

The ISLE of the WINDS By S.R. CROCKETT Pictures by G.A. SHIPLEY

and Spurway succeeds in having the real mur-derer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallove, seeks out his wife, finds her in the com-pany of Spurway and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philin charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the catdroving, when Master Spurway bought his winter beast in the "mart," Anna beats Philip in helping to cut them out. Still they are excel-lent friends, even though she beats him at her in the school to which they go to gether. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer-uncle, brings in a new teacher, Dominie Ringrose, a small man with wonderful eyes. Shortly after his coming, the country-side is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umphrey Spurway from hor In his absence a hig packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk. He puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip playing about it, sees shining through the gauze of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the pack-ing case with a small sword. Blood flows; they en the case and find Deminie Ringrose insid apparently dead. Shortly after, the house is at-tacked by robbers, whom Hingrose had meant to let in. They are benten off, but afterwards Phillip's mother refuses to let him spend the holidays at New Milns. Returning from a day's visit to New Milns. Philly falls in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypsy father, who, under pre-tense of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's trenstense or showing him Sir Fiarry Morgan's (reas-ure, makes him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight, and leads Umphray Spurway on his track. By the help of his ellent partner, Provost Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, supercargo of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Sperway of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip the elder, who is in lengue with Saul Mark, takes the portrait and sends young Philip awar. Leaving Spurway imprisoned, Philip Stansfeld, the elder, news our in Spurway's clock to his wife's house, and by threats induces her to go aboard the Corramantee. A na and Philimake friends with Eborra. as shows them where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure is, guarded by Fer-de-lance and his hoots.

(Copyright, 1898, under the name of "Lattle Anna Mark," by S. R. Crockett.) (Copyright, 1869, by S. R. Crockett.) CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

"Yes-yes," he said, the treasure of Morgan. This was his isle long be-fore these men came. They not know, but Eborra know. And he know the guard of the treasure, too. Some day he show him to the white man-when Eborra ready. Then"-he laughed ironically—"the white man will die. The treasure guard will kill him. But you shall see the treasure today, and yet be safe, because you are Eborra's Irlends and there is no hurt in you."

It was a long speech for the African, and he did not often use so many words, but, for all that, I was by no means sure in my mind about following. There was a strangeness about these great forests which daunted me. My very ignorance shut me in and made me helpless. All about were unseen deadly things-poisonous plants, deadly animals, and, dread things that have no name-devilkins of the solitudes, demo of the place, ancient as the stones and ruel-hearted as death itself.

But Anna rose with her quick gesture

of acquiescense and swung her satchel across her shoulders. Then she set her hand jauntily on the hilt of the knife at

'We are not afraid," she said; "we trust you, Eberra!

"No, you are not afraid!" he replied, Anna bent upon the crippied black a look which, bad it been turned upon a white man, would have made me angry. For she knew well enough the power she had over the lad, and, like all women, ras quite willing to exercise it.

Yet instinctively I felt the danger with

a savage like Eborra. Nevertheless, I ld not draw back, nor even declare my

"It is good." said Yellow Jack, and, without another word, led the way down the hill, and parting the green wall of leaves plunged again into the densest of

This time it was by a darker, more terrible way that Eberra led us. We walked no more in the glorious tangle of the forest, that rlot of life and vigor and beauty, but sather through the valley of the shadow of death, about which my mother was so fond of reeding to me in the "Pilgrim" book. And this ducky guide of ours, with his shiny skin and iron hooked arm, made no bad Apoliyon; only

that, instead of withstanding us and hurl-ing darks, he led us on deeper and deeper into the dank and rotting smother. The lianas dropped from the trees and crawled along the marshy ground. The boughs were feathered with long dank drifts of Old Man's Beard. We began to spring from root to root and from log to log, swinging ourselves by hanging vines pools of black water which slept under the deep canopy of the gloom, stirred only by the oily plunge of the dread copperhead snakes, which slid off

the logs at our approach and disappeared noiselessly in the swelter of the green rotting weed and floating vegetable

