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

Snyopsis of Previous Chapters. Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, with his much heap whip-how you like it your-grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse self?"

his son. Philip, and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel; Sir James goes home, taking his grandson. That night he is mur-dered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They lay the body outside on an log floe, in the effort to lay the crime to others. But the boy, Philip, has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant. Humphrey Spurway, who succeeds in having the real murderars brought to justice. Philip is sentenced to be hanged, and his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously he escapes 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 ours, leaving her son in charge of Spurway, and, with little Anna Mark, who teaches him that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. Still they are excel-ient friends, even though she beats him at teaches nim that in some ways gits are excei-quite as much as boys. Still they are excei-ing allve by fire. We are all only wait-ing our turn. But the most unhappy men are those who have to drag a great log ogether. John Stanafield, Phillip's lawyer nucle, brings in a new teacher, Dominie Ring-toge, a small man, with wonderful eyes. Short-"You are all under sentence of death by rose, a small man, with wonderful eyes. Shorthy after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled by a number of bloody and mys-terious murders, evidently for the sake of rob-"Each day of high festival there i Business calls Humphrey Spurway from In his abrance a big packing-case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is de-livered to Will Bowman, Humphrey's clerk, who puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip, playing about H. sees shining through the gauge of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabe the case with a small sword. Blood flows; they open the case and find Dominie Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the hor is attacked by robbers, whom Ringroce h meant to let in. They are beaten off; but efferward Philip's mother refuses to let him spend the holidays at New Milns. Returning from a day's visit to New Milns, Philip falls in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypey father, who, under protense of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's treasure, makes him a prisoner. Anna finds out his plight, and leads Humpbrey Spurway on his track. By the help of his silent pariner, Provos Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, supercargo of the ship Corramanice, im prisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spur-all am way of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip, the elder, who is in league with Saul Mark, takes the portrait and sends young Philip away. Leaving Spurway imprisned. Philip Stansfield, the elder, goes out in purway's cloak to his wife's house, and by hreats induces her to go aboard the Corra-nantee. Anna and Philip make friends with He shows them the secrets of the sland, and where Sir Harry Morgan's treasure s guarded by Fer-de-lance, and his hosts. Cherra has scented a boat in which he plans to escape with Anna, Philip, Mrs. Stansfield and his mother; also Will Bowman, who is in with two or three ships. The boat encounters other pirates, but is towed

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CHAPTER XXXVIII-(Continued.) "Very well," he muttered (I need not

[he cried; "you flog me in Jamaica-very | ra's devil, of which they were afraid.

Every day we were marched out our cells in the monastery square through the booths of the free workmen to a road which was being made in the direction of the civil settlement. It had been recently commenced by the mili-tary Governor whose lady desired great-ly to ride in her carriage (so Jean Car-rel told me) even if it were only the And he followed along after us, cursin me and all English at the top of his voice.

Jean Carrel whispered to me not to swer back or show that the man an-noyed me, and then he would most likely in time tire of his amusement.

"If you speak back to him he will send you to the flogging post, and if you survive, to the log gang in the stone quar-ries. That is worse than death." "Great God most merciful!" cried I in-

voluntarily, "is there yet worse torture than this?"

"Yes, truly," he said; "this is but a preparation for the auto-dafe, the and now the chain-gang was busied mak-ing the road upon which this equipage was to be exercised. Every day, said Carrel, Donna Juan-lta Sliveda rode out to observe what

"Each day of high festival there is a burning in the great square," he explain please her, she would strike the over-seers with her riding-whip over the face and hands-a thing which at first the prisoners had been giad of, but changed their minds when they found, as soon as she was gone, that for every blow the negroes had taken from her, they be-stowed a dozen on those under their au-thority. So the visits of the Lady Juaned, and if there be not enough of hapless Indians from the interior or marcon ne-groes recaptured by the commandante's forces some are chosen from among us to afford sport to the faithful of Porto Rico!

He shrugged his shoulders.

"After all, it is best so," he said. "'Tis a flery gate to a fair heaven. But at its were no longer welcome, though in her way she was a not unkindly woman, least those that enter in are not long in passing through. They generally pour oil and given to freaks of favor as strange and furious as her disilkes. upon us!

Then was my heart sick and sore in deed-not, I think, so much on account of myself as because I thought of my mothe and Anna.

and furious as her dislikes. It chanced that one day we were awakened early and our lighter irons put upon us. This made us afraid that we were to go out to labor in the swamp, which, in such a country of insects, is I asked the French Huguenot if they no easy task, even for Indians and ne-groes. It was almost death to white men, treated women no better. He shook his

and there was scarcely a day that some one did not fall out of the ranks, in spite of all the scourgings of the blacks. "The Grand Inquisitor would burn them all and rub his hands to see the youngest These, when they could no longer keep in place, were abandoned by the side of the road, together with their chained comand fairest of them writhe-if so be they would not receive the faith. Yet even that is better than that they should find favor in the eyes of the commandante and his panion, who must, perforce, remain with him till the smith should come and reofficers!

