

THE LONE STAR

CHAPTER IV.

The captain of the Royal Charley had made up his mind to sight land off Porto-Rico, and about a fortnight after the terrible tragedy which had saddened the whole voyage, was on the lookout for the little island of Sombrero. There was scarcely a breath of wind upon the waters, the breeze which had brought them along right merrily for some days was gradually dying away, the heavens looked sultry and scorching, the sun seemed ready to burn up the decks, the sails flapped lazily against the masts, the wind not having sufficient strength to fill them. The brig for hours scarcely obeyed the helm, and presently swung round, wholly unheeding of the efforts of the man at the wheel. There was a dead calm. Nothing is more unpleasant than a ship at sea in a calm. The waves are never still, and the vessel, uninfluenced by the sails, rolls and pitches in the most fearful manner. Now she rises on a wave, and plunges headlong down it; then she catches a mountain billow on her broadside, which sends her yards almost dipping in the waves, while the masts seem ready to be torn from their sockets with the violence of the shaking. A dead calm, with a heavy sea on, will do more injury to a vessel than even a storm.

Captain Montrose was aloft with Josh, whose powers of vision were remarkable; Sir Reginald stood beside the pale and mourning Eleanor; Henry Postans walked the deck with gloomy brow; while the other passengers stood or sat about, holding on to belaying-pins and ropes. Not a word was spoken. All were waiting for the long promised cry of land, and even more impatiently still for a breath of wind to fill the sails and send them on their way. The Commonwealth officer, who, by the way, had dropped, if he had ever adopted, the peculiar phraseology of his party, spoke an occasional word in a whisper to Eleanor, who seldom answered except by a nod. She dwelt in silence on the dreadful fate which had befallen her father. Vague, wild, and strange suspicions floated through her brain. That her father had been murdered was quite evident. Then came the fatal question, asked, in a terrified whisper, by whom? and it cannot be denied that the thoughts of Eleanor Bowen fell upon her two suitors. Her suspicions, however, took neither body nor shape; they floated dreamily through the mind, and, unable to fix any thing real or substantial upon either, she said nothing. Had, however, a searching investigator have pried into her most secret thoughts, it would in all probability have been found that the bias of her mind was against her cousin.

"Sail oh!" suddenly exclaimed Josh in a loud voice; and then he added, "Yes, sail oh! yah!" "Where away?" asked the captain from the main-top gallant sail yard, while Sir Reginald moved rapidly toward the after-mast main-shroud and looked out.

"Two points on de starboard bow, massa," answered the mulatto, who was on the foretop-sail yard.

"Is she moving?" "Comin' along like fun," replied the black; "she got long legs."

The captain eagerly pointed his long glass in the direction designated by the mulatto. Sir Reginald quietly assumed his position alongside of Eleanor, and the passengers were all attention. A sail at sea after a long voyage is an event.

Scarcely had Captain Montrose caught sight of the craft first seen by the negro, than he came down from aloft, and calling Sir Reginald and his officers on one side, proceeded to hold council. He was certain, he said, that the vessel bearing down upon them was a pirate, a buccaner. Her moving along with sweeps at a rapid rate showed that she was well manned, and he proceeded to ask advice as to what should be done. All hands were general in their first idea, and Captain Montrose, accordingly, had all sails clogged ured, which might render them almost invisible except to good glasses. Sir Reginald said little. He leaned against the stern, where they stood, and listened.

"What say you?" cried the skipper, suddenly addressing him, after all the others had spoken.

"Let the drum beat to quarters, and let passengers and crew prepare to fight like men."

The tone of the Commonwealth soldier was electrifying, and his wishes were at once orders. The drum beat to quarters, the fearful intelligence run through the ship; that a pirate was close at hand, and all save the women eagerly prepared for defence. Eleanor expressed a wish, however, to remain on deck until the last moment, and on a sign from Sir Reginald, the skipper complied.

a marine fairy. A picturesque eye would have thought that a dolphin had lent its quick and elegant form for the career. Light as the sea-gulls that flitted around it, there was no breeze so gentle but what moved it. No matter how rough the sea, it cared not for it. When another vessel was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea, or was breaking amidst a curling top of a wave, the cutter seemed to choose its own way, and to skate from wave to wave like a stone cast along the smooth surface of a lake. Its decks never were washed by the tempest, for it rose light as the very ocean foam, and looked as if it could have been carried away by a stiff breeze on to the very land.

