

# IN SATE OF HIS BIRTH.

Accordingly when the man came at noon, Ned approached him in a genial, affable way.

"I say, Nicholas," he began, "sit down and chat with a fellow for a few minutes, can't you? I tell you it is no fun being shut up here day after day with no one to speak a friendly word to you."

"Can't, sir; my orders is to serve yer an' keep 'em," laconically responded the sailor.

"Well, of course, you'd have to keep 'em upon certain subjects," Ned said, in a matter of fact tone; "but at least you can tell me something about the boat and your duties. I'm wondering about the yawning myself, of course—with a slight smile only, of course—I don't exactly relish taking pleasure in this way. This is a fine vessel, though."

"Indeed she is, sir," answered the man, with a satisfied look and drawn out in spite of himself by Ned's praise of the dainty craft. "She's a beauty, an' no mistake, like a bird."

"Yes, I see she's a fast saller, and she must have cost a round sum. Been aboard her long?"

"No, only for three months, or a little more; one of the old hands died, and I took his place."

"Um—how many hands does it require to sail her?"

"Eight, sir, besides the steward."

"Nine men against two," was Ned's inward comment, and for a moment his heart almost failed him. But he remarked with a smile and apparent carelessness:

"And a pretty soft snap, too, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; except when we make long voyages, then we have to stand round pretty sharp."

"Long voyages," repeated Ned, trying hard to conceal the intense interest he felt regarding the point; "what do you mean by that?"

"Well, sir, I've never made a special long voyage on this 'ere craft; but they do say she came from Califormy last fall, an'—"

"Letting me overhear," he said, "we're waitin' for the loss now to make the trip to 'other side of the pond."

"To Europe?" Ned questioned, with his heart in his mouth.

"Ay, ay, sir; but I've no business tellin' you the affairs of my boss," the man said, flushing guiltily.

"What's the harm, I suppose I've got to go to 'tude, too, and nobody can be the wiser for it, while I'm shut up here?" Ned said, confidentially.

"When do you expect Mr. Goodell?"

"Can't say, sir; but the mate says he'd telegraph the captain the time he'd arrive in Halifax. But this won't do for me, sir; I must be off to my work, for my mate says he's got to go to 'tude, and the mate, having really thawed out, gave Ned a sly wink as he turned to leave the room.

Again Ned's heart leapt into his throat, for this arrangement would materially reduce the force to be contended against.

But he gave a little laugh and remarked:

"A lark, eh? Are you allowed to be gone all night?"

"No, sir; we've got to be on board again some time to-morrow mornin'; but I reckon I'll be out 'till night daylight," and with another wink the man went out, locking the door carefully after him.

Ned's face was very pale and grimy as he crept under his berth and called to Mr. Hunting.

"We've got to take our fate in our hands to-night," he said, as his friend's face appeared at the aperture.

"So soon?" the man exclaimed, in a startled tone.

"Yes, for we may not soon have another opportunity," and then related the conversation just recorded.

They conversed a long time and with great earnestness, mapping out their plan of action with exceeding care; then schooled themselves to wait, with that patience they could command, until darkness should settle down on land and sea.

Ned watching from his window, saw the mate and Nicholas row away from the yacht, in one of the boats to his great joy he saw a third man with them.

Then he called to Hunting to join him in his state-room, which he did, entering through the aperture under the berth. They arranged their ropes and gag in readiness for their victim, and about five minutes before it was time for their supper to be served, Mr. Hunting, ready for action, crept behind the door, and Ned, who was a powerfully built man, and Ned, as he marked his attitude, and the stern, resolute lines about his mouth, felt assured that he would not fail to do his part in the coming trial.

"They had not long to wait, for steps and the clatter of dishes were soon heard approaching the door—his meals were always served first. The key was turned, the door opened back against Mr. Hunting, and a strange face appeared in view.

"Erre's your supper, sir," gruffly said the newcomer, a great burly fellow, nearly as large as two of Ned.

"Thank you," courteously returned the young man who was apparently engaged in writing by the side of his berth, "just set the tray down, please, and I'll be ready to eat presently," and he motioned toward a stool which stood near him.

The man went forward, unsuspecting of any trap, deposited the tray on the stool, and was about to raise his hands around his throat to prevent any call for help, while another blow from Mr. Hunting's flat completed the work so well begun, and the two men cased their victim to the floor, where he lay limp and still entirely at their mercy.