Then he told me that the chief of the Spanish troops on the island, Don Nicholas Silveda, was under the sole govern-ment of his wife, a foreigner ("I think of your nation," said my Frenchman), whom he had carried off from one of the English plantations, or, as some said, cap-tured on an English ship. This woman, the Senora Juanita, was so jealous of away with two or three ships. The boat starts, encounters other pirates, but is towed emirely away by a monster devil-fish. The boat reaches Poerto Rico in asfety, and its inmates approach a convent, asking help. The convent takes in the women. The men go into a chainare beautiful-well, there is the worst to fear. All the world knew what the Se-nora Juanita Silveda was. There was a

story that she was of very low origin, and even-" But I need not repeat what Jean Carrel told me, which, after all, was probably no more than the gossip of the

chain-gang or some ribaldry overheard

after his

the Winds.

of misery."

hange.

black like poor Quaseee!"

he be tried by prosperity, which is a test more difficult and trying than any depth

show him how it tasted to be a slave.

with a hole cut near one end of it-the which is called in this country a poncho,

and is very suitable either for heat or

wall there had come a lady in magnificent attire. She sat with an air of languid ease upon the finest white Maltese mule "What do you here?" she cried in Spanish with a curious twang to it, "to your places in the gang! And that youth with-in the nunnery wall. I will have him beaten soundly for idling his time. Sirrah (here she called Eborra to her), is this the

progress had been made, and if the work did not proceed fast enough to please her, she would strike the over-

lease him. So it happened not unfrequently that the quick and the dead were chained together for a long time-some

even died of exhaustion and hunger be-

This morning, however, Eborra led his gang by the back of the nunnery, in order to bring up from the beach where we had first landed stones and gravel for the more

firm bottoming of the Senora Command

Will and I were now chained together,

a favor which, like much else, we owed to Eborra, who now began (but secretly) to show us some part of his former favor.

And this made me think that his severity had only been a blind. I was glad in-

deed to have Will beside me once more.

For we could talk together in the hot night watches, and hearten each other up

side their dead companions

uncre sne cauled aborta to ner), is this the way you discharge your trust when you ought all to be working at my road? Am I to trudge all day in the sun when I have a coach to ride in? I declare it will be all eaten into crumblings by white ants if you do not make haste. Draw your of whip across these lazy fellows' backs, or I will have a good three dozen applied to

your own! Then with infinite show of respect Eborra approached, and murmured something I could not hear. As the lady turned in the great richly caparisoned saddle, housed in the new Spanish fashion. I got a fair view of her for the first time. And my heart stood still within me.

ly to ride in her carriage (so Jean Car-rel told me), even if it were only the mile or two between the town of Porto Rico and the religious settlement of St. John of Brozas. So a carriage like that of a full-blooded grandee had been brought all the way from old Spain, the wheels being taken from the body and both lashed on the deck of the ship. The prisoners had helped to unload these on the mole at Porto Rico. Mules of a noble white color had come from the town of Vera Cruz, and now the chain-gang was busied mak-I had seen the woman before. For a moment my memory refused to give up the secret of when and where. But even as I stood with my mouth open devouring

So they set me to learn a catechism and Scotland say that he died on the widdy o bring in the firewood." Then as I stood and looked at her the by the hangman's cord." "How ken ye that he escaped?" she said,

a little breathlessly

tears brimmed in my eyes, for the great-ness of the relief.- It seemed not to mat-ter any more about us who were man, now that I knew it was like to be well I did not reveal what excellent re-I had to "hen" that thing. I merely told her the fact of the long and fruitless purnow that I knew it was like to be well with Anna and my mother. Will had stood gazing at us without joning in the con-vense. For indeed of that I gave him little chance, being so eager to know all that had befallen, that no sooner had Anna suit, of the attacks on many mansle houses, and how it had been more recently ascertained beyond a doubt that Philip Stansfield had departed forth of the realm answered one question than I had another ready for her. of Scotland.