"Turn back. I will go no further!" But Anna was stanch and I co better than follow. Yellow Jack never hesituted a moment, but sped onward as If he had been walking on a made road. After 20 minutes or half an hour of this work he brought us once more to firmer ground. Before us rose a darksome knoll in the midst of the swamp. It appeared thick as my arm appeared, till all the cir-to ascend on all sides in the shape of an inverted bowl. The lower slopes were to be alive with horrid waving scales. covered with little plants which gave forth an actid smell when trodden on, and we and whistled a quick, figging tune. At moved knee deep in a lively growth of the first sound of it the great potson poison oak. All the ground appeared to snakes opened their jaws so wide that the rustle underfoot with a dry noise, almost like the chirr of crickets, but much faint-clear of the thin, retracted lip. As the er-a metallic sound, or the echo of a time quickened, every serpent gathered sound which somehow carried a thrill of liself into a coil, with its head in the

Eborra, "and do not speak!

Round the mound a vast group of black places towered to the skies. They had their heads all bent together, like chiefs their holes, without taking any further at a consultation. They appeared to be notice of us or of the snake charmer,

On the crest of the bowl, so soon as our

in an inn-house his son Philip macts paramour. Janet Mark They quarrel-Sir James goes home, taking slong his grandout son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it on an ice flow in the fort to fasting the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfatther's chief tenant, Umphray Spurway, and Spurway microscale in the direction of the pitch crater. "Fer-de-lance!" he said. "As the light-ning strikes, he strikes! Fer-de-lance guard Morgan's treasure!" And at the name of the most dreaded snake in the world, of which every child on the island had terrible stories to tell, I resolved within me that it would not be said to applicate the control of the pitch crater.

"Fer de-lance!" he said. "As the light-ning strikes, he strikes! Fer-de-lance guard Morgan's treasure!" And at the name of the most dreaded snake in the world, of which every child on the island had terrible stories to tell, I resolved within me that it would not be crater. enchanter would presently issue forth, or the twisted face of a demon look at us with sudden grimace over the crumbling

Yet as we came nearer it seemed to m that no earthly hands had laid the courses and fitted the joints of that titanic ma-sonry. For on the side by which we approached, the tower rose smooth and black, save where in little irregular cracks like those in half-dried mud poisonous reepers had obtained a hold for their tendrils. A rumbling sound came from with-in which shook our midriffs like an

As we went still nearer, Eborra kept up a curious hiseing hum, which rose and fell like the wind whietling through the chink of an ill-fitting shutter. I was also conscious of a curious sense of uneasiness. as if I were walking over the waves of a half-congesied sea. The ground crept under my feet, heaving and contracting it-self like a worm, and at the thought a feeling akin to nausea came over me. My knees shook underneath me till I thought I should fail, and, but for the greater horror of falling into the midst f that hissing, they must indeed have given way.

Yet Anna Mark's fingers were steady in mine, though a little cold, and she fol lowed Yellow Jack with confidence and decision. Considering my own state of mind, I could not think of this courage in a girl without great marveling. The black tower now arose abruptly in front of us, and our guide turned a little to the right and began to edge round the base toward the opposite side. I laid my hand upon it. It was hot to the touch. Here rude steps were revealed, cut in the rock, and up these Eborra began to scramble, reaching his hand down to Anna and sticking his hook into the crevices in the heat ed rock.

"Do not fear," he said; "in a moment we

Anna helped me up till I could set my chin over the verge of the black tower. The wall of it was broad enough for me to lie flat upon and look within. Nor was it so uncomfortably warm as lower down. Anna held me by the arm, r vious, not for herself, but lest I should venture too near. She need not have troubled, though the action comforted me. This is what we saw. A huge black guit

or pot-hole, with straight sides, cracked and creeper-grown, sank for 30 or 40 fest sheer down. The floor of this curious natural tower or volcanic crater was arched like the bulge which comes in the middle of a pot just before the water boils. Eborra pointed downward with his hook "The place of Morgan's treasure," he

said grimly: "It is wa ting there for the brave man who will come to take it."

