CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Cont'd.)

A boat that had approached unnoticed from the shore came scraping and bumping against the great red hull of the Arabella, and a raucous voice sent up a hailing shout. From the ship's belfry two silvery notes rang clear and sharp, and a moment or two later the bo'sun's whistle shrilled a long wail.

The sounds disturbed Captain Blood from his disgruntled musings.

"A note for you from the Deputy-Governor," said the master shortly, as he proffered a folded sheet.

Blood broke the seal, and read. Pitt, loosely clad in shirt and breeches, leaned against the rail the while and watched him, unmistakable concern imprinted on his fair, frank countenance.

"It is a very peremptory summons," said Blood, and passed the note to his friend.

The young master's gray eyes skimmed it. Thoughtfully he stroked his golden beard.

"You'll not go?" he said, between question and assertion.

"Why not? Haven't I been a daily visitor at the fort. . . . ?"

"But it'll be about the Old Wolf that he wants to see you. It gives him a grievance at last."

"Why did yet let Wolverstone and the others go?" cried Jeremy, with a touch of bitterness. "You should have seen the danger."

"How could I in honesty have prevented them? It was in the bargain." And as Pitt did not answer him: "Ye see?" he said, and shrugged. "I'll be getting my hat and cane and sword, and go ashore in the cockboat."

Blood climber down into the waiting boat. He knew that in going ashore that morning he carried his life in his hands. Because of this, it may have been, that when he stepped on to the narrow mole he gave an order than the boat should stay for him at that spot.

Walking leisurely, he skirted the embattled wall, and passed through the great gates into the courtyard.

On his right stretched a spacious garden, beyond which rose the white house that was the residence of the Deputy-Governor. In that garden's main avenue he had caught sight of Miss Bishop alone. He crossed the courtyard with suddenly lengthened stride.

"Good morning to ye, ma'am," was his greeting as he overtook her.

"I am pressed," she informed him. "So you will forgive me if I do not stay."

"You were none so pressed until I came," he protested, and if his thin lips smiled, his blue eyes were oddly hard.

"Since you perceive it, sir, I wonder that you trouble to be so insistent."

"Faith, you explain yourself after a fashion," said he. "But since it was more or less in your service that I donned the King's coat, you should suffer it to cover the thief and pirate.

"I'll not be detaining you any longer, ma'am. After all, the cursed thing I did for nothing can be undone. Ye'll remember that it was your hardness drove me."

She moved to depart, then checked, and faced him again.

"You take that tone! You dare to take that tone!" she cried. "Do you dare to upbraid me because I will not take your hands, when I know you for a murderer and worse?"

He stared at her open-mouthed.

"A murderer—I?" he said at last.

"Did you not murder Levasseur?"

"Levasseur? So they've told you about that!" He smiled a little.

"Do you deny it?"

"I killed him, it is true. I can remember killing another man in circumstances that were very similar. That was in Bridgetown on the night of the Spanish raid. Mary Traill would tell you of it. She was present."

He clapped his hat on his head with a certain abrupt fierceness, and strode angrily away, before she could answer or even grasp the full significance of what he had said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOSTAGES.

Peter Blood stood in the pillared portico of Government House, with unseeing eyes that were laden with pain and anger.

He was aroused by the return of the negro who had gone to announce him, and following now this slave, he made his way through the house to the wide piazza behind it, in whose shade Colonel Bishop and my Lord Julian Wade took what little air there was.

"So ye've come," the Deputy-Governor hailed him, and followed the greeting by a series of grunts of vague but apparently ill-humored import.

With scowling brow and in self-sufficient tones, Colonel Bishop delivered himself.

"I have sent for you, Captain Blood, because of certain news that has just reached me. I am informed that yesterday evening a frigate left the harbor having on board your associate Wolverstone and a hundred men of the hundred and fifty that were serving under you. His lordship and I shall be glad to have your explanation of how you came to permit that departure."

"Permit?" quoth Blood. I ordered it."

Bishop's great face seemed to swell and its high color to deepen. He swung to Lord Julian.

