

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

Bir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's dark mass pursued us.

"It is a waterspout! God help us!" James goes home, taking along his grandson, groaned Will Bowman, pulling the bood further over my mother's head, that she Bir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in com-That night he is murdered by his dissolute con and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it on an loe fice, in the effort to fasten the crime on other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Spur-way, and Spurway succeeds in having the real er brought to justice. He is sentenced transported. Mysteriously, Philip Stansfield es-capes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as keys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Master Spurway bought his winter heasts in the mart, ip's lawyer-uncle, brings in a new teacher, Dominie Ringrose, a small man, with wonder-ful eyes. Shorriy after his coming the country-side is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Bustness calls Umphray Spurway from home. In his absence a big spacking 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 gause of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman. nts three, then states the pucking case with a small sword. Blood flows. They open the case, and find Dominie Ringrose inside, ap-parently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterwards Philip's mother refuses to let him spend the track. By the help of his silent partner, Provost Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, supercargo of the ship Corramantee, Imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip, the elder, who is in league with Saul

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Anna and Philip make friends with Eborra. He shows them the secrets of the Island, and where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure is, guarded by Fer-de-lance, and his hosts. Eborra has scented

a boat, in which he plans to escape with Anna,

CHAPTER XXXVII .- (Continued.) Now I lay watching the stars and listen fng to the rushing of our boat through the water. By moving slightly I could let Anna rest more easily on my shoulder, and at the same time watch the great fish darting tirelessly along underneath us. The jolly-boat did not always advance at the same speed or even in the same direction. And it may have been imagination or reality, but true it is-that whenever Eborra's mother, crouched prone in the stem like an infernal figurehead carved in densest ebony, thrust out a hand to right or left, I saw the great devil-fish swerve from its course, like a horse that answers the bridle.

And at this a shiver ran through all my bones, and even Anna, lying warm and soft against my shoulder, could hardly bring back the heat to my heart.

So all through the night we swept or and on The water about us swayed and slept as if it had been a child's cradle hooded by a vault of stars. We were no more the center of a whole school of the demon-fish The rest had long ago stayed their course or turned aside. But this one, devil-possessed or compelled by some dour resolution of its own nature rushed onward tirelessly. Now it slackened a little, and anon started forward again with a sudden tightening jerk, which brought the heart into the mouth, as with a plunging surge the bows of the jolly-boat were pulled well-nigh underneath the water.

I might have thought that Will Bow man also slept, had it not been for the occasional dip of his steering oar, which, however, for the most part he let trail behind him, useless as a duck's broker

"It is nigh to the hour of the zomble" said Eborra, behind me, speaking in a whisper, with his lipe close to my car. "And what are the zombis?" I asker alter my position for fear of disturbing

answered, solemnly. "They come when my mother calls them. It is they who have entered into the devil-fish; soon they will depart. You shall see!"

So in a kind of quivering awe, which may have been partly the effect of the chill of the night and partly the wind caused by our rapid transit, I waited. The speed of our boat seemed to grow greater. I could see the two smooth, wing-like jets of water from our bows stand up six inches at least above the planking. We had assuredly all gone to the bottom had our jolly-boat been of the ordinary sort. But she was exceedingly broad in the beam, and shed the waves freely to either side of her, like a bluff-bowed sea-coal bark from Newcastle plunging round the Nore with the wind stiff at her tail.

I knew not what I expected to see, but at all events I was ready for any spectral manifestation. Yet the zombis delayed, A strange, unnatural light, changing from pale green to livid red, rose out of the sea ahead of us. We heard a roaring be like a mighty wind among the trees of the forest, whereat Anna awoke with a start of fear and looked up in my face, crying, "What is it, Philip? What

"Look! Look!" answered Eborra, point ing behind us, as it were, over Will Bow man's shoulder. The stars, twinkling many-colored through the dewy tropic were blotted out by a dark-peaker shape that advanced rapidly ing a black cloud upward to the

senith. An uneasy wind awoke and blew | Providence. I will e'en say the blessing furious, sudden-ceasing gusts, this way | myself!"

might not see.

"Do not fear," answered Eborra; "It is also Obeah!"

Even as he spoke the dark mass appeared suddenly to divide and pass to either hand of us. Then, for the first time, I perceived that as it went the sea ridged upward in its path, and then sank again like a whipped dog. The old witch woman capes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for sure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from the learns that in some ways girls are tormented water.