The black well of the tower was diversithem large enough to thrust a man's arm into. We saw no steam or fire, but the whole smelt sulphurous, and a moist heat like that which rises from wet sands under a burning sun wavered visibly about

I knew not what he meant, I could neither see anything resembling treature, not yet the dread guardian of whom he spoke. But Yellow Jack lay with his fac-over the edge, smiling gently and watch ing the bottom of the black pot-hole, "Look!" he cried suddenly, pointing with

And then for the first time I observe that the bubble-like black floor beneath us was not wholly stationary. It appeared to be solid. I would have walked upon i without fear, but yet the whole scenned to e turning over slowly and almost imper eptibly. Indeed, the only way in which he motion of the mass could be noted was by watching the positions of the sticks and stumps of trees which stood out from the surface.

The object at which Phorra desired to to look was a square-shaped box or cube of wood. For nothing could be discovered of its internal condition, because of the black coating of pitch which covered it, and hung down from its tilted edge like "Morgan's treasure!" affirmed

guide, confidently; "also many more! Obt turns them in the hollow of his hand!" I was still more mystified than before, and did not even ask a question. The black cube was slowly lifted upward. turning invisibly all the time, so that angle which had been averse from us at first next pointed to the zenith, and afterward inclined toward us, before finally sinking out of sight beneath the surface, At last Yellow Jack deigned to ex-

does not sink, but turns and turns for ever-now above, now below. Morgan's men throw it in before Captain Stansfield took the island from them. He never found it. But Eborra's mother knew. Eborra knows. Now you know."

"But," said I, "If the treasure be down there, why do you not get it out? Sooner or later some one will stumble upon this place and rob you of the treasure. You should hide it in a safer place."

"There is none," said our guide, confidently. "You will believe when I show you the guardians of the treasure. Do not move. Only look!"

The half-caste leaned far over into the nterior of the tower. He hummed the strange minor tune in a louder tone. Nothing that I could see happened. Then suddenly he whistled shrilly, and even as we looked we saw the circular ledges sud denly wake into hideous life. From each of the black pigeon holes protruded a flat and ugly head. Then the ruddy coils of a snake seven or eight feet long and as

Yellow Jack leaned still farther over. center, and began to dance up and down "Walk carefully in my footsteps," said in time to the music. There must have been several hundreds of them beneath us, down in the black gullet of the crater. The lad stopped and resumed the hum-ming poise he had been making all the as if soothed, began to creep back to their holes, without taking any further

took hands over that unholy creeping

eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we I mound, Eborn terked his hook back over

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Jolly Boat, Yellow Jack had indeed more than kept his promise. He had shown us the thir crust of kindly treatment on which we were depending. Why Captain Stansfield had not gone with his ship I could not then understand. I understood afterward that as the wretched white slaves were disposed of in His Majesty's plantations and the transaction must be one of con-siderable publicity, it was not prudent for Captain Stansfield to appear. For, since his escape, descriptions of him had been sent across to the Colonial governments, and all Scottish ships were closely acru-tinized for the condemned murderer. Also in Virginia and the Carolinas there was

no Provost Gregory Partan to blink the eyes of the authorities. But at that time I put down my father's being secretly on the island to some fell design upon my mother. I resolved, therefore, immediately to devise means of escape from the Isle of the Winds, and to take my chance upon the mainland, whenever we could reach it. I thought that the distance could not be very great, at least to some of the civilized and larger islands. But I had no more exact idea of the geography than a vague remem-brance of a map in the Moll's atlas which had belonged to my grandfather. However, I resolved first to question

our guide, and so, after resting a few days, I asked him again to accompany Anna and myself into the woods, on pretext of gathering the ripe plums of a tall and beautiful tree which grew there. "Eborra," I said, as soon as we were without the village, and safe from the prying ears of the liberty men, "must we always stay here? Is there no way o escape among Christian people?" He smiled his wistful smile.

