The Two Captains

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

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CHAPTER I.

Pope and Crystal.

It was one Tuesday in the city of London, in the early part of the last century, and the large dining-room of the Mitre tavern was full of hungry men sitting in boxes and giving hoarse notes to their waits. The beef-pot foamed at their elbows as they ate with a will. They bore the true aspect of the children of the deep; you would have known them when they hove in sight a mile off by their clothes and cut.

Jenkinson went about nodding to this man and to that, calling deep pitched answers in response to friendly greetings. He stopped at a box at whose table sat one figure only. This was a captain in the merchant service named Pope, a fine, tall man of very noble build. He had a merry eye with something careless and cruel in its glance and light; an Irish eye blue and arch. But to-day the face that overhung his plate, chewing steadily, with Jenkinson staring at him, was a long one.

"Well, Captain," said Jenkinson, "have you got a ship yet?"

"Don't talk of it," cried Captain Pope with passion. "The pavements are full of helpless lifters. They wander starving and forlorn."

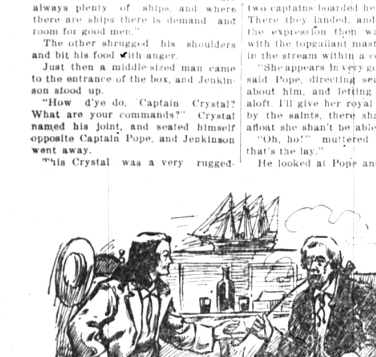
Jenkinson smiled sarcastically.

"Don't tell me," he said. "There are always plenty of ships, and where there are ships there is demand and room for good men."

The other shrugged his shoulders and bit his food with anger.

Just then a middle-sized man came to the entrance of the box, and Jenkinson stood up.

"How d'ye do, Captain Crystal? What are your commands?" The man named his joint, and seated himself opposite Captain Pope, and Jenkinson went away.



"I heard it. Piracy!"

This was a very rugged-looking man of about forty-five years of age. He showed a cutlass scar over his nose, and it fixed the expression of a surly frown upon his face. He was very broad, as powerfully built as Pope, dressed in sailor's worn clothes; but as in Pope, so in this man, there was wicked courage in his looks.

Captain Pope closed his knife and fork and watched the other for some minutes in silence. Then he got up and looked over into the box on either hand, then sat in a little closer opposite Crystal, and said, "This is the advertisement I was telling you about." He read in a low voice as follows:

"Brig Gypsy—This beautiful and admirable clipper ship having been condemned by the Admiralty, has been purchased by a private gentleman, who has laid out a considerable sum of money in completing her equipment. She is now for sale, and may be had at a very great bargain. Parties disposed to purchase her will apply to Mr. Staunton in the Minories."

"It's the strangest matter that ever I heard of," said Captain Pope, speaking with a cautious face. "A man had a father who left him a brig and a trifle in cash. Jackman was his name. He got command, but it was plain the sea didn't satisfy him. He came ashore with a bag of fifteen hundred pounds, and pretended to have been knocked down and robbed. There is no doubt he stole the money. The owners did not seem able to prove anything, and the next traverse this man Jackman set out to work was the painting and equipping of his brig, and the preparing her for sea as a—what d'yer say?"

"I heard it. Piracy!" said Captain Crystal.

"He got men under the pretense that he was bound out on some liberal undertaking—it was a story of treasure, I fancy—and went away down Channel. His game was suspected and he was followed out of one of the reaches by a government cutter. They exchanged shots, and the pirate brought the cutter's mast down. Jackman in the Channel brings his men aft and tells them the truth. He is going for a pirate, he says. The men heard him. In time they came abreast of some caves which Jackman had purchased down on the extreme west coast, and he and his father-in-law and Mrs. Jackman went ashore. When Jackman returned to his ship, the men seized him, swearing they were not going to be hanged for pirates, and they locked this Jackman up in his cabin, and carried the brig to the Thames and handed her over. Jackman sprang through the cabin window and was drowned. He did well. He was a ruined man and a felon."

"The biggest fool," said Captain Crystal, "that ever took charge of men. Only think of shipping a crew on representations of honesty, to tell them, before they were out of sight of Execution Dock, that the brig's colors were the black flag.

"I have a mind to view this brig," said Pope. "We require a permit from the owner, and that is one reason why I am calling on him. Come with me and view the brig, Crystal.

"Right," said the square-shaped seaman; "and if you have the cash for the purchase of her stowed away in some old stocking in an inshore chimney, I'm your man as first mate."

They entered the shop of a nautical instrument maker. Mr. Staunton, the owner of the brig, dwelt over this shop.

"This is your notice, I suppose?" said Captain Pope, pulling out the paper, and putting his hand upon the advertisement. "What's your price?"