Its decks were crowded by armed men, and as it neared the brig, keeping out of the range of the Royal Charley's guns, it hoisted its colors, a blood-red flag with a huge white star in the middle. Captain Montrose answered by hanging out the banner of old England. A single gun from the Lone Star was all the reply, and then the sweeps were put in active motion, and the schooner prepared to cross the broadside of the brig, as if to board by the bow. In five minutes the guns of the larger vessel, but apparently too low down in the water to be hurt by them.

"Stand by your guns!" thundered Captain Montrose; "take aim at the rascal's deck!"

"Not a shot, as ye love your lives!" cried Sir Reginald, suddenly leaping upon the bulwarks just as the schooner's head turned round toward the bows of the brig.

Every eye on board both vessels was now fixed on the mysterious stranger, who, holding by the main-rigging with his left hand, unfolded a small flag in his right, and waved it aloft. It was a milk-white banner with a single red star in the centre.

A frantic shout of joy instantly burst from the decks of the beautiful schooner, which began pulling toward the brig with even greater rapidity than before.

"What orders, sir?" presently shouted one from the deck of the Lone Star, touching his hat as he spoke, and bringing the Lone Star to a stand-still.

"Send Williams on board," replied the stranger, who then resumed his position on the deck of the Royal Charley.

"Ay, ay, sir," continued the man from the other deck, and next minute a shrill whistle was heard, a slight bustle became visible, and then a long, narrow, eight-oared cutter was launched and manned.

Every man on board the Royal Charley stood transfixed with astonishment. Their surprise was so great, that they no longer thought of defence. Captain Montrose stood speechless, with knit brow and clenched fists; Eleanor gazed wildly at the stranger; and Henry Postans advanced fiercely toward him. He trembled with passion.

"Bloody-minded pirate!" said the young man menacingly. "We are in your power, but never confess to I accuse you of the murder of my uncle."

"Every man in this vessel," replied Sir Reginald calmly and coldly, "is free, and when I have given orders to my men to keep in the same waters, I shall go my way with you; and if you will, you can accuse me before the governor of Jamaica. If I do not, but not bloody-minded. I wage war on Spaniards only, except when a vessel of Charles Stuart comes in my way, and then I avoid her. Accuse me not, young man," he added, in a solemn and earnest tone; "rather look into your own heart, and ask if that be stainless."

Henry Postans stepped back, pale as death, his face actually blanched with horror.

"I-I accused!"—He said no more, but hurried away to the opposite side of the ship, and resumed both his moody silence and his walk along the deck.

"Boat alongside, sir," said the man at the gangway.

Sir Reginald immediately made signs for the officer in the cutter to come on deck alone—an order instantly obeyed. Williams was a weather-beaten tar of about fifty, in an elegant uniform, and with a look of honesty and respectability not often seen on board the vessels of the brethren of the coast. But he of the Lone Star was no common pirate. The sailor advanced toward his officer, and for five minutes they spoke together in whispers. Then the buccaner turned away, and without addressing a word to any one on deck, went down the side, entered his boat, and pulled away.

A few minutes later a light breeze arose, scarcely sufficient, however, to urge the brig along. The schooner, on the contrary, spread its milk-white sails, thin, to all appearance, as sheeting, and away she sped over the waters like a graceful swan, in the direction of the land.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Montrose as soon as all his sails were loosened, his helm once more governing the brig, advanced respectfully toward Sir Reginald, and ardently thanked him. He said that the fortunes of himself and family were wholly in the Royal Charley—that had she been captured, and sent to Turtle Island, he had been a ruined man. Under the circumstances, he owed, he said, an eternal debt of gratitude to the Commonwealth officer.