As I spoke the ruddy color gradually left the face of the woman. The reins dropped from her fingers upon the neck of the white mule, and she clasped her hands so both of us being busied with Anna, we did not hear Eborra call to us, but stood there so intent upon the girl, look-

as if praying in church. "Save me-same me," she muttered. "If ing and listening, that we never stirred an inch till a shadow fell across the an inch till a shadow fell across the wall to our right. We looked up quickly and lo! round the corner of the nunnery Philip find me here, I am a dead woman." Then after a little she commanded herself and asked another question. "There was one Saul Mark in these parts, a seafaring man. He used often to land at your town, though that was not his country. I have heard him speak of

it. Ken ye him?" "What?" I cried loud enough for Anna to catch every word-she had withdrawn a little from the pailing, but still stood Water his middle and fourth fingers, he a little from the paling, but still stood listening, a little removed from the wom-

an's sight. "What, not a swarthy, gypsy-like man with silver rings in his ears?" "The same-God's truth; the same." she cried, yet not gladly. "What of him? Tell me quickly. He is dead-tell me, he is white heretics instead."

take as alms." "Where saw or heard you of him last?" It was a difficult question, but I turned the corner of it, as I thought, adroitty which he had over his shoulder in the

vateersman!" "Alas, alas," she muttered; "this is

worse and worse. Every pirate and priva-



turned her head towards me and threw up her well-rounded chin. Then the whole stood clear before me. I saw the low main. "And this youth"-she turned about to where Anna had been standing, but seeing nothing of her she continued-"what does sanded kitchen of the inn at New Milns and my father standing there, tall, haugh he in the nunnery? ty and defiant, with this woman a little overcomely to be foot page among so night watches, and hearten each other up with hopes of rescue and escape. Not but what I was sorry enough to lose Jean Carrel, the Frenchman from the Cevennes, who was now chained to Will's some-time The wife of the Commandants of the

sweep and took me directly under the ear with a ding that fairly drove me stupid. I swayed and would have failen but that Will caught me on his arm and shielded my head from the blows of this ost Chris most Christian Commander Don Nicholas Silveda, taking them on his own shoulder

After exhausting himself on us, he turned upon Eborra to strike him also. The black balanced himself a little upon his hams like a fencer at the engage. He thrust out his hook in front of him and looked steadily at the assailant, who tow-

ered above him. I heard a sharp cry, and at first, being still muzzy with my clouted scon-thought it was the cry of Eborra. looking again I saw that it came from a wizened little creature like a monkey, of a witened inthe creater ince a monkey, of a brown countenance, who pricked hither and thither on a lively ass much as a gadfly does about a group of cattle. "Beware-beware, great Captain," he cried; "let Iron-hand alone. He is very

great Obeah. He will bewitch you if you

made the sign for averting the evil eye. "Avaunt," he cried; "I will not touch. Get away; I will have witchcraft in my

surely dead!" "He has oft been reported so," I an-swered; "but ever turns up again, like a bad penny, which even a beggar will not take as the stick, Donna Juanita rode

the corner of it, as I thought, adroily enough. "It comes to me that ere I left Aber-corn I was told that he had turned pri-vateersman?" "Alea alse" she muttered: "this is "These are my people - do not touch them, pig of Spain," he cried, "have I not warned you before? Go! You are.in dis-

grace. You are as a sow brought up in the Batuecas. You have no more man-ners than a bull of Estramadura!" And this I learned was her ordinary manner with her husband. She was so

eager to acquire the words which bits and scarify that she would go among the very trulls and morts of the soldiers' quarter that she might hear them talk. Then upon occasion she could lash Don Nicholas with words that stung worse than his own so that he was cowed by the mere stick. sight of her, and even in public would beg pitifully to be taken into favor again. Yet withal there was a kind of curiously favors to which my restless fondness between these twain. For suddenly advanced. Donna Juanita would be furiously jealous of any woman to whom the poor man so

not go in order to satisfy her desire for vengeance. Don Nichelas also was re-by the trade winds, flew in clouds p would cause Peter Acla, the wizened little beast, to keep us in sight. His wife winhalf-breed betwixt negro and Carib to a hand out at the window as he drop

On this occasion, however, Don Nicholas Haunches," "Lard Barrel," together y took the castigation meekly enough, and instead of raging everywhere like a bull, tillions before and men servants beh the red died out of his face, and he fol- had much ado to keep their seats betw lowed his wife submissively as she went

Presently she came to where Will and i

"Let these men be freed instantly," she said, pointing to us, "Bid the armorer re-my religion any day!" move their irons!

Don Nicholas said something to her in a low tone, which I could not catch; but its ing into the carriage and Donna Jua purport was clear enough in the reply of he Lady Juanita.