"Already you are tired of poor Obeah man? Christian you like better. Are not these Christian?" He pointed with bitter irony to the buccaneer village beneath us. Eborra," I said; tired of you.'

And Anna chimed in, "Nay, truly! You are the only friend we have on this accursed island!" And our quick speech pleased him no

On this occasion we kept to the right, skirting the high woods and walking first nlong the shore and then among the easier herbage on the margin of the bay. I had noticed that the saliors of the Cor-ramantee never by any chance wandered in this direction, but always took their walks southward along the opposite curve of the crescent. We were now heading toward its northern horn.

I asked Yellow Jack the reason why the sailors avoided this place. He pointed to a low alders which grew along the Kirkcon-nel water at home, which overhung the

And he indicated a huge snake which lay along a branch, with its head sway ing a little over and toward us. lance strike at faces of those who pas beneath-strike like a whiplash-so-an then come back to him place!"

"Let us go further out," I said, think ing of Anna, "where there is clean, ye low sand to walk on. Why run the risk of dying in a swamp by serpent's poison?"
"He will never touch Eborra, nor yet
Eborra's friends," said the lad. And though it thrilled me with fear to see him he went up close and passed his hand caressingly up and down the snake's back, humming at the same time his low. back humming at the same time his low, continuous song. Anna and I shuddered to look at him, but Eborra was perfectly calm, and the huge fer-de-lance arched his ruddy back like a petted cat by the fire-side, moving his head quickly to and fro before our guide's face.

"He Obeah, I Obeah," said Yellow Jack,

and, with a farewell caress, he came with us once more through the scrubby undergrowth. We were soon forcing our tang'e toward the northern horn. Here at ome former time the whole face of the cliff had fallen down in a vast tumbled confusion thousands of huge blocks being piled indiscriminately over each other, and these, seen from the sea, were full of black holes, overgrown with tasseled creepers and prickly pear—the haunt, so the sallor-men said, of wild animals and deadly snakes.

Into this tangle Yellow Jack led us by a path which had obviously been trod-den more than once before, as confidently as a man will walk up to his own from

"Do not fear." he said. "I will show you how to escape from these Christians." So, greatly heartened by his promise we followed, Anna as usual leading the way, and the guide putting the creepers aside from before the girl's face by holding them in the hook at the end of his right arm till she had passed. I had to attend to myself.

The huge down-throw of rock, heaped above in fantastic masses, was a very rabbit warren below, through whose tun nels Eborra threaded his way-gliding un der this rock and clambering over the next. We followed down a long, gloomy passage, and over a miniature mountain pass. Then, ducking low again till we emerged safely in the lovellest little sheltered bay, a very harbor in miniature, completely sheltered from all sight of the sea and defended on the land side from

he buccaneer's village.

Anna clapped her hands at the sight, and cried out with pleasure at the love-ly sand and shells on the shore. The shells were not broken to pieces, as on the beach in front of the village, the force of the waves, but every tiny, turret-like form perfect to its last whori. Some were marked like statrcases, steps of alternate yellow and red. Anna bent and sathered handfuls and finally lapfuls of these, murmuring all the while with a kind of tenderness: "Ah, that I had you home with me at the Miln house, how happy I should be!

And this was all sole complaint I heard her make all the time she was on the In one corner of this fairy paradise, and sheltered from the wash of any seas by the great jutting nose of the North Horn, a ship's jolly boat rode at anchor close to a little natural pier, as taut and rim as if the Indiaman's crew had just

thing definite to do. The jollyboat must be provisioned. Will Bowman must be enlisted, a watch kept upon the beach for I ran to her and found that she was both well-kept and well-found, having oars commodiously packed with a pro-tecting awning, a short-socketed spar for such readily conveyable articles as would be useful to us in our adventure, and,

holsting a sail, and all the necessary conveniences for making a voyage of some length. A chain of stout links of iron connected her stem with the anchor at the bottom of the little harbor.

