The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Oh, my heart's delight, you will be my wife!" said Pope, taking her hand, and as she did not withdraw it, together they walked the dark deck with locked fingers.

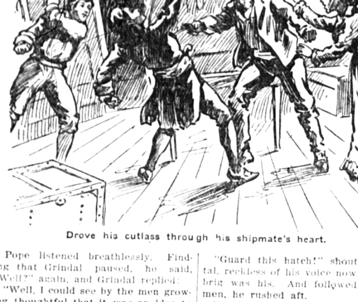
On a sudden it began to rain in very fine drops. The deep shadow of the wet sank into the night, and the sea grew so vague and phantasmal you would not have known whether the brig floated in air or upon water but for the fire that curled in the ripple at the bow, and the soft sob and harsh gurgle under the counter. Captain Pope, calling to Grindal to keep a bright lookout, conducted Miss Crystal below.

Shortly after they had bade each other good night, Pope went on deck to take a last look round, and smoke a piece of cigar, before turning in for a few hours. A fine rain continued to fall. He called Grindal to him, and they stood together under the lee of a quarter-boat, which in some measure sheltered them.

"I don't think," said the boatswain, after a few sentences had passed between the two men, "that I shall find it as hard a job as I reckoned it was going to prove. I mean the carrying out of your scheme. I was a-sounding some of the men this evening."

"Well?"

"Well," continued the boatswain, "it seems to me they're gallus afeared of their necks, one and all, and 'ud be willing to disparse in furren parts, every man with his share. A slavin' voyage, with plenty of money for wages, was to their liking."



Drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

Pope listened breathlessly. Finding that Grindal paused, he said, "Well?" again, and Grindal replied:

"Well, I could see by the men growing thoughtful that it was an idea to 'em; and then, to make 'em look a little more deep into my meaning, I turned to and spun 'em a yarn of a ship's company aboard a pirate. There was a big treasure in the vessel, says I, the plunder of some eight or ten rich craft; and every man's share was 'andsome? What did they do? I says. There went forty to that crew, and twenty of 'em, headed by the bos'un, I says, says I, ups one black night, secures t'others under hatches, seizes the ship by blowing out the brains of the cap'en and his mate, and then, next day, they turns the men adrift in a couple of boats, and makes off, each man by so doing a risin' of his share two or three times more than it was afore."

"Good!" says Pope.

"Of course it was a fired lie from beginning to end," says Grindal, "inwented out of your scheme. But there's nothing like tarning an idea into a story to make yourself understood by men with intellects like theirn."

The fine rain continued to fall. The weather promised a long, black, wet night. Nearly all hands were in the 'tween-decks, under shelter. After holding Grindal in conversation—being posted abreast of the mainmast, so that the man at the helm could not possibly hear what was said—Pope went below. It was about eleven o'clock. The cabin-lamp was dimly burning. He leaned upon the table for a minute or so, lost in reflection. A feeling of uneasiness possessed him. Had he been wise in taking Grindal into his confidence? But the thing had to be done, and there was but one road to it; and after drinking a tumbler of brandy and water, he went to bed.

At midnight Grindal went below and called Crystal, who immediately turned out. It was still black as thunder and raining.

The change of watches had created the usual confusion in the 'tween-decks. Half turned out, and half turned in, and the baby cried dismally, awakened by the noise, but was presently silenced by no unfriendly hand. Crystal hailed the tops, and found them untenanted. The men at eight bells had come down, and the mate did not order others to replace them.

At a quarter before one, it still continuing to rain had, dyeing the night to the complexion of ink, three men came from the neighborhood of the caboose, and passing Crystal, descended with naked feet into the cabin. Crystal walked lightly aft to the wheel, so stepping that the creak of his boot should not penetrate the plank. He exchanged a sentence with the helsman, who proved to be one of the men of the Thetis.

In a few minutes two of the seamen rose through the companion-way, silent as ghosts, bearing the arms-chest between them. They were followed by a third man, who at once closed and secured the companion-door. By the faint sheen in the skylight, Crystal and the three men armed themselves with cutlasses and pistols. These latter weapons were kept loaded, and needed but the priming. Crystal put a second pistol into his breast.

"Send the others aft," says he, in a hoarse, tremulous voice.

The three men went forward, and, like shadows shaping themselves out of the wet-obscure, five more seamen gathered about the arms-chest and swiftly armed themselves. While they were doing this, Crystal softly closed the skylight.

"Now," says he, speaking in a violent whisper, in the manner of one whose hurry means life or death to him. "Two of you spring forward to close the forescuttle. On with the mainhatch-covers!"

