The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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Chapter XX.—Continued.

On the whole this mail booty was not disappointing. Pope kept the newspapers to read; there was no literature in the little ship, and he believed these West Indian journals would interest Miss Crystal. When the bags had been thoroughly sacked, every letter and parcel opened and flung away, Pope read out the figures he had entered and told the men how much more they were worth in solid money since eight bells had been struck.

"Are you satisfied?" he said.

Yes, they were all satisfied.

"Mark now, my hearts," he exclaimed, "that this is only the beginning; this cruise isn't up until I'm worth ten thousand pounds, and you'll all be rich men when that's been brought about. You can fill your cans and drink success; this is a good day's work."

Going aft Capt. Pope met Laura ascending the companion way from her cabin. He stopped at once, with his usual low bow and flourish.

"Have you searched the mails?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, leaning opposite to her against a bulkhead and laughing, and adoring her.

"What did you find?"

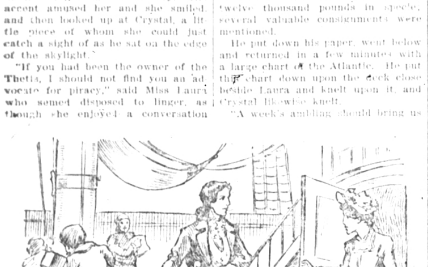
"Certain things proper to enrich us," he replied.

"How can you have the heart to steal, Captain Pope?"

"Because, besides my hand, I may possess an estate to lay at your feet."

This was put in a rather Irish way, and unconsciously there was a touch of the brogue in his delivery. His accent amused her and she smiled, and then looked up at Crystal, a little spot of whom she could just catch a sight of as he sat on the edge of the skylight.

"If you had been the owner of the Thetis, I should not find you an advocate for piracy," said Miss Laura, who stood dressed to linger, as though she enjoyed a conversation



"Certain things proper to enrich us."

with the heroic Irishman, while her cousin smoked his old pipe above.

"I dare not argue with you," said Pope. "Your eyes drive the logic out of my head. Miss Crystal—Miss Laura—Laura," he cried, with a sudden passion which anybody might see he could not control, "you will be my wife?"

The piece of Crystal that was showing in the skylight disappeared; his newspaper fluttered and vanished like a butterfly.

"It is ridiculous!" she answered, with nothing but a faint tremble of voice to mark loss of self-control. "We are strangers—we are scarcely known to each other."

"You could not be better known to me," he exclaimed, approaching her and seizing her hand, which she allowed him to retain, "had we sailed round the world together."

Just as he said this Captain Crystal came down the companion steps.

"Are you coming on deck, Laura?" says he, pausing.

"Why do you object to this young lady being in my company?" said Pope, and he looked at Crystal with dangerous eyes.

"My wish is that my cousin should be left along by you while she's aboard this brig," replied Crystal, in a harsh and savage voice.

Pope, without unfolding his arms, with the same dangerous expression burning in his blue eyes, eyed him critically for a moment or two, as though hesitating to decide whether he was drunk or mad. He then said, speaking with rapid, menacing gesture to the companion hatch:

"Go on deck, sir, and look after the ship!"

"Come you with me," called out Crystal to Laura, and the girl, with a single glance of entreaty and fear at Captain Pope, at once arose and went up the steps after her cousin.

Pope stood for some moments lost in thought leaning with his hand upon the table. "I who murdered," ran his thought, "I who, at the risk of my life, plundered the old woman, not less in his interests than in my own. But—" he continued to muse, then, pondering deeply, he stepped into his cabin.

"I hope you have not asked me to come on deck to quarrel with me," says Laura, fastening her eyes, full of spirit and temper, upon Crystal's rugged, storm-turrowed face.

"I know my duty as your relation," he answered, "and I know what Pope's duty is as a gentleman. I'll do mine, so help me the gods; and he'll have to do his," he answered, stepping so as to oblige her to walk with him.

"But he is doing his duty as a gentleman!" exclaimed the girl, with a mounting color. "He's kind to me, and courteous. It is you who are brutal." He looked sternly at her. "If father and mother were both on board this ship, they would find nothing in the behavior of Captain Pope to object to, however much they might abominate his and your trade."

