

Red Heart and of the Black Arrow Rolling Wave

CI TER XVIII.

I do not know if I shall be believed, but it is solemn fact that the glint of those murderous eyes behind the pistol barrel brought me positive relief. There had been too much hole-and-corner mystery in my life during the last few days to suit my temperament, and I welcomed the change that gave me an open foe at last, even though he had me at a disadvantage that threatened instant death.

"I do not profess to pit cunning against that of a professional criminal," said I, for his taunt had goaded me, "but if you will me, there will be one left who will prove your match. Your career is as good as ended, and you know it."

He laughed scornfully. "I am most assuredly going to kill you," he said. "That is what you are here for. But as to the second proposition—that your friend Kennard will avenge you by hindering what you are pleased to call my career—pray put any such consideration as that out of your head. You have given me so much trouble that I should not wish you to go out of the world with the satisfaction of thinking that..."

"Don't think it; I am certain of it. Kennard has as good as broken up your combination already," I replied defiantly. I saw vaguely that if I could prolong the wrangle by enticing him to gloat over his prospective victory, I might reduce the enormous odds at present in his favor. My own six-shooter was ready to hand in my pocket, but covered as I was with his, I dared make no movement towards it. My only chance lay in creating a diversion or in seizing some unexpected advantage before he tired of hitting his jaw-tackle run.

He would have been wiser to have shot me as I stood, but his malicious desire that I should die miserably got the better of his prudence. "I can see, my thick-pated sailor, that I shall have to convince you that you are not playing with babies," he hissed. "Know then that it is now forty hours since six inches of cold steel settled Kennard's head once for all. The land-crabs on the beach at Lechorn have made a mess of his identity by now—just as the deep-sea ones will be spoiling your ingenious features ten minutes hence. We do not leave traces, my mates and I. The excellent Dicey here, knows me too well to blab, and as for the Italians—well, they are all wanted for various crimes already, and are too highly paid to talk about a piece of work that would be as bad for them as for me. I did not choose my crew among the slums of Naples on account of their moral rectitude, you will understand. So you see, Forrester, that Zaverlat and I shall soon be busy among the passengers of the Queen of Night with no prying eyes and ears to obstruct us. Shall I take any inquiries from you to Miss Challenor—as to the state of her health?"

The news of Kennard's murder, and the thought that Aline would soon be at the mercy of these diabolical wretches, staggered me for a moment, but seeing that my dear girl's only hope of life lay in my besting him now, I made a mighty effort to control myself and still to fight for delay. All this time Dicey remained flattened out against the wall, leaving a clear line for Vizard's pistol, but he was in an uncomfortable attitude, from which I hoped much.

"I may be powerless to prevent your next crimes," I said, replying to the arch-villain, "but they will be your last. Do you imagine that I have no friends who will make inquiry for me? I shall be traced on board this vessel, which it will be proved was hired or bought by you."

"Don't make any such mistake," retorted Vizard. "The trap was

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

baited by my own people, and I don't suppose that you, with your precious amateur detective sharpness, told any one where you were going. And if you did, it is all one to me, for you are but an escaped lunatic from the Convent of Santa Lucia? Our story that you hid yourself on board the Miranda and afterwards jumped overboard in a frenzy will be so circumstantial that your disappearance will be accounted for in the most natural manner, I can promise you."

It was true enough, and I could have gnashed my teeth with rage at my folly in believing Mayfield's specious lies. With Kennard and myself out of the way, every source of accusation against the "firm" would have been scotched, and their system might be carried on indefinitely—long after the victims of the present voyage had been forgotten. I was about to bid him shoot and do as he pleased, when Dicey blurted out a feeble oath at his constricted position.

"Why don't you plump the lead into him, mister, and give us a rest?" he added. "I'm getting stiff-jointed—spread-eagled against this cursed wall."

"Clear out then, and go on deck!" said Vizard. "It is time the course was attended to, and I want to tease Captain Forrester a little more before I finish him. He must hear how his sweetheart is to fare first."

