

# A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

The man in command was in the act of replying when the prisoner, by some means which I shall never be able to explain, raised his right arm before his guards could stop him. In the palm of his hand lay a knife, somewhat resembling a Malay cresset, but with a shorter and straighter blade. With the swiftness of thought the hand seemed to drop back and instantly resume its upright position. The impetus thus given sent the weapon flying along the veranda toward us, and if I had not thrown my left arm before her there could be no doubt that it would have found a scabbard in Alie's breast. As it was, it stuck in the sleeve of my white jacket, passing through the fabric without even scratching the flesh. Unnerving as the incident was, the Beautiful White Devil did not show the slightest sign of fear but simply said, "Thank you!" to me and then resumed her instructions to the guard. Kwong Fung was immediately led away.

For some seconds after this departure neither of us spoke, then, noticing that her face was regaining its old expression, I took courage enough to inquire my enemy's fate.

"Death," she answered. "I have for given that man times out of number. I have helped him when he was in distress, and once I rescued him when he was within an ace of being executed. But since he has murdered one of my bravest subjects in cold blood and cannot respect the orders I have given, but must needs attempt the lives of those I have sworn to protect, he must be prevented from doing any more harm by the safest means we can employ."

She was silent again for a few moments, then picking up the dagger, which had fallen on the floor, she looked me steadily in the face and said:

"Dr. De Normandie, I owe you my life. If ever the opportunity arises, you will not find me ungrateful. It was a near escape, was it not? I shall have to change my servants if they cannot see that their prisoners are unarmed."

I was about to reply, but was interrupted by the arrival of a second batch of litigants, who were followed by a third. They were all natives, for, as I discovered later, there was not one single instance on record in the history of the island of the white population having found it necessary to resort to law to settle their differences. A more peaceable, happy and law-abiding community could not be found. One thing was very noticeable in each of these cases, and that was the pacific reception of and the resignation with which the decisions of their ruler were received. She spoke to them, chided them, sympathized with them and smoothed down their ruffled feathers just as if they had in reality been what she had called them—her children. And as a result in each case plaintiff and defendant went



She halted and knelt at Alie's feet.

off together, their differences settled and their former animosity quite forgotten. When the last case was concluded, Alie put on her large white hat, which throughout the legal business had been lying beside her, and we were in the act of setting out for the village, accompanied by the dog, when an incident occurred which was fraught with as much interest to me in my study of her extraordinary position and character as anything else I had so far met with during my stay in the island.

We were descending the long stone steps before described, when a young and attractive native woman hove in sight, carrying in her arms a bundle, which on her nearer approach proved to be a baby. Arriving at the steps, she halted and knelt at Alie's feet, kissing the hem of her dress, and at the same time saying something to her in the soft native tongue I have so repeatedly admired.

When she had finished, Alie turned to me and said:

"Doctor, this is your first case, and a sad one. Will you tell me if you can do anything for this poor creature's child?"

Turning to the woman, I signed to her to let me look at the infant. The poor little thing was in the last stage

of abundant smallpox and presented a sickening appearance.

"Is it a hopeless case?" Alie asked, with almost an entreaty in her voice, a note that had certainly not been there a quarter of an hour before, when she had sent Kwong Fung to his doom.

"Quite hopeless," I answered, "but I will endeavor to make death as painless as possible. Will you tell the poor soul to bring the child to me in half an hour in the village?"

Alie translated my speech and must have given the mother some encouragement, for she fell at my feet and in the deepest reverence kissed my boots. Then with an obeisance to my companion she passed down a side path and disappeared among the trees.

Alie turned to me and said, with a deep sigh:

"Now, Dr. De Normandie, if you are ready we will set off on our tour of inspection."

I agreed, and accordingly we passed through the gate and went down the path toward the settlement.

## CHAPTER V.

### HOW WE FOUGHT THE PLAGUE.

Leaving the house behind us, we made our way by means of a circuitous path round the base of the majestic waterfall before described, down toward the buildings on the plain.

As we made our way down the path we talked on many subjects—European politics, of which her knowledge was extensive; the beauties of the east, literature and art—but somehow or another, however far we might wander from it, the conversation invariably came back to the epidemic that was the occasion of my presence in the settlement.