The twin dark shapes swept past as opurway bought his winter heasts in the mart,
Anna beat Philip in helpans to cut them out.
Still, they are excellent friends, even though
she heats him at her studies in the school to
which they go together. John Stansfield, Philto's lawrenged believed. swiftly as if we had been standing still hour glasses, spinning like a boy's top about to fall. And as they had divided behind us, so the waterspouts (if indeed such they were, and not demons of the deep raised as the witch of Endor raised Samuel out of the abyss), began to ap-

his face all shining with the ruddy light out of the north, he, too, held up his arms.

I could see the iron hook sharp and black against the bright sky.

"Hear us, great Voodoo!" he cried; "hear us, spirit of power! We are thy priests, thy papilo!! Let the spirits of the

dead return to their place!"
Then suddenly, with a flare that blinded us, the levin bolt leaped from cloud to nondays at New Milns. Returning from a day's visit to New Milns. Philip falls in with Saul Mark. Anna's gypey father, who, under pretense of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's treasure makes him a prisoner. Anna finds on the color of the steam of the click. his plight, and leads Umphray Spurway on his ished. Batlike they were, and yet strangely human in suggestion. We watched them open-mouthed.

"They are but the mist or spray from the falling of the waterspout!" murmured Will Bowman, speaking as if to reassure himself. For so the Englishman had taught him to regard ghostly things. But takes the portraft and sends young Pailip away. Leaving Spurway imprisoned, Philip Stansfield the elder goes out in Spur-way's cloak to his wife's house, and by threat induces her to go aboard the Corramantee.

even I knew better.
"We thank thee, Voodoo! Great and worthy shall thy sacrifice be!" cried Eborra, still standing up, erect as a spear stuck in the ground, though the boat was

now heaving over the guddenly raised waves of the milky sea. Then Eborra turned to Will Bowman. "Steer," he said imperiously, as if he had been the master of us all; "keep her

Philip, Mrs. Stansfield and his mother; also Will Bowman, who is in the pirates clutches. The pirates sall away with two or three ships, head to the north!" I looked over the side. The boat was no more rushing along with the double a new difficulty arises-it is Mrs. Stansfield's foar to trust herself in the boat. At last she is persuaded. The boat starts, encounters other pirates, but is towed asfe away by a monster devision. The boat reaches Puerto jet of spray whimpering from her bows She lay heaving idly on the creaming sea of curd, and trembling a little all over, Rico in safety, and its inmates approach a

like a horse which has run a race

"The spirits have departed upward, and the beast has gone to his own place!" unswered Eborra. I looked again at the witch woman, She had bent over the verge and was now pulling in, hand over hand, the anchor chain she had let down in the morning,

when we were pursued by the pirates As she hauled in the dripping slack she aughed—a laugh hard and metallic as the attling of the links as they fell from her hand into the bottom of the boat.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Chain Gang. When the true morning broke we saw efore us the end of the sea adventure Directly in front the blue and purple nountain ranges of a continent or great sland rose out of the ocean. To eas and west the shore line extended, edged with an endless line of surf, save only where some cavern bit a hole in the white sea roller, and sent forth in token of victory a noise like the lowest notes

of a trumpet. The sun shone on a pallid company as he set his flery 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. She sat up, blushing like a girl to find herself in the presence of so many, and as by instinct her hands went upward to her hair. I think she conceived that its braids might have been disordered by the hood of the cloak in which it had been

ly; "are we nearly home?" I know not whether she had a vistor Great Marlow and the pleasant woods of Cliveden over against it, or whether she thought of our little whitewashed house at the quay corner of Abercorn. Most likely, however, she was only dazed with deep and uncertain what she said, speak-

ing at random with being so suddenly eside him, where she could feel the soft

fanning breath of the trade wind. "We are near land," he answered; "the peril of the night is quite passed away!" "What peril?" she asked with surprise. For, indeed, she knew none. "The devil-fish is gone," he said quietly,

'you are quite safe."
"I am hungry," she answered, speaking more than ever like a child. And I think her words reminded all of us that it was many hours since we had

ouched sustenance of any kind. Then it was that Eborra became the servitor he had been aforetime—quick, silent and serviceable. He was here and there with dried meat (which he shaved with his knife), rye bread, and the milk of the cocoanut served in half of its one before he would consent to bite a

crust himself. As for the witch-wife, she law in seeming trance in the bows of the boat, her head on a small coll of rope, and the end of the chain, all chafed and polshed, still clasped in her hand,