In a moment Pope returned to the deck. He was smoking a cigar. He went to the wheel and looked at the brig's course. Then with his seaward-by blue eyes he narrowly circled the horizon. Crystal leaned against the bulwark rail, and Laura a little at a loss took up the papers upon the skylight, and seemed to read their addresses. Pope called down the companion hatch, and the man who was preparing the table for that last early meal, which at sea is called supper, brought up a chair which the captain placed against the skylight in the shadow of the trysail.

Miss Laura seated herself. Captain Pope pulled out a penknife, and cut open three or four newspapers, one of which he handed to the young lady, himself retaining another.

"Crystal," sings out Pope on a sudden, "what d'ye say to this?"

The square man came leisurely forward with his newspaper in one hand and his pipe in the other.

"Here surely seems something in the shape of booty," said Pope, with a little excitement. "What's the date of this sheet?" He looked at it and read it aloud. "So! By George, Jonathan, we ought to fall in with her!" and he read out of the body of the paper full particulars of a large West Indiaman of seven hundred tons, which was to sail from Kingston on a day that made it four or five days after that of the issue of the paper he held. She was a far richer ship than the Thetis. She was to carry twelve thousand pounds in specie, several valuable consignments were mentioned.

He put down his paper, went below and returned in a few minutes with a large chart of the Atlantic. He put the chart down upon the deck close beside Laura and knelt upon it, and crystal likewise knelt.

"A week's sailing would bring us

"Certain things proper to enrich us."

abreast," said Pope rising, and Crystal also rose, and the wry chart coiled itself up like a thing of life. "If we can take her, she should suffice."

"There will be another flight," said Laura, folding and unfolding her paper. "How are all? Both of you may lose your lives, and all for a fit the money which will not do either of you good, because it will not be honestly come by."

"When I get my fortune ashore," says Pope, smiling at her, "I will have it blessed, and then the money will be as sweet and chaste as though earned by that sort of sweat which is as holy as prayer."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Slaver.

The dusk glowed out of the east and overwhelmed the west; it was loaded with stars and some clouds hovered over the edge of the sea.

"Crystal," said Pope, speaking as though the unpleasant passage between them that afternoon had clean gone out of his mind, "what d'ye say to heaving the brig to every nightfall for the night? She's not to give us the go-by in the dark, John."

"I wouldn't heave to yet if I was you," answered Crystal, "we han't closed her by leagues."

"We must fall in with her at all costs," says Pope; "for I want to see an end to this jaunt. Miss Crystal, will you permit me to conduct you to the plain supper table of a pirate?"

With some ceremony he clapsed her hand. Crystal walked away to the wheel and took out the binnacle lamp to light his pipe, and replaced it, but contrived in so doing to throw the sheen of the flame over the helmman's face.

"You're one of the Thetis's men, ain't you?" said he.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"How d'ye like this life?" said Crystal.

"Why, I ain't seen enough of it yet to make up my mind," replied the man. "There's a bit of the swag below a-coming to my share, and if the skipper was to knock off now it isn't me as would be the first to sing out."

Crystal sucked a moment or two at his pipe in silence.

"I'm beginning to think," he said, with an affected yawn, "that this life's out and away to risky for a man who values his neck and reputation. And though my friend Captain Pope makes light of the difficulty, cuss me if I can understand how we're going to dispose of the booty, and not get nabbed, every mother's son of us, and strung up."

"I suppose," said the fellow at the helm, "if any of us men want to go clear of this job the cap'n would be willin' to transship us."

"Ay, by sending ye adrift."

"That 'ud be bleeding hard," said the helmsman. "No capt'n's got a right to force a man into being a pirate without his consent."

"Sound some of the men forward, your own shipmates particularly," says Crystal, with a note of carelessness in his voice. "You needn't mention this conversation of ours. Report to me privately. If more than half the ship's company are willing to abandon the cruise, then I may indduce the captain to give it up, and make for safety while our necks are our own."

