Red Heart and Black Arrow

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

CHAPTER IX.—Cont.

There was a nice production for a tired ship-captain to receive at the close of a rather worrying day ! It ended abruptly, without signature of any kind, the usual vulgar noms de guerre of anonymous letter-writers, such as "A Friend" or "A Well-wisher," being despised by my correspondent. This fact, in conjunction with the earnest tone of the language, which was at least that of a person of education, weighed with me in his favor, and made me disposed to credit the writer with genuine motives. At any rate the letter did not emanate from a jealous or quarrelsome fellow-servant of the man attacked.

We should not be off Barcelona till late on the following night, so I decided to sleep on the matter before coming to a conclusion how to act. Our course, which in any case lay close to the northern Spanish port, would not have to be altered till the last moment in the event of my wishing to run in, and there would therefore be no need for any one to know that we were going to touch there till after every one but the watch on deck had retired to rest. As to the letter itself, I recognized from the first that it would be useless to puzzle over its origin. It was too carefully disguised to admit of the handwriting being traced, and it was not likely that the person who placed it on my table would have entered my room while any one was looking. All I had to do was to decide whether or no to heed the warning.

In the morning, as often happens when one goes to bed with some knotty question in doubt, I awoke with a settled mind. I would adopt the mysterious writer's suggestion, and land Enriquez at Barcelona, and the argument that prevailed was the principal, nay, the only one in the letter—that if there was nothing wrong about the man he would be the last to complain. Anyhow, it would be better than running risks, and as we were not steaming on time the delay of an hour or so would harm no one.

All that day we steered north-eastwards under the coast of Spain, running in near enough to give the passengers a view of the ruined Moorish castles and nestling villages among the vine-clad slopes. Fine weather still prevailed, and Aline and her companion emerged from their brief retirement, Mrs. Brinkworth being evidently grateful for the universal kindness that ignored her connection with Orlebar. In looking over my private log of the voyage I find that two items pertinent to the story are entered under that day's date, though at the time they seemed of such slight importance that it is only by chance that I recorded them. One was that General Waldo was confined to his state-room with an attack of gout, and would see no one but his bedroom-steward—not even the doctor, who of course proffered his services.

The other item was that the young Earl of Darranmore, while skylarking as usual on deck after breakfast, had another fainting-fit very like the first, except that it lasted longer, and left him much more prostrate. Zavertal was most assiduous in his attentions to the lad, and brought him round in time to take his place at the dinner table.

At eleven o'clock that night, when the ladies had all gone to their cabins, and only a few men lingered in the smoking-room, I calculated that we were about twenty miles south of Barcelona, steering so as to pass that port at a distance of three miles. In order to run for the harbor, the course would have to be altered in half an hour, and I went up on to the bridge to be ready for the emergency. It was Mr. McIntyre, the chief officer's watch, and I felt pretty sure that that imperturable Scotchman would execute any orders I might give him, without troubling himself about reasons.

It was as I expected. After a turn or two on the bridge, I said quite quietly, and with the air of having forgotten something that didn't much matter,—

"By the way, Mr. McIntyre, keep her off a point or two nor-west, please, and bear up for Barcelona harbor. I want to send a boat ashore with a telegram."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the unconcerned reply, and he gave the requisite order to the man at the wheel without comment. To keep his mind from dwelling too much on the sudden order, I broached the subject of some painting that had to be done before reaching Genoa, and conversation on the bridge of a large steamer approaching a crowded port being necessarily disjointed, the topic lasted us till the ship was in the bay and within half a mile of the town.

Not wishing to disturb the passengers and waste time by dropping anchor, I gave orders to lay to and have a boat manned, intimating that I would go in her myself. Not till she was reported ready did I descend from the bridge, and it was only at the last moment, as I reached the head of the ladder, that I paused, as though struck with an after-thought, and told the man who was minding the side to go and turn out Enriquez, the stowaway.

"I'll take him along—as an interpreter," I said.

Waiting at the ladder-head, I was glad to see that the unexpected stoppage of the engines had caused no alarm. The ship from stem to stern was wrapped in the stillness of night, and except for a few figures—those of the watch—dimly seen forward, the long expanse of deck was deserted. In my own room the lamp was burning, but the windows of all the other deck-houses were dark, including that of Zavertal, who was sometimes a late sitter.

