A BEAUTIFUL PIRATE

By Guy Boothby.

Next morning I called for Janet and, willy nilly, carried her off there and then to call on Alie. We found her walking in her garden, which led down to the river, and I must be excused if I say that, proud as I was of my darling, I was infinitely prouder as I noticed the look of astonishment and admiration that came into Janet's face when she was introduced to her. Alie's radiant beauty and charming manners were irresistible, and before they had been together half an hour the two women were on the best of terms. It was Alie's earnest desire that we should remain to luncheon, and she herself walked to the railway station with us when we at last took our departure.

"Now what do you think of my sweetheart?" I asked as we steamed out of the station.

"I think that she is a very beautiful and charming girl," was my sister's immediate reply, "and if I know anything of my sex she is as good as she's beautiful."

This pleased me, as you may be sure, and when Janet went on to tell me that she had invited Alie and Mrs. Barker to spend a few days with her and that the visit would commence the following afternoon my opinion of my sister's kindness became even more exaggerated than before.

And so that week went by and another after it, till Alie had thoroughly settled down among us and nearly all the preparations for our wedding were complete. By that time, you may be sure, she had won golden opinions on every side. On each occasion that I saw Janet she was more and more profuse in her praises of her, until I had really to tell her that unless she moderated them a little I should soon become insufferably conceited about my good fortune.

One morning when I was beginning to think of getting up the following

I noticed that three gentlemen entered the box opposite us.

note was brought to me with my shaving water. It was from my sister and had evidently been written the previous evening:

SOUTH KENSINGTON, Monday Evening.

DEAR OLD GEORGE—I have succeeded in inducing Alie and Mrs. Barker to prolong their visit to me until Saturday. On Wednesday evening we hope to witness the new play at Drury Lane. Alie, you know, has never seen a spectacular melodrama. We shall of course want a gentleman to escort us. Would you care for the position, or must we look elsewhere? On that occasion we dine at 6:30, and, unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall lay a place for you. In haste. Your affectionate sister, JANET.

Need it be said that I accepted, or that on Wednesday evening I was proud of my charges as they took their seats in the box Janet had been at some pains to secure?

The house was packed from pit to gallery, and I noticed that more than one glass was leveled at the beautiful girl who took her place at Janet's side in the front of the box. Alie herself, however, seemed quite unconscious of the admiration she excited and throughout the piece kept her eyes fixed upon the stage with never failing earnestness. What the play was I have not the very vaguest recollection.

In the middle of the first act I noticed that three gentlemen entered the box opposite us and from the vociferous nature of their applause gathered that they had evidently been dining not wisely, but too well. After awhile their glasses were so continually brought to bear on our box that I began to feel myself, foolishly enough, becoming excessively annoyed. The face of one of them struck me as familiar and during the next interval, seeing that they had left their box, I made an excuse and went out to endeavor to discover who he was and where I had seen his face before. For a little while I was unsuccessful in my search; then, just as the next act was commencing, I turned a corner and almost ran into their arms. The man whose face I had been puzzling about was farthest from me, but I knew him instantly. It was Barkmansworth! My heart seemed to stand still with terror, and when I recovered my wits he was gone.

What was I to do? I dared not tell Alie before my sister and Mrs. Barker, and yet I knew, if Barkmansworth had recognized her, not an instant must be lost in getting her out of harm's way. For a moment I stood in the vestibule feeling more sick and giddy than I have ever felt before or since, and all the time trying vainly to think how to act. Then, when I took my seat again and saw that the occupants of the box opposite had gone, I resolved to put off all consideration of the matter for that evening and to call and tell Alie first thing in the morning. Oh, that little bit of indecision! How fatal were its consequences!

When I had conveyed my fair charges home, I made a severe headache an excuse, and bidding them good night set off on foot for my own abode. But my brain was too full of anxiety to entertain any idea of bed, so turning off from the direct route I wandered down to the Green park and on to the embankment, thence through Lincoln's Inn Fields to Oxford street, and so round to Cavendish square. By the time I let myself into my house it was nearly 3 o'clock and a beautiful morning. Passing along the hall, I went into my consulting room and lit the gas. A letter lay upon the table, addressed in my sister's handwriting and marked "Immediate." With a sickening fear in my heart I tore it open and read:

DEAR GEORGE—Come to me at once, without an instant's delay. Alie has been arrested. Your frantic sister, JANET.

The blow had fallen. My little shirking of an unpleasant duty had ruined the woman I loved. Oh, how bitterly I reproached myself for my delay in reporting my discovery! But if I had hesitated then I did not do so now. A second or two later I had let myself out again and was off as fast as I could go on my way back to South Kensington.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMANDED.

