CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, becomes the slave of Colonel Bishop on the island of Barbados, having been sent there after an unjust conviction on a charge of treason against King James of England. He is permitted unusual freedom because of his knowledge of medicine and thus is enabled to become the leader in a plot to escape from the island. One of his fellow conspirators is Jeremy Pitt, a young shipmaster. An interesting friendship develops between Blood and Arabella, niece and ward of the surly Colonel.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"You don't know? Well, here's to quicken your wits." And again the cane descended. "Have you thought of his name yet?"

Pitt shrugged, shifted sideways on his feet again, and settled into dogged silence. Colonel Bishop's temper was never one that required much provocation. Fiercely now he lashed those defenceless shoulders, accompanying each blow by blasphemy and foul abuse, until the lingering embers of his manhood fanned into momentary flame. Pitt sprang upon his tormentor.

But as he sprang, so also sprang the watchful blacks. Muscular bronze arms coiled crushingly about the frail white body, and in a moment the unfortunate slave stood powerless.

Breathing hard, his face mottled, Bishop pondered him a moment. Then: "Fetch him along," he said.

They came out upon the green plateau and headed for the stockade and the overseer's white house. Pitt's eyes looked out over Carlisle Bay, of which this plateau commanded a clear view.

In the roads, standing in for the shore before a gentle breeze that scarcely ruffled the sapphire surface of the Caribbean, came a stately red-hulled frigate, flying the English ensign.

At the present rate of progress it would be an hour, perhaps, before she came to anchorage within the harbor. Pitt was hurried forward into the stockade, and clapped into the stocks that stood there ready for slaves who required correction.

Colonel Bishop followed him presently, with leisurely, rolling gait.

"A mutinous cur that shows his fangs to his master must learn good manners at the cost of a striped hide," was all he said before setting about his executioner's job.

When, at last, from very weariness, Colonel Bishop flung away the stump and thongs to which his cane had been reduced, the wretched slave's back was bleeding pulp from neck to waist.

Colonel Bishop set his foot upon the crossbar, and leaned over his victim, a cruel smile on his full coarse face.

"Let that teach you a proper submission," said he. "And now touching that shy friend of yours, you shall stay here without meat or drink—without meat or drink, d'ye hear me?—until you please to tell me his name and business." He took his foot from the bar. "When you've had enough of this, send me word, and we'll have the branding-irons to you."

On that he laughed, swung on his heel, and strode out of the stockade, his negroes following.

The slave writhed in his stocks until he was in danger of breaking his limbs, and writhing, screamed in agony.

Thus he was found by Peter Blood, who seemed to the lad's troubled vision to materialize suddenly before him. Mr. Blood carried a large palmetto leaf. Having whisked away with this the flies that were devouring Jeremy's back, he slung it by a strip of fibre from his neck, so that it protected him from further attack as well as from the rays of the sun.

Next, sitting down beside the sufferer, he drew the lad's head down on his own shoulder, and bathed his face from a pannikin of cold water. Pitt shuddered and moaned on a long, indrawn breath.

The great red ship had drawn considerably nearer shore by now. Slowly, majestically, she was entering the bay.

An angry voice aroused him from his unhappy thoughts.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

The returning Colonel Bishop came striding into the stockade, his negroes following ever.

Mr. Blood turned to face him, and over that swarthy countenance—which, indeed, by now was tanned to the golden brown of a half-caste Indian—a mask descended.

"Doing?" said he blandly. "Why, the duties of my office."

The Colonel, striding furiously forward, observed two things. The empty pannikin on the seat beside the prisoner, and the palmetto leaf protecting his back.

"I said he was to have neither meat nor drink until I ordered it."

"Sure, now, I never heard ye."

"You never heard me? How should you have heard me when you weren't here?"

"Then how did ye expect me to know what orders ye'd given?" Mr. Blood's tone was now positively aggrieved.

The planter thrust him aside with an imprecation, and stepping forward tore the palmetto leaf from the prisoner's back.

"In the name of humanity, now . . . ." Mr. Blood was beginning.

