

The Isle of the Winds
By S. R. CROCKETT
Pictures by G. A. SHIPLEY

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Sir James Stanfield, of New Mills, in company with his excellent young Philip, meets in an inhospitable inn at the foot of the mountain...

Providence. I will say the blessing myself! And with that she bowed her head and bowed...

Then the dark shapes swept past as swiftly as if we had been standing still. All was whirling vapor about them, and they looked more like a pair of gigantic black balloons...

"Hear ye, great Vodoo!" he cried; "hear ye, spirit of power! We are thy priests, thy papist! Let the spirits of the dead return to their place!"

"They are not the mist or spray from the falling of the waterpout!" murmured Will Bowman, speaking as if in assurance himself...

"Steer," he said imperiously, as if he had been the master of us all; "keep her head to the north!"

stantly knew him for a popish monk. He was beyond the stature of ordinary men, bareheaded, and wrapped from head to foot in a long black robe...

Then Eborra stood up and said something in a language sweet and melancholy of sound, which I guessed to be Spanish. And at this the man slowly lifted his hands and pointed to a low bank...

I was astonished when I took hold of her. The old woman seemed hardly heavier than a bird trusted for the table. When she had set her down, she looked around, and lo! there was my mother on her knees before the priest or monk...

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colloquy. When this was finished, the monk turned to us and said something in Spanish, which I did not understand...

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from the Isle of Winds to underlie the monks who had the monks of the monastery of San Juan de Brozas.

CHAPTER XXXIX. The Grand Inquisitor. "His excellency the grand inquisitor!" announced the tall priest who had hitherto conducted us...

"You have come!" he spoke a curious, halting English—"from the sea—with three women who have come from the north, you are welcome to San Juan de Brozas!"

"I am not the abbot, I am grand inquisitor. From Potos I have come with 200 heretics in one galloon, that is to say, in the plantations for the good of their souls! Then, if they do not repent, we will take other measures!"

"But, most reverend, you speak English!" I suggested. "I have been long time in your country, spreading the holy religion! First with James the King, and afterward in Dutch persecution and peril under the Dutch heretic William! But, alas! I have much forgot. I speak him not well!"

"Nevertheless, in spite of his modest demeanor, he smiled like a boy who has 'trapped' his way to the top of his class. 'Sit down, gentlemen!' he added, immediately in an altered tone. 'The abbot comes this way!'"

He smiled, seemingly well enough pleased. "I have been long time in your country, spreading the holy religion! First with James the King, and afterward in Dutch persecution and peril under the Dutch heretic William! But, alas! I have much forgot. I speak him not well!"



THE MONK CAST ONE CONTEMPTUOUS GLANCE, AND ONE ONLY, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CHAIN GANG.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

Now I lay watching the stars and listening to the rushing of our boat through the water. By moving slightly I could let Anna rest more easily on my shoulder...

The sun shone on a pallid company as he set his fiery forehead above the ocean. Only my mother was at all like herself. She awoke later than the rest of us, having slept soundly through the night...

"I am hungry," she answered, speaking more than ever like a child. "I am hungry," she answered, speaking more than ever like a child. "I am hungry," she answered, speaking more than ever like a child...

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between the sentinel tufts of "Spanish bayonet." And now there wafted across the sea the sound of a pleasant thing—the ringing of bells far away in the palm-trees of the wood...

Each one of us expected to see a settlement within as we glided through the opening; but when we rounded the last point none appeared. The bay was girt by the unbroken wall of the tropic forest...

As we entered this place and saw the free wind-blown Carib sea shut behind us, a greater fear fell upon our company than had possessed us when we were being towed we knew not whither by the devil-fish.

Presently we became the center of a throng of quaint dresses, whose wearers pushed and strove and elbowed about us. But our guide went with the soundest of thwacks. Whereupon they fell hastily back, one treading on the toes of another.

"Enter there!" he said; "a boat has passed that way not long ago, and I have seen that way our unaccompanied eyes. Certainly it was no low promising. It was merely a low, broad ditch, choked with green vegetation. Gray mudbanks sloped down to the water's edge, and there was a smell of rotting leaves everywhere about."

"I looked at him as he bidden, and there, sure enough, at the end of a trodden path, which ended in a little landing place between tufts of the plant known as 'Spanish bayonet,' stood a man as tall of stature and gray of beard as though he were, too, had grown up along with the cypress trees and had acquired some of the gray moss which clings like mist about their branches."

At that moment, from the cable of the church (a beehive-like prominence of which formed the bellry) a bell began to ring, and we heard the low chant, the words of which seemed to begin with "Ora pro nobis!" and I recalled that meant "Pray for us!"

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holiness," said Eborra, kneeling with admirable suppleness. The grand inquisitor extended a couple of fingers in a perfunctory manner, curved them a little as if he were going to scratch the head of a Persian cat, but continued to keep his eyes fixed steadfastly upon us.

"I was very angry with Eborra for thus, as it were, deserting us in the face of the abbot, the half-caste as if he could have slain him. The abbot of San Juan and the inquisitor conferred together the tall, dark monk, apparently persuading his little, plump friend to something against his will."

"I had better look out for squalls," whispered Will Bowman. "I do not trust that the inquisitor has any more to say for me. I wonder what they are whispering together about?"

"Most reverend," I began. "We have escaped from a pirate island. My mother and her companion have undergone many hardships. I pray you try permit me to go on with you. The health of my mother has long been weak."

"The grand inquisitor turned toward me, smiling indulgently. 'Do not fear,' he answered. 'Your mother will be cared for by the good sisters. I doubt not you will find her much improved when you see her again. It is not customary for the good sisters to mix with each other in the religious houses of St. John of Brozas and of our Gracious Lady the Holy Mary!'"

"I answered that I had no doubt of it. And that when before me and provided for us, they would prove pillows of down after the hard seats of the jollyboat and the dangers of the pirate life. It was good, I continued, to find one's self once again in the arms of the abbot."

"He struck a bell, and immediately, as if they had been waiting for the signal, half a dozen lay brothers entered. We could see a score or so of the tall negro overseers collected under the shaded porch. The abbot spoke rapidly to the lay brothers, nodding his head the while, and the grand inquisitor continued to smile subtly upon us."

"I followed him out into the courtyard, the soft brush-brush-shuffle of his sandals worn by one who does not lift his feet. The door opened and a man entered, at the first sight of whose face my heart smote within me."

"I heard the whisper of Eborra in my ear. 'If you wish to live and save those whom you have sworn to protect, you are of his religion! What matters it? Swear!'"

"From the Isle of Winds they come!" said the grand inquisitor, translating into Spanish for the benefit of the abbot. And at the word I saw him turn up his eyes and cross himself.

"I was christened of the Church of England," said Will Bowman, blithely, after his fashion, and though I lay English to little enough religion of any kind, it is the religion I shall live and die in."

"What is that? I never heard of it!" the speech of the grand inquisitor was more solemn than ever. Almost I might say he pursued a grand turn of English. "I am a Presbyterian," I replied, a trifle nettled. "That is the religion of my country."