Suddenly my mother paused, with a bit of bread half-way to her lips. "We have not said a blessing!" she "and after what we have gone

But being taken at a short and with a great chunk of bucan (or dried West India meat) between my jaws, I could think on nothing except the beginning of the Lord's prayer, and that I knew well pli would not serve me. So I only choked and as was stient. At the same time Will Bowman had great trouble with his steering oar, turning him about and looking over

the stern of the boat. "Think shame of you all," my mother cried, shaking one slender forefinger at "you are not thankful to a merciful anything resembling this man, yet

And with that she bowed her head and did so. incovered him of his broad-brimmed palmetto hat, and we (that is, Will and I) awkwardly enough followed his example. awkwardly enough followed his example.

Then, with a reproving stare around at us all, my mother went on with her few of my advantages, having been breakfast, only complaining a little of the taste of the water, which, as I have said, had been put fresh from the spring upon the Isle of the Winds into the two foreign liquor casks we had stolen from the beach.

Then after this made etreiched out over her head, which made me very unreasonably angry, for I might have remembered that my mother had have remembered that my mother had been put fresh from the spring of me, thank God, I would not kneel to any pope or papist living.

Then the monk, still without speaking, watched us tie up the folly boat, and

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, with a cord knotted loosely about his waist. Instinctively we turned the bow of the boat toward where the man stood, and as we came near, Will hailed him in English.

"Can we land here?" he asked. But the man made no reply, continuing to gaze fixedly at us as we advanced.

Then Eborra stood up and said some-thing in a language sweet and melan-choly of sound, which I guessed to be Spanish. And at this the man slowly lifted his hand and pointed to a low bank, as if to guide our boat thither Eborra continued to speak as we ap-proached, and soon we were alongside. Will leaped out first, and I helped my mother to land upon a small pler of shell marble. She, however, was so cramped

with so long sitting still that she would have fallen if Will had not caught her in his arms. Whereat very pleasantly she smiled and thanked him. The rest of us sprang out one after the self, Eborra handed out his mother up into

I was astonished when I took hold of her. The old woman seemed hardly heavier than a bird trussed for the table. When I had set her down, I looked around, and lo! there was my mother on Eborra, with a curious look on his face, her knees before the priest or monk or whatever he was, and his hands were etretched out over her head, which made

the beach. watched us tie up the jolly boat, and.
Then after this we fell to our oars, and motioning us with his hand, he turned made good progress toward the land, him about and stalked up the path be-

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

"We are to retire, you and I and he," Eborra translates briefly, pointing last at Will Rowman.

With much regret, and because we are with much regret, and because we are helpless among so many. I let Anna go from my side, and left the three women standing together. The monk himself also stepped back, with a bow low as a reverence before an altar.

Then I heard the pallid woman behind the grating begin to speak in a low and pleasant voice, and Eborra's mother ut-tering replies in Spanish. But the words were inaudible to me, even had I understood the language.

Then the door opened, and first the old witch woman entered, then my mother—

which woman entered, then my mother who was so dear to me—and lastly Anna.

As the door shut upon the three I started forward, as if to go, too, but Eborra laid his hand upon my arm, and the monk motioned us impatiently to follow him. He turned into the gateway to the right, uttered a word through a barred wicket, and in a moment more we found ourselves within the great walled inclosure of the monastery of San Juan de

And to a Northern boy the wonder of it -the hourly growing surprise! I saw scores upon scores of brown-clad monks moving here and there, their dismal array laced and beaded, with black-robed priests, white acolytes and boys wearing rple undervests of silk. Curiously ough, I thought first of what Mr. John

Bell would say to a sight like this.

This monastery of St. John of Brozas was built throughout of a stone like coral -hard, white and a little crumbly, its form great oblong. At one end, that oppo site to where we had entered, rose the church. The rest of the inclosure was gal-leried and arcaded about. Shade trees sprang everywhere. Fountains spouted and plashed. Little streams were crossed by bridges small as a child's toy. The

from the Isle of Winds to underlie the tender mercies of 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, and whom we afterward knew as Brother Pedro.