At last we left the jungle and prepared to descend the precipitous hillside by means of a long flight of wooden steps, which ended at the commencement of the main street. In the brilliant sunlight the township looked a pretty enough little place, with its well laid out and nicely planted thoroughfares, neatly built European houses and picturesque native huts. It was hard to believe that clean and healthy as it all looked, it had lost more than a quarter of its population by the ravages of one of the most awful pestilences human flesh is heir to. Indeed, so much impressed was I with its beauty that for a moment or two I stood watching it, unable to say a word. Then I looked at my companion. She, like myself, had been very silent for the last hundred yards, and now as she looked down at her kingdom I saw her beautiful eyes fill with tears.

"Dr. De Normandie," she said, as we arrived at the bottom of the steps, "if you will allow me some day, when we are a little better acquainted, I will tell you the story of this place and the influence it has had upon my life. Then you will be able to understand how it is that I am so much affected by my people's sufferings."

I murmured an appropriate reply, and we entered the village. Our arrival had been anxiously expected, and at the gate of the first house we were met by an old man, who was evidently a person of considerable importance in the place. He had a white skin and a slightly Scandinavian cast of countenance, and, though he spoke Chinese and the native tongue with unusual fluency, was evidently more than half an Englishman. On seeing my companion he raised his hat politely and waited for her to speak.

"Mr. Christianson," she said, holding out her hand, "this is Dr. De Normandie, who has been kind enough to come to our assistance from Hongkong. I don't think it is necessary for me to assure him that you will give him your entire assistance in this terrible crisis in the same manner as you have hitherto given it to me."

The old man bowed to me and then addressed my companion.

"We have done our best in your absence," he said sorrowfully, "but it seems as if fate were against us. There are at the present moment 130 cases all told, of which 84 are men, 23 women and the remainder children. Yesterday there were 18 deaths, among them your old cockswain, Kusae, who died at 7 in the morning, and Ellai, the wife of At-tack, who followed him within an hour. The Englishman, Brandon, died at midday, his wife during the afternoon, and their only child this morning, scarcely an hour ago. Doctor, is there any hope at all of our being able to stop this awful plague?"

I assured him we would do our best, and he agreed that no man could ask or expect us to do more. By the time our conversation was finished I had taken a decided fancy to the old fellow, and with Alie's permission enrolled him there and then as my second in command.

"Now," I said, turning to her, "before we commence our work let me exactly understand my position. With what powers am I invested?"

"With full and complete authority," she answered promptly. "Whatever you may deem best for my unfortunate people, please do without consulting any one. Believe me, no one will attempt to dispute your right."

"That is as it should be, and I thank you," I said. "Now, will you tell me where my own abode is to be? It should be as far removed from the center of the infected district as possible, yet at the same time central enough to be convenient for all the inhabitants."

"I thought that house on the mound at the foot of the hill," she answered, pointing with her beautiful hand to a neat weatherboard structure about a couple of hundred yards from the place where we were then standing. "In fact, I have even gone so far as to give orders that it should be prepared for you. Shall we go and examine it?"

Accordingly, accompanied by the old man, we set out for it, eagerly watched by a crowd of natives, who, from the expressions on their faces, had come quite to look upon me as their deliverer.

The house proved to be a most commodious little place of four rooms, and, from the luxury with which the two living apartments were furnished, it was evident that considerable trouble and care had been bestowed upon them.

When we entered, an intelligent native lad was called from an inner room and informed in English that I was his new master and that he was to see that I wanted for nothing. It is only fair to add that during my stay in the island no man could have desired a better and more trustworthy servant.

From the bedroom and sitting room we passed on to the room at the end of the veranda, which I found had been set apart for and equipped as a surgery. Neatly arranged round the walls on shelves were enough drugs of all sorts and descriptions to stock half a dozen chemists' shops, while my instruments, cases and other paraphernalia were spread out upon the table in the center. Altogether the arrangements were most satisfactory and complete, and I intimated as much to Alie, who stood watching me from the window.

"It is all Mr. Christianson's doing," she said. "You must thank him."

I did so, and then proposed that we should set about our work at once.

