The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Crystal only answered: "What do you mean to do with this ship, Pope?"

"Sink her."

Crystal stopped in a sort of start.

"It will be inhuman," says he.

Pope, staring him in the face by the starlight, raised his hand, and let it fall heavily upon his companion's shoulder.

"If they won't give us command of them," says he, "of what use are they?"

"What's to become of the people?"

"She carries a fine long-boat and she carries quarter-boats," answered Pope.

"And my cousin?" exclaimed Crystal.

"Isn't she safe!" cried Pope, with a cordial laugh. "Oh, Johnny, this is a rich ship!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Pope Falls in Love.

Daybreak found Captain Pope and Crystal walking the poop of the West Indiaman. "Crystal," says Pope, "get up the gold out of the mailroom and transfer it to my cabin aboard the brig as quickly as may be done. I shall help myself plentifully to provisions and drink, but shall not meddle with the cargo. It must go to the bottom."

"You mean to send the people adrift?" Crystal said.

"Yes, these are sunny seas, Jonathan; they shall leave us well stocked; and aren't there boats enough?"

"How about Laura, my cousin?" exclaimed Crystal, in a low, thin voice, looking askant at his companion.

"We'll keep her with us. She has a relative in our ship," answered Pope, smiling, "a man that somewhat resembles her father."

"By the Holy Anchor, then, he can be no beauty!" says Crystal, trying to look as if he were tickled; "but I tell ye what, Pope, I don't half like the notion," and now his face took on a great air of sternness, "of this handsome young woman, my cousin——"

"I know she's your cousin," broke in Pope.

"——being cast all alone among a crew of pirates."

"Then ye would send her adrift, Jonathan?" says Pope in a tone of melancholy.

"I would leave this ship to swim, and give the people, including my cousin, a chance for their lives. There's the third mate to take charge."

"No!" roared Pope; "I'm captain here! I found the capital, the expedition is at my expense, I mean to have my way!" he cried, with an oath. "I'm resolved on't. Damnation, Johnny, no more words. I tell you, Crystal, I'm in love with that beautiful woman, and she shall be the wife of an honorable gentleman of fortune."

As he spoke he went down the companionsteps to the cabin, where the passengers were assembled waiting to begin their breakfast. They all seated themselves and Pope took the head of the table. He occupied the chair of the man he had slain, and Crystal sat down in the chair at the foot of the table, the chair of the steward whom Pope had slain. But privateersmen have short memories and pirates none.

"May I ask, sir," exclaimed a sallow bilious passenger, "what you propose to do with us?"

"You will be laughing soon in England over this incident," exclaimed Pope, "and you will never cease to congratulate yourselves upon having helped to retrieve the fortunes of two sea captains of honor and descent."

He held himself erect and expanded his chest. There was a faint look of pleasure in the gaze that Miss Laura fastened upon him.

She rose when she saw Crystal rise, and went to him. "What does he mean to do with us, cousin?" said Laura, detaining the square man by putting her hand, on which sparkled a ring or two, upon his arm.

"He is going to send the passengers and crew away in the boats, and then sink the ship. He means to keep you with us. I don't like his scheme," says Crystal, with a darkening face. "It's inhuman to sink this ship. It's cruel to send these people and children away in the boats under this sun, though I don't doubt they'll be rescued. But——" and he swore so violently that Laura winced and recoiled, opening her eyes in horror at him, "what does he intend by keeping you, a beautiful young girl, the only female aboard a footy old brig flushed to her coamings with the sons of hell?"

"*You'll* protect me," she moaned, catching hold of his arm again and looking wildly into his face with a sudden desperate expression of distress and terror.

It was now about nine o'clock in the morning, and probably by noon the men of the Gypsy would have shifted all they required into the brig's hold.

Pope went up to Miss Crystal as she stood on deck looking about her.

"I hope your mind is easy," says he in a soft voice, "I vow to God you are in no danger."

"But what do you mean to do with me!" she cried.

"Oh, madam, do not ask. Grant me some time. Be sure you are safe in my own and your cousin's hands."

"But I shall be alone among a lot of frightful pirates," she said, looking most entreatingly at him, but not with the least fear. How could any woman be afraid of a man who gazed at her with the expression, the tone, Pope's face and voice took now? He was head over ears in love, and the girl knew it.

"They are frightful, and they are pirates," he exclaimed, smiling. "But no man will hurt you. I am captain of those frightful pirates.