"You hear that, my lord? Deliberately he has let Wolverstone loose upon the seas again—Wolverstone, the worst of all that gang of pirates after himself. Why, this thing is treason! It's a matter for a court-martial."

"Will you cease your blather of mutiny and treason and courts-martial?" Blood put on his hat, and sat down unbidden. "I have sent Wolverstone to inform Hagthorpe and the

"Don't stir from where you are, my lord, or there may be an accident.'

rest of my lads that they've one clear month in which to follow my example, quit piracy and get back to their boucans or their logwood, or else sail out of the Caribbean Sea. That's what I've done."

"But the men?" he lordship interposed in his level, cultured voice. "This hundred men that Wolverstone has taken with him?"

"They are those of my crew who have no taste for King Jame's service, and have preferreo to seek work of other kinds. It was in our compact, my lord, that there should be no constraining of my men.

"I will remind you that the object in view was to rid the Caribbean of buccaneers. Now, I've taken the most effective way of accomplishing that object. The knowledge that I've entered the King's service should in itself go far toward disbanding the fleet of which I was until lately a leader."

Lord Julian forestalled a fresh outburst on the part of Bishop.

"It is possible," he said, "that my Lord Sunderland will be satisfied, provided that the solution is such as you promise."

But Bishop's fury had by now reached a stage in which it was not to be restrained.

"This is a matter in which your lordship must allow me to be the better judge," he roared. "And, anyhow, I'll take the risk of acting on my own responsibility."

Lord Julian abandoned the struggle. He smiled wearily, shrugged, and waved a hand in implied resignation. The Deputy-Governor stormed on.

"Since my lord here has given you a commission, I can't regularly deal with you out of hand for piracy as you deserve. But you shall answer before a court-martial for your action in the matter of Wolverstone, and take the consequences."

"I see," said Blood. "Now we come to it. And it's yourself as Deputy-Governor will preside over that same court-martial. So that ye can wipe off old scores by hanging me, it's little ye care how ye do it!"

"Before you go," said Bishop, "and to save you from an idle rashness, I'll tell you that the Harbor-Master and the Commandant have their orders. You don't leave Port Royal, my fine gallows bird."

Peter Blood stiffened, and his vivid blue eyes stabbed the bloated face of his enemy. He passed his long cane into his left hand, and with his right thrust negligently into the breast of his doublet he swung to Lord Julian, who was thoughtfully frowning.

Captain Blood's right hand had re-emerged from the breast of his doublet, bringing with it a long pistol with silver mountings richly chased, which he leveled within a foot of the Deputy-Governor's head.

"Don't stir from where you are, my lord, or there may be an accident," said he.

And my lord, who had been moving to Bishop's assistance, stood instantly arrested.

Blood cast his cane from him, thus disengaging his left hand. "Be good enough to give me your arm, Colonel Bishop. Come, come, man, your arm."

Under the compulsion of that sharp tone, those resolute eyes, and that gleaming pistol, Bishop obeyed without demur. Captain Blood tucked his left arm through the Deputy-Governor's proffered right. Then he thrust his own right hand with its pistol back into the breast of his doublet.

Arm in arm they passed through the house, and down the garden.

They passed out of the gates unchallenged, and so came to the mole where the cockboat from the Arabella was waiting. They took their places side by side in the stern sheets, and were pulled away together to the great red ship where Jeremy Pitt so anxiously awaited news.

You conceive the master's amazement to see the Deputy-Governor come toiling up the entrance ladder, with Blood following very close behind him.

Colonel Bishop collapsed on the locker under the stern ports, and spoke now for the first time.

"May I ask wha . . . what are your intentions?" he quavered.

"Why, nothing sinister, Colonel. I'll be getting back to Tortuga and my buccaneers. So I've fetched ye aboard as a hostage."

"My God!" groaned the Deputy-Governor. "Ye . . . ye never mean that ye'll carry me to Tortuga!"

(To be continued.)