"In the first place, Mr. Christianson," I began, "have you had any symptoms of the disease yourself?"

"Not one. Since it started I have been as well as I remember ever to have been in my life."

"When were you vaccinated last?" I put the question with some little timidity, for I feared lest by so doing I might wake some unpleasant memory in the old man's mind. But, whatever his past may have been—and there were few men in the settlement, I afterward found, who had not more or less of a romantic history—he answered without hesitation:

"I was vaccinated in Liverpool 12 years ago next March."

"Then, with your permission, I'll do it for you again. After that we'll call up the heads of the village, and I'll operate on them."

So saying, I unpacked my things, and having done so vaccinated my second in command. When this was accomplished, he gave me a list he had prepared of the half dozen principal inhabitants. They were immediately sent for, and as soon as they arrived my position was explained to them in a short speech by Alie.

"Now, gentlemen," I said when her address was finished, "in view of the serious nature of our position and the necessity for a well organized attack upon the disease which has so decimated your population I propose to enroll you as my staff. You will each of you have special duties assigned to you, and I need not say that I feel sure you will fulfill them to the very best of your ability. Before we go any further, as I bear none of you have taken the disease, I propose vaccinating you all, as I have just done Mr. Christianson. When that has been accomplished, we will get properly to work."

In half an hour or so this was done, and I was free to enter upon my next course of action.

"We will now," I said, after a little consultation with Alie, "assemble the healthy folk of the village on the green yonder."

This was soon done, and at the word of command the entire population able



Carefully examining each in turn, to get about assembled themselves on the open space before my veranda—blacks and whites, yellow and copper color, all mixed up biggledly piggedly in glorious confusion. From a cursory glance at them they appeared to come from all countries and from all parts of the globe. I could distinguish Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Portuguese, Spaniards, Russians, Hindoos, Malays Dyaks and even Chinamen. The dusky population, however, predominated.

The first business to be performed when they were all before me was to separate the men from the women, and, as soon as this was accomplished, to carefully examine each in turn. After

that I singled out those who were skilled in carpentering and hut building and kept them on one side. Fortunately I was able to procure nearly 80 who were in some degree efficient. All of these—I mean, of course, those who had not had the disease—were forthwith vaccinated and dispatched, under the leadership of one of my six lieutenants, to a site I had chosen on the hillside for the hospital. There they were employed erecting huts with all possible dispatch.

When the remainder had undergone the necessary operation, volunteers were requested to enroll themselves for the work of nursing the sick, and for this duty no less than 20 held up their hands, eight of whom had themselves been victims of the pestilence.

Long before I had completed my work of vaccination the sun had disappeared behind the hill, and it was time for the evening meal. But, tired as we all were, it was useless to think of stopping, so after we had broken our fast the work of hut building and vaccination proceeded again by torch and lamp light until long after midnight. By the time my last patient was dismissed I was utterly worn out. But this was not the case with Alie, who throughout the day and up to the very last moment at night had never abated one jot of her energy. Encouraging the women, cheering the men, weighing out stores and measuring cloth, she had been occupied without ceasing. Her enthusiasm was like a stimulant, and it had the effect of one upon all concerned.

When my arms ached and my brain seemed fagged out beyond all recouping with plotting, planning and giving advice, it was like a breath of new life to see her moving about among her people, taking no thought of herself or of the danger she was running, thinking only of the terror-stricken wretches who turned to her in their hour of trouble for sympathy and help. And certainly as she passed about among them, Beelzebub, the bulldog, slouching along at her heels, it was wonderful to see how their faces would brighten and the light of fear for the moment die out of their eyes. Nothing in my science had the power to do as much for them.

As I put down my implements and received Christianson's report that the fourth hut was ready for occupation the clock on the mantelpiece of my sitting room struck a quarter to 1. Bidding him good night and warning him to be early astir on the morning, I took my hat and prepared to accompany Alie on her homeward journey.

For some time neither of us spoke. Then it was Alie who began the conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Losing Valuable Time.



The Amateur Chicken Raiser (in disgust)—Just look at all these darn hens standing around doing nothing!—New York Journal.

### An Omission.

Fair Critic—Yes, that's sweetly pretty, but you've made one mistake. Don't you see where I mean?