"But what dreadful waste of property, to sink so fine a ship as this," said Laura, pettishly.

"Don't plead, I beg. My mind's resolved," answered Pope.

"And what is to become of the people?"

"They shall be well used," he answered, exhibiting no temper at this questioning.

"My father," said she, "will be shocked when he hears that Cousin Jonathan has turned pirate. And you are nearly always caught. How could you, Captain Pope"—with a look of earnestness and wonder that gave a sort of unconscious archness to her expression—"take to so base and vile a trade?"

"Do not call us two captains pirates. We are gentlemen of fortune. We shall not be hanged. We shall retire upon our profits," says Pope, "and live in ease during the rest of our lives. And must not that trade be a glorious one that brings me acquainted with the first beauty of the world?"

"Oh, Madam, Do Not Ask. Grant Me Some Time."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Passengers Are Sent Adrift.

It was a little later than Crystal came up the poop and spied Pope talking to two of the men beside the forehatch. Crystal came aft to Pope's call with some little show of alacrity. The gaze that Pope fastened upon him as he approached had something singular in it. Jonathan, however, who was an ill reader of the varying expressions of the human countenance, saw nothing unusual in his shipmate's face.

"The sooner we make an end of this the better," says Pope, without any mood or humor of a marked sort in his voice. "But we will behave like gentlemen to the last; and I am always on the side of humanity."

"What's the next job?"

"A blow-out for the passengers, which I will see to," responded Captain Pope. "When the men have had their dinner, get the long-boat and the two quarter-boats equipped and plentifully provisioned. They shall have room and food enough. Not but that the grub will be wasted. They will be picked up before noon to-morrow."

This said he ascended the poop-ladder and joined the passengers, nearly all of whom were now up on deck.

Miss Crystal immediately went to him with a slight bloom on her cheeks. He looked at her for a few moments with impassioned attention, with eyes whose adoration no woman could mistake for any other emotion, and while the poor passengers stood on the other side of the deck watching him and frightening one another in whispers, he in a low note told her the story of Captain Jackman and of that handsome lunatic's love for the beautiful daughter of a fiery-hearted commander in the Royal Navy. He said that this brig had belonged to Captain Jackman and that that man's scheme of piracy had determined him to imitate it. He told her he was a gentleman, the son of a clergyman, a man who had held commands in the Merchant Service of considerable figure. Why should he starve? Why should her cousin Crystal starve?

She followed him with rapt attention. Her beautiful eyes rested upon his face. There was the pleading melody of his country's accent in his tones, and it dwelt upon her ear as though all his talk meant that he was asking her pardon and pity for being what he was.

A hand bell was rung in the cuddy. "Our last meal aboard the poor old Thetis," said Pope, and Crystal echoed the exclamation with a secret curse and a muttered "Why."

After the meal, as soon as Pope made his appearance the men turned to and a brisk and savage company of them went to work to provision the long boat and two quarter-boats. Then it was that one of the passengers standing in the cuddy doorway guessed the intentions of Captain Pope. He muttered in a sick voice, "Good heavens, open boats!" and plucking up some heart stepped up to Crystal, who still sat slowly chewing at the table.

"We are to be sent adrift, then?" says he.

"You are," answered the square man, without looking up.

"The women and children, too?"

"Yes," growled Crystal.

"Adrift," murmured the passengers one to another, "are we to be sent adrift?"

"It will kill my baby," shrieked the mother of the child, rushing at the negress and tearing the infant out of her arms.

The boats were in readiness. The long-boat lay rolling under the gangway; her mast was stepped, as were the masts of the other boats. Their sails were ready for hoisting and the provision had been so stowed in bow and stern as to nicely trim the little craft.

"Mr. Crystal," sung out Pope, putting on the commander, "let the gangway ladder be got over the side. And the prisoners and wounded must be got into the boats before the passengers enter them."

Crystal began to hustle. A cutlass was at his side, and a brace of pistols were in his breast. By this time, the refreshed pirates were all dressed and armed. The chief mate called to some of them, and they went to the forecastle. The door ran thundering back in its grooves to their thrust, and they entered. On the floor, starting to the greasy flicker of a lamp, lay some wounded men on mattresses taken from the hammocks; and standing here and seated there were the rest of the prisoners, some twelve or fifteen men.

"Four of you guard this entrance," says he to his men; "you can leave the door open;" and then to the prisoners, "Up all of you on to your pins and file out."