A small, apple-cheeked, pale-eyed man entered, smiling and dimpling, almost in the manner of an antiquated beauty. His head was thurst a little forward, like a bird's about to peck, and the scanty hair fringing it was a pale yellow hue, and fell in a meek frill about his ears. There was nothing really Spanish or grand in-quisitorial about him. He looked more like a fawning debtor who arrives to ask an extension of time from a stony-hearted

"You have come"-he spoke a curious, halting English-"from the sea-with three womans you have come. Sirs, you are welcome to San Juan de Brozas."

"You are the abbot of the monastery?" spoke before Will could find words. For talking to Anna had taught me quickness of speech.
"I am not the abbot. I am grand in

quisition. From Palos I have come with 300 heretics in one galleon, that they may work in the plantations for the good of their souls! Then, if they do not repent, we will take other measure!"
"But, most reverend, you speak Eng-

lish?" I suggested.

He smiled, seemingly well enough

"I have been long time in your try, spreading the holy religion! 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 dis-claimers, he smiled like a boy who has "trapped" his way to the top of his class. "Sit down, gentlemen!" he added, im-

holiness!" said Eborra, kneeling with ad-

mirable 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 persistent cat, but fastly upon us.

entinued to keep his eyes fixed stead-

I was very angry with Eborra for thus, as it were, deserting us in the face of the enemy; and as for Will Bowman. he glowered at the half-caste as if he could have

The abbot of San Juan and the inquisiter conferred together, the tail, dark monk apparently persuading his little, plump friend to something against

"We had better look out for squalls," whispered Will Bowman. "I do not trust that monk with the black brows. The little one's our friend. I wonder what they are whispering together about?" But I had been making up my mind to ask the inquisitor to give us a lodging in some place where we could see and comfort my mother. I knew well that she would be in distraction away from us and

alone with Anna, whom she had never "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 us a lodging near together. The health of my mother has long been weak.—" The grand inquisitor turned toward me. miled induigently. "Do not fear," he answered, "your

mother's health will be cared for by the good sisters. I doubt not you will find er much improved when you see her again. It is not customary for the sexes to mix with each other in the religious ouses of St. John of Brozas and of our racious Lady the Holy Mary!"

And with a little quieting wave of his white, plump hand he turned again to his consultation with the abbot. Eborra stood apart in seeming dejection,

the broad smile gone from his face. He caught my eye and nodded confidentially. To this I did not reply, but averted my eye, for I still was angry at his desertion

Presently the grand inquisitor turned to again, smiling in his most fatherly

"My friend has agreed to provide lodging for you," he said; "you must pardon the roughness of it. It shall only be temporary—I can promise you that, if I have any influence in this island—which I may say I think I have! I answered that I had no doubt of it.

And that, whatever quarters he provided for us, they would prove pillows of down after the hard seats of the jollyboat and the dangers of the pirate isle. It was good, I continued, to find one's self once again among Christians and brethren. 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

count see a score of so of the till negro overseers collected in 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 bid you good-bye for the present," he said: "you, young sir, of the Scots per-suasion, and you also" (he turned to Will), "who have had the so great honor of being christened in the Church of Eng-

land. Many a good conscience and the memory of your past privileges support The monk who had first found us upon the shore stood before us. He hooked

a beckoning finger at me and uttered two words in Latin: "Venite, fratres!"
We followed him out into the courtyard, among the whispering leaves and plashing fountains. Will and I walked side by side. But Eborra got no further than the doorway. Here he found him-self surrounded by the black men, with whips in their hands. These all began to

talk at once, laughing and slapping each other in noisy fraternity, Eborra grinning and talking away as fast as any.

Half a dozen of the brown monks accompanied us, talking low among themselves. These did not walk as if guard-ing prisoners, but rather like people accidentally going the same way. In this order we crossed the open square to the corner opposite the church. Then we descended a flight of steps and turned into

smell of kennels. Our guide flung open a tioned us with a fling of his arm to enter, did so, Will Bowman going first.

dogs yelping, and began to smell the

We found ourselves in a high, narrow cell, the floor of earth, trodden hard. the wall on either side. Rone and pulwalls were stained here and there with streaks and gouts of darkish brown, in their nature very suggestive. The windows were set high up, defended by thick bars of iron. Three tall-backed chairs stood on a raised platform at one end, the highest being in the middle and two a little retired in support. Above the center chair were the insignia of the holy

office of the inquisition.