At that moment a terrific rolling thunderclap drowned his voice and

ALL THAT COULD BE SEEN OF THE GREAT SHIP WERE HER TOPMASTS THRUSTING ABOVE A CLOUD OF SMOKE.

shook the very air. Colonel Bishop jumped, his negroes jumped with him, and so even did the apparently imperturbable Mr. Blood. Then the four of them stared together seawards.

Down in the bay all that could be seen of the gret ship, standing now within a cable's length of the fort, were her topmasts thrusting above a cloud of smoke in which she was enveloped.

As those men stared from the eminence on which they stood, they saw the British Jack dip from the main truck and vanish into the rising cloud below. A moment more, and up through that cloud to replace the flag of England soared the gold and crimson banner of Castile. And then they understood.

"Pirates!" roared the Colonel.

CHAPTER VIII

Spaniards

The stately ship that had been allowed to sail so leisurely into Carlisle Bay under her false colors was a Spanish privateer, coming to pay off some heavy debt piled up by the predacious Brethren of the Coast, and the recent defeat by the Pride of Devon of two treasure galleons bound for Cadi. It happened that the galleon which escaped in a more or less crippled condition was commanded by Don Diego de Espinosa y Valde, who was own brother to the Spanish Admiral Don Miguel de Espinosa.

Galled by his defeat, and choosing to forget that his own conduct had invited it, he had sworn to teach the English a sharp lesson which they should remember.

He had succeeded so well in his intentions that he had aroused no suspicion until he saluted the fort at short range with a broadside of twenty guns.

As commander of the Barbados Militia, the place of Colonel Bishop was at the head of his scanty troops, in that fort which the Spanish guns were pounding into rubble.

Remembering it, he went off at the double, despite his bulk and the heat, his negroes trotted after him.

Mr. Blood turned to Jeremy Pitt. He laughed grimly. "Now that," said he, "is what I call a timely interruption."

By this time the rebels-convict and threes, having abandoned their work upon finding themselves unguarded and upon scenting the general dismay.

The landing was contested by the militia and by every islander capable of bearing arms with the fierce resoluteness of men who knew that no quarter was to be expected in defeat.

All through the scorching afternoon the battle went on. By sunset two hundred and fifty Spaniards were masters of Bridgetown, the islanders were disarmed, and at Government House, Governor Steed—his gout forgotten in his panic—supported by Colonel Bishop and some lesser officers, was being informed by Don Diego, with an urbanity that was itself a mockery, of the sum that would be required in ransom.

For a hundred thousand pieces of eight and fifty head of cattle, Don Diego would forbear from reducing the place to ashes.

Mr. Blood, greatly daring, ventured down at dusk into the town.

What he saw was fetching him in haste and white-faced out of that hell again, when in a narrow street a girl hurtled into him, wild-eyed, her unbound hair streaming behind her as she ran. After her, laughing and cursing in a breath, came a heavy-booted Spaniard. Almost he was upon her, when suddenly Mr. Blood got in his way. The doctor had taken a sword from a dead man's side some little time before and armed himself with it against an emergency.

As the Spaniard checked in anger and surprise, he caught in the dusk the livid gleam of that sword which Mr. Blood had quickly unsheathed.

"Ah, perro ingles" he shouted, and flung forward to his death.

"It's hoping I am ye're in a fit state to meet your Maker," said Mr. Blood, and ran him through the body. He did the thing skilfully: with the combined skill of swordsman and surgeon.

Mr. Blood swung to the girl, who leaned panting and sobbing against a wall. He caught her by the wrist.

White-faced, physically sick, Mr. Blood dragged her almost at a run up the hill toward Colonel Bishop's house. He knocked, but had to knock again and yet again before he was answered. Then it was by a voice from a window above.

