. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

"You're not going to kill him?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with me."

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where our prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair. Duponceau sat in the two seats on the center-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm flare up in the captive's eyes.

"I'm about to propose," said Duponceau, "a happy settlement of all our difficulties. Instead of being your comrades at outlaws fighting with your comrades myself, what say you to my going and if I win, I to go with you if I lose? Come, that sounds fair enough." He looked the bandage from the prisoner's mouth.

"What do you make me for? I'm no fence, and the parties back of me wouldn't stand for such a game anyhow. They want you taken quietly, delivered up, and don't care what happens to any number of me."

Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the window ledge.

"Now, then, what do you men want?" I demanded.

"We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"Does the lady want to?" I asked.

"She does," said Barbara, in a most determined tone of voice.

"Then she shall. Slide back the bolts, Rodney," I whispered. "Now if any one chooses to interfere with her entering my house, he can reflect that he's looking in through a straight steel barrel."

The door opened, and Barbara, her head high, walked in. I shut the small window and put the revolver in my pocket. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-house!"

But Barbara was not regarding me.

"Why, Rodney," she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught sight of Rodney's arm in a sling.

"It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beaming; "only a scratch, might have been potted by that badly shooting sniper."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

should keep in touch with his office," she added.

"And that a writer should write." "Then why did you give it up?" "Duponceau," I answered. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

"There was a brief silence, and then she came. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the club."

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adieux.

"I'll go with you to your horse," said Rodney.

"I shall be delighted to go," I put in at the same moment.

"I am not so valuable a man as you," Rodney explained, "in case they should cut us off."

Barbara looked from one to the other of us, "Rodney," she began.

I bowed. "I yield," he was the older friend, and my child as I feared him, I could but admit that he was entitled to the privilege.

Isip smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," he said.

"Rodney must not go," she finished.

"It was my turn to start for the door. "Nor must you," she continued to me. "I am much safer alone than with either of you."

For Boys and Girls

Where Has The Little Girl Gone? The snows of yesterday are gone. Their like will come again; The blooms of yester June are fled, But more will gladden men.

Now from the cradle to the grave Throughout their length of years To hold their hats upon their heads They bristle thick with spears.

Not far from the place where the dog lived there was a convent which was the home of some good nuns, and one day as Fido sat near by in the sun he saw a beggar ring the bell of the convent door.

Fido trotted up and looked into the beggar's face as much as to say, "Can't you spare me one of those bones?" But the beggar did not see things in the light that Fido did.

But he was very hungry. He did not have anything to eat for a whole day. The beggar over the way as soon as he had eaten his food put the bowl in the hole in the door and then walked off.

"Those must be good women to give food to beggars," thought Fido. "I wonder if they wouldn't give me a bowl of soup. There's nothing like trying."

So Fido trotted across the street, and putting up his paw, rang the bell. "Ding, ding, ding." What a noise he made.

"There's another beggar after food," said the good nun to herself; and out she came with a plate of boiled meat, and looked around. "There's nobody here after all," she said, and shut the door.

"She calls me nobody," thought poor Fido. "I must try again." So he jumped up and rang the bell once more. "Ding, ding, ding." It made a much louder noise than before.

But nobody came. The woman stood at a back window, watching to see who was ringing the bell. Fido waited awhile and then jumped up again and gave the bell a good pull.

Then the woman came out and laughed to find that a dog had been ringing the bell. "What do you want?" she asked.

led on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming, he knew it. He was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself.

Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face.

Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear the bird as he hears that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird song to be critically compared to a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all these long-gone days on his native hills—Christian Register.

OUR POLLY. The first pet my sister and I ever had was a parrot, which a friend of our mother brought to us from Cuba. He was a young bird and could speak no English at all, though he had picked up several Spanish words from the crew on the voyage here. However, it did not take Polly long to acquire a very fluent vocabulary, and he chattered so incessantly that he drove every one in the house nearly crazy. He was so tame that he let him go out of doors. He always stayed near the house, coming in in the evening to be fed and put to bed. His favorite trick was to climb high up in the wisteria vine that covered the front of our house, and from there he would call "Hello!" to every one who passed the house. It was so funny to see people turn around to see who it was who had called. Polly was almost the color of the vine, so he could not be easily seen, and anyway no one thought of its being a parrot. Of all things he hated his bath, and would call loudly for help during the whole process, though he never offered to bite the person bathing him.—Grace Horsey, in the New York Tribune.

A COLONIAL CITY. I wish you could all come to Kingston and see the fine old things here. It is called the Colonial City because it was settled in the old Colonial days, way back in 1661, but it was called Wiltwick then; so you can see it is very old. There are many old houses here. The oldest one is called the Senate House.