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Sea's Mysteries To Be Solved

Electrical Properties of Sea and Air, Ocean Currents and Atmospheric Phenomena to Be Studied on Non-Magnetic Ship Carnegie

Washington — The non-magnetic ship, Carnegie, has left New York under tow for Washington, to complete preparation for a three-year voyage in the course of which natural scientists of the Carnegie Institution, which owns the vessel, hope to obtain much valuable data on the electrical properties of the sea and air, ocean surrents, conditions varying with the depth of the water, and atmospheric phenomena.

As planned, subject to authorization later, the tour would cover approximately 110,000 miles and take the vessel into each of the oceans and into all laaitudes between 60 degrees north and 60 south. For motive power, the ship depends primarily on her sails, although she carries for emergency use a 100 horsepower gasoline engine.

An important object of the expedition is to be determination of whether the sea contains electrical currents similar to those passing through the land, and in turn, the effect of these on compass variation. Terrestrial magnetism and its influence on the compass also will be studied, together with atmospheric electric pressure and the radio activity of air and water.

Through co-operation of the Navy Department, a sonometer for determining the depths of the ocean has been installed With this and a winch electrically operated and capable of reaching a depth of 30,000 feet, the chemical composition and temperature of seawater at varying depths are to be studied. It is thought that data obtained in this way will have an important effect upon the study of ocean currents.

The vessel is termed "non-magnetic" because in her construction no magnetic materials, with the exception of the auxiliary engine, were used, assuring a minimum of error in making electrical observations.

The coming voyage, which under year, will be the Carnegie's seventh similar expedition.

Is the time approaching when we will wonder what use can be made of old phonograph records?

Minard's Liniment for Toothache.

Increasing Value of Canada's Fur Crop

A Timely Monograph Published by Director Natural Resources Service, Ottawa

There are thousands of trappers in Canada and all of them are engaged at one time or another during the winter season in taking the pelts of wild fur-bearers. There is hardly a farm, village or a town in Canada that has not got its trapper or fur trader. Millions of dollars are distributed each year among these persons as a result of the disposal of Canada's annual raw fur catch. Last year it had a value of $15,072,244. A very considerable increase in the yearly value would be made possible were proper methods of pelt handling more widely known.

Too many trappers think that once they have taken a skin nothing else remains to be done. Amateur and farmer trappers which form more than half of the trapping fraternity are the chief losers through this lack of knowledge in the handling of raw pelts, as poorly prepared pelts bring much lower prices than those which have been properly preared. Leading fur authorities have stressed the fact that in many cases u to one-half of the pelts coming to the raw fur markets fall into the unprofitable class and that every year there is a tremendous loss in pelt values that could be prevented. The loss, however, is not confined to the careless trappers, but effects the whole fur industry and lowers the value of both the raw and finished product.

With a view to improving this condition and making possible a wider knowledge of the essentials necessary to the proper skinning, stretching and drying of raw pelts, a monograph entitled "The Preparation of Pelts for the Market" has been prepared by the Department of the Interior. This monograph will be sent free of charge on request to the Director, Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

Canadian Capital in Fiji Islands

Natives are Happy But are Easy Prey to Tuberculosis

That Canadian capital will be behind a new meat-packing industry in the Fiji Islands is an opinion voiced by Capt. F. A. Williams, shipping agent, customs official and acting harbor commissioner in Suva, in the Fiji Islands, who with Mrs. Williams recently passed through Montreal on their way home after returning from a trip to Europe. This comes as a result of the success of a Canadian investment in conjunction with the British Government for the canning of pineapples on the scene of their growth.

"There is not the least semblance of disloyalty; the entire group of islands is whole-heartedly British although there are only 5,000 Englishmen in the Fiji Islands as compared with 84,000 Fijian natives and 73,000 natives of the East Indies," reclared Capt. Williams. He states that the islanders are the happiest people on earth and that progress is rapid there—perhaps too rapid for the well-being of the race as the law compelling natives to clothe themselves when they come to town is rapidly breeding among them a high percentage of tuberculosis. This disease, according to Capt. Williams, who has been a resident of the Fiji Islands for 55 years, threatens to destroy the race.