Artist—N-no, I can't quite say that I do. You don't think—

Fair Critic—How did the boys get up in the tree?

Artist—Why, they climbed there!

Fair Critic—Of course they did! But, silly boy, you haven't drawn any ladder!—Judy.

### Educational.

Inquisitive Child (to nursemaid)—I say, Jane, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?

Jane—Why, o' course, Master Reggie, English mutton's made o' sheep and Orsestrialian of 'orse.—Paunch.

### He Didn't Die.

"My darling, what would you do if I died?"

"Oh! I think I should go into mourning for you, Frank, dear. Black isn't unbecoming to me."—Pick Me Up.

### Youthful Amusements.



"Hey, fellers, head off de deaf old guy! He's tryin' t' ketch a train!"—New York Journal.

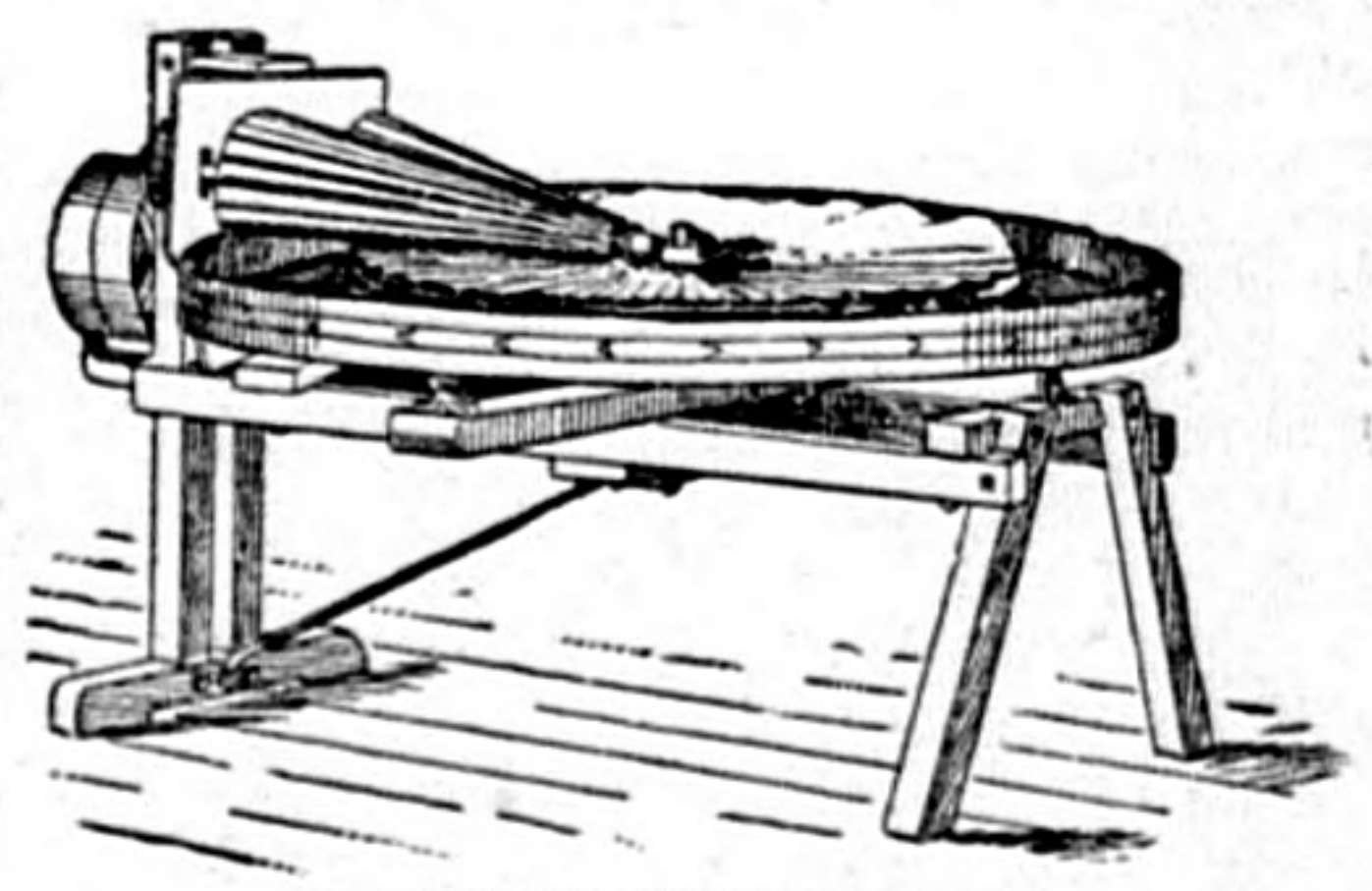


### WINTER BUTTER MAKING.

An Iowa Correspondent Writes From His Own Experience.

S. P. Brennan of Iowa writes interestingly in The Creamery Journal as follows: "My way may not meet the approval of all, but it gets the last half cent a pound at the other end of the road, and that is what we are all working for. In the first place, I never chill my cream as soon as I am done separating. I put warm water, say, 70, 80 or 90 degrees, according to the temperature of the weather, then do the usual amount of stirring, and the result will be that the next morning the cream will be ripened nicely and will shine sleek and glossy on the surface when it is stirred and emit that fine acid aroma which is so much desired in cream. Now, if all the conditions have been carefully taken into consideration the cream will be at a temperature of 54 or 56 degrees, which I think is a desirable temperature for winter churning. Now, you see, by this way of handling we have not lost our grip on the temperature and at the same time have been developing a fine flavor for the cream; also we are ready to proceed with the churning without delay, which will also be quite a saving in the matter of fuel.

"I do not think much of the practice of holding cream 48 hours, especially in winter. It is easier to hold 48 hours in the summer and get good results than in the winter, at least with me. Now that we have come to the churn we will proceed with the churning,



POWER BUTTER WORKER.

which, of course, is done in the usual way, but when the churning is done then I have a way somewhat different from many. Now, if the butter has separated nice and clean from the buttermilk I proceed to draw off the buttermilk. Then I especially prepare the wash water, and here is where one must use utmost care and exercise good judgment. I have a tank large enough to hold water enough for one working, which is all that I use except in extreme cases. Now I have a steam pipe in this tank to warm the water. I warm it to 56 or 60 degrees, according to the temperature of the room and weather. By using the water this way the butter is in prime condition to work. As there is no set rule by which butter shall be worked, it will be necessary for the butter-maker to use utmost care in working.