When the British burned our city in the Revolutionary War all the houses were burned except the Senate House. Let me tell you something about this house. It was built in 1678, and George Washington had his headquarters here once. It was also the first capital of New York state. It is two stories high and is made of old stone. It is in good condition, and many people visit it to view the old relics kept there. The last time I went there I saw a spinning wheel, some of George Washington's clothes, old-fashioned kitchen utensils and many other things. There was a cracker over two hundred years old.—Samuel H. Gross, in the New York Tribune.

READY FOR THE DOLLAR. Marjorie, aged nine, had not been having very satisfactory reports from school. Her father finally said, "Marjorie, for the first hundred you get I'll give you a dollar." Time went on, the reward could not be claimed. One day the child was taken violently ill. Her mother sent for the doctor. When he had gone, Marjorie said, "Mama, am I very ill?" "No, dear, your temperature is a little over a hundred, but the doctor thinks you will be all right in a day or so."

Smiles broke through Marjorie's tears. "Now, mama, I can give my dollar." Papa said he would give it to me if I could get a hundred in anything." —Bea Hiva.

YOU'RE DRESSED UP. Grandma's guest was elegantly but simply dressed in black chiffon voile handsomely trimmed with silk overlace. Little Birdie, aged four, climbed on her lap and patted the many gray hairs and smoothed the soft lace and silk, then peered lovingly into her face and said: "You're dressed up good enough to be killed, ain't you?" —Bea Hiva.

A Hogarthian Inn Sign. One of the most humorous inn signs is "The Man Loaded With Mischief," which is found about a mile from Cambridge, on the Madingley road. The original "Mischief" was designed by Hogarth for a public house in Oxford street.

It is needless to say that the sign-board and even the name have long ago disappeared from the busy London thoroughfare, but the quaint device must have been extensively copied by country sign painters. There is a "Mischief" at Wallingford and a "Load of Mischief" at Norwich. The inn on the Madingley road exhibits the sign in its original form. Though the colors are much faded from exposure to the weather, traces of Hogarthian humor can be detected. A man is staggering under the weight of a woman, who is on his back. She is holding a glass of gin in her hand, a chain and padlock are around the man's neck, labelled "Wedlock." On the right-hand side is the shop of "S. Gripe, Pawnbroker," and a carpenter is just going in to pledge his tools. —Strand Magazine.

SKYLARKS. John Burroughs relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a footman from a neighboring city

CONQUERING TYPHOID BY VACCINATION



ROF this time on it is merely a question whether one wishes to be proof against attack by typhoid fever or not. Certainly there can be no reason for contracting the mal-

ady unless one chooses. People nowadays do not "catch" smallpox if they have been properly vaccinated. In case they neglect that customary precaution, it is considered that they have deliberately exposed themselves to the risk of contagion. The same proposition will in future apply to typhoid, inasmuch as means have been found whereby, through inoculation with a suitable "vaccine," anybody may be rendered permanently immune—that is to say, incapable of acquiring the disease.

Typhoid in old times was known as "putrid fever." It was one of the most deadly of human maladies, largely because the proper methods to adopt in dealing with it were not yet known. But even to-day, when it kills less than 10 per cent of the victims it assails, it is exceedingly destructive. It caused 80 per cent of the total deaths on the American side during the war with Spain—the disease, which raged in the military camps, being distributed chiefly by flies. And it was recently estimated by Dr. George M. Kober of Washington, D. C.—a recognized authority on the subject—that, reckoning loss of wage-earning capacity, expense for medical attendance, etc., typhoid fever in the United States costs annually not less than \$350,000,000. Accepting these figures, it appears that the disease costs the people of the United States more than a billion dollars every three years, writes Rene Bach in Technical World Magazine.

There is just one advantage in having typhoid. An attack of it renders one immune to the complaint thereafter—at all events practically so, inasmuch as a recurrence of the malady in a person who has once recovered from it is uncommon. But it would surely be very advantageous if such immunity could be attained without going through the sickness and suffering with incidental risk of dying.

Fortunately, this very thing has at last been accomplished. That is to say, a means has been discovered whereby anybody may be rendered immune to typhoid—the result being obtained by a simple process of vaccination. The principle of vaccination for smallpox is that of utilizing the germ of a near related disease of the cow, much milder in character, to produce immunity against the more serious malady. This idea nowadays is being applied, with much success, to other maladies, notably rabies—and bubonic plague, the two latter at the instance of Haffkine, an Englishman. Vaccination for typhoid—first worked out by Sir A. E. Wright of London—is based upon the same theory.

For some time past the United States War Department has been busy engaged with the problem of typhoid vaccination, and the Army Medical Museum in Washington, large quantities of the immunizing fluid have been manufactured and put up in sealed glass tubes, ready for use—each tube containing the few drops requisite for a dose. For military purposes it is of utmost importance to find a means whereby the "putrid fever," which has always been the most deadly enemy of troops—commonly killing more men than were slain by the enemy—shall be robbed of its power to destroy.