Saying this he moved away, and stood beside the skylight, and, unperceived, looked down.

He witnessed a love scene, and involuntarily clenched his hands. Pope had murdered a blockader, he had barbarously plundered an aunt, he had killed, robbed and scuttled, and Crystal quite understood that the handsome dog, unless he cheated the law by his own hand, or was collared by disease and walked off, must be hanged. He was enraged and mortified also by Laura's indifference to his views and wishes. She was allowing Pope to make love to her, and Jonathan ground his teeth.

Laura, who clearly listened with interest, often with a light of pleasure in her beautiful face, and sometimes she would flash a look at her worshiper.

Doubtless she knew that her cousin was on deck, but the infrequent glance she would shoot through the skylight sank into the dusk past the face glimering to the skylight.

Crystal took off his hat and wiped his brow. The meteoric dust was very plentiful over the mastheads, and the horizon opened northeast against a gentle play of violet lightning. The square man was thirsty, he was also hungry, and Grindal being too drunk to relieve him his irritability increased because he observed that the couple in the cabin made no signs of coming on deck.

Leaving the skylight he walked slowly forward. The gloom was deep betwixt the rails, and all about the neighborhood of the cabin-door, owing to the inky dye cast into it by the shadowing of the sails and the dusk was spangled with the glowing lamps of Kingston, who finding the temperature of the town decidedly oppressive, had cast themselves upon the deck and lay in groups.

(To Be Continued.)

CITY SWALLOWED BY THE SEA.

Dunwich, Eng., Once Had 50 Churches —One Still Stands in Ruins.

Dunwich, some half dozen miles from Southwold, Eng., was once the capital of East Anglia, a town of great importance, the home of bishops and palaces, visited by kings, and now it is little more than a ruin.

Some idea of its former size is gathered from the fragments of stone walls and broken arches, the remains of a king's court, a bishop's palace, a mayor's mansion and a priory, and a mound, together with a spacious harbor, in which there were ships and many an argosy.

Such was the city of Dunwich, which holds its history in the seventh century as a center of early Christianity, and reached its greatest glory in the fifteenth century, but what a very different scene is the hundred presents today!

The breakers, which rush in from the German ocean, have swept the town nearly all away. Bit by bit the tide has encroached, it has worked its way up into and under the sandy, rocky cliffs, and year by year churches and houses have been claimed by the remorseless deep.

The sea has been encroaching for centuries along the east coast of England, while it has been receding from Canadian shores, the east coast of Finland, where the harbors are now up on the dry land and the remains of piers are miles from the water.

Dunwich now only possesses one whole church and that tottering on the edge of the cliffs, does not look as if it would stand another many more years. The tower is crumbled and cracked and the building itself a ruin.—Queen.

COW HAD STIRRUP-CUP.

And Wise Old Bailie Decided It Need Not Be Paid For.

A Forfar story is related by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to Waverley: "A, an alewife in Forfar, had brewed her peck of malt and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B, a neighbor of A, chanced to come by, and, seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A came to take in her liquor, she found the tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her browst had disappeared. To take revenge on crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B, her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbor and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which crummie had drunk up. B refused payment, and was conveyed before C, the bailie or sitting magistrate.

"He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A whether the cow had sat down to her potation or taken it standing? The plaintiff answered she had not seen the deed committed; but she supposed the cow drank the ale standing on her feet; adding that had she been near she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to the deochan-doris (a stirrup cup), for which no charge could be made without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland."

Esther's Experiment.

Little Esther, aged 4, noticed the other day at dinner the rest of the family helping themselves to mustard though nobody offering her any, she waited till somebody drew away the attention of the others, when she lifted the mustard spoon, liberally daubed a piece of bread with the fiery condiment, and took a substantial bite.

Her hand immediately went up to her mouth; but bravely suppressing an outcry, she put the bread away from her, remarking:

"I think I'll wait till that jelly gets cold."—Chicago Little Chronicle.