The captain of the Lone Star, after receiving these thanks in public, drew the skipper and Eleanor on one side, despite the visible reluctance of the latter, and leaning against the bulwarks, earnestly addressed them. He explained that, deprived of any employment by the fall of Richard Cromwell, and violently opposed to the existing government, he yet could not live without something to excite and move his mind. He and some of his party had, he said, conceived the notion of founding a small independent commonwealth on the Spanish Main, and had been some time recruiting among their scattered forces for the purpose. In the mean time, he being wealthy, had bought a vessel, picked a crew, and spent two years in search of a fitting place to commence operations. He necessarily came in constant contact with Spanish ships, and never avoided a fight. He, however, never attacked English merchantmen, and the Lone Star had only come across their path by orders. They were directed to lie across the Mona passage, and board every vessel in search of himself, or news of him,

if unfortunately he had been discovered in England.

"And have you still this scheme in your head?" said Captain Montrose, while Eleanor looked curiously at him.

"That, wholly depends upon circumstances," replied Sir Reginald. "There is one thing would make me ask leave to live quietly in England, quit all my ambitious hopes, and become once more the English baronet, lord of the manor, or perhaps knight of the shire; but that rests not with myself."

Eleanor turned away toward the sea to hide her extreme confusion, for despite her intense mental suffering, she could not resist the influence of the tyrant passion; and Captain Montrose, after a significant pressure of the hand left them together. Henry Postans stood still and gazed at them from a distance.

"Miss Bowen," said the freebooter in a low, anxious tone, "it is very soon, after so fatal an event, to speak of marriage or love; but before I leave this ship my fate must be decided. If you hearken to my prayer, and accept my hand, my fortune, and the name of Lady Woolston, I shall return to England at once, and the interest of my friends will save me from any thing but an order to reside in the country; but if you refuse me, I join my merry rovers, and for the rest of my life become a skimmer of the sea, a buccaner—if you will, a pirate."

"Sir Reginald," replied Eleanor bitterly, "my father was dead but twenty days, and would you have me speak of marriage?"

"Eleanor, dear Eleanor! you have to decide a question of life and death to me. I ask not to have you fix a period for our union; I ask only hope for the future."

"Sir Reginald, is there not ringing in my ears the fearful accusation brought against you by my cousin?"

"And you do believe?" "Oh, no!" cried the young lady with all the deep touching confidence of a woman's heart, and speaking in a rich, full voice, that left no ground for mistrust. "Oh, no! But what would the world say if I accepted the address of one accused of murdering my father? Sir Reginald, ask me no more until this question is at rest, and the assassin is discovered. Then, believe me, Eleanor Bowen will not refuse the protection and home of a man she cannot help loving."

"That word is enough," said the freebooter, "and on that promise shall I now live. It seems that just as I was returning to my wild life, after a brief absence, fortune has thrown in my way a gleam of sunshine, which I cannot but eagerly catch at. Be my wife, dearest Eleanor, and you will make me once more a useful member of society, and I shall forget in your company the broils and wars which have so long stained the fair face of England."

"I have said much, Reginald," replied Eleanor—"too much perhaps, under the circumstances; ask no more of me."

The countenance of the Ironside lit up with a smile of joy and confidence. The word Reginald, which he had wished for no more, they remained, however, in conversation on other topics for hours, and ceased only when summoned to the evening meal. They sat side by side; and the captain of the Lone Star interested both her and the whole company by his vivid narrative of adventures by sea and land. There was at first a certain degree of stiffness on the part of the passengers toward the renowned pirate of the Gulf; but his urbanity of manner, his eloquent and elegant language, soon chained their attention, which then could not be taken off. He so frankly explained his peculiar practical operations, conducted with a view chiefly to the persecution of England's hereditary foes, the Spaniards, that his companions ended by approving instead of disapproving his proceedings.