The subordinate scowled glowered forward to the companion-ladder, to which he ought to have had a perfectly clear path without interfering with his employer's aim. But by some clumsiness he passed to the right instead of to the left of the mast alongside of which Vizard had stationed himself, and thus momentarily came between us. My chance had come. Vizard shouted at him, with a curse, to stand aside, but he was too late. I sprang forward, and clutching Dicey by the back used him as a shield, while with my right hand I drew my pistol. Simultaneously Vizard fired, hoping, I suppose, to hit some part of me that was not hidden by Dicey's body; but in the fluster he miscalculated, and the shot took effect in my human armor-plate. The skipper of the Miranda drooped limply against me, but still holding his fired over his shoulder and pointing in the right arm.

"I'm new in our line," he said, "but I can assure you that I thought it just possible he might have done so; but, on the other hand, it was more than probable he had only taken advantage of my preoccupation to conceal himself somewhere out of range of my pistol with a view to hatching some fresh devilry. He might have slipped down the companion to the cuddy, or into the stokehole, and I had now to be prepared for a sudden attack from any dark corner. I had removed the weapons from his person, it was true, but that was no reason why there should not be more below."

I steered onwards, literally keeping my eyes all round my head. Unfortunately the moon's light had become fitful, being obscured now and again by passing clouds; but it was nearly always bright enough to distinguish moving objects on deck, had there been such. Yet for over an hour I saw nothing and heard nothing to prove Vizard's presence on board. At the end of that time the rattling of the tackle on the davit that carried our only boat told me what was up. By some means Vizard had contrived to lower the boat, and was leaving the steamer, but his wounded arm suggested that he must have help, and I waited anxiously till the boat should appear astern to see if he was accompanied. In a second or two I caught sight of her, bobbing in the Miranda's wake, and the secret of Vizard's escape was solved by the presence of a second person who was pulling the oars. At first I thought this must be Dicey, but remembering the grievous nature of his wound my suspicions turned to the engineer; and were instantly confirmed by my giving a signal to the engine-room which met with no response.

It was clear enough now what had happened. While I was occupied in averting collision with the brigantine, Vizard had bolted into the stokehole hatch, and had enlisted the aid of the engineer in lowering the boat, which they must have reached unseen by me while the moon was under a cloud. On the whole I was rather relieved than otherwise to be quit of the strain of watching for an attack, and when Vizard shouted a derisive farewell from the fast receding boat I returned it with interest. I made no doubt that on the information I should lay he would be speedily traced wherever he might land, and in any case his light seemed to be a confession that his power of evil was broken.

The only thing that troubled me now was the need of some one to look after the engines and furnace. At present, in the open sea, so long as the fire did not want replenishing and a full head of steam was up I was all right, but the time would soon come when I should either have to lash the helm and go and stoke the fire myself, or make one of the sailors do it for me, both of which alternatives had their risks. I rather wondered that Vizard, by raking out the fires before his departure, had not put me to the inconvenience of having to visit the stokehole at once; but I supposed that in his haste to get away even his fiendish ingenuity had overlooked the point.

I did him sore injustice, as I was soon to learn. The head of steam lasted for an hour or so after he had gone, and then I could tell by the slackening speed that the furnace must be cooled if we were not to come to a standstill. The two Italian sailors were still sleeping, and thinking them best left as they were, I ran down to do the business myself. The engine-room hatch was a mere manhole, with an iron ladder running down to the well in which the machinery played, a second ladder leading to the stokehole below. I had nearly reached the bottom of this second descent when I noticed that the stokehole was lit up with other light than what came from the furnace door, and looking for the source I found it in a candle close to the side of the vessel. But that was not the worst. The candle was stuck in a keg of gunpowder, which the flame was just reaching as I looked.

Instinctively I rushed up on deck, for I had seen that the explosion was too near at hand for me to attempt to move the candle, and it was well that I did so. I had scarcely put the length of the ship between me and the engine-hatch, when the powder went off with a mighty roar, the deck-planks over the spot upheaved and flew in the air, and the sound of rushing water told me that the steamer's side was shattered—that she was sinking.

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FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

CARE OF A DAIRY HERD.

No set rules can be laid down for the proper feeding of a dairy herd, but some of the essential points may be mentioned, such as a fair knowledge of the character and constituents of the different feeds, and careful observation and judgment, writes Prof. W. J. Frazer. Much depends upon the price of the different feeds. Individuality of the animal, and length of time from calving. To feed intelligently and obtain the best results, these things must be taken into consideration and each animal fed according to its individual needs. This cannot be learned from books, but comes only from close observation and actual practice.