It was a comparatively easy matter then to bind and gag him, which they did most effectually, and then lifted him under the berth and covered him with a blanket.

Then the two confederates, pale

weapon in the hands of William Hunting.

The captain awoke sprang to his feet, tossing his cigar overboard in the act, to find confronting him, with resolute mien and sword in hand, the young man whom he believed to be safely locked within his state room below.

"Thunder and lightning!" he ejaculated, and for once started out of his habitual composure.

"If you make the slightest disturbance or resistance, I will shoot, as sure as I stand here," Ned said, in a low, stern tone, and with a look on his white, set face which told that he meant every word that he uttered.

"This beats the deuce!" growled the disconcerted captain. "You've stolen a fine march on us, for sure, young man; what does it mean?"

"It means that we two men have made a bold stroke for our freedom."

"You two men?" repeated the captain, amazed.

Then as he glanced over toward the quarterdeck and saw Mr. Hunting driving the boat, he turned to the young man, before the muzzle of his weapon, he comprehended that they had indeed gained the upper hand; but how they had accomplished it, was more than he could understand.

"I have no wish to do you any violence, sir," Ned continued, in a respectful tone; "and I will not injure you, unless you are violent first. I am in no trifling mood, and I shall be obliged to invite you to go below at once."

"What for?" questioned the man, sharply.

"To occupy your state-room."

"And be locked in?" the proud officer demanded, in a voice that trembled with anger.

"Yes, sir."

"And desert my post?" he continued, flashing hotly.

"For the present—yes."

"For the present—yes?" repeated the owner of this yacht at any moment, commanding me to steam up above, but where were the other four?"

"I cannot help you; my will must be paramount to the owner's for a time. Take care, sir," Ned interposed in a warning tone, as the man appeared about to spring upon him, and should regret to have your blood upon my hands, but I am desperate, I tell you, and I will bore a hole through you in a twinkling, as sure as fate, if you show fight."

"What, ho!" the really brave man began and determined that he would not yield without a struggle; but just before his eyes flashed a gleam of the revolver's muzzle, which he saw secured in his own grasp, while Ned quietly remarked:

"Every man below is at our mercy—we took good care of them before we ventured on deck, so no one can come to your assistance. Now, right about face, and march."

The man saw that it would be useless to resist, particularly as Mr. Hunting, having secured his own position, now made his appearance on deck, with the evident intention of assisting Ned, if necessary.

With a sullen and dejected air, therefore, he turned about and walked quietly down the stairs to his state-room, which he entered, while Mr. Hunting closed and locked the door after him.

The moment this was achieved the two men sprang swiftly and noiselessly toward the smoking-room, where they made short work of overcoming and binding the second mate, who, having taken a glass of brandy, was almost on the verge of a drunken stupor.

When this was accomplished, Ned's hands fell weakly by his side, and for a moment, as if all his strength would desert him.

"We are saved," he said, with a long drawn breath of relief.

"Yes, I hope so, but come above, where we have yet much to do, and no time to lose," returned his companion, who was scarcely less unnerved.

They locked the door of the smoking-room, where they soon regained their composure and strength, as the cool refreshing salt air blew over them.

"We must fasten down the companion hatch," Ned remarked, after a few moments, "then we need have no fear of any of the men below even though they should succeed in getting out of their rooms, and we will drive them down here and lock them up, then go for the mate, after which we shall have full swing. Does the plan suit you?"

"Yes, it is well thought out," said Ned, briefly.

"Are you ready?"

"All ready."

Stealthily, with the tread of a cat, they crept up the hatchway, pausing on every stair to listen.

Ned, with the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth, went first, but stopped the moment his head was above deck to reconnoitre.

"The captain is sitting by a ventilator, smoking—the watch is pacing the quarterdeck," he whispered to his companion. "You go for the mate—I will take the captain."

"All right," Mr. Hunting responded, then added, cautiously: "Be sure you do not flinch, Heatherton; the least mistake on our part will spoil everything."

"Don't you fear, I've something dearer than life at stake," Ned breathed, but with a suppressed fierceness which betrayed that he was indeed a desperate man.

Fortunately the watch was at the farther end of his beat, his back toward them, as the two men stepped on deck, and covered him with his revolver. Hunting waited where he was, while Ned glided around toward the ventilator, which half concealed the captain from his view.

Then, as he saw the young man raise his right arm and point his weapon in that direction, he called out in a stern, authoritative tone to the watch:

"Halt!"