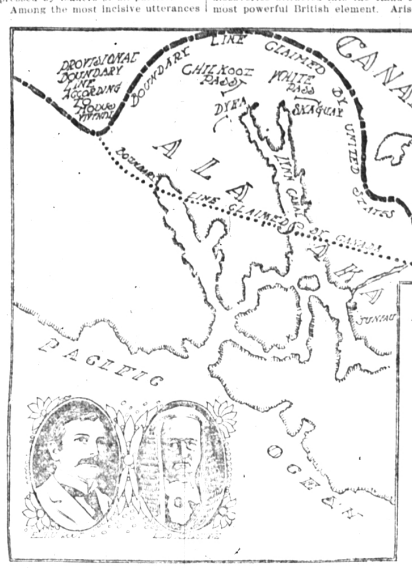
COMPLETE VICTORY FOR UNITED STATES

Claims for Territory in Alaska Conceded by the International Boundary Commission—Canadians Regard Decision with Much Disfavor.

Canada was stirred into a tumult by the official announcement that the Alaskan boundary tribunal had rendered a decision giving a sweeping victory to the United States. The denial to Canada of even a single port for the Klondike gold fields roused the wrath of the entire Dominion, and annexation to the United States was urged by many as a relief from Great Britain's repeated repudiations of Canada's interests.

Dispatches from various points throughout the Dominion indicated that the Alaskan defeat had inspired general rage against the mother country, and this was emphatically expressed by leaders of all parties.

Among the most incisive utterances



WHERE CLAIM LIES.

The heavier dot I shows where boundary line claimed by the United States, while the lighter dotted line that of England. The portraits are those of American and British commissioners who met in the tribunal at London that decided that the American contention was just.

HENRY C. LODGE.

were those of Mr. Foster, member of parliament from Nova Scotia, who said that "all the United States have to do is to make a claim for Canada and they will get it by hook or crook and disbelieve it." The last two generations of Englishmen are despicable and cowardly.

British Columbian officials regarded the decision as another instance where Canadian interests were sacrificed on the Moloch altar of "diplomatic arrangements for the benefit of Great Britain."

J. Israel Tarte, who speaks at all times with the voice of all the French Canadians in the Dominion, declared that if it were true that Canada had been given no port there was a strong likelihood the nation would not accept the decision, no matter what the outcome might be.

LONG HISTORY OF SUCCESS.

How Vast Portions of the Earth Have Become British.

When Austerlitz avenged the loss of a French fleet at Trafalgar and placed the coalition at Napoleon's mercy, Pitt exclaimed, "Oh! my country," and died. On hearing of this supreme sack the great emperor remarked, "Yes; a country of shopkeepers."

England still resents the definition because those descendents hatred but her prosperous history of imperialism talks shop in every chapter.

With Clive's victory in India a corporation of British merchants, guided by sordid selfishness, was granted the administration of Bengal in 1757. All financial engagements entered into with the Mogul emperors were overlooked, and Hastings, as governor general, replenished by extortion the company's exchequer, until his rapacious policy forced Mussulman sovereigns under British control.

The traders themselves were then deprived of their monopoly in favor of the crown. Gold being discovered in Mysore, England annexed that territory and conquered the immense wealth of Nepal, Assam and Arakam. Native mutinies were suppressed.

HE STIRRED UP WALL STREET.

Financier Who Revealed Shady Methods of Promoters.

D. Leroy Dresser whose revelations in regard to the Wall street methods in unloading "water" stock on the pub-

D. LEROY DRESSER.

lic have created a sensation and caused many investors to sell their industrial holdings, was until recently president fused arbitration. War was declared in October, 1899.

The resistance of 20,000 Boers against 200,000 British soldiers "staggered humanity," but after a struggle of two years and a half the gold country was annexed under King Edward's crown, and the initiative of shopkeepers in another conquest is consigned to history.

It would appear, however, as if John Bull for once was to be deprived of his time-honored privilege of controlling any new fields of wealth within his reach. The Alaskan arbitration tribunal has virtually conceded the claim of Uncle Sam that the boundary follows the sea coast, and Canadian papers now tax Lord Alverstone with having made up his mind in advance in favor of the United States.