"I care not a snift of tobacco for the grand inquisitor," she cried loudly. "I ask with Grier of Lag. The beasts pulle rand inquisitor," she cried loudly. "I ask you to have the irons taken off these poor young men, who are my countryfolk." The commandante made a little grimmace with his hands, as if washing them of possible consequences. It was clear, however, that he was more in fear of his

however, that he was more in fear of his wife's anger than of all the powers, spirit-ual and ecclesiastical, of the holy office. So the same great black brute who had ed with fruit, others gay with bird that remove them, which he did very unwilling-ly-the Lady Juanita standing over him greatly from this point, and the all the time and stimulating his energies captain of Spain had hard work to with the commandante's cudgel, as ofter up with us, which from his jealous as he paused for breath. On the whole, his wife he was determined to do. I began to have a better opinion of even the ill-set and evil of my country, find-ing them of the first power and importance on Saint John of Puerto Rico, as well as on the Isle of the Winds. Puerto Rico. The castle is very str standing with its works defensive in a little we were free and followed strong buildings on a point of land w juts out into the sea. The town has eral churches and many houses with arbors and inclosed gardens, all the wall of the city. But the larger dens for produce are without and c many good vegetables, with fruitage orange trees, lemons, plantains, gro gourds and an excellent fruit called (con, because it is of the shape of a h Yet it must not be supposed that gardens are fenced in or weeded home. The Spaniards, at least in Indian colonies, have no inclination so particular and nice. So all lies and is trampled over by cattle wild things of the woods. Yet it is as ishing to see how many herbs, roots vegetables come to perfection in splf

your foot. There!" and with a heart addle, though there were 20 within read who could have rendered that service for An extraordinarily good-n im. woman so long as her toes were not tro den upon was my Lady Juanita Silved some time wife of Saut Mark, private

and comm on pirate. CHAPTER XLL Perilous Favor.

Yet it was curious to note how in her grandeur, and while speaking wis carelessness and unprecision the new int guage she had learned. Janet Mark ne tained the manners of the off-hand, hoy denish, half-gypsy Scot's wife. Sh thought nothing of shouting the broades jests down from her windows to the mojests down from her windows to the men at-arms, and as for her husband, if ught he failed in his duty, all the w knew of it by the morrow's morn. Yet splie of this, or because af it, Don Nich las loved her so greatly that he was nev happy out of her sight, and was repu to have forgiven her much more than usually overlooked by men of his nation and profession.

Presently the coach came rumbling an swaying back and Juanita insisted upo us getting in, in order that we might to the luxury of the red velvet cushions an admire the Venetian mirrors set into the front and sides, in which she was neve tired of regarding the comeliness of h own buxom countenance and wide smill mouth with its fine double row of tee white as milk. Her husband made as he would accompany her, calling for servitor to hold his horse. But his wi servitor to nom his horse. But in wavin shut the door upon the three of us, wavin her hand out of the window and cryis back to the Senor Commandante: "Bi where you are, Nicholas-once off yo beast is enough in one day for a m your figure!"

Juanita then plumped her down am he cushions of the back seat, rolling fri dde to side in luxurious content, van by leaning out of the window to ma the outriders go faster. Will and I h meekly taken the front places oppos to her, as became our position. But Jus ita would have none of that.

"Here, come and sit by me, one of y Am I to be rattled about like a pea h bladder, because you are mum-r You Englishman, you are ahe best-lo Then ing: come hither.

And though that was in no ways t yet I grudged not poor Will his hor For he had perforce to sit heside while Don Nicholas spurred his horse cast the blackest glances upon the peril favors to which my comrade had

And so all the way back to the town Puerto Rico the carriage swayed much as passed a word of civility. And in such a case there were no bounds to lurching to the other. The stones and in such a case there were no bounds to hurching to the other. The stones and her cruelty, nor any lengths that she would from the half-made road, desiccated ported jealous, and certainly whenever his wife took it into her head to visit the monastery or go among the soldiery, he tighter on his head and set spurs in watch and bring hin, word concerning behind and challenged him to a race, ing him "Old Rum Puncheon." "E their mistress' japes and the instant

hither and thither inspecting the new road, approving of this and condemning that with a judgment which was beyond ap-peal. Description of the road o Presently she came to where Will and i were laboring side by side. She appeared to notice us with surprise. If this be favor w fine women folk, Lord send me back

Presently we crossed a creek, the ho splashing to the hocks, the water of swearing like a grenadier, in clacking flavored oaths she had learned from pleasant country, with trees in clu and grass almost as green as in the cles my grandfather had been at a



write as to read), "very well, Pompey Smith will remember. You shall have one most comfortable pair of bracelets. Nice short chains, so that you rest easy. Here, here! You Salazar, Pedro, Domingol"

He called his other three companions to him, and they seized Will, while the two guards pointed their guns point blank at me, lest I should attempt to escape Then Pompey Smith, with a sharp knife, cut Will's hose around below the knees, pulled off his buckled shoes, muttering "These jus' 'bout Pompey's size. You better learn to go barefoot now, you English heretics. You go to hell plenty soon -and then you glad, because you get out of Pompey's gang."