In less than two minutes I saw my messenger returning alone. "The Spaniard is not in his bunk, sir, or anywhere else in the steward's quarters," he said. "The others know nothing of him, except that he turned in at the usual time and ought to be in bed."

Under the circumstances this was not only startling, but embarrassing, for I had run into Barcelona for no other reason than to put the stowaway ashore, and there was the boat ready and waiting below. In addition, the fellow's absence from his bed in the middle of the night seemed to lend color to the vague imputation that he was up to no good on board. I was rapidly debating what was best to be done, when my messenger exclaimed,—

"Beg pardon, sir, but there is the man, sir, coming out of the surgery."

It was true enough. Enriquez was leaving Zavertal's cabin. On seeing us he made a motion as though to slink back again, but, changing his mind, he came boldly along the deck, I suppose on his way back to his bunk.

"Hi ! you there. What are you doing on deck at this time of night ?" I asked.

He stooped with a cringing bow, and began to rub his stomach. "Seeck—me very seeck, Senor Capitan. Go doctor," he whined.

"Very well," I said, "we'll see whether your native air won't cure you. Get down into that boat. I want an interpreter."

I forgot for the moment his limited stock of English, but the gesture with which I accompanied the command made it sufficiently clear, and he evidently understood. Yet there was a certain hesitation in his manner of obeying. He went slowly to the ship's side, casting furtive glances along the deck, and once half turning as if to expostulate or refuse. However, I kept close behind him, letting him see that he had got to go, and he went. Following him down the ladder, I took the tiller, and the boat was soon speeding across the smooth water of the harbor. I had prepared an envelope containing a blank sheet of paper, and as soon as we reached the landing steps I gave it and an English sovereign to Enriquez, who had sat silently scowling in the bows. My idea was that if I was doing the man an injustice the money would be useful in taking him to his own place, while in the meanwhile it would help to sustain the fiction I meant to employ.

"Go telegraph office. Send quickly. Then come back here," I said, choosing words that would be most readily intelligible to a foreigner. If he had suspicions on the ship I think my manner must have allayed them now, for he put out his hand for the envelope and the sovereign, and went up the steps on to the quay. The moment he had disappeared I gave the word to row back to the steamer.

"It's all right, my lads," I said, in answer to the honest wonder expressed on the faces of the men as they bent their backs to the oars. "The stowaway is going to get left, that's all. We don't want that kind of cattle on the ship."

"He don't take kindly to it, Captain," replied one of the men. "Whew, look out ! He's going to shoot !"

We were half a dozen boats' lengths from the quay, and, glancing back, I saw the dark form of Enriquez outlined at the top of the landing-step. There was a flickering gas-lamp behind him which showed up the glint of a pistol that he held levelled at the boat. Even as we looked, every second expecting the crash of a bullet in our midst, he thought better of it and lowered the weapon, to hurl after me instead a cry of angry menace.

"Next time, Forrester—next time," he shouted. "This is the worst night's work you ever did for yourself."

All around was calm and still, and his words rang sharp across the water. They were spoken in excellent English, and in a voice I could have sworn I had heard before—where, I racked my brains all the way back to the steamer to remember.

CHAPTER X.

When the boat reached the steamer's side day was breaking, and I was not sorry to see Zavertal leaning over the rail watching our approach. I had missed the point at the time, but it had since struck me as curious that there should have been no light in the doctor's cabin if the stowaway's story of having gone there for medical relief were true. The needful remedies could hardly have been found and dispensed in the dark, and I had begun to fear that the man's "seeckness" was only an excuse covering some sinister design of which perhaps Zavertal himself was the victim. While striving in vain to recall where I had previously heard the stowaway's familiar voice, I had reproached myself for not ascertaining whether the doctor was all right before I left the ship, and the sight of him there, peering down at us through the gloom, was a relief.

As soon as I had mounted to the deck he advanced to meet me with a look of undisguised inquiry, and I noticed that in the grey dawnlight his face looked singularly puckered and old.

"There is nothing wrong, sir, I hope—to cause this deviation from our programme ?" he said, rather stiffly for him.