The contention that the frontier should run in a parallel line jumping from one headland to another and thus awarding the bays and inlets to the Dominion is rejected, and such gateways to the gold fields as Skagway and Dyea and Pyramid Harbor are not to pass out of American control.

When one of the richest auriferous districts in the world revealed itself along the Yukon and transformed the economic conditions of a region which the colonial office in London deemed worthless, when a sudden inroad of population rushed to the Klondike Mr. Chamberlain thought it fit to receive with Washington an old dispute which had been amicably settled in 1825 between Russia and the States. Imperfect explorations based on Vancouver's map of 1795 had prevented the precise demarcation of boundary from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island along Portland canal and the mountain parallel to the coast.

England sought not only a commercial advantage of 3,000,000 acres, of land, but also the strategic gain of a dominion on the Pacific for the new railway and telegraphic lines which are to join Canada into the Western highway of the empire.

The congress at Washington passed a resolution opposing this asserted claim to harbors through which the greater portion of the Alaskan trade must be carried on, and while Russia had admitted as belonging to America after a diplomatic contention of four years referred to as settled when the territory was ceded in 1867. The signatures of an agreement for arbitration came now to an endpoint of juncticite of assertion as if the Alaskan dispute definitively turned to British favor. But ill concealed bitterness has followed recent debates, while pessimism in Canadian circles prevailed.—Antoine M. Bordi in Chicago American.

WHAT AMERICA GAINS BY THE COMMISSION'S FINDING

Recognition by Great Britain of its right to

The land of the Alaskan "panhandle" for ten marine leagues, or about 34½ statute miles from the coast line from the north side of Portland canal, the present southern terminus, to Mount St. Elias, the northern end of the "panhandle," the boundary to follow the configuration of the coast, and not to be drawn from headland to headland.

About 20,000 square miles of territory, a gain of a small fraction of that area.

Continued control of the many important bays and inlets throughout the 600 miles of coast from Mount St. Elias to Portland canal.

Much valuable mineral land, and the fisheries along the coast.

Supremacy in the Northern Pacific ocean.

Would Harness Zambesi Falls.

Sir Charles Metcalfe, chief engineer of the South African Chartered Company, has come to this country for the purpose of seeing how and to what extent Niagara falls have been harnessed. He hopes to apply such information as he may acquire in utilizing the energy of the Zambesi falls, which are nearly three times as high as those of Niagara and several times wider. Sir Charles will also visit a number of mines in the west where electricity is used.

Hayes' Birthplace to Be Raised.

The house at Delaware, O., which was the birthplace of President Rutherford B. Hayes, is to be torn down to make way for the city's Carnegie library. The price paid for the property was $6,850.

Platt Family Disunited.

Senator Platt's sons have not, it is said, been on cordial terms with their father for many months past. They were much opposed to his second marriage and did their utmost to prevent it.

Theatrical Criticism.

William M. K. Olcott told the other day a story of the days when he was district attorney of New York. Mr. Olcott had met a young South Carolina lawyer living in the city to be one of his assistants and by way of celebrating his acceptance asked the young man to dine with him and afterward to see Irving play "Othello." After the play Mr. Olcott asked his guest what he thought of the performance. "It was a fine show," replied the young man appreciatively, "a mighty fine show! But I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em."

Fatality in Camp Sheets.

Bishop Potter was asked the other day what provision he had made for his daughter after his death. "I have written a book, to be published a year after I am gone, called 'What I Know of Spare Rooms,'" he said. "It's based on both experience and observation, for, do you know, it's a fact that five bishops have died since I was consecrated bishop as a result of sleeping in damp sheets while making their visitations."

REVIVAL OF THE STONE AGE.

Much of That Material Now Used in London Buildings.

The "stone age" is fast reviving in London, though in a more welcome form than that of old. There is a growing tendency to spend money more freely on business premises, and consequently architects, generally speaking, are enjoying more scope in designing structures with imposing elevations. To obtain the most handsome effect white stone has become the favorite and wherever monetary considerations will permit this is almost universally stipulated for in specifications.