"Who is there?" The voice was Miss Bishop's, a little tremulous, but unmistakably her own.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Callouses
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A Sunset of Silence

Some sunsets are tempestuous. They are full of sound and fury. They flare up and out into the heavens with a bang. It is as though a molten planet, red-hot with fire, had fallen from its orbit in the heavens to splash into the ocean. . . . But to-night's sunset is a whisper. It is a murmur of far-off waters. . . . It is a subdued as the whisper of a mother awakening her child; it is as quiet as is the tender whisper of love at evening.

There are four long streaks of white clouds along the western horizon just above the parallel with the sea. They are turning a faint salmon-pink as the sun sinks, but the background is a deep azure blue. I have watched these faintly salmon-pink. strips. of color turn from pure white under the magic wand of evening and it has been beautiful to see.

They are changing again—those four streaks of clouds. This time it is a change to what I can best describe as a mango color. The mango is a fruit of these Philippine Islands. Its heart is the color of our American pawpaw. With a background of azure blue these mango-colored clouds, which are mere streaks, make up a picture that subdues one to silence and reverence and prayer.

I have seen people like unto this sunset. In their very presence I have wanted merely to look at them or to listen to them if they should chance to speak. . . . They have lifted me up. They have brought out of me the best that lay hidden in me. They have led me "beside still waters."—William L. Stidger in "A Book of Sunsets."

On the Road.

He—"Why do they say women are really steadier drivers than men?"

She (slowly) — "Why-er-don't you think it's because they can use both hands?"

Broken China.

"The two Chinese armies have just fought another battle."

"Was anybody hurt?"—Judge.

Minard's Liniment for earache.

The Business of Being a Dog

The life of a dog, even the most fortunate, is not all downy pillows and juicy bones. The life of every dog is filled with responsibilities which he realizes to the utmost, but never shirks, even though the path of duty leads to the grave. And when a dog dies, he takes with him that which humans seldom bear away—his best.

Nevertheless, life holds for him many compensations, chief of these being the affection and companionship of his human friends, his moments of frolic. Every dog has a sense of humor, frequently developed to a remarkable degree. He likes a joke as well as any one, and how well he knows when the joke is on himself, and how good humoredly he accepts it!

Many persons seem unable to realize that a dog has any business on earth except as guardian of life and property, and playmate for children. To be sure, he fulfills these duties perfectly, but the role in which the dog shines with a lustre which time cannot tarnish, nor custom dim, is that of friend, prince of comrades!

Of a dog's many duties and privileges, not the least important, by any means, is that of confidant. No man bares his soul to a human as to his dog. It is the dog who hears the cry of the broken heart. It is the dog who crouches in mute sympathy as one pours out the bitterness of his soul in prayer to his Maker. It is the dog who sees the tear-stained face with sitmask of pride and indifference cast aside. It is the dog who sees the pockets turned outward. It is the dog who truly keeps the vow, albeit unspoken, to "Love, honor and obey, and forsaking all others, cleave to one, and one only, until death."

When a man calls to remembrance the loves of his life, there is one face seen through a mist of tears. With friends it is the same, there is one friendship more perfect, more enduring. And so with our canine friends, owned and loved, there is one whose memory is greener, thoughts of whom bring always a smile and a sigh.

Countless lives have been saved by the intelligent and courageous St. Bernard. In short, every day, every hour, the dog carries on tirelessly, uncomplainingly, without hope or thought of reward. Man's indebtedness to the dog is too overwhelming to be summed up in dollars and cents. Yet how little it costs to repay him. Food, shelter, kindness, these simple things, constitute his heart's desire. So easy to give, yet so rarely bestowed.

But, after all, the chief business of a dog consists in being just what the Almighty made him—a dog! He would not be less if he could. He could not be more if he would. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and but for your dog you weep alone. —David Lee Wharton in "Our Dumb Animals."

Art Needs Solitude

Mr. Dempsey will try to thin the crowds at his training camp by charging $1 admission.

When an artist such as Jack
Sketches out his masterpiece,
All distractions then should cease.
Let the madding throng stand back.
When he puts the final touch
On the lower maxillary
Of a protem. adversary,
He must shun the glad-hand's clutch.
When he practices the parry,
When he delicately punches
Training partners in their lunches,
Quietude is necessary.
In an opus difficult,
Art should never lend an ear
To the adulating cheer.
Cauliflowers may result.
If the folks won't stay, however,
At a reverential distance;
If it brightens their existence
To behold his high endeavor;
If they feel they have a holler
As the hero plants his hooks
On his third assistant's looks,
They may watch him for a dollar.