"Not a penny less than six hundred pounds," replied the money-lender. "Have you seen her?"

"No," answered Pope, with a gloomy girn, "we're here to ask for leave to look at her."

Mr. Staunton quickly and eagerly began to write, talking meanwhile. His writing was soon ended. "Show this, gentlemen," said he, to my shipkeeper, and I hope you'll lose no time in taking the vessel off my hands."

"Well view her," said Pope, pocketing the paper.

The two sailors went toward London Bridge. A boy was proceeding from London Bridge down the river, and the two captains boarded her for Deptford. There they landed, and took ours, as the expression then was for a brig with the topgallant mast housed, lying in the stream within a convenient pull.

"She appears in very good condition," said Pope, directing searching looks about him, and letting his eyes rest aloft. I'll give her royal stun'sails and the gear and canvas shan't be nothing afloat she shan't be able to overhaul."

"Oh, ho!" muttered Crystal. "So that's the lay."

He looked at Pope and burst into a horse laugh.

"This a pity, though," says he, "that there should be a difficulty of six hundred pounds in the way."

"How am I to get this ship?" said Captain Pope, standing on stretched legs. He spoke in soliloquy. His companion seemed not to heed, merely eyeing him. Pope fell to again after whistling softly for a bit, while he reflected, he said: "I never heard of a ship stolen out of the river Thames in my life."

"There was the Dorothy," said Pope swiftly, "and there was the Arethusa, a small West Indiaman in each case a company of men entered, ragged and pirlioned; the skipkeeper, softly let go the fasts and slipped away on the stream without a hail from shore or water. Both these vessels were lost to their owners; what became of them I don't know."

"It was a midnight job," said Crystal, and then both men went on deck and entered the forecastle, examined the caboose, lifted the main hatch and looked at the guns in the hold; next, sailing their boat, the two captains went ashore.

Pope had asked Crystal to sup with him, and the rugged seaman had consented. It was a dismal street. The Captain seemed struck. He paused grasping Crystal's arm.

"What sort of life can that be?" said he, "that finds a man in this sort of thing? Yet, so help me God," he cried with Irish emphasis, "after using the sea since I was a lad of fifteen, I can do no better than this flat floor at seven shillings a week."

"It's a dirty part of London," said Crystal, "and there's a dirty town and street. "Why didn't you keep near the docks. Five shillings hires me a room and a clean dun-up bedstead just out of the Commercial Road."

Captain Pope pulled the bell of the house. The door was opened after a considerable period of waiting—the lag which Pope continued to curse the sea as the most poverty-stricken of callings—by a dirty little servant who seemed a compound of flue and black-lead. The Captain pushed in.

They refreshed themselves in a dingy little bedroom, adjoining the parlor. There was a handsome sea-chest here, and a sparkling long telescope.

"That's what it's come to," said Pope, pointing to these things. "I, Captain Pope, and as good and careful a mariner as any as sails out of the ports of this kingdom, cannot get a ship."

"There are scores of us," said Crystal, drying his face. "My money sinks and the ships depart, and I return to my dirty little lodging sick with cursing the times I have fallen on."

"And disappointment and poverty don't raise hell and the pirate in your heart, hey?" cried Pope, staring with a wild stormy look into the other's dark face.

"How do you know that it don't?" answered Crystal, picking up a fair brush.

"I'd rob a church. I have no honesty left. I mean to set up as a villain, and you shall help me make a fortune for us both, Crystal."

"You're not thinking of the highway are ye, Pope?"

"Ay, the highway that reflects the canvas of rich keels. But step into the next room." He pulled out a gold watch. "I'll tell you what's in my mind, and we can debate it over a pipe after we've supped."

CHAPTER II.

The Camperdown Public House.

"Well, now, what's your schime?" said Crystal, when they had eaten. "I'll be beforehand with thee thus far; it's piracy or you shall choke me."

Captain Pope's eyes gleamed. "Piracy it is; the most gallant of trades. If I had my way I would not choose a brig. She should be the swiftest schooner that ever sailed out of an American port, peppered to the bends, with buttons of trucks melting to the stars."

He laughed, rubbing his hands in a glowing way.

Crystal said, "High enough. But you are a broken man. How, unless you run away with her, are you to come at a brig or a schooner, swift or slow?"

"If you want to go upstairs," exclaimed Pope, "you take one step at a time. Some take two, and those are the fools. How much money have you got, Crystal?"

So help me as I sit," cried the square, rugged seaman, half starting out of his chair, with his eyes all in a heat at once; "I cannot muster four guineas in this accursed world of toil and want."