They rushed forward; the commands were easy of execution. Two covers sufficed to close down the hold of that little brig. One, to shelter the 'tween-decks from the rain, was already on; the other lay atop of it. In an instant this was fitted in the coamings, the strong iron bar was run through the staples, and the men below were imprisoned as securely as though they had been locked up in Newgate. The forescuttle was even an easier job; the two men had nothing to do but pull the cover over and close and bolt the doors.

"See if there is any but ourselves on deck," shouted Crystal, and three or four of them started on a hunt through the deep shadow.

Just then they heard a loud knocking on the companion door; they could also hear some men dimly shouting under the mainhatch, followed by several blows, dealt, maybe, with a handspike.

"Guard this hatch!" shouted Crystal, reckless of his voice now that the brig was his. And followed by two men, he rushed aft.

The knocking was furious. Drawing his cutlass, Crystal opened one of the doors and Pope's figure showed, firmly outlined against the faint illumination shed by the cabin-lamp.

"What in hell's this?" Pope roared.

He held a pistol and took two steps, thrusting with his shoulder in his fury to break through. With beast-like inhumanity Crystal struck Pope's hand a terrible blow with the flat of his cutlass; the pistol that was cocked, exploded as it leaped down the companion-steps.

"Oh, God!" cried Pope.

"The brig's ours!" Surrender, Pope, or you are a dead man!" thundered Crystal.

In silence Pope turned and sprang into the cabin, and rushed into his berth, followed by Crystal and two men. Swift as Crystal was, Pope was nimbler still; his agility was that of the hare; before Crystal had reached the other's cabin, the gallant Irish villain had seized his sword hanging beside his bunk, had rounded, and was fighting—a figure terrible with rage, pain, hate.

"Is this how you reward me, you bloody villain!" was all he said, and the blades clashed in horrid music to the shrieks of Laura, who was now standing in her cabin door.

"The people are under hatches!—the brig's mine!—surrender!—it must come to it, for we are ten resolved men!" Crystal panted, as Pope, with desperate lunge and lightning-like flourish, drove the buccaneering fiend into the cabin. Here they had space; and now, being able to see each other's face, each fought to kill.

"Back, you coward!" screamed Laura, rushing at one of the men who was in the act of springing upon Pope.

Too late! The fellow clipped the Irishman by the shirt under his long hair. Pope reeled, his sword passed through the air in a wild, idle sweep of glittering blade, and in the next moment Crystal drove his cutlass through his shipmate's heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Last.

Captain Pope lay dead on his back. The shirt upon his heart gaped, and was dark with blood, and blood lay upon the cabin carpet close beside him. With her left arm thrown over his neck, and her black hair mingling with the dead man's, lay Laura Crystal in a swoon. Crystal had turned of a greenish waxen complexion, and his face was terrifying with the grimaces which worked in it.

"I had rather anything than this. He forced it upon me. He should have surrendered," he said, trembling and shuddering, and looking at the body and then at the blade of his cutlass, slightly streaked with the heart-blood of his ship-mate.

He went to the table, and breaking into a stagger as though he had taken a dose of poison, poured out half a glass of pure rum, which he swallowed.

"Pick the lady up, and put her into her cabin," says he, and then: "Pull that body into its cabin out of my sight."

This was done, and the rugged man, always grasping his cutlass, ran on deck, and the others followed him after stopping, each man, a minute, to drink from the rum bottle on the swing-tray.

Crystal went to the mainhatch; here two armed men were on guard.

"Is all quiet below?" said he.

"There's been some hammering. They're quiet now."

"Keep a sharp eye for your lives' sake, and cut down any man who attempts to break out," called Crystal.

Crystal's voice expressed him as filled with horror and deeply agitated. In truth he had never reckoned upon killing Pope. The scheme for his friend was his friend's scheme for him. Pope was to have been sent adrift empty handed with a number of the pirates whose services Crystal did not require. But the scar-blackened buccaneer, unsuspicious of Pope's treachery, had been a little too soon for him with his own desperate design, and Pope lay murdered on his cabin floor, regardless now of booty and of love; and sixteen or seventeen men lay roasting like battened-down slaves in the brig's heart.

Crystal walked right aft to the wheel, and looked into the compass bowl. The quaint old illuminated disk showed a true course for Kingston, Jamaica; this course was not to be changed. He spoke to the man at the helm, and told him that Captain Pope was dead, killed by his hand, by the hand of his friend, and he bemoaned it, and his voice was broken by one or two dry sobs.

"He would have killed you, sir," said the helmsman.

When dawn broke it had ceased to rain for nearly an hour. The wind was gone, but when the melancholy gray rolled smokelike out of the east over the sea, it disclosed a number of broken clouds in the northwest, with the orange brightness of the young morn reflected betwixt the edges of the vapor, and from that quarter they might expect the wind.