Whereupon, summoning his assistants, the blew up the charcoals with the belows, and in a short space he had riveted pair of stout rings about Will's nak naked these heavy chains were attached at back and front. A belt of ire was fastened in like manner about his waist, with smaller rings let in upon eithe side, to which again chains were fastened Then it came my turn.

CHAPTER XXXIX. The Lady Juanita.

The chain gang in which we presently found ourselves was made up chiefly of men from those northern provinces of Old Spain which lie nearest to France. From the man to whom I was chained I learned much. He was a Frenchman named Jean Carrel, born at Millan in the Cevennes. At the outbreak of the later religious wars he had sold his vineyard near Carcassonne and crossed the moun-tains into Spain. Settling at Bilbao, he had become very successful in trade with England. All too successful, indeed, for his growing wealth attracted the notic of the Inquisition, and he was seized and cast into the dungcons of the Holy Office. He spoke very excellent English, and be-ing a good and kindly man, though with no great profession of religion about him, at least from my Scots point of view, he told me many things which were very useful to me-as how to lie in chains most comfortably, how to pad the waistbelt and ankie rings to keep them from chaing, how to fasten up the connecting links in a festoon to keep the weight fro trailing, with other matters of great as-sistance, to me at this time. Apart from this his discourse was mostly of winegrowing and vintages and by no means so much of religion as I had anticipated which relieved me much.

I had hoped to have Will with me at my companion, but it was better for us that at the first this was not so For Will also chanced upon a as able to instruct him on these points. "Have you yet seen the commandante?" said Jean Carrel as we rested on our straw at noon that day. I told him "No," adding that I did not know there were other authorities upon the island besides the abbot and the Grand Inquisitor. The Frenchman whistled low,

'Alas," he said, "the abbot whom you fear, is our only friend here The Grand Inquisitor is an evil beast, and does what harm he can to poor men, but as for the

Words seemed to fail him to describe the uliarities of this man, and even while he paused we were again summoned to our feet by a sharp command in Spanish, of which I know not the purport. However, by watching carefully what my com-panion did and moving rapidly, I managed retty well. Yet not so well but that as ed a huge grinning black who stood at the door of the long wooden shed. where we had our midday meals, he lifted his whip and amote me across the shoul-

"How you d- English like that?" overseers, on pain of the curse of Ebor-

black ove All this time we had no news of Eborra companion. But in trouble such as we feared that they had put him to death vere experiencing there is none like one or done him some injury for his defens from the same countryside. Eborra marched us all around the womof us. Judge of my surprise, then, when upon marching out to work in the patio

en's monastery, and you may be well as-sured that we kept our eyes about us to see if we could spy out any of our late companions, my mother, little Anna Mark or even the black witch wife, Eborfound him busily employed superintend ing the digging operations, clad in a white suit like the other negro overseers, and like them wielding a whip. Immediately upon seeing me, he came ra's dam.

along and began to revile me, calling me pirate and assassin. Then he As we went through a narrow lane, where we were marching some distance apart, in order that the couples might changed his speech and shouted opprobrious words in Spanish, so that I was dumfounded, and, indeed, knew not what jump the pools together, each making a little race before leaping, Eborra came to say or do. Then all at once he laid his whip with apparent force across my "At the corner of the enclosure de-

And this conter of the endosure de-mand of me leave to halt a little. Do not answer now, but wait." And this thing we did upon a pretext We were immediately allowed to leave the ranks, and at the angle of the wall, where back. Again and again he struck me, his eyes fairly starting out of his head with fury. Yet for all the energy of his anger,

strangely enough, the blows did me no At sight of his fury all the blacks gath there was a broken place, rudely block-aded, as is the Spanish custom, with boards and paling slabs (for these people ered together and encouraged him with shouts and laughter. At which he waxed very furious, and, coming closer to me, he struck me on the face with his hand, yet also without doing me any injury. Then he thrust his hook almost into my can never mend anything till it fails wholly to pieces), we saw a face that sent my heart forward with a great throb. "Anna!" I cried, and would have leaped toward her, but that Will, being more

eyes, all the while crying out in Span-ish, stamping his feet and spitting upon the ground, which last these black men do to express the height of their anger. calm, restrained me with his hand. It was indeed Anna Mark, her hair cut short and dressed in a dark blue blo and skirt of rough skin rough-felted, like And it cut me to the heart to see him

and to harken. For I remembered all his Irish frieze. Anna put her finger to her lip and former kindnesses to Anna and all of us. But I said to myself that there is a great glanced once or twice over her shoulder. ilke one afraid of interruption. Then she looked at our chains in sorrowful surprise. For though she knew of it, yet to see difference between a man who is a slave and who expects favors and one in a po-sition of power and authority over his former masters. Yet, withal, I was full of the glistering links about our waists and heartsickness and distress; for, indeed, 1 had thought infinitely better of Eborra hear the woeful clanking noise at our ankles made her sick at heart for us. "How is it with you, Anna?-with Mis-tress Stansfield-with my mother?" goodness to us on the Isle of "But," said I to myself, after he