Pope drew a few coins out of his pocket and dashed them in a small handful upon the table. Pope, folding his arms, leaned back on the sofa and eyed the money with mingled sorrow and disdain; then after a pause he exclaimed:

"Put that coin up, Crystal, and cease to fret. I can muster eighty pounds at a gold watch, and trifles—here he heaved a deep sigh—"which might be worth thirty pounds more to me. With this capital I mean to go to work."

(To be continued.)

THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

Why Thomas Carlyle Thought It Set Its Possessor Apart.

Mr. Thomas Henderson of Marlow sends the following extract from a letter of Carlyle's, written when he was a bachelor, to a friend of his named David Hope, from whom he had applied in a love affair with a literary lady. It may interest some of our readers just now:

"She was a person of genius, if I mistake not, and much as I admire, not to say idolize, that characteristic in a mistress (a sweetheart, as we call it in Scotland), I am heartily glad before recommending it to any honest man in a wife. These women of genius, sir, are the very devil when you take them on a wrong tack. I know very well that I myself, if ever I marry, which seems possible at best and will have but few of them for my help mate, and I expect a tiring day, my life will be the most turbulent, incongruous thing on earth—a mixture of hurry and wormwood, the sweetest and the bitterest—or, as it were, at one time the clearest sunshiny weather in nature, then whirlwinds and sleet and freezing, and then milk after forty-eight hours old, and are now at work forty-eight days, as fine a lot of pigs as any one need wish for.' We had no fresh cows' milk, so gave what we had. As it was Jersey milk, it was given sparingly, and never once cold or tainted the first week or two. They were fed often and never quite ad they would have eaten. After seven days we gave a little oatmeal mush and wheat bread crumbs with the milk. At two weeks cornmeal mush was gradually substituted until now they will eat quite a lot of it, and are given fresh sour milk. They run in a grassy place in the day; at night an old hotbed containing their sleeping box is their home.

Of course, I do not get up in the night to feed them after they were ten days old. For the cracks that came bn their ears and tails, vaseline and sweet milk were used as ointments, with satisfactory results. We have had several fine calves by hand, and conclude the main thing is to never feed young things cold or tainted milk, and never to give quite all they want. This of course means when they are young. It is so much easier to keep them healthy than to doctor them after the health if they once get "off" in any way. It is, of course, necessary to keep them dry and warm.—Emma Clearwaters.

THE FEAR OF LAUGHTER.

In Our Day the Joke Is Fast Becoming Mightier Than the Pen.

Men will endure nothing else—shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns do not to be made ridiculous. * * * Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His mere contemporaries are henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of his choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman, and with all turn the tide of a political convention. Indeed, the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest in his flock. It furnishes sufficient ridicule, also, to strike from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns do not to be made ridiculous. * * * Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His mere contemporaries are henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm and rob the orator of his choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman, and with all turn the tide of a political convention. Indeed, the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest in his flock. It furnishes sufficient ridicule, also, to strike the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries. What is the meaning of its steady growth in power and what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny? Is there a chance that we have to lie in damp sheets, may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from over-indulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality, not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, may, cultivated appetite in jokes?—Atlantic.

Reed as a Joker.

When William A. Peffer was senator from Kansas he met "Czar" Reed one day and in the course of conversation complained of having a headache. "I don't understand it," said the senator. "I guess I will have to see a doctor." "A doctor for trouble with your head?" returned Mr. Reed. "No, no! You'd better see a wheelwright."—Boston Post.

In the Circus.

Jumbo—"What an absurd retort Miss Hippo gave Mr. Monkey."

Camel—"What was it?"

Jumbo—"After he had talked awhile she said he had too much mouth."

Woman, Lovely Woman.

He—"Don't you think that Miss Gingerly is rather artificial?"

She—"Indeed she is—especially her hair and teeth."

POULTRY

Land for Poultry Culture.

Poultry culture has the advantage over most other kinds of farming operations in that little land is required for extensive operations and that land unsuitable for anything else may be made serviceable for poultry raising. For the production of food for poultry of coarse good land is required, but for their runs any kind of land will do. It is possible to take a sandy waste and use it to advantage in providing runs for poultry. When it comes to the question of allotting land for the support of a large flock of poultry it is rather difficult to get down to a business basis. This is largely because the food of the poultry comes largely from waste products. For instance the food for the supply of bone and meat scraps from the butchers, which will make a considerable part of the feed. The use of this reduces the land requirements for sustaining the flock. Other waste products can be utilized which all works in the same manner. For an average family a quarter of an acre of land for the land requirement for poultry culture is comparatively small even when flocks of considerable size are kept. This is especially true of water fowls, where there is a stream or lake accessible. Leaving out the question of producing eggs for the poultry, one acre will be found sufficient for 200 hens, if they be kept in small flocks. This land may be made to grow a good deal of green stuff, if each yard is divided into two and the fowls permitted for forage on the green stuff in one part, then yard while a new supply is growing in the other.