Henry Postans alone held wholly aloof from him. In the mind and character of this young man a terrible and fearful change had been wrought. All his quiet and good-natured gaiety was gone, and it was impossible for the dullest observer not to be aware that he was devoured not only by deep grief, but by remorse of some kind. He had for days ceased all intercourse with his cousin, and never looked at Sir Reginald without a glance which was either a sob or a look of terror. No one ever spoke to him, and at the end of the journey drew near every man avoided him, for the same fearful suspicion pervaded all minds.

(To be Continued.)

A CATASTROPHE.

How the Old Man Was Let Off at the Wrong Station.

The train was roaring along about forty miles an hour, and the conductor was busily punching tickets full of holes, when a little thin old man who sat in one of the corner seats plucked his sleeve.

"Mister Conductor, you be sure and let me off at Speers Station. You see, this is the first time I ever rode on steam cars, and I don't know anything 'bout them. You won't forget it, eh?"

"All right, sir; I won't forget."

The old man brushed back a stray lock of hair and, straightening himself, gazed with increasing wonder at the flying landscape, every now and then exclaiming, "Gracious!" "By gum!" etc.

Suddenly there was a crash, and after a number of gymnastic moves that made him think of his school days, he found himself sitting on the grass of the embankment alongside the track.

Seeing another passenger sitting a short distance away, patently supporting various parts of the splintered car across his legs, he inquired: "Is this Speers Crossing?"

The passenger, not altogether new to such happenings, replied, with a smile, although in considerable pain: "No; this is Catastrophe."

"Is that so?" he irritably exclaimed. "Now I know that conductor would put me off at the wrong place."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Perfumed warming pans are the latest form that British hospitality has taken. The hostess finds out the tastes of her guests and employs lily, rose, heliotrope, or new mown hay according to the season.

Two young women of Moscow recently strangled an old female miser and took her money, as they explained in court, "in order to provide themselves with funds for travelling abroad to complete their scientific education."

Scandinavia wants to secure peace in case of a European war by having its neutrality guaranteed by the powers, as is now the case with Belgium and Switzerland. Resolutions asking for this will be submitted in the Norwegian Storting, the Swedish Riksdag, and the Danish Folkething.

Magdalen College, Oxford, has refused to accept a tablet to Gibbon, the historian, who was a student there. Gibbon had a very low opinion of his college, and left on record 140 years ago that life there "stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal stories, and private scandal."

France's Senate, which sits in the Luxemburg palace, has struck against having any more statues of bald-headed poets set up in the Luxemburg gardens. It draws the line at the hairless Paul Verlaine, the last poet honored, Theodore de Banville, Henri Margery, and Leconte de Lisle, being also bald.

Queen Elizabeth's prose translation, made when she was 11 years of age, of a poem of Margaret of Navarre called "The Mirrowe of Sinful Soules," together with a prayer composed by the Virgin Queen and one of her letters to her stepmother, Catherine Parr, has been published in London from the original autograph in the Bodleian Library.

French royalists and Catholics have generally worked together in politics but at a recent election for a deputy at Brest they divided and bitterly fought each other, the Catholic candidate taking the ground that the republic must be recognized owing to the position the Pope has taken with regard to it. Brest, which has always been a conservative stronghold, gave preference to the Church over the King.

Englishmen returning from Bombay through Italy are having a hard time of it. One was landed at Trieste recently, after the Italian authorities had refused to allow him to land at Brindisi and was fumigated with his baggage. The operation was repeated at Udine on the Austro-Italian frontier, at Verona, and at Milan. At Chiasso the Swiss refused to let him pass; he was sent back to Milan, where he escaped a fifth fumigation, and was permitted to disguise himself as a Cook's tourist and leave by the Mt. Cenis route into France.

Germany's fifteen largest landholders own between them 9,000,000 acres of German soil. Prince Wittgenstein has 3,000,000 acres, next comes the Duke of Arenberg with 800,000, then in order the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the Duke of Brunswick, Prince Salm Salm, the Prince of Talleyrand-Sagan, who is a French subject; the Prince of Hesse, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Prince Blenheim, Prince Lowenstein, the Prince of Wied, (father of the Queen of Romania) and Prince Fugger. Many of these have large estates outside of Germany as well.