"We must set sail at once, before the ship comes back!" I cried eagerly. "Where did you get the boat, and why have you not essaged long ago?"

The same long ago?"

most difficult of all, my mother humored and kept in ignorance till the last moment. It was too late for the ships to pass the intricate and dangerous passage of the reefs before the morning. But I do not think that in the buccaneer village there were many shut eyes that night. A continual hum of voices came to our ears. not escaped long ago?"

For the marvel of possessing such a treasure, and yet remaining in a position the acrid smell of tobacco, or the red glow of slavery, troubled me.

But Yellow Jack held up his handless from a lop-sided pipe bowl told where the liberty men were discussing the chance arm, and said reproachfully, without answering my first question, "This is the reason, sir; also whom would Eborra trust, except his weak old mother? And of a new capture. Anna and I stole near a group of them that we might listen to their talk. That also might prove useful, or so we told each other. For with the whither would he go when there-there -and there (pointing south, north and throwing overboard of one convention many others go.

cast) are slaves, slaves—only slaves?"

Then he guided us to a small hut built of driftwood and thatched with broad pal-But we were bound to escape, and must not stand upon a scruple. We had resolved to suspend the commandment we had learned, "Thou shalt not steal." And so the unwritten addition, "Thou shalt metto leaves, which stood unseen in a charming recess of the rocks. not envesdrop," could be of no more bind-ing interpretation for us.

"Eborra's house!" he explained, with a proud and satisfied look. And here, upon blocks of wood rudely shaped as "Tell ye what," said one man, whom ols, we sat and ate bananas and strange I recognized by his accent as Rodney Pax, fruits which our guide had brought with a red-bearded burly man, and a great favorite on account of his good humor; "if yonder boat's a three-master, I'm glad him, while almost at our feet the wavelets hissed crisply along the beach of bright shells and golden sand. I was not aboard o' the Corromantee when The half-caste stood silent before us a long time before he spoke. she was took. Fightin' I am with you in but waikin' the plank blindfold! "You Eborra's friends," he said. "You not like the others. Suppose Eborra show what gots me, Jim! I can hear them scream as they hit the water!"

It was Jim Pembury who replied, a lean, snaky, gipsy-like fellow with a nose broyou how to escape, you never sell him into slavery. Never let cruel white man whip his mother—because she is a witch!" ken in combat. I could not tell him that still in my

"For me," he said, between quick puffs of his pipe, "I see no two ways. Either own country poor old women like his mother were condemned for witchcraft die old in the ditch or run your chance and that, not so long ago, one had been burned with all circumstance of civil and of dying young on the scaffold. I do not hold with this cant of mercy. If we are ecclesiastical pomp upon the borough moor of Abercairn itself. Brethren of the Coast, brethren let us be. I don't hold with bringing white women On the contrary, Anna promised that if here with a palace for them to live in, we were delivered and restored to our and that boy and girl running peering own country, he should be rewarded and everywhere. No good comes o' that, as I cared for, and his mother also. He turned see!

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.