I saw now where we were. The abbot had played us false. Still, if we were to appear before the grand inquisitor, I felt that he would deal kindly with us: for my liking had gone out to the little shy man, with his soft voice and gentle ways. On the other hand, I knew we had no chance of mercy from the abbot. I had mistrusted him at first sight, and Will Bowman thought as I did. made answer. "We were carried thither

So we stood there, wondering what would come next; and my mind flew to Anna and my mother, even when my eyes were wandering among the maze of wheels and ropes overhead—the purport of which I understood well enough, though not the particular tortures for which they were designed.

What would become of my mother and Anna Mark? Would they also be shut up in some den of cruelty and pain, or would the sisters be more merciful, seeing that they also were women? Before my mind had reached any conclusion I was recalled to myself by the entrance of half a dozen stalwart negroes. The first stag-gered in with a smith's brazier, and charcoal smoldering red upon it. A secwooden stand. Then came two others carrying black loads of clanking chains. They were all laughing and cracking jests at each other's expense. Two gigan-tic guards, with muskets over their shoulders and short swords by their sides, brought up the rear.

The negro with the bellows was evidently a sort of master among them. He set down his stand with an air of author ity, then he looked closely at us, bend his knees in the attitude which we of Moreham call "hunkering." After study-ing Will and myself for a minute with bloodshot injected eyes-the eyes of a bloodhound scenting the trail—he slapped his thighs suddenly and cut a high caper with his feet. Then he cracked his heels together and crowed like a cock. The monks had retired to the further end of the chamber, where they stood, leaning elbows on the black chairs and talking

quietly together. "Ha, ha, ha!" broke out the huge black 'If this here donn' beat cock-fightin'! Engish by Gar! Me English, too-Pompey Smith my name. Once me live in the Carolinas, English overseer score poor Pompey's back. Now Pompey have de

whip and score Englishman's back. Ha, Then he took hold of Will Bowman

rudely. t with one pretty bracelet. So! Like

him so much you never take him off-not even when you go by by!" He was stooping to take hold of Will's knee when he received a direct left-handed blow between the eyes, and went down like a log. Presently, however, he got up, rubbing his forehead, upon which

a shiny lump began to rise. (To Be Continued.)

"Hunger is the best sauce." You will have a good appetite if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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

an hour. Yet it was late afternoon b fore we passed the islands, which guarded the entrance to the yet unseen Two great cliffs stood up on either hand, bare and steep to the top, save for the strange growths, tufted and prickly, which to every crevice and drooped from

every crag. Each one of us expected to see a settlement within as we glided through the pening; but when we rounded the last point none appeared. The bay was girt by the unbroken wall of the tropic forest. We had left behind us the rollers thundering carelessiy on the outer cliffs. the narrows of the strait these still moved forward with an oily motion, spreading greatly into a fan-shape as the harbor

pened out. 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

A strange slience brooded all about us. The drumming of the breakers upon the reefs without dulled itself into a far-There was not a breath of away sough. air. It was a relief when a huge bumble-bee, six times the size of those about New Milns blundered into the boat and then clumsly blundered out again, ing away, undismayed and lusty, toward

green forest wall, le looked about for some place, but for a while saw none. Every where a tangle of roots and leaves, creep ers and twining vines grew riotously down to the edge of the water. The waves hissed and sucked among the slimy man-grove stills, upon which, in hideous array, sat thousands of horrid vultures, motio

less, as if they, too, were part of inani-mate Nature. Such was my mother's horror of thes ul birds, which sat with drooping wing in strained attitudes upon the green-slimed roots and bedropped rotting branches, that nothing would do but we must pull out again and follow the curve

of the shore, seeking another landing At last Eborra, who had gone to the stem of the jolly boat, pointed with his

"Enter there," he sald; "a boat has assed that way not long ago." The place, to our unaccustomed eyes, certainly did not look promising. It merely a low, broad ditch, choked with vegetation. Gray mudbanks oped down to the water's edge, and ere was a smell of rotting leaves every-

"That is fresh water!" said Eborra And soon we were pushing our way, Will Bowman and I, through the rustling leaves of the water lilies, which, all twitching with life, pulled as eagerly away from us. Several times the boat was brought completely to a standstill, but Eborra leaned over and pulled us loose with his hook. In a quarter of hour we were free, emerging into a clear, amber-colored creek, bordered by

solemn aisles of cypress trees. Suddenly Anna Mark gripped my arm with one hand and pointed forward with the other.
"Look! look! Philip; there is a man!"