At that startling word the watch wheeled around to find himself, to his great astonishment, looking straight into the muzzle of the dangerous

## CHINESE TORTURES

### How Savage Celestial Executioners Add to the Agonies of Death

What will add particular horror to a war with China, as it already has added horror to the story of the fate of the envoys and their guards, is the fact that of all nations and tribes and races on the face of the earth to-day the Chinese are the most cruel, the most devoted to fearful torture of those in their power, and the most adept in devising ever new forms of martyrdom for the objects of their hatred.

The mildest punishment that is known to the simple and kindly official Chinese soul is the cage or cage, says the New York Press. Its principle is that of all Chinese punishments—slow torture. A Chinaman would take no artistic pleasure in anything that killed quickly or that reached its culmination of pain quickly.

The Chinese must suffer for a week and a little more each hour, in that way he makes his delight last long and can keep a whole string of wretches to charm him by their slow dying for months at a time. He is atones, his fun would be over too soon.

The cage, then, is formed to keep the agony of the penitent up for months, till madness or death comes. Then he makes believe again, suddenly the sword strikes in wickedly, and one of the victim's eyebrows is sliced off so neatly that it scarcely draws blood.

Now begins wonderful work—work—work and devilish. It may be that the condemned man has been the subject of great imperial mercy. In this case he may have been blessed beyond compare by having his sentence commuted so that he is to be killed in only twenty sittings, whereas hardened offenders might have been sentenced to die only after seventy-five cuts or even more. If the victim is very lucky, the sword will be at him so swiftly that the eye scarcely can follow it. At each stroke the sound of the sword falls on the ear, and the victim's face is cut and ends the sufferings of the wretched man. But the spectacle is not ended. The executioner now has to dismember the corpse, and this he does with passes of the sword, each carefully studied and done according to regularly laid out rules, until there is absolutely nothing left on the body but a few bits of terrible fragments lies at its base.

When ling-chee is to be a long operation, and the victim is to die only after long torture, the executioner cuts slowly that half a day elapses before the condemned man dies. The executioner knows just what to cut without killing, and he goes to work as carefully as a surgeon. Muscles and tendons and flesh are stripped from the body with the razor blade of the sword until only a dreadful framework remains, which still has some life in it, and is a terrible spectacle. The Chinese gaze steadily, without an expression either of pleasure or loathing.

Another ingenious torture that is much used in the country, and the condemned man with his head down in a pit. At the bottom are snakes, toads and all kinds of loathsome reptiles, which writhe within a few inches of the victim's face. Here he is left until the torture of the position, hunger, thirst and reptile bites kill him.

**Love in Michigan.**

Farm hands in the west must be in great demand, judging by the following anecdote which the New York Tribune attributes to a well-known clergyman of Pontiac, Mich.:

"A large woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. After the ceremony was all over the bride explained her position. 'You see, Mr. Sheridan,' she said, 'farm hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country, and they are even harder to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to work around the farm, and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town somewhere else. Last spring I had a first-class hand, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me. I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are. The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say.'

## SOME EARNEST LETTERS

### By Plain, Everyday People who Believe in Doctor Chase's Remedies Because They Have Been Actually Cured by Using Them.

The persons who wrote the following letters did so in order that you might profit by their experience. If you wish further particulars regarding any case here mentioned the writers will gladly answer your inquiries. A test of any of Dr. Chase's Remedies will convince you of their merit.

**ITCHING BODY SORES.**

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., writes: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We tried many remedies recommended, but they had no effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it, and am happy to say that she was completely cured before the first box was used."

**CONSTIPATION.**

Mrs. W. H. Fisher, Preston, Ont., states: "I can recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation. I was troubled for about nine years, and have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for remedies I heard of, but they failed to

even give relief. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, I procured a box, and they have cured me of this long-standing complaint. I don't have to use them any more at all, which goes to show that the cure is complete and permanent."

**WEAKNESS.**

Mr. W. H. La Plante, Bonfield, Ont., writes: "I was once suffering from catarrh, and while using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure I was recommended to use also Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system. I have found it the best preparation for strengthening the body that I ever used. My nerves were exhausted, and I was too weak to do a day's work when I began using it, and now am strong and healthy, and feel real well. I am perfectly sure that anyone who uses Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will believe as I do, that it is the best strengthener and restorative obtainable." In fact, Dr. Chase's Remedies and signature, which are to be found on every box of his genuine remedies. At all dealers, or Edman's, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES  
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