Never shall I forget the misery of that walk back from Cavendish square to South Kensington. I rang the bell, and the peal had not died away before poor, heavy eyed Janet had opened the door to me. Without a word she led me into her morning room, the room where I had first told her of my love for Alie, and having made me sit down would not let me speak until I had partaken of some refreshment. I filled my glass, but pushed my plate away from me. I could drink, but I was far too miserable to eat.

"Janet," I cried, "for heaven's sake tell me, as quickly as you can, all that has happened!"

"My poor George," she said, "as I told you in my note, Alie has been arrested. You had not left the house more than a quarter of an hour before two men called and asked to be allowed to see me on most important business. They were shown in here and when we were alone requested permission to see Alie. I went to fetch her and brought her down with me. Then one of the men advanced toward her with a paper in his hand and said, 'Alie Dunbar, in the queen's name I arrest you on a charge of piracy upon the high seas.' Oh, it was horrible, and I can see it all now!"

"And what did my poor girl say?"

"Nothing. She was just as calm and collected as she always is. She simply took the paper from the man's hand and looked at it, after which she said: 'There must be some mistake. However, you are only doing your duty, I suppose. Where do you wish to take me?' 'To Scotland Yard first, madam,' the man said, 'then on to Bow street.' Hearing that, Alie turned to me and, putting her arms round my neck, said, 'You will soften this blow as much as you can for George, won't you, Janet?' and then announced that as soon as she had changed her dress and procured her hat and cloak she would be ready to accompany them. These changes in her costume she was permitted to make, and when they were accomplished we set off, but not before I had written that note to you. We expected you would follow us at once and be able to arrange the matter of bail."

"I did not get your letter until after 3 o'clock. I was in such a strange state of mind last night that I went for a long walk after leaving you. Janet, it is all my fault. Did you notice those men in the box opposite us at Drury Lane? If so, you may have observed that they continually stared at Alie through their glasses."

"I did notice them, and very ill bred fellows I thought them. I think Alie must have thought so too. But what have they to do with this matter?"

"Why, the man at the back of the box was none other than the person mentioned in that last newspaper paragraph about the Beautiful White Devil. He was the man Barkmansworth, in fact, whom the Beautiful White Devil took from the mailboat and flogged in midocean."

"But what has this to do with Alie?"

"Why, simply that—no, there can be no shirking it now, it must come out, and I know it is perfectly safe for me to tell you—simply, Janet, because Alie is the Beautiful White Devil."

"Oh, George, my dear old brother, is this terrible thing true?"

"Perfectly true, Janet."

"And you of all men were going to marry the Beautiful White Devil?"

"Don't say 'were,' say 'are.' Janet, it is only half past 5 now. An hour and a half must elapse before I can do any good at the police station. If you will listen, I will tell you the story of Alie's singular life and how I became mixed up with her. Then, remembering what you have seen of her yourself, you will be able to judge what sort of woman the Beautiful White Devil really is."

Thereupon I set to work and told her all my adventures. Then I looked at Janet and found big tears standing in her eyes.

"What do you think of the Beautiful White Devil now?" I asked.

"I think that, come what may, George, we must save her."

"Of course we must, and now I'm going off to see her. May I give her any message from you?"

"Give her my fondest love and tell her that, come what may, she shall be saved."

"It will cheer her to know that in spite of what has happened you believe in her. Goodby."

"Goodby, my poor George."

I left the house, and hurrying down to Gloucester road took the underground train for the Temple, walking thence to Bow street. On entering the police station I asked to see the officer in charge. To this grim official I stated the nature of my business and begged to be permitted an interview with his prisoner. This he granted with a very civil grace. The jailer was accordingly called, and I was led down a long corridor.

"Seeing that she is a lady," that official said as he unlocked the door on the right, "we have given her a somewhat better room than we usually allow our prisoners. I have orders to permit you a quarter of an hour together."

He opened the door, and I went in. With a little cry of joy, Alie, who had been sitting on a sofa at the farther end, sprang to her feet and ran toward me, crying as she did so:

"Oh, George, dear, I knew you would come to me as soon as you could."

I took her in my arms and kissed her again and again; her dear eyes were flooded with tears when I released her, but she brushed them away and tried to look brave for my sake. Then I led her back to the sofa and sat down beside her.

"Alie," I said softly, "this is all my fault. I saw Barkmansworth at Drury Lane last night and ought to have warned you. I intended to have done so this morning, but it was too late."

"Hush!" she answered. "You must not blame yourself. I, too, recognized him last night and should have spoken to you about it today. It is too late now, as you say."