Any dreams of conflict and recapture which might have inspired the prisoners must have been extinguished by the first glance they obtained of the main deck, where stood, ranked abreast of the gangway, naked cutlass in hand, with Pope beside them, ten pirates armed with loaded pistols.

Pope's cruelty in sending the wounded adrift was atrocious. It cannot be excused. One man was clearly in a hopeless way; any one could have seen that in the color of his face, and in the expression of his eyes. As quickly as it was to be managed, the prisoners, wounded and well, were got into boats; the wounded in one quarter-boat with two or three of the well men, and the others were divided between the long-boat and the second quarter-boat.

(To be continued.)

BULL WRECKED THE AUTO.

Occupants of Horseless Vehicle Laughed too Soon.

With a country road on a hilltop for a rink, an automobile and a big bull engaged in battle near West Kortright recently. The brute walked off with the honors and a section of steering gear instead of a laurel wreath.

Melvin Thomas, of New York, and two friends were riding in an automobile when sighted by the bull, which was being led from a summit pasture by Frenk Webley, a farmer. The machine is painted red, and when the bull espied the vehicle he lifted his head and bellowed with rage. The automobilists laughed and replied with a toot. The farmer gripped the halter, dug his heels into the dirt and prepared for trouble. His efforts to hold the bull, which was pawing the earth, lashing his tail and shaking his horns in a frenzy of rage, were soon over.

The chauffeur, to facilitate the sport, turned on full power. Up the hill tore the auto, and in its wake was the mad bull. The meeting took place at the crest of the hill, when the angry animal struck the automobile heavily beforemost and tossed it into the ditch, completely wrecking it and badly bruising and terrifying its occupants. Mr. Thomas and his friend walked to the nearest village to secure the services of a physician.—New York Times.

BEAR AS A WATCHDOG.

Pennsylvania Bruin is a Terror to Tramps.

A bear as a watchdog is a rare thing, but one is kept on duty at the home of Gottlob Wuest, in Leiperville, near Chester, Penn., and Bruin proves a terror to strange faces that may appear at the gate.

Tramps are numerous thereabouts, but nary a nomad goes beyond the pale of Wuest's yard, for when the bear gets an eye upon him there is a loud growl and a tug at the chain with which the animal is kept within bounds just outside a little frame house which has been built for him.

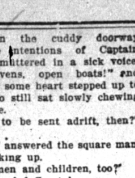
Yet to those familiar to him, Bruin is as tame as a kitten. Burly as he is for a two-year-old, he has figured in many a vaudeville performances, having been trained to do tricks from his infancy by his owner, Albert Green, Wuest's brother-in-law. It is proposed that he shall star in seasons to come, and with this end in view, his master is putting him through a course of sprouts.—Detroit Tribune.

On Sir Edward.

Sir Edward Clarke, the noted English barrister, tells with glee how a young lawyer once scored off him. Late one afternoon a case in which Sir Edward was interested was called, whereupon he asked that it be put off until the following morning, as he had been arguing a case in another court all day and was much exhausted. The request was granted, and the next case called. The young lawyer then asked for postponement of this case also, saying he, too, was exhausted. The court asked what he had been doing. "If it please the court," was the reply, "I have been listening to Sir Edward Clarke."—Omaha Bee.

Woman Lawyer and Doctor.

Dr. Mary Chandler of Lowell, Mass., is said to be the only woman in America who is entitled to practice law and medicine.



A Down-to-Date Girl.

She had read the works of sages
From before the middle ages,
And had studied all the writings
Left from prehistoric times.

She would range from ancient Horace
To the verse of William Morris,
While she pointed out the difference
Twixt the old and modern rhymes.

She discussed the moral hurt in
Those unhappy thoughts of Burton,
And for relaxation reveled in
The sketches of Mark Twain.

And she held that Aristotle
Was addicted to the bottle,
Or he never could have thought the
things
That filled his mighty brain.

Chaucer, Dante and old Gower
She would pore on by the hour
But in spite of all her learning
I would not have her for wife.

For, desiring once to serve her,
This young later-day Minerva,
I took her out to dinner and—
She ate it with a knife.
—Philadelphia North-American.

Reward for Father's Bravery.