"Oh, dear no," I replied ; "I merely ran into Barcelona to send a private telegram. I thought it a good opportunity, too, to get rid of the stowaway." Having found Zavertal safe and sound, the thought flashed across me that as he was not a victim of Enriquez he might be a partner with him in something underhand, and that in any case it would be more discreet to say nothing for the present of having seen the man leave the surgery, or of his sudden proficiency in English. I watched the doctor narrowly for any sign of satisfaction or the reverse at the news, but he yielded none—did not even evince any interest.

"That was just as well, I dare say," was his careless reply, and then he went on to say,—

"I am rather glad you have touched here, for it will give me an opportunity of procuring some drugs of which I have run short. I suppose you have no objection to my taking a boat and going ashore for an hour. I will not keep you longer."

Heaven knows I am not over sharp, but I was sharp enough to see that if there was anything in my theory that there might be some mysterious bond of union between Zavertal and the stowaway, this might only be a try-on to effect a meeting, and I promptly refused the request.

"It is quite out of the question," I said ; "we sail at once," and to prevent further argument I sang out to the officer on the bridge to get under weigh. The engine-room bell rang in response to his signal, and I had already begun to mount the bridge-ladder to personally con the ship out of the harbor before Zavertal grasped that there was no appeal from my decision. Then he sprang forward and took steps up the ladder after me, his face quivering as he hissed in a tone I had never heard him use before,—

"You are not doing well by yourself, Captain Forrester. You have exceeded your instructions to defer to me in matters of this kind. It is you who will suffer.

"Go to your cabin, sir, and behave yourself, or I will land you at Genoa," I said sternly. "You seem to forget that I command this ship."

He slunk away, scowling and I went to my duty feeling that I had rather scored than otherwise by provoking this exhibition of temper on his part. The intense irritation into which my refusal had betrayed him suggested that there was some stronger motive for his wishing to go ashore than the replenishment of his medicine-chest, and if there was a secret motive I was glad to have thwarted him. At the same time a feeling of uneasiness that there was some mystery on the ship with which I could not cope because I was ignorant of its nature, grew upon me, and I longed for my unknown correspondent to reveal himself. The indications that his advice had not been altogether uncalled-for implanted in me a reliance in his judgment, and I should have liked to have further availed myself of it.

(To Be Continued.)

Pains in Chest The Danger Signal

That Tells of Approaching Pneumonia or Serious Lung Trouble—Prevent Furvher Trouble by Using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When it hurts to cough, when coughing or a long breath causes pain, or a feeling of soreness in the chest, when the linings of the throat and bronchial tubes feel raw and sore, when you feel that the cold which you expected to wear away is getting the better of you, turn to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and you will get prompt relief and cure.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which, I believe, would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

Mrs. F. Duyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl, of three years, had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctors' treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

As a prompt cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully effective. It is not a mere cough mixture, but a thorough and far-reaching medicine, which acts on the whole system, and drives out disease; 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

You can make baby sleep by giving him laudanum or the "soothing" stuffs which invariably contain opiates. But no sensible mother will do that. The way to make baby sleep happily and in comfort is to take away the cause of his wakefulness. This cause is located in his little inside — nowhere else. Babies seldom have anything the matter with them but their stomachs, and it is safe to say that the baby who cries unseasonably is complaining of his stomach. There is no ailment of a baby's stomach that Baby's Own Tablets will not cure right away. They make baby cheerful and happy and give him sound natural sleep—not the drugged sleep produced by soothing stuffs. Mrs. Wm. Smidt, Listowell, Ont., says: "My baby used to be very restless and sleepless, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets, he is better natured, sleeps better and is better in every way." These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and can be given to the very youngest baby. You can get them from any druggist, or they will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Fortunate is the man who is the first to discover his mistakes.

Most connubial ties seem to be bow knots—at least they pull oIt closely.

Fine clothes may not make the wife, but they often unmake the husband.

The older a girl gets the more respect she has for the wisdom of her mother.

If there is any petty meanness about a woman it is sure to crop out at a euchre party.

When a man is in love he doesn't know the difference between a brass band and a hand-organ.

The road to success is open to all, but too many want to get there without the trouble of going.