"Can nothing be done, Alie?"

"I cannot say yet. I have been too much upset since my arrival here to think. But you must find me a lawyer at once, George, who will defend me at the preliminary examination, and if it looks as if the case will go against me you must find some means by which I can escape."

"Escape? Alie, you do not realize how impossible that is."

"Nothing is impossible when one has brains enough to devise a plot and sufficient money to work it out."

"If I could only feel as you do about it. But have you any scheme to suggest?"

"Not yet, but I shall devote my whole attention to it, and it will go hard with me if I cannot hit on something. Would you have the courage to dare very much for my sake, George?"

"I would dare anything under the sun for you, Alie, and though you asked me such a question I do not think you feel any doubt as to what answer I would give."

"I had no doubt. Do not think that. And now, George, tell me what your sister says, now that she knows who I am?"

"Janet is more your friend than ever. I told her your story this morning, and she bade me give you her love and tell you we would save you yet."

Again the tears rose in Alie's eyes.

"What will the east say when it hears that the Beautiful White Devil is caught at last?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. One thing I'm certain of, however, and that is that I should like to have five minutes with Mr. Barkmansworth alone. I think then he'd know that"—

But what I was going to say was interrupted by the entrance of the officer who had brought me to the room.

"Time's up, I'm sorry to say, sir."

I rose immediately and turned to say goodby. Being a good hearted fellow, the man left us alone together for another moment, and during that time I was able to whisper an assurance to my sweetheart that no stone should be left unturned to secure her release. Then bidding her be of good cheer, I passed out, feeling as if the bolts clanging behind me were closing on my heart.

It was well after 8 o'clock before I left Bow street and turned homeward. The shops in most cases had their shutters down, but though I looked for a newspaper board it was some time before I sighted one. Then for the first time I saw the headline I had been dreading:

"Sensational Arrest of the Notorious Beautiful White Devil."

I stopped and bought a paper and then continued my journey, pausing at a telegraph office to send a wire to my old chum, Brandwon, in which I asked him, as he valued our friendship, to come to me without a moment's delay. When I got home, I changed my clothes, had a cold bath, which restored me somewhat, and then ordered breakfast, which I felt I could not touch, and while it was preparing sat down to read the account of the arrest. It was but a short report and published the barest details.

Nine o'clock had just struck when a cab drew up at the door, and Brandwon jumped out. I opened the front door to him myself, and as I did so felt as if we were one step at least on the road to Alie's release.

"Look here, my friend," he said, as I led him across the hall to my dining room. "This is all very well, you know, but what in the name of fortune makes you send for me at this unearthly hour?

Janet kissed Alie and cried over her.

Have you poisoned a patient and find yourself in need of me to square matters, or have you been jilted and hope to bring an action for the damage done to your broken heart? Out with it. But forgive my chaff if it's anything more serious."

He must have seen by my face that something was every wrong, for his jocular manner suddenly left him and he sat down all seriousness.

"There is something very much the matter, Brandwon," I said. "Read that."

I handed him the morning paper and pointed to the paragraph detailing the arrest. He read it through, and then, seating himself at the breakfast table, poured himself out a cup of coffee and buttered a piece of toast before he spoke. When he did so, he said solemnly: "I think I understand. You are interested in this lady and want me to undertake her defense. Is that so?"

"That is exactly what I want. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, when suddenly it flashed through my brain, 'Send for Edward Brandwon.' I sent that wire accordingly, and here you are. If there is any man living who can save the woman I love, you are he."

"I'll do my best, you may be sure, for your sake, old boy. Now where is she?"

"At Bow street. She is to be brought before the court this morning at 12 o'clock."

He took out his watch and looked at it.

"Well, I've none too much time. I'll go down and have an interview with her at once. Keep up your heart, old chap. We'll do our best, and nobody can do more."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Strange Case.

Young Doctor—I was just going around to see your brother. How is he this morning?

Patron—He is no better.

Young Doctor—What! No better? That is certainly very strange! The prescription I gave him yesterday contained over 40 different things.—New York Weekly.

Doing Good.

"Let us," said the exhorter, "go about doing our fellow men good."

"And plenty," added the man with the horrible tie.

The Fortune Teller.

"It's wonderful," said the credulous man, "simply marvelous."

"Have you been to see that fortune teller again?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think most of those people are animated by purely mercenary motives?"

"This one isn't. Just think of his being willing to go on telling fortunes at $1 apiece when he could give himself a tip on a horse race or a lottery drawing and get everlastingly rich inside of 24 hours!"—Washington Star.

Peppermint on a Sewage Farm.