Henry Lehfeldt of Milwaukee, was recently made a member of the Associated Veterans of Farragut's fleet, on account of being the eldest son of his father, Otto Lehfeldt, who was quartermaster on the gunboat Octorara, where he performed a most extraordinary feat of gallantry. On the night of Jan. 25, 1865, Otto Lehfeldt was acting as captain of No. 1 gun, when a little rebel torpedo boat crept up to the side of the Octorara and attempted to blow her up. The torpedo boom was hung too low and passed beneath the hull, and while the others of his company ran to the bottom of the boat to get away as far as possible from the expected explosion, Lehfeldt rushed out, caught the smokestack of the torpedo boat and held it firm till his companions could come to his assistance, when the boat and all of the crew were captured.

Won a Race With Death.

Edward Gunn, a one-armed sheep herder employed twenty-five miles from Miles City, Mont., has just won a race with death. While caring for the sheep Gunn was bitten by a rattlesnake. Jumping on his pony, which were neither saddle nor bridle, Gunn started for Miles City. With the horse on a dead run every foot of the way, Gunn reached the city just as the deadly poison was beginning to take hold of him in earnest. As he checked the pony in front of the doctor's office he reeled and fell to the ground. Everything possible was done for him and he will recover. The pony dropped dead after his long run of twenty-five miles.

Duckling Chums With Kittens.

In the kitchen annex at the home of Louis Hawks, in Fishkill Landing, N. Y., the unusual spectacle now is presented of a duckling chumming with three kittens and the mother cat. The duckling was hatched all by itself and was brought in by the kitchen fire.

Soon it found its way to where the kittens were housed. The old cat took kindly to the newcomer and permitted it to squat down right among the kittens and sleep. Now the duckling and the kittens play and romp together, and the mother cat apparently has come to look upon the little feathered creature as one of her own children.

One Man Killed by a Turkey.

The story from Oklahoma of a two-year-old child being killed by a Plymouth Rock rooster reminds the Charlotte Observer of a tragedy in North Carolina, which it relates as follows: "Many years ago a North Carolina judge, or ex-judge—Judge Spencer of Anson—was killed by a turkey. He was a very old man, and was sitting in the yard with a red skull cap on his head. The red attracted the attention of the turkey and angered it, and it flew upon the wearer of the cap and pecked and spurred and beat him to death."—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

Wren Nests in Man's Coat.

While two men were cutting the wood in a coppice near Chandlers Cross, on the borders of Herts and Bucks, England, they erected a temporary shelter, in which one of them left his coat hanging for a few days. When he went to remove it he found a wren's nest cleverly built in one of the pockets. He replaced the coat, and during the last week the bird has laid several eggs in the nest. The woodman has decided to allow her to hatch her eggs undisturbed.

Give Street Lights a Rest.

There is a general laugh at the expense of Upton, Mass., when the street lights disappear during the summer time. During July, August and September no lights are used, just why no one seems to know. The town has given the lights a rest for three months each year since they were bought and presented by the improvement society.

Young Woman a Good Shot.

At a shooting match in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland, a young waitress laughed at one of the competitors, who challenged her to do better if she could. Accepting she thereupon took up a rifle and succeeded in winning a prize.

Born Lucky.

A Biddeford, Me., man found a mussel on the rocks at the mouth of the Saco which contained thirteen little pearls. A few years ago the same man found a large pearl in a cigar for which he was offered $120.

Injured in Nightmare.

Dr. John L. Doggett of Roanoke, Va., was seized with nightmare a few nights ago. His wife caught him and tried to control him. He threw up up both hands, struck the bedstead and broke both arms.

PARIS' NEW SLANG WORD.

Called Into Being by the Death of Pope Leo.

The death of the pope has enriched the argot of Paris with a new word. A policeman is a "camerlengo." The first constable who heard himself addressed by that epithet was indeed nonplussed, quite as much as the gendarme who was called "centurion." But the motto of the Paris police is "When in doubt, arrest your man," and in this case the innovator spent a few hours at the police station before being released. According to one authority, the connection between a policeman and a camerlengo is to be found in the silver hammer used to thrice strike the deceased pope's brow. A policeman is a "cogne," i. e., he who strikes—and this furnishes the connecting link. However that may be, the fact remains that the word is now in common use, and in every street squabble at present some one is sure to shout, "Eh, va dono, camerlingue!"—New York Tribune.

BREAKING IT TO HIM SOFTLY.

Stammering Clerk's Explanation Was a Good One.