Dogs and Cats.

Pike—"You say you have moved into a quieter place?"

Sunfish—"Yes, where there are no dogfish or catfish!"

Trade "Supremacy"

London Round Table: It is a strange freak of national sentiment that takes the form of what may be called statistical pride. People seize upon the numerical measure of one of their country's activities, and compare it jealously with those of other countries. Those with the biggest numbers, or the biggest numbers per head, have won. "Supremacy" in some economic field often means no more than this. American "supremacy" in the world's investment markets is not a thing to be hated or feared. If Europe can supply the same resources for the development of the world as before the war, the resources received from the United States will hasten that development and raise the standard of living everywhere.

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Coach and Bicycle

When I was a boy, a stage-coach started each morning (Sundays excepted) from an old inn off the Minories. Not the shining band-box of the colored print, with its dancing horses, its jolly coachman, and its dandy guard, but a heavy lumbering vehicle, drawn by shambling horses, all of a different size, driven by a . . . curmudgeon who had to be hoisted up to his seat and his whip handed up to him afterwards. It went through Ongar and Epping, but its final destination I forgot. To many of the smaller towns round London the railway had not them penetrated; and similar relics set out each morning from other ancient hostelries. Carriers' carts were common everywhere, connecting London with what are now its nearer suburbs; but which were then outlying villages. A row of them stood always in the middle of the Whitechapel Road, opposite St. Mary's Church. They were covered with a hood, and had a bench for passengers along each side, and a little window at the back. For those in a hurry who could afford the price, post chaises were still to be hired, with top-hatted postilions and horses and bells, that galloped over the cobbles. Respectable people—esecially publicans—kept a gig; and sporting old ladies, on visits to their bankers or solicitors, would drive themselves into the city behind their own fat pones.

The bicycle had not yet arrived; though nearly every afternoon an odd fellow used to ride down Mars Street, Hackney, on a tircycle he had made for himself. In wet weather he carried an umbrella over his head with one hand, and steered with the other, and people used to wait about to see him pass. The first bicycles were nicknamed "spiders." The front wheel was anything from fifty to sixty inches in diameter and was joined to a diminutive back wheel by a curved steel bar, shaped like a note of interrogation. Their riders had to be youths of skill and courage, or woe betide them. They wore tight fitting breeches and short jackets that ended at the waist. Your modern youngster in his grimy "Jig-pig" with his padded legs, his mackintosh, his skull-cap and his goggles, goes further and faster, I admit, but his slim grandfather, towering above the traffic on his fishing wheel, was a brave sight for boys and girls.—"My Life and Times," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Minard's Liniment for scaly scalp.

Humor and Politics

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: We suspect that our political diagnosticians, who are almost daily voicing their amazement ove rthe fact that Americans do not vote in as great numbers as they might, could do worse than follow the suggestion of an unnamed philosopher, that the best way to understand a nation's' peculiarities is to study it at play. They would find that our play possesses a quality which seldom gets into our politics. This quality is humor. . . .

But there seems to be a notion that humor should not intrude into our political life, that a solemn expression and a heavy and pontific manner are necessary to woo the electorate. This may have been true in the days of the founding fathers, all of whom, except Franklin and possibly Jefferson, appear to have possessed little humor. But we doubt that it has ever been so true at any time since then.

Our politics may require more good story-tellers like Lincoln and more satirists like Reed.

Small, Small Voice

Mrs. Petunia Riggs has at last located the squeak in the rear of her car which has been bothering her for the last few days. It was her husband requesting from the back seat that she drive a little slower.—Life.

Hoot Mon!

Harry Lauder has immortalized the blue of Irish eyes and the rolling brogue of the Emerald Island people. —Palm Beach paper.

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