she whispered eagerly. I looked as I was 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 bayonets," stood a man as tall of stature and gray of beard as though he, too, had grown up along with the cypress trees and had acquired some of the gray moss which clings like mist Now, in all my life I had never seen

The water still heaved after the storm of tween the sentinel tufts of "Spanish bay- | white walls were so aglow with the airy mediately in an altered tone. "The abbot

in the kirk on a summer sacrament morn. We followed our guide in order. First went Will and my mother-Will support ing her with one arm and fending off from her with watchful eye and ready hand the prickly plants which flourished on either side the way. I followed next

with Anna. Then came Eborra and his As we proceeded the sound of bells grey louder and somewhat less mellow. They after a quarter of an hour we began to arrive. First there appeared a wide clearing in the forest. Bearded pines and cypresses had been felled, and instead of young live caks whispered in friendly fashion, like companions who take each other's arms to tell their secrets.

Across this open glade we marched straight upon a stretch of lofty wall, lichened like the trees, and already weather-worn and ancient. This barrier was flanked with towers, in which the mouths of cannon made little black O's full of purposefulness. Then came a low door, but our guide did not open it. Instead he turned to the left and skirted the long, featureless boundary wall, in which there appeared only here and there a crucifix or a little shrine of the Virgin, gay with fresh paint and gilding.

At the first break in the wall we turned to the right, passed through a sort of stockade and found ourselves in a street crowded with small wooden booths and tinkling with the ring of hammers upon

anvils But we had not gone far when a cry went up, and we began to hear the tread of feet hurrying toward us from every direction, and to see many people running and crying to each other. Some of these were casting off blacksmiths aprons, that they might run the faster. Some (these were women with dusky faces) shrilly bade their men folk wait for them till preted their querulous cryings.

Presently we became the center of a bushed and strove and elbowed about us. But our guide swept his staff to right and left, smiting them with the soundest of thwacks. Whereupon they fell hastily back, one treading on the toes of another.

Presently we stopped before a gate, other at the distance of rather more than 100 yards. Our guide turned to that on the eft hand, and we followed him.

He lifted a knocker shaped like a crucifix and knocked loudly. A wicket opened in the little door at the side of the larger gate, and a face looked through—a face which might have been that of a marble knight upon a tomb so strong and purposeful it seemed. For the brow was hidden in a white napkin, as though bound up for the grave, and from the dead whiteness of the skin large dark eyes looked forth mournfully and

and stood saide to let the guardian of the portal see us. Then the little wicket shut to again, and behind us we heard the buzzing murmur of the crowd and the si-lent breathing of many tolk. We stood there for what seemed a long space, the westering sun throwing our shadows tall and black on the blazing

The monk said something in a low

whiteness of the wall. Then the little window was opened, and this time another face was een; also a pale face, and enwrapped But the features were more delicate, and a certain quick frailty of temper had thinned the nostrils and drawn furrows across the brow. Our guide bent courand began to speak. Then there

the night, but the milky and curded appearance was clean gone. Only a slight cloudiness in the blue of the sea reminded us of the perlis we had passed.

The coast lay before us very plain to week the senting that the sentent titles of Spanian bay white waits were so aglow with the airy mediately in an a scarlet of creeper, so crowded with closer comes this way!

And now there wafted across us the ranked geranium, that it seemed as if many cardinals' robes had been hung out many cardinals' robes had been hung out to dry. Beyond the palmettos in the square, through whose leaves we caught began to be better. omething huge and white. I could see a ong string of men carrying mortar in wooden boxes on their shoulders. The fierce sun sparkled upon something that

> faint tinkle of metal. The men were hained together. At that moment, from the gable of the church (a beehive-like prominence of which formed the beifry) a bell began to ring, and we heard the low chant, the words of which seemed to begin with "Ora pro nobis! Ora—" and I recalled of my Latin to know that that

between them, while to our ears came the

meant "Pray for us!" Still we followed our guide, passing close by the chain gang. We now saw that the men were guarded by swarthy musketeers, each with a gun over his shoulder and a sword girt by his side. Gigantic negroes, armed with whips, stalked along the ranks, each with a dignity of a Nero cut in ebony. Will Bowman had falten a little behind

rith Eborra, so I hastened self beside the monk who had brought us thither. The hymn had put it into my head that I would try him with some of my shanty Latin. Who are these men?" was what I

ried to say.

n boldly.