Two medical discoveries are announced which may prove important. One is from Dr. Roux, head of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, who gives the encouraging news that the bacillus of the Bombay plague has little power of resistance, and that all antiseptics kill it; it dies at a temperature of 140 degrees, but it retains vitality in the soil, which is an explanation of the fact that it is never eradicated from Eastern countries. Dr. Koch announces from South Africa that he has found an antidote or prophylactic for rinderpest in cattle. It consists of the injection of serum into the veins, which gives immunity within a fortnight. This, if confirmed, will prove one of the greatest boons which could be given to Africa.

Dr. Giuseppe Senarelli, who recently discovered the bacillus of yellow fever is not yet 30 years of age and has been at the head of Montevideo institute of experimental hygiene a little over a year. He took his degree at the University of Siena in 1889, then studied in Germany and at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and first came into notice by his success in isolating the bacillus of cholera in the drinking water of Paris, and his demonstration that it was comparatively harmless. He was appointed to a professorship at Seina, which he left owing to the larger salary and greater opportunities offered him by the University of Montevideo. It is expected that his discovery will be followed by that of the means of destroying or neutralizing the effects of the bacillus.

CRESTS AND STATIONERY.

The taste for crests is increasing, and not content with blazoning it on one's stationery, it is now the mode to have it exquisitely hand-painted on parchment, framed and hung in a conspicuous place in hall or library. For mourning stationery, dead white linen with a narrow black border is the correct style. The very wide black border, which was supposed to gauge the depths of the writer's grief, is quite out of date. For second mourning, pure white paper, with a very narrow border of pale gray or violet, is sometimes used, with monogram or address die in color to match.

GOOD ADVICE.

Little Elmer Was Fearful of Impending Disaster and Uncle Bob Comforted Him.

"What is the matter, young fellow?" asked jolly Uncle Bob of little Elmer, who was looking decidedly sad and uncomfortable.

"I—I am kinder scared," confessed the little lad, apprehensively. "I stayed away from Sabbath school yesterday and went skating, and grandma has been telling me about the little boys who got drowned for doing so, and—I don't know what is going to happen to me."

"Look here, Chummy!" rallied the uncle, who had been a boy once on a time and still clearly remembered boyhood's joys and temptations: "let me tell you something. Once there were two brothers, one of whom was a good man with a high, white brow, and the other a person of loose habits, upon whom there were no restraining strings. One Sunday the good brother took his neatly shaven upper lip and his prayer book and walked decorously to church, and the bad brother pulled on his easy old boots, put a bottle of something red in his pocket, shouldered his gun, whistled to his rascally dog, and went tramping off into the woods. Now, what do you suppose happened?"

"Why—why?" faltered little Elmer. "I guess his gun exploded and put his eyes out, or else a tree fell down and killed him and his dog!"

"No. A fierce thunderstorm came up, and the lightning struck the church and killed the good brother where he sat. Away off where the bad brother was, in the depths of the forest, drinking his red stuff in peace and comfort, and rapidly filling his bag with squirrels, it did not even rain. You are dutiful and respectful to your father and mother because you love them, and not because they will kill you if you are not; and you should go to Sabbath school because it is right, and not because you fear that some terrible calamity will come upon you if you don't."

REMARKABLE BICYCLE LAMP.

As Useful on a Carriage as It Is on a Bicycle.