Now the Vaccine is Prepared. There is no reason, indeed, why soldiers in the field in future wars should suffer any loss whatever by typhoid. It will doubtless be required of every recruit, as a matter of course, that before being finally accepted he shall be immunized against the malady. As for the regular army, several hundred men, volunteering for the purpose, have already been inoculated, and the investigation has been passed beyond the experimental stage. Every officer and enlisted man will be subjected to the treatment.

The "vaccine" for typhoid is prepared by an extremely simple process. A quantity of beef broth is made, and when it has had time to cool, a few typhoid bacilli are put into it. Finding it an acceptable food, they multiply with great rapidity, until, after a few hours, the vessel of soup contains countless billions of them. They are then killed by putting the broth into a sort of oven and heating it to a point in the neighborhood of boiling.

This is the "vaccine"—a soup containing the dead bodies of billions of typhoid bacilli. It is now ready for use. But first, to make perfectly sure that all the bacilli are dead, a small quantity of the soup is put into a fresh batch of broth, previously sterilized by heat. If, on microscopic examination, some hours later, no living bacilli are found in the new broth, it is taken for granted that the stuff is safe. Each tube, after being sterilized, receives a certain number of drops of the immunizing fluid from a machine made for the purpose, and is then hermetically sealed with a glass stopper. It thus becomes nothing more than an elongated bulb of glass, with no opening through which any microbe can gain admittance. When a dose is to be administered, the physician simply breaks off one end of the tube, draws the contents into his hypodermic syringe, and injects it into the patient's arm.

When a person is attacked by typhoid fever, the germs, feeding on the tissues, incidentally set free a considerable quantity of their specific poison. This poison is injurious to the body cells, which absorb more or less of it. But the cells, to protect themselves against the enemy, proceed to manufacture on their own account an anti-poison—that is to say, a substance which in nine cases out of ten—if the patient be properly cared for—kills off the hostile microbes, and eventually drives them out of the system. This is what happens every time when a sufferer from typhoid recovers.

Unhoused and often unsheltered, wild animals suffer more than is generally understood. No one can estimate the deaths of a year from severe cold, heavy storms, high winds and tides. In "The Lay of the Land," Dallas Lore Sharp tells of whole colonies of gulls and terns swept away by a great storm, and describes some of the fatalities of the little people of the wood.

WHEN LUCK FAILS

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We have all held our breath at the hazardous traveling of the squirrels in the treets. What other animals take such risks, leaping at dizzy heights from bending limbs to catch the tips of limbs still smaller, saving themselves again and again by the merest chance?

But luck sometimes fails. My brother, a careful watcher in the woods, was hunting on one occasion, when he saw a gray squirrel miss its footing in a tree, fall, and break its neck upon a log beneath.

I have frequently known them fall short distances, and once I saw a red squirrel come to grief like the gray squirrel mentioned above. He was scurrying through the tops of some lofty pitch pines, a little hurried and flustered at sight of me, and in the act of springing, when the dead tip cracked under him and he came tumbling headlong.

The height must have been forty feet, so that before he reached the ground he had righted himself, his tail out and legs spread; but the fall was too great. He hit the earth heavily, and before I could reach him lay dead upon the pine needles.

Hasty, careless, misadventurous movements are not as frequent among the careful wild folk as among human beings, perhaps; but there is abundant evidence of their occasional occurrence and of their sometimes fatal results.

THE GIRAFFE. The giraffe is the second storky worker of the animal kingdom. It is a merger of the zebra and the camel and is also a distant relative of the palm tree. The giraffe consists of eight feet of neck equipped with a body at one end and a head at the other. In the matter of neck it has all the rest of the animal kingdom beaten by a length. The giraffe's mouth is located so far from its stomach that it has to eat to-day to appease to-morrow's appetite. Many a giraffe has starved to death while the first meal it had eaten for two weeks was slowly traveling its transcontinental esophagean.

The giraffe looks as if it had started out to be a zebra, but, having reached the shoulders, had kept on going. It is very dark in color, marked by yellowish brown stripes in a handsome hlineum pattern. It lives on tree tops, angles' nests and rainbows. During the Boer war the British army had some difficulty with giraffes, which formed a great liking for war balloons and frequently nibbled them during their flight in order to inhale the gas.

Why does the giraffe have a long distance neck? Persons given to the use of common sense will realize that Africa is rich in insect life as well as animal life and that all African animals carry innumerable parasites on their hides. The giraffe's back is so far from his body that a long neck is absolutely necessary in order that he may reach down and grab off a flea from his fetlock when necessary. Even a child could see this.—Collier's Week-ly.

Had Them Tested. The loss and recovery of a \$5,000 pearl necklace recall the story of a similar experience which a New York woman had after the last Old Guard ball. She also missed her necklace when she arrived at her home, and the next day it was brought to her by a woman who had taken the necklace on her way home. The woman who had taken the necklace is now in the city, and she thought they were in the city.

The Young Man. The young man who was sitting in some Old Guard ball, the money to buy the necklace, and he thought they were in the city.