"If this liberality continues," said a prominent contractor, "London will within a comparatively short period become the finest city in the world, architecturally speaking. At the present time two-thirds of the contracts in our hands specify the use of stone frontages."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Guilty of Rioting.

Evansville, Ind., dispatch: "Doc" Martin, a negro, was found guilty of rioting in July last. The jury was out only ten minutes. The penalty is from two to ten years in the state prison.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now."—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Ballot to Veterans in Home.

Topeka, Kas., dispatch: The Supreme court reversed the case of Cory vs. Spencer from Leavenworth. This gives the 3,000 veterans in the National Military home the right to vote as citizens of Leavenworth county.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

A Model for Mothers.

With unceasing devotion and zeal Queen Wilhelmina's brave and clever mother—who during Wilhelmina's later girlhood was the Queen Regent—did whatever she could to make her daughter's education a truly excellent one. Among the names of those who taught the young queen, Queen Emma's name deserves a fair place. It was the Queen Regent herself who regulated and superintended all the lessons of Wilhelmina, being present at most of them and taking quite as much interest in them as her little daughter.—October St. Nicholas.

Wife's Ingenious Plan.

Years ago Sir Rowland Hill and his son lay dying at the same time. It was of the utmost importance to the son's wife to keep her husband alive beyond his father, just sufficient time to enable him to sign a will. This she did by killing one pigeon after another, keeping his feet incased in the body of the hot steaming bird and as soon as it became chilled changing it for another. The plan was successful and the property was left to the ingenious wife who was so soon a widow after the execution of her plan.

Wonderful Salt Formations.

Some remarkable salt formations are found extending for thirty miles along the Virginia river in Nevada. The salt forms mountains of crystal, and is so pure and clear that fine print can be read through a foot of it. This region was evidently once occupied by a great salt lake, as close by are some wonderful wells, one of which, 75 feet in diameter, contains water so intensely saline that a person bathing there will float like a cork.

SPOILED CHILDREN

Usually Make Sickly Men and Women

The "spoiled child" usually makes a weak, sickly man or woman because such a youngster has its own way about diet and eats and drinks things that are unfitted for any stomach and sickness results.

"I was always a delicate, spoiled child and my parents used to let me drink coffee because I would cry for it," says a Georgia young woman. "When I entered school my nervousness increased and my parents thought it was due to my going to school, so they took me out again. But I did not get any better and my headaches got worse and weakened me so that I was unfit for any duty. Sometimes I would go a whole day without any other nourishment than a cup of coffee.

"Last spring I had a bad attack of the Grippe and when I recovered I found that coffee nauseated me so I could not drink it and even a few swallows would cause a terrible burning in my stomach. It was at this time that a friend who had been much benefited by the use of Postum suggested that I try this food drink. I found it simply delicious and have used it ever since and the results speak for themselves. I have gained 12 pounds and my nerves are as steady as any one's.

"I consider myself well and strong and I make it a point now to take a cup of Postum with a cracker or two as soon as I come home from school in the afternoon. Postum with crackers or a biscuit makes my luncheon. It certainly saved my life for I know coffee would have killed me in time had I continued drinking it.

"I have a young girl friend, a stenographer, who declares nothing strengthens and refreshes her like Postum and she has a little oil stove in her office and makes a cup of Postum at noontime. I have recommended this wonderful beverage to many of my friends who know what it has done for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book "The Road to Wellville."

The "Little Difficulty."

An old merchant of New York city who, as he himself phrases it, has the misfortune to be named Gulteau, was returning to his country house on the Hudson the other evening, when he was approached by a stranger who had observed the name of his hand bag. "Excuse me, sir," began the unknown, curiosity and trepidation blending in his tone, "but are you—are you a—a brother of the gentleman who—er—er—had the little difficulty with President Garfield?"

Unusual Double Anniversary.

Rev. Dr. John T. Heischmann, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Brooklyn, recently celebrated an unusual double anniversary, that date being the twenty-fifth occurrance of his wedding day and of the date upon which he assumed the pastorate of the church.

Head Always Uncovered.

Cicero in his work on old age says that nothing could induce him to cover his head, no matter how inclement the weather was.