

A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

"I'm feeling quite strong again, thank you." I answered, completely carried away by the charm of her manner. "I cannot think what made me break down in that undignified fashion. I'm afraid you will despise me for giving such an exhibition of weakness."

She seated herself in a deep chair beside me and slowly fanned herself with a black ostrich plume, at the same time stroking the dog's ugly head with her little foot.

"I don't really see why I should," she said seriously after a moment's pause. "You must have had a terrible time on that horrible junk. I feel as if I was personally to blame for it. However, I shall have more to say on that subject later. In the meantime let us be thankful that you came out of it as safely as you did. I do not like the Chinese!"

I saw a little shudder sweep over her as she said this, so to turn the conversation into a pleasanter channel I commented on the sailing qualities of her schooner. The subject evidently pleased her, for her eyes sparkled with a new light.

"There is no boat like her in the wide, wide world!" she cried enthusiastically. "I had her built for me on my own lines, and I have tried her on every wind and in every sea."

Since dinner the breeze had freshened, and the schooner, with all sail set, was now slipping swiftly through the water. I turned, and, leaning against the rail, looked aloft at the stretch of canvas which seemed to reach up almost to the stars, then back again at the wake and the wonderful exhibition of phosphorized water below the counter.

Suddenly I became aware of some one standing by my side, and turning my head I discovered it was none other than the Beautiful White Devil herself. She was still dressed in black, with a sort of mantilla of soft lace draped about her head.

"What a supreme fascination there is about the sea at night, isn't there?" she said softly, looking down at the sparkling water. I noticed the beauty of the little white hand upon the rail as I replied in appropriate terms.

"There is somebody," she continued, "who says that 'the sea belongs to eternity, and not time, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.'"

"That is a very beautiful idea," I answered, "but don't you think there are others that fully equal it? What do you say to 'the sea complains upon a thousand shores?'"

"Or your English poet Wordsworth, 'The sea that bares her bosom to the wind?'"

"Let me meet you with an American, 'The sea tosses and foams to find its way up to the cloud and wind.' Could anything be finer than that? There you have the true picture—the utter restlessness and the striving of the untamed sea."

"Wouldst thou, so that helmsman answered, 'Learn the secret of the sea? Only those who brave its dangers Comprehend its mystery!'"

"Bravo! That caps all."

For some seconds my companion stood silent, gazing across the deep. Then she said very softly:

"And who is better able to speak about its dangers than I, whose home it is? Dr. De Normanville, I think if I were to tell you some of the dangers through which I have passed you would hardly believe me."

"I think I could believe anything you told me."

"I rather doubt it. You see, you have no idea what an extraordinary existence mine is. Why, my life is one long battle with despair. I am like a hunted animal flying before that hellhound, man. Do you know how near I was to being caught once? Let me tell you about it and see if it will convey any idea to you. It was in Singapore, and I was dining at the house of a prominent police official, as the friend of his wife. I had met her some months before under peculiar circumstances, and we had become intimate. During the meal my host spoke of the Beautiful White Devil and commented on her audacity. 'However, we have at last received a clew concerning her,' he said. 'She is not far away from Singapore at the present moment, and I have every reason to believe that in 48 hours she will be in our hands.' I had a full glass of champagne in my hand at the moment, and it is a compliment that I raised it to my lips without spill-

to leave me. He said he had received information concerning the Beautiful White Devil, who was known to be in the town. During supper he had been telling me about his prospects and the girl who was coming out from England to marry him when he got his step. 'It will be a good thing for you if you catch this woman, won't it?' I inquired. 'It will get me promotion, and that will mean the greatest happiness of my life—my marriage!' he answered. 'Won't you wish me luck?' I did wish him luck and then went off to dance the lancers with his excellency the governor."

"Do you think it wise to run such awful risks?" I asked, amazed at her audacity.

"Perhaps not, but in that particular case I could not help myself. I stood in need of some important information and could trust nobody to obtain it but myself."

"It must have been a terrible five minutes for you."

"I expect you have been told some very curious stories about me, Dr. De Normanville?" my companion said after a little while. "I wish I could induce you to tell me what you have heard. Believe me, I have very good reason for wanting you to know the truth about me."

"That is easily told," I answered. "I have heard a great many variations of the same story, but knowing how news travels out here I have placed very little credence in any of them."

"You have heard perhaps about the sultan of Surabaya?"

I intimated that I had.