These were the questions which poured from us flourished about and threatened to tear the eyes out of my head with his book, "none knoweth the heart of another till

"We are well, Philip," answered Anna "but, Oh. to see you thus! What have they done to you-and why?" "What, Anna, have they not fretted you on account of your religion?" I almost grasped in my eagerness-"the inquisition?

Presently Eborra left me and betool What of my mother?" "Your mother is very well," said Anna, him to Will Bowman, to whom he be-haved in like manner, but, if possible, yet more cruelly, declaring all the while calmix, "she is. I think, practicing the chants for vespers with Sister Agatha." "How so," I cried, too much aston-ished to think of anfety. "Have they put that Will had been his "overseer" among the English, and that now he would you to the question as to your religion?" Anna nodded, and I think she would But, after all, Eborra, mayhap remem-bering some of our former kindnesses have smiled also, but at that moment our gave each of us a hat made of a broad leaf, and cast about our shoulders a short striped cloak made like a blanket, happening to give a dolorous clank, her face became suddenly pitiful

again 'Yes." she maid, "Sister Agatha and

the prioress were instant with us, but gently and with kindness." "And what answered my mother?" cold. We were in the greater need of some such covering, for without it we

"On, she said that as a child she used often to go to Squire Lucy's chapel, which was Catholic-Master Will being with her. should have gone entirely naked, ex-posed alike to the rigors of the sun and the biting of the buzzing gnats which abounded there, called muskittoes. For one of the negroes who conducted us to Then to the vicar of the parish with her father, which was not so different that she could see. But when she came to New Milas she was obligated to go to the Scots kirk with Sir James. But for the gang had taken a fancy to our up-per clothes, which, though frayed with our adventures, were of Umphray Spur-way's own good cloth. He made us shift them, giving us no more than a lash of all that she liked Squire Lucy's best. So they were giad and kissed her, and dressed her in a black robe with a white band about her forehead. They declare that his whip over our naked shoulders in ex they will make her a nun in a trice. Al-ready she eats and sleeps by rule, and "Dere, massas, both," he said, for, like

many of his kindred, the brute spoke a little broken English, a sort of lingua works at a broidered altar cloth-

"And is she not dressed for us?" "Of these she knows nothing," said Anna, pointing at our chains, "nor will I tell her. She thinks you have all acfranca they all use in these parts. "Dere you dam skin lily white now-soon grow thinks you have all cepted religion and are as happy as she. She grieves for the separation. That is

black like poor Quassee!" Moteover, at this, Eborra, for all his seeming cruelty and furious anger against us, did us one great kindness. He laid a spell upon us which made us sacred to his own peculiar Obeab. We became his "And you, Anna?" "Why, as for me," answered the girl. "I told them that I knew no better re-ligion than to try to do good to others "meat." as they expressed it-not to be abused or molested by any of the other and pay to every man what you owed him.

sle was Janet Mark. Little Anna's mother. CHAPTER XL.

The Taming of the Tiger.

Standing thus stricken, I flashed a look Standing thus stricken, I flashed a look at those who stood about me, Anna and that I count not lying, and neither I be-Will. I scanned their faces, and it was lieve does the Almighty, who knows that

sometimes a bit of which is a work of necessity and mercy to poor, hell-deservwith the utmost relief that I perceived I was the only one of the company who ing humanity. knew the woman's secret. What, indeed, So the Lady Juanita Silveda rode away more impossible than that the child I had upon her white mule, her dainty feet en-cased in a pair of silver stirrups large seen waving her little hand, as her mother went down the road among the glittering bayonets in the gray of the morning. as salt boxes, while rings like barrel hoops jingled at the bridle bit. And faith-she took the eye as a great should recognize as the same this richly attired lady upon a Spanish isle in the Carib Sea. And as for Will, he was no lady and a comely! But I, alone of all on that island, knew her for the wiser. For, though he was old enough at the time, he had not seen much of Janet murderess Janet Mark, transported beyond seas for her crimes and now, in some strange fashion, escaped from her punish-Mark. And, besides, as I have had occasion to point out more than once, Will ment and established in all honor on this Bowman never had my trick of picture Spanish plantation. Well, even for Anna's smemory, which all my life I was wont to sake, I would be no talebearer. Yet I was cultivate by means of paiing stobs and giad, for the knowledge might prove use-