Overfat Hens.

From Farmers' Review: In speaking of our experience with overfat hens, would say that it is rather disasterous to ourselves as well as the hens. When the fowls and hens begin to lay on fat they get lazy and want to sit around. They either stop laying altogether or else lay small infertile eggs with germs so weak that the chicks die in the shell. If they stop laying, the little eggs inside get hard and overgrown with fat which finally forms a sort of a tumor. They get short of breath and the least excitement makes something give way and they die. If they escape this growth they get congestion of the liver, which very soon kills them. We think the best thing to do with an overfat hen is to cook her, unless she is a hen of extra value. In this case it is best to take her in hand at once, giving her a few doses of epsom salts, feeding her plenty of grit and only enough other food to keep her from starving for a few days. Make her work for what she gets and but of course she must not be made to suffer. One must use judgment about this as well as other matters. We find that fat hens do not eat as much as others.—Jos. Belsley & Son, Peoria County, Illinois.

Raising Pigs by Hand.

From Farmers' Review: The trio of Chester White pigs saved from the unnatural mother (mentioned in a former issue of the Farmers' Review) were given cows milk after forty-eight hours old, and are now at twenty-eight days, as fine a lot of pigs as any one need wish for.' We had no fresh cows' milk, so gave what we had. As it was Jersey milk, it was given sparingly, and never quite cold or tainted the first week or two. They were fed often and never quite ad they would have eaten. After seven days we gave a little oatmeal mush and wheat bread crumbs with the milk. At two weeks cornmeal mush was gradually substituted until now they will eat quite a lot of it, and are given fresh sour milk. They run in a grassy place in the day; at night an old hotbed containing their sleeping box is their home.

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Well-Built Hog Houses.

At the Iowa experiment station are to be seen a number of well-built hog-houses, of which a number of favorable things may be said. In the first place they are situated on considerable elevations and cannot become damp in wet weather. They have substantial floors and the sows and their pigs never have to lie in damp places. One thing that strikes the attention of the visitors is the large glass window in the roof of each house, over which is a cover that may be used on hot days. These windows are very valuable in early spring, as they increase the warmth in the house. They also help very greatly to keep the floor dry. Each house has a large hinged door in the side opposite the door at which the pigs enter. This door is hung longitudinally, and when open there is still a barrier about 30 inches high between the pigs and the outside world. On warm days this door is opened and the air passes freely through the house. It also allows of a man freely entering and cleaning the house whenever necessary. Such houses should prove convenient on any farm. Noticing that the floor and sides of the house met at right angles, Mr. Wilson Rowe, in charge of this department, was asked if it did not result in some of the pigs being overlain by the sow. He replied that such cases were very uncommon, and he saw no need of tent-shaped houses to prevent this catastrophe.

Government inspectors passed upon 59,158,649 live animals last year, at a cost of a little more than one cent each.

Real Estate Exchange

Of Whitehead & Mitchell at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

The following is a partial list of farms, city and village lots and real estate generally which we have for sale. As our list is constantly changing, we request that parties will write us if they do not see what they want in this list:

2.

Farm of 80 acres, well fenced, well watered, never-failing stream; 10 acres timber, 1½ miles from Bloomfield Center and electric railway to Detroit and Pontiac. Terms easy.

3.

Twenty-nine and two-thirds acres of land near Irish church in Royal Oak township. It is an eligible land, four good buildings and fences all in good repair; 40 apple trees, 100 plum trees and quantity of other small fruits. Price for quick sale for $1,000. Price $2,800. Terms easy. The place is just outside of the lighter soil of Royal Oak and Birmingham, one of the few remaining small farm suitable for small fruit of poultry farming. Come and let us show you over the place some day.

4.

**No better farm in the State of Michigan is the well kept farm in the township of Southfield, Oakland county, one mile west of the line of Pontiac R'y and one mile south of the postoffice in Birmingham, one of the best located of 153¾ acres, of which 133 acres are cleared and 20 acres are in timber and a portion of this, a select, old fruit and in good bearing. The soil is a rich clay loam and there are nice good buildings which are valued at $5,000 and upon which there is $2,500 insurance. They consist of good two-story house, with all modern conveniences, including whole house; large barn, shed, hop-house, horse-barn, chicken-house, and a model of a creamery, etc., fine flowing well piped to the creamery and to the barns. The house is quite new and has an excellent stone foundation with basement stables and all conveniences to challenge the admiration of any city residence. During the season of 1900 there were raised upon this farm 2,000 bu. of corn, 1,500 bu. of oats; 150 bushels of corn to the acre. Seven acres of wheat raised a fine crop and during