"At first you must have thought that rather a cruel action on my part. And yet if you knew all your blame would probably turn to admiration. You do not know perhaps what a character that man bore in his own state, the life he led, his excesses, his constant crimes, his tyranny over his unfortunate subjects. I tell you, sir, that that man was and is one of the greatest scoundrels upon the face of this earth. I had heard over and over again of him, and when I discovered that his people could obtain no redress for their grievances I determined to meet him on his own ground. I arranged my plans accordingly, abducted him, made him disgorge a large sum of money, half of which I caused to be anonymously distributed among the poor wretches he had robbed, and at the same time told him his character for the first and only time in his hitherto existence, promising him as I did so that if he did not mend his ways I'd catch him again and silence him forever. Punishment was surely never more fittingly earned. Then there was a merchant in Hongkong named Vesey. I expect you have heard of him and the trick I played him. Well, that man made an assertion about me in a public place to the effect that I was— But never mind what it was. It was so vile that I cannot repeat it to you, but I made a vow I would be revenged on him for it sooner or later. I was revenged, and in the only way he could be made to feel—that is, through his banker. He will never forgive me, of course. Now, what else have you heard?"

"Pardon my alluding to it," I said, "but—the Vectis Queen—the Oodnadatta."

"So you have heard of those affairs? Well, I do not deny them. I must have money. Look at the expenses I have to meet. Look at this boat—think of the settlement I maintain, of the hundreds of pensioners I have all through the east, of the number of people whose services it is necessary for me to retain. And pray do not misunderstand me. To you it may seem that such transactions make me neither more nor less than a thief—a common cheat and swindler. In your eyes I may be that, but I must own I do not look upon it in the same light myself. I am, and have been all my life, at war with what you call society. The reason I may perhaps explain to you some day. I know the risk I run. If society catches me, in all probability my life will pay the forfeit. I know that, and I am naturally resolved not to be caught."

"One thing is certain—I prey only on those who can afford to lose, and, like the freebooters of romance, I make it my boast that I have never knowingly robbed a poor man, while, on the other hand, I have materially assisted many



There are those, of course, who judge me harshly. Heaven forbid that they ever find themselves in the position in which I am placed! Think of it! I am hunted by all men; every man's hand is against me. I am cut off from country and friends. A price is put upon my head, and for that reason I am obliged to distrust every one on principle. Think of having the knowledge continually before you that if you are not constantly on the watch you may be caught! And then!"

"And then?"

I heard her grind her little white teeth viciously.

"There will be no then, Dr. De Normanville, so we need not talk of it. While I live they will never catch me, and when I am dead it cannot matter who has possession of my body. Good night!"

Before I could answer she had left me and vanished down the companion ladder. I turned to the sea and my own thoughts. The ship's bell struck four (10 o'clock), the lookout at the foremast head cried, "All's well!" and silence reigned—a wonderful quiet broken only by the humming of the breeze in the shrouds and the tinkling of the water alongside. I leaned against the rail and considered the life of the Beautiful White Devil as I had heard it from her own lips.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME OF THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE DEVIL.

The sun next morning had scarcely made his appearance when I awoke to a knowledge of the fact that the yacht was stationary. Such a circumstance could have but one meaning—we had arrived at our destination. As soon, therefore, as this idea became properly impressed upon my mind I sprang from my bunk, made for the porthole and, drawing back the little curtain that covered it, gazed out upon the world. And what a picture met my eager eyes! What a scene to paint in words or pigments! But, oh, how difficult! If I were a literary craftsman of more than ordinary ability, I might possibly be able to give you some dim impression of what I saw. But being only an amateur word painter of the sorriest sort I very much fear it is a task beyond my capabilities. However, for the sake of my story, I suppose I must try.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caught.

A clergyman recently, addressing those who criticize others while they themselves are open to criticism, told this story: "When I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he one day: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle I want you to inform me and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there's Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell on him.'"

"It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. 'Indeed,' said he, 'How did you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' was the reply. 'You did. And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, but I didn't watch for the boys again."—New York Tribune.

A Nautical Explanation.

In front of the Theater Royal at Oxford, England, are, or were, some gigantic stone figures, the age and object of which are buried in oblivion. Two sailors were going by and one of them asked, "Who are these fellows, Bill?" "The 12 apostles," was the reply without a smile.

"Twelve apostles!" roared the incredulous Jack. "How can that be? There's only six of 'em."