Meanwhile Eborra continued of speak Then came Eborra to us hastily and took rapidly to the Donna Juanita. I saw the us away to the road without giving me color flash up into her race, a warm, rosy time to speak a word of warning to Anna. hue upon the whiteness of her skin. For that was her great beauty in a land of But I trusted that my loud manner of speech and meaning gestures dusky women. When I had last seen her nut her on her guard. Yet I could no think on the simplicity of my mother with-out a swarf of fear coming over me. Nevertheless, I reflected that, in the habit in her own country, and much younger, she had been well-nigh peony red, a rustic wsilnd. But here, subdued by years of a nun and with the changes made by the inevitable years, it was not likely that and climate, the red and the white showed ogether on her face like York and Lan-Janet Mark would know my mother now. Still, if any inquired, my mother would be sure to say point blank, "I am the caster grafted on a single rose stem. Her tendency to plumpness had increased greatly with ease, and the custom of the wife of Philip Stansfield, of North Milns, in Scotland." For thus did my mother country, but that, among the Spaniards, and especially the military caste of them, always, having no way about her but the is thought the greater beauty. Still, in straightfordward one-a way I have found ill-fitted enough to this present world, and any country, Janet or Juanita (as she called herself) would have been a wellwhich I look forward to as likely to prove ooking woman, and but for the demon anything but convenient in the next. Eborra hastened us on our way to the that upon occasion looked out of her eyes, good-natured one to boot.

rang, knowing that, if the Lady Juanua What, ye are English folk that have were at St. Juan de Brozas, it was not likely that Don Nicholas Silveda would been among the pirates," she said in good English, bringing her suile about that she might have a better look at us. be far in the rear. And so, indeed, it proved. For no sooner had we turned the

"My friend is English," I said, hastily, lest Will should claim Moreham; "from orner of the nunnery orchard than at the further end of the gang we beheld a man upon a great plunging horse, riding a town called Skipton he comes, and 1 man upon a great plunging am a poor Scottish lad, trepanned from his own country and folk. Have pity on this way and that among the gang, swearing, striking indiscriminately at the oners and the negro overseers. us, great lady! We suffer for our re-From the distance only the gust of his ligion

"I ken nothing about that," she an- to " she an- loud-mouthing oaths came to us, but pre-"but from sently we could hear the tapping of his swered with a sudden chill; "but fro what pairt of Scotland do you come?" stick on bare backs and iron belts (I noticed as she spoke, that though she managed the English not ill, she said Our turn next!" said Eborra,

care not to answer a word!" 'ye' and 'ken' and 'pairt,' just as they did in New Milns. And it was a mighty curl-At that moment the man on horseback caught sight of us approaching. Instantly he set sours to his beast, and came shouting down the whole length of the ous thing to hear the familiar accents of my native parish on the lips of this wom gang to where we were beginning to work. an, the wife of a Spanish commandante, this far isle of the sta.)

He called out something to Eborra, and made as if he would have smitten us. "I come from a seafaring town called Now. Spanish 's an easy language to catch the drift of to any one with some smatter of Latin. Added to which, that every Abercairn," I said, giving Will a look that he was not to come any nearer to the truth. But Will, though wholly without iplomacy, had an admirable gift of si-ence, and simply looked at the white mule Spaniard, instead of clipping his words like the English, or broadening them out of recognition like the Scots, thinks it worth as if mentally summing up his points. "Ah, from Abercorn!" she answered, with a quick look at me. "Did ever ye while to speak as beautifully as he can-which is called among them "having the near of a man by the name of Philip true Castillian." speak but little, I understood a good deal Stansfield?

"Yes." I said, startled at the sound of my own name, but instantly taking her meaning; "that have I. Hear of Philip Stansfield-who that has lived in Scotland has not heard of him? Did he not slay the father that begat him? Was he not a murderer, a robber, an outlaw?"

murderer, a robber, an outlaw? "That is as may be," she said; "there were others deeper in and blacker of hue than poor Phillp. But what of him? When han poor Philip. But what of him? When ras he executed?' "He never was executed." I snid. "He us down. But, swerving aside when quite

time from answering any more questions. I fear that I should have been forced to lie ere long. And that never was my desire-though, God forgive me, I have

large

He looked somewhat

as he paused for breath. On the whole,

the white mule and the black horse of the Silvedas through the chain gang, who looked upon us (poor fellows!) with an envious eye. I saw Jean Carrel and said word on his behalf to my lady. But she only glanced at the poor man and said: "He is a French beast. I do not like Frenchmen. They eat frogs." So we passed on, and the commandante

followed Donna Juanita meekly on his charger, giancing at her now and then furtively, as if to make out in what favor It was amusing and yet piteous to watch him. His demeanor was in so great contrast to that of the raging, tearing tiger whom we had seen charging cudgel in air through the shrinking ranks f the chaingang.