ALFRED BEIT, AFRICAN BILLIONALRE,

n her a look of dog-like gratitude, and, taking the girl's hand, he set it on his cargo's daughter! That's why!" said an-head. "Eborra your slave!" he said grate-other out of the darkness.

derstood, sentences, he told us, that if return to our native land. But he warned us that the voyage would prove a long and dangerous one. Moreover, the jollyboat would go so slow that if the Corromantee chanced to return about the time of our escape we should be instantly cap-

and, according to my fashion, I began in stantly to build upon it. In five minutes had us all back in imagination at New Milns, my Uncle John dethroned, the prince come to his own. And the prin-

But Yellow Jack broke in remorseles ly upon the beauty of my vision. light or tomorrow at latest the Corro mantee will return. We must wait till they lay her ashere to careen her. must find casks for water and bring them hither; we must take dried tongues, smoked beef—" "How can we get these?" interrunted

Anna, "unless we steal? We cannot buy Yellow Jack looked at her in astonish

"It is no sin to steal from the thief," he "They cut off Eborra's hand. Eborra take his boat to help him to get back his flesh and bones. Will he ever get that back?" He held up the stump of as he did so, and neither of us made any further objection, so easily is morality sometimes satisfied. I asked Eberra how he knew that the

ship would return speedily. "My mother told me she saw it sailing hither. It fought and took a ship. Many people killed. Two ships come with much plunder tonight-tomorrow perhaps!"
I said to myself that if this proved to

be true his mother would be a witch indeed, and in my own country might be even greater danger than in any pirate isle. I thought of Mr. John Bell We went back, not by the way we had

come, but through the silent woods-Eborra, like the guardian demon of the place, humming his curious song, and the deadly snakes waving their heads at us from the boughs. Bright-colored birds flashed across us. Strange flowers gleamed amid the dull green of the foliage. Far off we could hear a sound like a bell struck in some church tower, a solemn note, reverberant and sonorous—then silence yet more complete, and again, after a space the solemn toll, as if in the deeps of the the dead.

Then out of the intenser slience from

the forest edges, where the high woods

stood up like a black rampart wall, there would come a sudden terrible scream, or laughter equally hideous—some bird seized by a serpent, or perchance only a howling monkey playing bo-peep with his kind. An hour afterward, as we entered the village with our hastily seized bunches of grapes and satchels of wild plums, we attracted no attention; something absorbing in interest had happened. The whole population stood at gaze, and even my mother was on the balcony of her house, looking out to sea as eagerly as any. Two and the other with two masts. They were heading directly for the island. And I knew not whether Yellow Jack's mother was a witch, or whether our guide owed

his prevision to some superior trick of eyesight. CHAPTER XXXIII. Jim Makes a sistake. But at any rate we had now some

"One's captain's son-t'other's super-"P'raps they'll make it up and start a

new crew," chuckled another,
"First we know," continued Jim Pem we did endeaver to escape, we must go northward, that a chain of islands connected us with the larger settlements of Perto Rico and Jamaica, where we would find governments, and ships in which to "Stow that, Jim," said Rodney Pax,

quickly; "no good ever comes o' takin' them words in vain!" "Rodney's turning soft, I guess, like captain and old Sau!!" said Jim Pembury.
"Dare you say as much to either o' them

you've named, Jim?" retorted Rodney. "Tony Drake an' me 'ill come along and bring home the pieces in a fo'c'sle sack, you do!"

"If you think I'm afeard o' either tain or any gipsy tinker that breathes, you're mistaken," said Pembury. "Im as good as they is, and better. I didn't kill my father when he was asleep!"

Something passed us quickly, a tall fig-ure, dark against the sky, as Anna and cowered lower behind the hedge of prickly pear.
"Stand up, Jim Pembury," I heard the

voice of Captain Stansfield, very clear and yet not loud. "You never killed your father, did you not? Well, you have a chance to kill a better man now. Stand up and fight for your life! I might have you tied up and shot like a dog for the words you have spoken. If I gave the order. Is there a man would say me nay! But I give you a chance, which is more than he deserves. Has he his knife, men? Get over the hedge, the rest of you! I will fight him in the dark who slanders in the dark. Are you ready, Jim Pembury? Step out!"