It came even as they looked for it. It gushed rejoicing over the edge of the sea, lightly tickling the face of the waters into a universal laughter. There were hands enough aboard the brig to guard the hatchways and to trim sail, and she started merrily afresh with her hold full of half suffocated men, and her captain a corpse in his cabin, for the green and lofty and shining land of Jamaica.

Crystal was now in command, and on him the airs of the commander sat in formidable and savage aspect. He ordered two of the carronades to be loaded with grape and canister; these pieces of artillery were then run to the mainhatch. The half-cover of the hatch was lifted, and instantly when this was done the muzzles of the guns were depressed.

No sooner had the light of day fallen through the opening of the hatch, than half a dozen men came and stood under, looking up. One of the men was Grindal. He caught sight of Crystal, and sung up:

"What have you shut us men down here for?"

His face ran with sweat, and his repulsive countenance was unusually hideous and swollen with the helpless wrath and passions of his wicked soul.

"Don't any of you attempt to break out. You see what you have to expect," says Crystal, slapping the breach of a cannonade, "if you are not as quiet as lambs. You have plenty of provisions down there and water and liquor in abundance."

"What have we done to deserve it?" roared Grindal. "We're good men still. We're willing to fight."

"Your captain's dead and the ship's mine," answered Crystal. "Be you as lambs, or we'll save ourselves some trouble of mercy by firing into you."

Crystal now marched on to the forecastle with two of his men, leaving the mainhatch well guarded and everything ready for a deadly belch of cannon, should the men below prove troublesome. He opened the scuttle and called up Pope's servant, who immediately appeared blinking at the strong light.

"Thomas," exclaimed Crsytal. "I am the commander of this brig, and the bulk of the crew are under hatches. Turn-to now and light the galley fire, and get breakfast for me and the lady and my men. And when you've dressed a meal and served it, turn-to and stitch Captain Pope's body up in a hammock, and mind ye put two round shot in the clews at the feet. But before you stitch him up—I want no sight of him—overhaul his pockets. Now do you understand me?"

The man answered "Yes." He was a sober-headed fellow, and perceived that he was in luck as compared to most of the rest, and went away to the galley on swift legs, to make the best of his good fortune.

"You can come up," shouted Crystal into the scuttle.

Three figures arrived emerging as though they were blind; one was the gunner, the second the carpenter, the third the cook. They began to ask questions; they cursed and they swore and for answer they were thrust forward with a flourish of cutlass and a more evil menace of pistol, and driven by Crystal, his two men, and the man who had guarded the forecastle, down into the 'tween decks.

Crystal's consuming desire was to send the imprisoned men out of the ship. They might break out potent with the wrath of infuriated souls, deadly as though bristling with arms; they were almost double the number of Crystal's men, and every man Crystal guessed was a raging madman in his heart, despoiled, fleeced, most treacherously tricked. If they were to capture the brig how would it fare with Laura?

He ordered the mainhatch to be battened down while his people went to breakfast, one sentry then sufficing.

(To Be Continued.)

A Rude Awakening.

"John," said the bargain hunting half of the Matrimonial Trust as they sat at the breakfast table, "I wish you would let me have $20 this morning."

"My dear," replied the meek and lowly husband, "I wish you would break yourself of the habit you have of dreaming that I married an heiress."

The DAIRY

Glasgow to Sell Milk.

Writing in the Glasgow Evening Times, Councillor Joseph Burgess refers to the probability of a municipal depot being opened for the supply of milk for the infants of Glasgow. He says: "I believe we are on the eve of another new departure in municipalization in Glasgow. I hope it is one that will commend itself to the good sense and hearty support of the citizens. The deaths of infants under one year of age in Glasgow during 1901 was 3,602, which represents a death-rate per 1,000 born of 149. In 1899 the rate was 152, and in 1900 it was 152. The general improvement in the health of the community is not traceable in the bills of infant mortality. Taking averages of five years, the rate for 1886-1890 equalled 143 per 1,000 births; for the five years, 1891-1896, it was 146 per 1,000 births; for the five years, 1895-1900, it was 151 per 1,000 births. The general death-rate of the city, averaging the 10 years from 1881 to 1890, was 24.2 per 1,000. From 1891 to 1900 it was 21.5. Most of this decrease is due to the addition of the suburban districts, but that factor has not affected the infantile mortality favorably. It is higher than it was fifteen years ago. Density of population in the districts and density per room undoubtedly are factors in producing these differences in diarrhœal death-rates. But an important contributory factory is the ignorance of the mothers. Infantile deaths from food diseases are multiplied by the necessity which compels many mothers to leave their children to go to work in factories. This is the cause of the high death-rate in Lancashire."