"Well, y' swab," replied the learned Bill, "yer wouldn't have 'em all on deck at once, would ye?"—Leeds Mercury.

Appropriate.

Mrs. Fatpurse—You paint pictures to order, don't you?

Great Artist—Yes, madam.

Mrs. Fatpurse—Well, I want a landscape, with lots of deer and ducks and quail and partridges and pheasants and cattle and sheep and pigs, and so on, you know, and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know—and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming around, because it's for the dining room.

Misleading Grammar.

"De nonsense dey is teachin in dese schools makes me weary," exclaimed Meandering Mike.

"Ye're jealous, 'cause ye ain't educated," replied Plodding Pete.

"No, I ain't. After what I heard dem school children sayin I'm glad I ain't mixed up in any scheme where dey tries to make ye believe dat 'money' is a common noun."—Washington Star.

How It Happened.

The editor in chief was manifestly pained.

"Why do we say these books are to be had at the bookstalls?" he demanded irritably. "Bookstalls, forsooth! What shallow affectation!"

"No," replied the managing editor gently. "The horse editor did the book reviews this week."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AUTHORS' MANUSCRIPTS.

Not Necessary For Editors to Read Them From Beginning to End.

Once more the tale goes round of the author who sent a story to three journals and had it returned by every one without having been read. He knew it because he had pasted two of the leaves together. Very likely. We do not think of reading through a half or a quarter of the articles that are sent to us. It often does not take half a minute to discard what one knows he doesn't want. It is an old saying that one does not need to eat a whole joint to learn whether it is tainted.

It would be a revelation to some of these writers to see how fast an experienced and conscientious editor can, at times, go through a big pile of essays, stories or poems. The title is often enough, and he would say, "We don't want an article on that subject." The next article begins with a page or two of commonplace introduction, and that is thrown aside in half a minute's inspection without turning more than the next page. The next begins with a platitude—"We can't print that stuff." The first verse of this next poem has false meter and is tossed aside. The next begins in schoolgirl style, with "dove" and "love;" it is not read through. Of the next the editor reads ten lines. It is simply a dull description of a stream in a forest—not wanted. The next poem begins in a fresh way, seems to be constructed according to the rules, is pretty good. It is put one side to see if other better poems will crowd it out. The next is a story. The first page is promising, but the second shows a coarse strain, and the reading stops there.

Ten articles are decided upon, and with sufficient good judgment, in ten minutes, for a minute to a manuscript is often twice as much time as it needs. It does not take that long for a dealer to stick an iron skewer in a smoked ham, draw it out and smell of it. Not one article in a dozen perhaps needs to be read through.—New York Independent.

INSECTS AS HOODOOS.

They Keep Settlers Away From Many Parts of the World.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the importance of small things than the large role which is now attributed to the mosquito in the etiology of some of the most serious and widespread diseases to which the human race is subject. It is truly said that what prevents the successful colonization of many tropical countries and what throws the greatest obstacle in the way of civilization of and good government in vast regions of central Africa is not climate, not distance from home and not unfriendliness on the part of the natives. The obstacle is malaria, and now we find that the prevalence of malaria, so far as man is concerned, depends on the mosquito, and that this pestilent little insect, in addition to irritating and annoying, is the means by which the poison of malaria is propagated and distributed.

For years back botanists have known the important part played by birds in the scattering of seed and of insects in the distribution of the pollen of plants, and it seems not unlikely that pathologists will have to recognize in a much larger degree than has till lately been done the large part taken by the subordinate forms of life by which we are surrounded—our cattle, our horses, our dogs and cats, our flies, our mosquitoes, and perhaps even our fleas—in distributing disease from man to man, and, as is stated in regard to the mosquito and malaria, in deciding whether the extension of our empire over great areas of the globe's surface shall be possible or not.—Hospital.

Punctuation.

What a great difference in the meaning of a sentence a misplaced comma can make! Take the following, for example:

"James, my husband is a very sick man."

"James, my husband, is a very sick man."

The following bit of perverse punctuation was perpetrated by an English compositor. What the author meant to say can be ascribed by a rearrangement of the punctuation marks:

"Caesar entered on his head; his helmet on his feet; armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand; his faithful sword in his eye; an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Guy Fawkes' Lantern.