But the man did not reply. Already he had dropped to the ground, and from where we crouched we could see him creeping around the shelter of the hedge with intent to strike the first blow. It was a terrible moment. We were on the same side of the hedge, and he was crawling so closely that he could scarcely avoid touching either of us. Yet the prickly pear hedge was full of keen spines, and it was impossible either to overleap it or to push through. So, though I suffered intense pain from the pricking, I pressed my back against the fleshy leaves and drew Anna down upon my knees, just as Jim Pembury came creeping softly round. He was so close in that I thought he could not possibly escape seeing us. But he had eyes only for my father, who had never moved since he had spoken. I could see him still, black against the sky, making a blank among the stars.

Every moment I expected to feel the knife, and I wondered if it could hurt much more than the needles which were piercing my back and side. But, just as Pembury crouched for the rush, I fait something strike my foot. The crouching man stumbled and fell forward upon the stones and shingle, with an oath and a ring of iron as his knife went clattering out of his hands. The dark figure of Captain Stansfield vanished too quickly for our eyes to see what happened next. We also heard the sound of two heavy blows stricken in quick succession, a dull groan like that of a pole-axed ox, and then be-tween us and the sky we saw the dark. tall figure of the captain. He was wiping a knife delicately, even as I had seen him do once before in the Blue Room at New Milns.

Then a hand fell on the collar of my shirt, and I was lifted to my feet, Anna still in my arms.
"What is this?" said my father's voice. "More traitorous knaves? What! my son Philip night-lurking here among the

mered, without thinking what I had said.
"Aha, Son Philip! then I owe you that which I shall not forget! But now escort this young lady to your mother's house, and go you to bed. This is neither time nor place for either of you to be

So Anna and I walked back to my mother's house, and found her sitting at her stocking with an open Rible before She knitted steadily, and as if her

looked at the book, I do not think she | folk singing among the corn stooks on the

"You are too late out, Philip, and Anna!" she said, as if we had been playing about the Yett house at hi-spy or marbles. "It is altogether unseemly!" So for once in their lives my father and my mother were agreed upon a question of morals.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Corramantee's Prize. Our friend Yellow Jack always said that Captain Stansfield was not by any means the worst of white men; and unqualified praise seemed to be the sense of all we could gather from the other slaves upon the island. Indeed, my father's own poy." a fat rascal named Jacob, was looked upon by all as a very fortunate person, and was constantly in demand at every negro dance and Obeah festival on count of his supposed influence with his master.

Strangely, of late I also had begun to doubt the evidence of my senses, and to wonder if, indeed, what I had seen and heard in the blue room of New Mins could have been real. But now, and for some time afterwards, I had soon other things upon my mind that speculation as to the particular tinge of red upon my father's hands. At the best their purity was by no means virgin, In the morning the ships were in the

bay. They proved to be the Corraman-tee and another tall vessel of three masts, full-rigged and capable of containing twice the number of men which manned the hermaphrodite schooner. But, though there were blanks in the muster-roll, and the second mate would never more bid man wash his socks on board any earthly ship, there were no new faces; and it was obvious that the task of bringing the ships into port had been a difficult one. But now the liberty men awarmed on board, and in a trice the boats were going merrily to and fro between the ships and the beach, conveying provisions and plun der of all sorts. Saul Mark stood at the landing-place and examined every boatload, to all appearance occupied in sep arnting what was kept for future disposal from those articles which were to be divided immediately. All provisions and munitions of war were

sent to a common store. But, on the other hand, the men were allowed to keep small articles of private loot, such as watches and jewelry. (Where were the poor souls who had worn these?) Severa poor souls who had worn these?) Several wounded buccaneers sat about the shore talking in low iones to their women, and saying a word occasionally to their companions as they went jovially by. Yet all was done in so matter-of-fact and cheer-ful a way that I could not bring myself to believe that red slaughter had been done on the high seas, or that these men, who so cheerfully would give a neighbor a helping shoulder beneath his burden or cast sportive arms about the waists of two giggling yellow girls, could be the bloody pirates and murderers the dead Pembury had represented them to be.
As usual, Captain Stansfield stood apart. neither associating with officers no