Soon we struck the made road which had een brought thus far to connect with the ortion of the highway we had been helping to construct from the monastery of St. Juan de Brozas to the commanderie of the Captain-Generar of the island. Here we saw a huge carriage, gayly painted in red and gold, with coats-of-saluted the officer at the gate like a arms quartered all over the panels. A pair rade with an easy wave of her of outriders in gallant liveries bestrode the hand. Then scarcely were we draw foremost of the six horses. At sight of it before a large door studded with a

and made the mule break from its quiet amble into a kind of cantering pace, while amble into a kind of cantering pace, while it scattered its hoofs generously abroad, to the danger of everything near. It chanced that, being fleetest of foot of the company (in the absence of Anna), I was at the carriage almost as soon as the lady, and though As may be under-tiond ary pride aryoiding the the lady and though As may be underthe lady, and though as may be under-stood, my pride revolted at holding the which was used by the Lady Juan mule of Janet Mark; yet, having no lack her chamber of reception in or indic of Janet Mark; yet, having no lack mer champer of reception in ordin of the prudence of my nation, I made no difficulty, but held the mule as well as I for which she thanked me with a bow that was never learned among the clay biggins of Moreham. biggins of Moreham.

She walked all around the carriage, admiring the panels. She patted the horses She laced and tled the shoe of the outrider. Anon, wishing to see her equip-page move, so that she might be able to imagine herself within its noble cavity. "take she ordered the men go along the road at speed, and to turn at the corner. There was, however, some difficulty in starting There owing to the hind wheels having sunk axle deep in the light sand. Instantly Donna Juanita ordered every one to take hold nd help to move them, she herself catching at a spoke, and heaving manfully, sedless of the concealed smiles of her attendants, or of the mud, which stained the fine fabric of her dress. "Lend a hand here, Nicholas," she cried

imperiously to her commandante. "My lady," he made answer, blowing out his checks, "it consortath not with the dignity of a hidalgo and soldier of the

King of Spain that he should labor with servants." "Come thy ways," cried Juanita; **11 consorteth worse with the dignity of a wife of an officer of the King of Spain that her coach should stick in the mud for the want of her husband's bestirring him-

self. And the poor dignitary had perforce to descend from his war horse and aid with all his might. Whereupon, all suddenly, ent the coach, Juanita running away w little after it and clapping her hands, laughing meantime with pleasure and ex-

"Now, up with you, Nicholasi Give me

all, though few, indeed, in that lus soil and forcing climate have the of a Scottish Winter apple or an lish peach-indged. I think none that I tasted. At last we came to the castle, w

there, at the barrier, was a military gr Donna Juanita Silveda clapped her hands, mails than Don Nicholas galloped up, red and angry, yet not daring of counter his wife in aught upon which

As soon as I heard the Comma mounting the stairs after us, I behind to let him pass. This he did, ing no notice of me, as brushing me he stamped furiously upward after and the Lady Juanita. I long enough Spanish to tell him how po I longe had been suffering the torments of gatory; yet perhaps as it turned was a fortunate thing that my t could form so few Spanish words. For when we reached the lofty cha which was miladi's hall and sitting in ordinary, Juanita ordered her hu back for a fan she had left in th riage. The poor man paused, choked itated-and went. As soon as he was ly gone, Donna Juanita turned her and kissed Will soundly on the mon "There," she said, "that is proper

ing between country folk in a far I have not had an honest Scot's is half a dozen years. These Spaniar men of buckram and prunella!" She would e'en have done the grace to me, which, indeed, I was ing, having indeed no liking for the mony, but at that moment the husty steps of her husband were heard r ing. He had indeed made good sp his message-better, methinks, that gether pleased his wife. For she fi portentously and threw the fan do a couch pettishly, without thanking for his trouble, yet for all that she ed him after this fashion, Don Ni followed her everywhere with his followed her everywhere with his and fawned upon her like a whippe

Che be continued.)

escaped on the very day, though many in near us, he brought his stick round with a

So, though I could yet

and guessed more. "Dogs and heretics!" he cried. "Let me come at the dogs! I am a true Catholic. I am a Christian! May God strike me dead if I am not. May I be (here followed a silly blatter of oaths) if I let one the cursed crew escape!"