The feed of dairy cows should at all times be sufficient to supply ample nourishment. The amount will, of course, vary greatly from month to month according to the amount of milk the cows are producing. When a good cow is in the flush of milk and giving from five to six gallons a day, she needs much more nourishment than when giving only a gallon a day or is entirely dry.

INJURIOUS TO SOME COWS.

When a cow is giving a large flow of milk she should not only be given more feed, but it should be in a more concentrated form; that is, the grain portion of the ration should be increased, and as she shrinks in flow near the end of her lactation period, the amount of grain may, with profit, be largely reduced, providing the cow is in good condition.

As a rule, nutriment can be supplied much more cheaply in the form of roughage than in grain, and for this reason we should at all times feed as much roughage as is consistent with good results. Since roughage is the most economical portion of a cow's feed, it is of the utmost importance that it be stored in the best possible condition. Too much stress cannot be laid on having the best quality of these feeds, for if there is an abundance of this class of feed in good condition, cows will consume large quantities of it and produce milk much more economically than if fed a heavy grain ration.

Under ordinary circumstances, at least half, by weight, of the dry matter composing a cow's ration should be roughage; as hay, corn stover, etc., and in some cases it may be more economical to feed all roughage. When half the ration is of this nature, the remainder should consist of concentrates; as grain, oil meal, gluten meal, etc. The proportion between these will depend upon the condition of the cows, the amount of milk they are producing, and the comparative value of feeds. It is of the utmost importance that cows be reasonably well fed at all times and never allowed to become poor. If they shrink in flow of milk sooner than they should, as they will do if not properly fed, it is almost impossible to bring them up again during this period of lactation, and a considerable

LOSS IS THE RESULT.

Shortage of feed occasionally comes toward spring, before time to turn to pasture, and farmers hesitate to purchase more, but this is the poorest kind of economy, for we must at all times give cows a fair ration to obtain the best results. A shortage of feed also frequently occurs during the hot, dry weather of summer, when pastures are short. At this time it is of great importance that the pasture be supplemented with some other green feed.

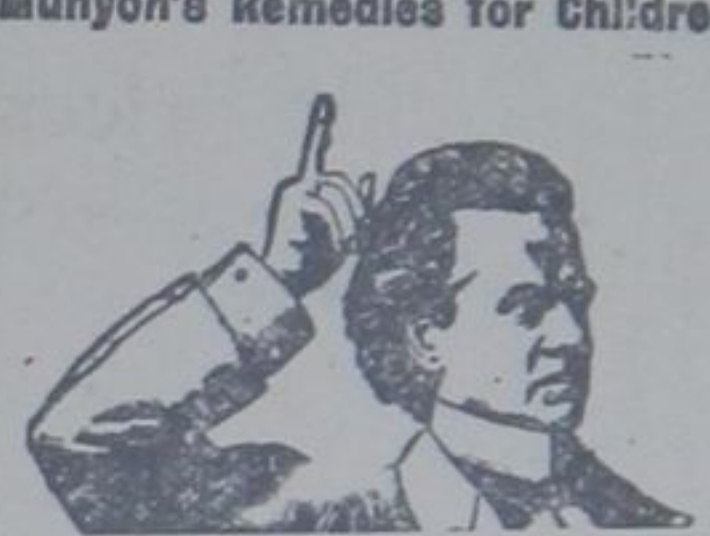
All farmers should raise a small amount of soil crops for this purpose, but if this has not been done, it is much more economical to feed from the general crop of clover, oats or corn, whichever is in the proper condition for feeding, rather than allow the cows to go without sufficient feed and suffer the results of an excessive shrinkage in the flow of milk, which is bound to follow if the cows do not have sufficient feed in the hot weather, when the flies are so troublesome.

CARE OF YOUNG TURKEYS.