It has been settled beyond a doubt that the identical lamp which Guy Fawkes carried in poking about in the cellar of the houses of parliament, when he intended to blow them up, is now in existence. This lantern is in the Ashmolean museum at Cambridge. Guy Fawkes was carrying this lantern when he was arrested. The history of the lantern has now been fully established and it must take its place among the most celebrated exhibits in the museums of the world.—London Mail.

Professor Bryce made a bad slip in his book on South Africa. He accuses the Boers of abusing the English by speaking of them usually as "rotten eggs," whereas the Transvaal phrase is "rot neck," "red neck," and applies to the British complexion.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

GRAIN DRILLS.

Comparative Advantages of Hoe, Shoe, Press and Disk Forms.

There are three objections to hoe drills for small grain: It is impossible to regulate any sharp pointed plow that has no bottom so as to control the depth. The seed bed is seldom perfect. There are some depressions and round points for the wheels, and in the soil are many irregularities of firmness and trash obstructions. In most seed beds, if you follow a hoe drill, you will notice that the hoes occasionally jump nearly or quite out of the ground and plunge in again entirely too deep. If you watch closely, you will also see that as the hoe rises the bottom end is thrown backward enough so that most of the wheat for six inches at the drill mark is doubled over that last sown, leaving a few scattering grains on the six inches. In plunging in again the momentum of the drill hoe's weight, together with the suction, sends it too deep for a few inches. This churning and plunging certainly mean very irregular sowing.

In buying a shoe drill one should see that it is so constructed that the shoes can be forced in deep enough to cover the wheat; also avoid the shoe being too narrow so as to drop all the seed in a narrow line. I have a drill the back end of whose shoes is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The front end is higher so that the bottom of the drill mark is left rounded, and the wheat scatters to the sides and all over it and comes up so as not to be in one very narrow line. This wide shoe leaves the ridge between the marks as high as it will lie. Spreaders to push clods aside like those used in corn planter shoes cannot be used on wheat drill shoes, because they run so near together. One should crush all large clods.

The press drill (wheels following in the drill marks) is used a little here. The wheel in firming the soil makes the surface nearer the grain, and also may dampen the grain more quickly. In a very dry time I would prefer the press, but only one year in ten. The wheels add to the weight and clumsiness.

One objection to shoe drills is that they require the seed bed to be in better condition and especially more level than for a hoe drill. If the seed bed is very loose—which of course is a mistake—the deep horse tracks are not as well filled by the shoe as the hoe, as it divides the soil instead of plowing through it. In all these small depressions the wheat may show. But it will all be covered if all works right, and I have noticed that such wheat is usually hidden by morning, whether a shower passes or not. I have never seen as nice and really good a job of sowing done by any drill as by my wide heeled shoe drill in a good seed bed, and the wheat did not come up in a line, but in a strip an inch wide.

The shoe drill does not ride over trash very well unless the surface has been broken ahead and become dry. If a little dust flies, it will not bother by clogging. My man carries a forked stick, and if trash gathers pushes it against the earth so the shoe slides over it. This is not much trouble except in damp soils. A shoe drill is nothing near so hard to clean as a hoe drill. It slides over the trash fixed in the seed bed, much of which would be torn out by the hoe.

There is one drill which is neither a shoe nor a hoe. It is a dish. It rolls over all trash and set a little quartering. It lifts the soil on one side, forming a ridge. The grain is dropped close behind, so that enough earth falls back to cover the seed. This machine I have never used. Of course the depth would not be as uniform as with a sliding shoe, but would not be so irregular as with a hoe, says an Indiana farmer, whose views, as originally expressed in The Rural New Yorker, are here given.

Michigan Apple Crop.

Although the crop of Michigan winter apples is not to be a large one in best of condition, it will be in excess of that of any state east of the Rocky mountains and is already in exceedingly brisk demand in the market. Everything of the apple kind in Michigan this year will command a good price. Buyers are already in the field for cider apples and drying stock many evaporators having been erected within the state by men who have been engaged in that industry elsewhere. The early fall fruit is selling at what would be very high prices in ordinary years, commanding 30 to 50 cents per bushel, according to a bulletin of the State Horticultural society. The same authority states that there is comparatively little damage noticeable from the codling moth, but there is an abundance of scab. This is particularly the case with orchards that were not sprayed last year. The state affords few large commercial apple orchards. Although the total product is great, it is gathered in comparatively small amounts, nearly every farmer having an orchard of more or less extent.

Why.

He—Why are you so cold?

She—It may be because you are something of a frost.—Indianapolis Journal.