Electric lamps for bicycles have for the most part been dead failures. They were too heavy, or too inefficient, or too troublesome, and the bicyclist, as a rule, felt that he had thrown the purchase money away. The latest electric wheel lamp, however, is of an entirely different order. It is a clean, powerful illuminator, which can not be blown out, jarred out, or extinguished by the ordinary accidents which affect other lights. It consists of two parts, the battery, or source of power, which is carried in a compact leather case hung from the top bar of the diamond frame, or from the handle bars of the drop-frame machine. The lamp power is a very small, heavily plated with silver reflector, mounted on a swivel support, and connected by a slender cord with the battery. Within this is the small incandescent lamp which gives the light. The whole outfit is almost as useful in a carriage as it is on a bicycle. The most striking thing about it is the power of the light, which the rider can instantly deflect in any desired direction. It is more like a miniature search-light than like an ordinary lamp, and it throws a strong beam of light for fifty or seventy-five yards ahead. This increase of the light of a one-candle power lamp to over 100 candle-power simply by a scientifically made reflector will probably suggest to some thoughtful people that they may cut down their bills for electric light fully 50 per cent. or more by going the right way about it. The battery will run for eight hours on one charge, and can be recharged at any incandescent lamp socket, or by the special appliances which are provided to save trouble in the process. Many bicycle clubs now keep a charging outfit for the use of their members.

AT THE GERMAN COURT.

Waltzing Prohibited for Years, Will Be Revived.

Waltzes are prohibited at the court of Berlin, as well as at the courts of most of the minor rulers of Germany, and consequently a great sensation has been created among the younger generations of the Teutonic Empire by the announcement that the ban against the waltz is removed, so far as the court of Wurttemberg is concerned. This is due to the influence of the young Queen, a woman of rare beauty, who is passionately fond of dancing, and who has been backed up in the matter by young Princess Pauline, daughter of the King by his first wife, and who, barred from the succession to her father's throne by the Salk law, is destined one of these days to be her father's daughter-in-law, in consequence of her marriage to the eldest son of the Crown Prince of that Kingdom.

The Queen and the Princess joined in the waltzes at the last court ball at Stuttgart with manifest enjoyment, and hopes are entertained at Berlin that the example thus set will be followed at the court of Emperor William. For the present the polka and a slow sort of galop are the only round dances tolerated there, the waltz having been forbidden ever since one of the young royal Princesses was tripped up by her partner and fell at the very feet of the late Empress Augusta while in the act of waltzing. The Empress, who was a terrible despot on the score of etiquette, could not bear the idea of a dance which could have the effect of placing a Princess of the blood in such an undignified position, and, turning a deaf ear to all arguments to the effect that the mishap was due rather to the awkwardness of the dancers than to the dance itself, vetoed the appearance of the latter henceforth on all programmes of court balls.

STORIES OF H

THE INTELLIGENCE

OF MAN'S BEH

Instances of It as It H

Tricks of Horses.

The country doctor whenever called—rain cold, night or day; haps, leisurely, but as possible. Through and himself are out and share together sorrows of the world; therefore, that is than ordinary inter up between them, man notes the aim of the horse.

"While quite a lot of such humour as he gave me a high in general. Some Ball led me to co most of kin to h have always talk ed them accordingly, mal belonging to on a farm adjoining rel horse of good fine head, with he ders. He had don farm work in his too old for any light service; so, range of a pastur house that reached There were cattl same pasture.

Ball was noted clever tricks, and doors, pulling like; but no one s ing practical joke after another was side of the fence, and evident delig was so found the tion. A watch was when Ball though he slyly picked up with his teeth an fence! Then, goin he anxiously wal ing for some on house. As soon sheep was discov and began to ru with delight.

KLEPTO

Sometimes he and hide them fun of the thin maul, such as, and wood, was, that he could re posed that no on mau up with h the further side hid it behind th then watched th had been seen s to the men mad to be hunting fo corners and beh was running, s his heels with Whenever they tried to attract other point.

While I have practice of me had no opportu like these, but exhibitions of no less marked day my horse i post in front of house about for There was not kind to break covered John a hop of the whi what should he care with the forgot to faste I had been in ldy of the hot window, cried "Doctor, the

START

I hastened John and the homeward, after voice. Pretty s ed from the re something mo in diameter, d and came back he shook his about to show the joke. To horse could do Why, I was d joke to show h to tie my hair have left yo I have kno showed a gre well as intell I think Fran any other. H traded for rati tion for run proud horse. I was a high an intellig Upon enquiry runaway w A drunken d cross a rickel to run the one end and he became a After this he any unusual him.

FRIEND

I at once a new horse by two things. friend and w any account, competent to How well when I tell most every