After the young are 35 hours old remove all to a good sized coop and place the coop where there is plenty of grass. If the grass is long move it off. For early in the season be sure to have a movable board bottom to the coop and clean this off and sand every day. Dampness and filth mean death. After the weather settles and the ground warms up simply moving it to fresh ground. Lice are the cause of nearly all the ills of turkeydom and kill more young ones than all else combined. Get rid of the lice and the old birds first by dusting them every week, while sitting, with insect powder and place green cedar leaves and branches in the bottom

Children's Ailments.

Munyon's Remedies for Children.



"Train mothers to intelligently look after the health of their families and the well-being of a nation is assured."

It has assuredly been a labor of love for me to study the diseases of children, with a view to their relief and cure. Many grown people will stubbornly cling to the debilitating drugs and nostrums that are a relic of barbarism, but I feel that it is almost a crime to give them children at a risk of physical and mental degeneration. My remedies for children's diseases are effective and prompt, but they are entirely harmless. Every thoughtful mother should have a Munyon Family Medicine Chest, and should never fail to keep it supplied with Munyon's Cold Cure, Cough Cure, Sore Throat Cure, Fever Cure, D. D. & C. Tablets, Croup Cure, Cholera Morbus Cure, Constipation Cure, Worm Cure, Face and Skin Ointment, Munyon's Balm, and Munyon's Plaster. This chest will prove an unfailing silent friend in the hour of need. A few doses of the proper remedy given at the right time will prevent long and dangerous spells of sickness, and save many doctors' fees.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.

Munyon's Medicine Cases, \$2.50, \$5.00 and \$10.00. Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia, and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25c. Personal letters addressed to Prof. Munyon, Philadelphia, U. S. A., containing details of sickness, will be answered promptly and free advice as to treatment will be given.

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BEAT WIFE FOR HONOR.

Called Him a Coward and as a Soldier He Beat Her.

A Prussian officer stationed at Strasburg appeared before the court, at Kolmar, in Saxony, and gave the following evidence in support of his demand to be divorced from his wife: "One night," he said, "I had a quarrel with my wife, in the course of which she exclaimed: 'You are too much of a coward to strike me!' What could I, as a Prussian officer, do when my wife accused me of cowardice? If the wife of another officer had thus insulted me, I could at least have challenged her husband to a duel, but I could not challenge myself, because my own wife insulted me.

LIFE'S FREE HAND-OUT.

Jerry—"Don't you ever borrow trouble?" Jim—"No, indeed; everybody I run up against gives it to me."

The Broken Health of School Life

Close Confinement, over Exertion at Study and Worry over Examinations too great a strain for the Nerves—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

So many school girls and school boys, too, are pale, languid and run down in health, subject to weak spells and nervous headache, and victims of sleeplessness, that we no longer realize the folly of developing the mind at the expense of the body.

It is on the mothers and fathers that falls the responsibility of looking after the health of their children, and to them we suggest the wisdom of having the health of their children kept at the high water mark by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great food cure is so gentle and natural in action as to be admirably suited to the requirements of children. The benefits to be derived from its use are certain and lasting, as it goes to form new red corpuscles in the blood, and create new nerve force.

Mrs. T. Dalzell, 21 Charles street, Kingston, Ont., states:—"My daughter suffered very much with headaches, caused no doubt from over-study and a run down condition of the nervous system. These attacks of headache were very trying on her and I noticed that she was gradually growing weaker and more nervous. About two months ago I got her a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and since she has been

using this preparation we are more than pleased with the improvement which has been made in her health. She looks one hundred per cent. better, her nerves are steadier, she is not bothered with headaches and is gradually increasing in flesh and weight."

Mrs. R. Wareham, 267 Sherbrooke street, Peterboro, Ont., states:—"One of my children has suffered a great deal with nervous headaches, dizziness and sleeplessness, and, in fact, was all run down, pale and languid. These troubles were attributed to over-study and confinement at school. She began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I can say that we have found this treatment exceedingly helpful. It has relieved her of headache, steadied her nerves, and built up her system wonderfully. We can see a great change in her, as the color is returning to her face, and she is gaining in flesh and weight."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt-book author, are on every box of his remedies.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, cleans 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.

Our new wool.
I thought he was going to spring at my head. I aimed my shot at Vizard's head. He glared at me like a wounded tiger, the blood pouring from his wrist, and for one second I thought he was going to spring at my head.