No woman cares so much about the loss of her purse as she does about losing the lucky penny it contained.

A man never really feels the pangs of poverty until he has to come down from 10-cent cigars to the three-for-a-nickel brand.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

HAVE YOU CRIMINAL EYES?

A Russian savant lays claim to a discovery for detecting criminals. According to M. Karloff, you can tell a criminal by the color of his eyes. Murderers and thieves have maroon or reddish brown eyes, tramps light blue, and so forth. M. Karloff has classified eyes into families and has drawn up rules which he declares to be infallible. Honest folk have dark gray or blue eyes.

WEAK LUNGS.

Made Sound and Strong by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Weak lungs mean weak health, continual coughs and colds—touches of grip and bronchitis, then deadly pneumonia or lingering, hopeless consumption. Weak lungs are due to weak blood. The one sure way to strengthen weak lungs is to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose makes rich, red blood, and every drop of rich, red blood adds strength, vigor and disease-resisting power to weak lungs. Thousands of weak-lunged, narrow-chested men and women have been made sound, healthy and happy by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills — and they will do the same for you. Mrs. J. D. Naismith, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I contracted a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and lung trouble. The best of doctors and many different kinds of medicine failed to help me, and my friends all thought I was going into rapid consumption. I had no appetite, was forced to take to bed, and felt that only death would release me. My brother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began them. A few boxes proved they were helping me, and I began to get real strength. I continued the use of the pills and was soon able to leave my bed and sit up. I grew stronger day by day. The cough that had racked me almost beyond endurance disappeared, my appetite returned, and I am again strong and healthy, much to the surprise of all who saw me while I was ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other medicines failed and I shall always praise them."

Bear in mind that substitutes and ordinary medicines will not cure. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A HIGH-PRICED DINNER.

Curious Case Decided in a French Law Court.

The Paris newspapers have lately printed the account of a strange lawsuit. The complainant in the case testified that he was dining on the terrace in front of a restaurant, enjoying the air as well as the food. He had just begun to eat his soup, which he found too hot for his palate. While waiting for the soup to cool, he took from his pocket a roll of bills which he had received in payment of a bill.

In counting the money he accidentally dropped a hundred-franc bank note into his soup. He took it out of his plate with a fork, and sent the soup away. The bank note was saturated with the greasy liquid and he laid it down on the table-cloth to dry.

He was partaking of the second course, when a sudden gust of wind blew the note off the table. He ran after it, but a dog, which, although it wore a collar, and therefore in all probability had a home, yet showed every sign of hunger, seized it. The taste of the soup on the paper made it palatable, and the dog swallowed the note in an instant.

The complainant used all his persuasive power in an effort to get the dog to came near him. "Good doggy! Come here!" he coaxed.

The animal, pleased with the taste of the soup, was finally toled near enough for the complainant to read the name engraved on the collar. When he had made a note of the name and address of the owner of the dog, he dismissed him with a Scotch blessing. Then he sought his lawyer, and brought suit against the owner of the dog for the restitution of the hundred francs.

The court decided that the owner of the dog must pay, holding that since the dog was property, the owner must be held responsible for any act committed by the animal.

ROYAL SCHOOLBOYS.

Britain is rapidly becoming the alma mater of the world, and education is doing much to let the light of modern civilization into the dark places of the earth. The new Sultan of Zanzibar, a bright, intelligent youth, received his education at Harrow. His English education will do much for his country — a land enwrapped in mystery, and guarded by the barriers of exclusiveness. King Lewanika of Barotseland was one of the most savage and cruel monarchs on earth only a few years ago, but he is now instituting many reforms, and has sent his two sons to be educated at Goudhurst, Kent. The heir to the throne of Siam was educated at Oxford, and is an accomplished linguist. The commercial advancement of Peru is doubtless largely due to the fact that the President is a graduate of a London school. The heirs to many of the smaller European thrones received liberal educations in England, and the potentates of India are sending their sons to "the tight little isle" to be trained and educated. The Khedive of Egypt could not bring himself to this extreme, but compromised by importing English tutors for his children.

Mrs. Fortey—"He was pleased to say I held my age very well." Mrs. Snappe—"Why shouldn't you ? Think of the years of practice you've had."