Referring to Dr. Lister's statistics as to infantile mortality, the writer says: "About three-fourths of these deaths occur in infants artificially fed, and the disease is set up by contamination in the milk supply. This contamination is present not only in cow's milk, but in condensed milk. It is just as easy to contaminate condensed milk after the tins are opened as to contaminate cow's milk. To save infant life, therefore, a perfectly pure and uncontaminated milk supply must be provided. Hence the necessity for a municipal milk depot for the feeding of infants. I submit that there is sufficient evidence in the foregoing figures to justify an experiment being made in Glasgow. It is not intended to interfere with the ordinary milk dealers. In fact, it may be possible to make them, or some of them, the agents of the corporation. The system is to supply milk, sterilized, and mixed with water in the proper proportions for children of varying ages, in hermetically-sealed bottles. Empty bottles are exchanged for full ones. The staff at the depot does all the bottle-washing and milk-mixing. All the nurse has to do is to warm the milk by immersing the bottle in hot water. In this way there is no possibility of contamination, and the infants obtain food suited to their delicate digestive powers.—The Dairy (England).

Danish Butter Not All Danish.

It is quite evident that the reputation made by Danish butter is being traded upon by the other continental nations. Some letters have recently appeared in a daily paper of London to the effect that several European nations are shipping butter to Denmark for the sake of having it shipped out again under the name of Danish. Russia and Sweden in particular are given to this practice. One of the letter writers declares that he watched a Swedish steamer unloading in Copenhagen and among the casks landed were several branded "Danish Butter." The brand was in English. These casks were consigned to a large exporting firm. The inevitable conclusion was that the butter was intended to be consumed in England as Danish butter. The same man saw large consignments of Russian butter being landed at the same time. The British consul general in Poland has been investigating the matter and finds that much Polish and Lithuanian butter is shipped to Denmark, from which country it is sent to England under brands unknown to it in the country of its origin. The English writers declare that the nearly 90,000 tons of so-called Danish butter shipped into England last year could not all have been produced in Denmark.

Dairy Animals in the United States.

We have no reliable statistics or the numbers of the breeds of dairy cattle, but estimates have been made by students of dairying. The numbers registered can be taken as no criterion of the numbers now alive. The following is, however, approximately correct, both sexes being counted: Jerseys, 90,000; Holsteins, 60,000; Guernseys, 11,000; Devons, 10,000; Ayrshires, 6,000; Brown Swiss, 1,200; Polled Durhams, 1,200; Dutch Belted, 500; Red Polled, 5,000. There are about 140,000 pure-bred Shorthorns in the country, many of which are good dairy animals.

Indiana Dairy Convention.

The fourteenth annual convention of the Indiana Dairymen's Association will be held at Plymouth, December 10-12, 1903. A good program is being prepared and includes prominent speakers from Indiana and other states. For further information address H. E. VanNorman, secretary, Lafayette, Ind.

Peas and Beans as Horse Feed

Beans and other leguminous seed resemble the cereal grains in having a low water content. In Europe horse beans are a common feeding stuff for horses. Though such feeds are known to be useful and valuable, they are seldom given to horses in the United States and few, if any, tests have been made with them at the American experiment stations. Muntz found that beans were quite thoroughly digested even when fed in such large quantities as fourteen pounds per day. According to an English authority, this amount would prove harmful, and five pounds of beans per day or a slightly larger quantity of peas is considered all it is desirable to feed.

WORTHY of a higher recommendation than I can find words to express." This is what Mr. J. H. Plangman (of Sherman, Tex.) says of Doan's Kidney Pills. He tells his experience in the following words: He says, "Sometime in September I was taken with a dull aching pain across the small of my back, directly over the kidneys. I paid small attention to this at first, thinking it would pass off. But instead of getting better it became worse and in a short time the pain centered through my left hip and down my left leg as far as the knee." This is precisely what kidney trouble will do with the body.

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So Mr. Plangman's experience bore this out. Continuing, he says: "I did not know the cause of the trouble, but I am led to believe now that it was first brought about by jumping in and out of the wagon and in some way I may have strained my back.

"I was constantly growing worse," he continues, "and I became very much alarmed about my condition. I knew that something had to be done or serious results were sure to follow. I went to a specialist here in Sherman, and underwent a rigid examination."

Then he relates how the doctor told him that it was a serious case, but that he could cure him for fifty dollars. However, necessity knows no law and Mr. Plangman paid half down and took the treatment and followed it faithfully for four weeks.

Naturally, he thought that he would soon be rid of the trouble, but in spite of the doctoring he goes on to add, "I was in such misery that it was almost impossible for me to do my work."

"It was at this juncture that Doan's Kidney Pills came to my notice and I procured some from the drug store of C. E. Craycroft. I used these pills according to directions and to my surprise I was considerably relieved on the second day and in a short time completely cured."

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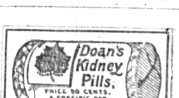

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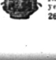

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