One regulation of the islands is that all enterprises must have a certain percentage of British capital. the port of Suva is an important centre. The harbor, though small, can accommodate five large liners and the port is also an important cable station. According to Capt. Williams, there is no private ownership of land on the islands but the community system of ownership is used. As yet there are no railways in the Fijis but there are over 300 taxicabs and privately owned cars. These cars are 80 per cent. British or Canadian manufacture.

Europe and America

Bernard Fay in the Paris Figaro: (Europe does not know how to treat the United States). She might be proud of them, the greatest contemporary creation of the white races, admire them, be fond of them, and let them know it. . . . Or she might hold herself utterly aloof. . . . But she does not seem to follow either of these methods to its proper end: she has, in a general way, no love for the American nation, and she lets them know it, but on every critical occasion she appeals to the Americans and asks them to act as mediators. No attitude could be more dangerous nor memory of the Greeks, who in their discords called in the Romans is no chimera, though conditions may be very different and the dangers of a totally different character.

Who'd 'a Thought It?

Q.—2. Who was the father of John the Baptist?

A. (on another page)—2. Miss Rebecca M. Church of Toronto.—Toronto Daily Star.

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Radio Helping to Create More Piano Players

It seems that "listening-in" is gradually developing a desire on the part of many young people to play. For instance, under the caption, "Radio Attracts Boys to Piano," a well-known newspaper recently ran (in part) the following news item:

"Radio is inducing the boys to learn piano playing. The art once considered the forte of girls and only men of foreign birth, is now, through the incentive of hearing music over the radio, the property of farm boys as well."

The writer of the newspaper item in question in confirming the above item then went on to give his personal experience with radio. He said:

"I notice that every time I tuned in I would hear a piano. If someone sang, the piano accompanied the voice. If I heard a violin or other instrumental solo, there was almost invariably a piano accompaniment.

"Ensembles and small orchestras nearly all have pianos. Every dance orchestra has one. Piano solos come out of the air with great frequency, often rendered by some noted artist. I began to realize the enormous usage to which the piano was put. Inquiry disclosed the interesting fact that nearly all music is first composed on the piano and then transposed for other instruments or for orchestras.

"The conviction was driven home that the piano is assuredly the most serviceable of all musical instruments. And it was the radio that first brought to my attention the various uses of the piano. It led me to find out something about the place piano has in music, and what I learned was truly surprising. Vast numbers of people are hearing piano music every evening the year round. I believe the radio is a strongly ally of the piano, and that serious consideration should be given to its possibilities."

Gabby Gertie

"A stepper occasionally beats time and breaks a record."

Facts of Interest

The national debt of Canada decreased by $70,189,814 in the first half of the current fiscal year, that is from April 1st to September 30, 1927.

There are 12,370 post offices in Canada, 284,000 miles of telegraph lines and over 1,000,000 telephones with a three million wire mileage.

Higher education in Canada is carried on in 23 universities and 83 colleges with a total student registration of over 60,000.

A Monetary Puzzle

Mysterious coins have put in an appearance in Albania, according to reports from Budapest. The coins are ostensibly of the same value as the French Napoleon and bear the picture of Skander Bey on one side, the Lion of Venice on the other. It is not known who minted or distributed them.

Well, that's another way of looking at it, remarked the telescope gazer at the moon.

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Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

The Intellectual Cynic

New York Herald-Tribune: It has become the minimal business of sophistication to turn up the seamy side of nobility, to discredit not merely the mythical great of the past but any symptoms of nobility in the present. A smile greets any flight of eloquence or inspiration and the term "noble" has become almost a term of abuse. In the "intellectual best society" these days one believes in Truth, Goodness and Beauty at one's peril. Much of the current mockery of life has been attributed to the post-war disillusion, and one may suppose that that is as good an explanation as any. But there are symptoms that even the so-called "sophisticated" public is growing weary of listening to the snickering little enemies of the spirit.

"Sitting in a strong wind makes one drowsy," says a doctor. A sleeping draught.

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