with men, but watching with keen eyes that every one did his duty. The task of discharging the captured occupied a full week of wondrously hot weather. The men worked stripped most of them to their trousers, while others went about with nothing more upon them than a breechclout. The sea was smooth as a mill pond (Ah! that could have seen Umphray Spurway's!) all the time, and the boats went regularly out, and came as regularly in. I desired greatly to visit the captured ship, and I think that I might have succeeded in hid-ing in some of the boats, for the men were cheerful and good-humored beyond their wont, partly with the rum that had been freely served and partly with the prospect of the large dividend which each expected at the close of the discharge. But, just as the boat in which I was hidden started, Anna Mark came running down to the shore crying, "Take me, too! For she had been delayed at some task for my mother, which liked her little, be-cause it kept her within doors.

As soon as her father heard Anna call, se bade the men cease from rowing. "Who is that in the bow of the boat?

And, when they told him, "Send the lad ashore!" he cried; "the ship is no place for him." Whereupon I told him that I had not

to believe me, and made me disembark. Then came my father by, and I saluted him, as I saw others do, making bold to ask him if I could not go out with one of the boats to the ship. He shook his head, and passed on without speaking. Yet Captain Stansfield had not gone far

before he turned and said: "You can go to my quarters and get my telescope You may visit the ship through that, to get the glass at once.

Now, I had never been in the hous where my father abode, and I would not at this time have been able to make my way within had not lazy Jacob beer out lounging upon the wall beneathkeeping all the while his eyes upon his be found busily engaged at his own proper

The great brass perspective glass was not in the little room, where the debris of my father's breakfast was not cleared away from the table by that good-for-nothing Jacob. The walls were hung around with swords, pistels, muskets and other material of war but nothing of the nature of a spyglass could 1 discern.

Accordingly I pushed my way into my father's sleeping-room. The bed was narrow and plain as a cabin bunk, the room wholly without ornament, save that, to my great surprise, I found the picture of my mother which Umphray Spurway had had painted. It hung on the wall at the foot of my father's couch in such a position that it must have been the first object upon which his eyes lighted when he awoke. This I could not understand. But the matter presented no difficulties

"He must love her in spite of all, said, with a true woman's belief in the eternity of love.

And from this she could not be driven,

say what I would to shake her.
"He tried to kill her," I reminded be
"For all you know," she retorted, may have aimed at some one cise and shot his wife by accident." "He was cruel to my mother, and left

her for another," I said next.

"Well, he may be sorry now," she said. "His heart may have turned." "His heart turned!" said I, mockingly, 'after what we heard and saw last night! "I'm Pembury tried to kill him," said Anna quickly.

"Why, Anna," I cried, "what makes you defend him? I cannot understand

"There is no great reason should," she responded, acridiy, "Get the telescope and come out." At last I found the perspective glas in a cupboard, where were many old suits of clothes, and cutlasses, both naked and bung up in their sheaths. I took it under my arm and came out. My father still stood on the beach all alone and

looked out to sea. Anna and I found a commodious place of refuge on the cliff edge, and, after examining the crevices of the rock for green scorpions and red ants, we us down and took turn and turn about at watching the ships, with great de-light. As the tide began to run inward the prize swung to her nuchor, and I hoped at last to make out her name and destination. But in this I was disappointed, for the lettering had been carefully effaced, and I was not sallor enough to guess from her rigging and equipment anything even of her nationality. The men of the Corramantee were now taking out of her such large articles as spare spars, colls of rope, and bales of salicioth. The former they pitched overboard, to be drawn ashore; the latter they lowered into boats, all working with

braes of Moreham. All that day Anna and I watched the work on shipboard, and marveled at the

celerity with which everything was cleared away. A little before dusk I took back the telescope and gave it into the hands of Jacob, who was now running about preparing his master's dinner with bramense bustle and show of alacrity. (To Be Continued.)

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