"There is one thing not to be lost sight of, and that is, don't get in a hurry in working your butter, especially if a combined churn is used. It is my honest conviction that nine-tenths of the trouble which has arisen in the use of the combined machines has been caused by the butter maker trying to rush them. I find it takes ordinarily just about as much time to handle a churning of butter in a combined machine as it does on the old worker. But don't understand me as being against the combined machines, for if there is any machine which is an absolute necessity in a well ordered creamery it is a combined churn."

### Bad Flavors in Cheese.

This is a very important question to every patron of a cheese factory, for it means a serious loss in revenue to every one. Mr. Kirk of Scotland recently delivered an interesting lecture on this subject. The main argument of the lecture was that bad flavors in cheese were the inevitable results of dirt which had been introduced into the milk either directly through a want of sufficient cleanliness in handling the milk or indirectly through the cows drinking dirty water or eating contaminated food. Dirty buildings, dirty udders, dirty milkers, dirty dishes, dirty dishcloths and dirty water supplies, argued Mr. Kirk, were the causes which produced a prolific crop of bad flavors in cheese. Flavors in milk, whether good or bad, were living flavors, as they were due to bacterial organisms. Filth of any sort was the one and only breeding ground of the malign bacteria producing bad flavors in milk or cheese, and as the bacteria, when once they get an entrance into a medium so favorable for their development as milk, multiplied with inconceivable rapidity, it follows that the slightest speck of filth introduced into milk will inevitably mean the introduction of a rapidly increasing colony of infective noxious germs.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### Easy Enough.

The old man sighed as he took the golden haired, laughing little boy upon his knee, and, stroking his shining tresses, said, "Ah, how much I should like to feel like a child again!"

Little Johnny ceased his laughter, and, looking up in his grandfather's face, remarked, "Then why don't you get mamma to spank you?"—Exchange.