A modern application of Samson's parable, "Out of the strong came forth sweetness," is provided by the district council of Sutton, in the county of Surrey, England. That body carries on a singular industry. It grows peppermint on its sewage farm and manufactures peppermint oil. About four and a half acres of the farm are given up to the cultivation of peppermint plants, and grow luxuriant crops. The yield of oil is nearly $150 per acre, and the price last realized was $6.12 per pound.

The Germans have introduced what amounts to slave labor in their east African colonies. Each native village must furnish a certain number of inhabitants to labor for the imperial government, on plantations or elsewhere, without pay.

THE FICKLE SEA.

Who has heard the cod line singing o'er the bow?
Who has hauled the flashing prey across the wale?
Who has felt the wet brine stinging on the brow
When the boat is all a-stagger 'neath the gale?
Who has laid him in the sagging of the sail
While the masthead's nodding sleepy to the moon,
And has slumbered till the stars grow dim and pale?
Fill your bumpers! Join the chorus of my croon!

Oh, the fickle, fuming, frolic fretting sea!
Oh, the limpid, lapping, laughter loving sea!
We who love her fill our glasses
To the best of all the lasses,
And we drink a briny bumper to the sea.

Who has lain upon the sloping deck awash?
Who has hauled and clewed and chanted in the wind?
Who has watched the mainmast bending nigh a-crash,
While the rival boat's a-dropping off behind?
Who has leaned against the creaking, jolting wheel
Through a moonlit summer night on southern sea?
Who has felt the old sea longing that I feel?
Fill your bumpers, men, and shout aloud with me!

Oh, the singing, sighing, salty scented sea!
Oh, the rushing, roaring, ramping, raging sea
On your feet and clash your glasses,
"To the best beloved of lasses—
Here's a brimming, briny bumper to the sea!"

—Richard Stillman Powell in Criterion.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE.

It Was Followed, but It Spoiled the Next Recitation.

They tell this story of a college prank the boys at Princeton played on Professor "Winky" Young, professor of astronomy. His recitations were recently held the first thing in the morning, and he had to admonish the students in his division to correct the fault of tardiness, which he claimed was increasing in a lamentable manner, and when one of the students explained that they all studied so late at night they were apt to oversleep in the morning he kindly advised them to secure alarm clocks, which he said were one of the most valuable and useful inventions.

The next day nearly every student in the class came into recitation with an alarm clock in his pocket, which by patient and united effort were set so that one would go off promptly at every successive minute of the hour. The effect can be imagined. Shortly after the first student was called to recite one of the clocks in the pocket of a boy at the other end of the room went off with a terrible clamor, and before it had finished a second in another part of the room made even a louder racket.

There was a brief interval, which the professor utilized to call up another student, but the latter was scarcely on his feet before the third clock went off. The performance was continued for half an hour or more, when the professor, who had a keen sense of humor, recognized the situation and cut short the fun by terminating the recitation. The boys explained that they had followed his advice and secured alarm clocks, which they were carrying around with them because they were likely to fall asleep at most any time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fooled by a Gas Machine.

A Brooklyn woman, whose gas bills were almost beyond computation and certainly beyond her purse, had one of the quarter in the slot machines put in her flat and anticipated great pleasure in keeping tab on her gas expenditure. These machines, by the way, are fed a quarter, and when the quarter's worth of gas is burned they shut off automatically.

Toward evening of the day in which the machine was installed she wended her way to the slot and deposited her money, but when an attempt was made to light the gas the machine would not register, and the evening light was shed out of lamps and candles. A wrathy note brought the company inspector to the scene the next morning, and he thoroughly vindicated the reputation of the contrivance when he unlocked it and drew from the inside three nickels and a dime.—New York Mail and Express.

The Wrong House.

A weather beaten member of the tired fraternity, who had lost a leg and had it replaced by a wooden substitute, stumped his way up the main street of a Lanarkshire village the other day and paused at the door of the first likely looking dwelling. Knocking at the door, which was opened by a brisk, businesslike housewife, the man began his stereotyped whine:

"If ye please, mum, I lost my leg"—

And before he could unfold another word of his tale the sharp retort came:

"Aweel, ye didna lose it here!"

And bang went the door in his face.—Liverpool Mercury.

Our Children.

"Pauline, what have you done with your doll?"

"Mother, I have lost it."

"Well, well!"

"Oh, but I know where it is! I lost it on purpose, to have the pleasure of finding it!"—Figaro.

Knew Her Business.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

Shopwalker—How long have you been married, madam?

"Ten years."

"Bargain counter to the right, madam."—Boston Traveler.