He stopped in an astonishment as great as if his ass had spoken to him. "You are a cleric," he said. And though e pronounced the words differently, yet understood him well enough. Whereat began to be glad that Umphray Spur-Buchanan's Latin psalms, one each day for a whole year, which he declared to be ne only worthy literature that Scotland hath ever produced.

"No, I am no cleric," I replied, It was wonderful (so I thought) how easily the speaking of Latin came to me: And on the spot I began to plume me on my talent for languages, "Convent-bred, then?" he continued, glanching sideways down at me.

"I am not," said I. "How, then, do you speak Latin?" I pointed sliently to Will, who had comp with Eborra. We had halted under tree, and there was now only a four tain with many jets between us and the chain gang. The swaying leaves and the marble were certainly most soothing. But somehow that continuous tinkle of swing ing links over by the new building mis liked me greatly. Also, I was anxious mother

never the shadow of a smile, bowed to "You are learned?" he said, in the same Will modestly denied it, but I struck

"He is a very learned scholar," I "Of this I will inform the abbot," he said, and again turned to precede us. But I pointed to the gang of laboring prisoners, from the far end of which had just come a sharp cry, as the knotted lash of the black overseer's whip fell across the naked shoulders of a lad halting under a burden, I trembled to kill the brutal striker. "Who are these?" I said indignantly, and by what law are they chained and

Are they murderers?"

The monk cast one contemptuou and one, only, in the direction of the chain gang. "These are heretics," he said, as fact explained all.

And as I followed the trailing skirt of his brown robe (not daring to raise my eyes lest I should see some further horror) I was by no means so sure that the devil-fish had done us a good turn in delivering us from pirates and bringing us

And the grand inquisitor, blushing and smiling at once, looked so like a pleasant country dame that from that moment lgan to be better satisfied with our lode

Brozas. sage, the soft brush-brush-shuffle-brush of sandals worn by one who does not lift tered, at the first sight of whose face my

heart sonk within me, He was a tall man, gaunt and hollow jawed. His eyes, deeply sunk in his head, shot out fire upon us. His very manner was terrifying, and I could well imagine him casting oiled faggots about the feet of poor wretches condemned to die for their religion. The grand inquisitor received the abbot of San Juan with a gentle purring deference, and made room for him on the black wooden settle as a spaniel dog might give place to a mastiff. He said som thing to the grand inquisitor

in a low tone, and then turned to us.

You are doubtless of the religion—you have escaped from their cruel English lantations?" and the abbot bent his brow pon us as he spoke. We have come from the Isle of Winds."

I heard the whisper of Eborra in m "If you wish to live and save the whom your love, swear to the man that you are of his religion! What matters it?

by pirates from our native land!"

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. "But you are of the religion?" he persisted, softly, and like one who insists on doing another a good turn. The grand inquisitor translated this time for our

benefit. "I was christened of the Church of Eng land," said Will Bowman, bluntly, after his fashion, "and though I can lay claim to little enough religion of any kind, that is the religion I shall live and die in." That was well enough said of Will, but I was not to be set behind the door. No Yorkshireman alive was going to over-crow me with his Episcopianism—at best a poor thing to make a boast of.
"I am a Scot, and of the Scottish religion!" I said as grandly as I could.

"What is that? I never heard of it!" The speech of the grand inquisitor was more silvern than ever. Almost I might say he purred. "I am a Presbyterian," I replied, a triffe nettled. "That is the religion

Say an opinion-call it an opinion, and

I am with you!" he said, and continued "And you?" his eye passed on to Eborra, "have you been christened in the church of Inghilterra, or are you also of the Scots persuasion?"

To my surprise Eborra had shed hi manner of a King's son, and now met the small, shrewd gray eyes of the grand in quisitor with the broad grin which had attracted me first on the street of the privateer's village.
"I poor, ignorant Yellow Jack,"

said, speaking thickly. "I know nothing. But learn—yes, holiness. Yellow Jack will-ing to learn everything!" The grand inquisitor nodded pleasantly. "Ah, that is better-much better!" he said. "Though your color is that of Ham

the accursed, such willingness does more credit than your companions' fair-faced stubbornness. But you may influence them for good. The reverend abthose of your race in charge of the chain-Perhaps they may furnish you struction in our holy faith, and in this way your companions also may come to find the truth!"

"Give poor black boy your blessing,