In a certain law office in this city there is a clerk who is afflicted with occasional fits of stammering. Recently he was sent to serve some papers on another lawyer. Upon presenting himself before the man he had to see he drew out the papers and tried to make a few explanatory remarks, but for all his gagging and coughing not a word could he utter. The lawyer who was to be served was of an irascible temperament, and he stood the clerk's sputtering as long as he could. "Come, come!" he finally exclaimed, "are you a process server, or 'whet?' "N-n-n-o," gasped the wretched clerk, "I'm-haw-ah—I'm I'm-an-an elo—elocutionist."—New York Press.

In the Morning.

Apropos of the humorous reference to the somnolence of judges made by James M. Beck, formerly assistant attorney general of the United States, at the dinner of the Hardwicke society in London, an English paper recalls that during the protracted sessions of the Parnell commission Justice Day habitually sat with closed eyes. It was commonly supposed that his lordship was sleeping, and the late Sir Frank Lockwood, observing that the learned judge was very much awakened by a little tiff between the president and Sir Charles Russell, exclaimed quite audibly: "This is the dawn of Day!"—Omaha Bee.

Heligoland in Winter.

During the winter there are no visitors at Heligoland, and life is very dull on the island. Nearly all the shops are shut and, if you want to buy anything, you have to ring or knock before you can attract attention. The lodging houses are also closed, and the fishing boats are drawn up on the beach above high water mark. At night the Heligolanders gather in the public halls, the men to drink beer, smoke and play cards, and the women to dance. There are no formalities, as all the islanders have known each other from infancy.—Foreign letter in Four-Track News.

"I Found It So."

McCormick, Ill., Sept. 28.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw of this place has written a letter, which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably with profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says:—

"I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which always come with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory.

"This remedy is within the reach of all. It is all that it is recommended to be. I found it so, and therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it."

Dr. Dunaway of Benton, Ill., uses Dodd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

Considerate Father.

In New South Wales dwells a witty farmer who inherited from his father the patronymic of "Stealing." The surname carries a nasty, light-handed suggestion, and so our farmer has determined to soften it for his progeny. His daughter has just been christened, and the name around the surname by giving her the Christian name of Worth. Worth Stealing; but surely that is clearly an encouragement of kidnaping.

He Knew Chamberlain.

Gen. De Wet was recently asked by an interview what he thought of Mr. Chamberlain. "He ought to grow a beard," said the famous Boer leader. "Why a beard?" was asked. "He shaves too close," replied De Wet with a grunt, and then went on to tell about the impossibility of driving a good political bargain with the colonial secretary.—New York Times.

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There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry.—D. G. Mitchell.

WORN OUT. DRAGGED OUT.

Are Most Women in Summer. —Pe-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency.

Mrs. Tressie Nelson, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn., writes:

"As Peruna has done me a world of good, I feel in duty bound to tell it, in hopes that it may meet the eye of some woman who has suffered as I have.

"For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and for all but two years I had backache or a pain somewhere and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going.

"A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and life looks bright again."—Mrs. Tressie Nelson.

JOSEPHINE MORRIS, 236 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna is a fine medicine to take any time of the year, but I have found it especially helpful to withstand the wear and tear of the hot weather. I have taken it now for two summers and feel that it has kept my system free from malaria, and also kept me from having that worn-out, dragged out look which so many women have.

"I therefore have no hesitancy in saying that I think it is the finest tonic in the world."—Josephine Morris.

Peruna is frequently used as a mitigation of the effects of hot weather. What a bath is to the skin, Peruna is to the mucous membranes. Bathing keeps the skin healthy, Peruna makes the mucous membranes clean and healthy. With the skin and mucous membranes in good working order, hot weather can be withstood with very little suffering.

Frequent bathing with an occasional use of Peruna is sure to mitigate the horrors of hot weather. Many ladies have discovered that the depression of hot weather and the rigors they have been in the habit of attributing to malaria, quickly disappear when they use Peruna. This is why Peruna is so popular with them. Peruna provides clean mucous membranes, and the clean mucous membranes do the rest.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Many Miners Are Idle.

Shamokin, Pa., special: The Cameron and Lake Fidler collieries, owned by the Mineral Railroad and Mining Company, employing 2,500 men and boys, have been closed indefinitely because of the dull coal trade.

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The shield of faith was not meant to protect the conscience.

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Eve—"You'll never forsake me, will you, Adam?"

Ido not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1896.

Adam—"Oh, I don't know! I have other ribs."

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