

The ISLE of the WINDS

Synopsis of Previous Chapters. Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in co Sir James Stansfield, of New Milns, in com-pany with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an innhouse his son Philip and his son's para-mour, Janet Mark. They quarrel. Sir James goes home, taking his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They lay his body outside on an lea foe, in the effort to lay the crime to others. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Nonzeway who succeeds in naving the real murtens his grandature court in aving the real mur-derers brought to justice. Philip is sentenced to be hanged, and his woman accomplice to transported. Mysteriously he escapes the fai-lows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the comlows, seeks out his wire, finds her in the com-pany of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Aberoairn for cure, 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 boye. Still, they are excel-lent friends, even though she beats him at her studies to the school to which they so. John studies in the school to which they go. Joh Stansfield. Philip's lawyer-uncle, brings in a new teacher. Dominie Ringross, a small man, with wonderful eyes. Shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled by a er of bloody and mysterious murders, eviently for the sake of robbery. Business calls implicate Spurway from home. In his absence, big packing case, purporting to be full of fine spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman. Umphray's clerk, who puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip, playing about it, see shining through the gause a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the case with a small sword. Blood flows. They open the case, and find Dominie Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ring-rose had meant to let in. They are beaten off:

in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypsy father under pretense of showing him Sir Harry an's treasure, makes him a prisoner. finds out his plight, and leads Spurway on his track. By the help of his slient partner, Provost Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, super-cargo of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much ney and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip the elder goes out in Spurway's cloak to his wife's house, and by threats induces her aboard the Corramantes. Anna and Philip make friends with Eborra. He shows them the make friends with Eborra. He shows them the secrets of the island, and where Str Harry Morgan's treasure is, guarded by Fer-de-lance and his hosts. Eberra has seemed a boat, in which he plans to escape with Anna, Philip. Mrs. Stansfield and his mother; also Will Bowman, who is in the clutches of the pirate. The pirates still away with two or three ships. The boat starts, encounters other pirates, but be boat starts, encounters other pirates, but towed safely away by a monster devil-h. The boat reaches Puerto Rico in safety, d its inmates approach a convent seeking ip. The convent takes in the women. The

go into a chain gang. It is making a road men go into a chain gang. It is making a road for the pleasure of the vovernor's wife. She chances to pass along, and Will Bowman and Philip discover her to be Janet Mark, little Anna's mother. Janet Mark, now the Lady Juanita Silveda, stands friend to her countrymen, but they soon find it is a perilous favor. Notwithstanding Janet grows violently jealous when little Anna somewhat takes the Governor's eye. She is about to kill the girl, when Philip tells her the truth—that Anna is her Philip tells her the truth—that Anna is her own daughter. Another heat comes ashere at Puerto Rico. It holds Saul Mark and Philip counter with hostile pirates. Saul recognizes his wife. He and Stansfield persuade the Govthe fele and bring back the Morgan's treasure He plans to make Philip bring it from the

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CHAPTER XLV. The San Esteban.

And in this matter Saul Mark was as good as his word. Interrogated in private by the grand inquisitor, as to how he came to know the Lady Juanita Sliveda, he de clared that Scotland was a small country, the shank bone of the larger and richer England. His companion and he had heard of the dignified and distinguished family to which the Lady Juanita be longed and of their sorrow at her disappearance while on a voyage to claim as estate in the Western plantations. But the donna had seemed overcome

Well, so much was to be expected, hearing for the first time for years news of her family.

which had long existed between the eccle-siastical settlement of San Juan de Bro-zas and the town and military post of Puerto Rico began to resolve itself into mutual courtesies and most punctilious amity. In order to appease the mind of the Commandante, still seething and working after storm, in the matter of the and damascened armor was sent him with the compliments of the Grand Inquis hope that it might fit the body of the brave and worthy representative of the King of the Spains in these islands. It had belonged to a knight whose body when last seen, had been wrapped about in a well-fitting sheet of flame, provided for the purpose by the Holy Office of Mother Church. But this in his note of benefaction the

Grand Inquisitor did not mention. It was not pertinent to the giving and receiving of a present between a dignified church man and a loyal soldier of Holy Church in parlibus. Anon (so ran the accompany ing missive) the Abbot would ride over on his mule with a train of monks, or the Grand Inquisitor require the pleasure of the company of Commandante Nicholas and his noble lady at his next fest in the grand square. For now by great efforts the road was finished so that the Donna Juanita could the more easily drive

After a day or two Eborra brought us word that Saul Mark and Captain Stans-field with him were allowed their full liberty in the Monastery of San Juan de Brozas. They occupied one room, and some of the negro guards had heard the man with the silver earrings laughing dur-ing the night, "like the bird which laughs in the woods, where no man is" (so they expressed it). And they were afraid, for it sounded like the devil triumphing.

During the day Captain Stansfield walk-ed silently up and down the quadrangle of the Monastery, or read books from the library. He spoke little and ate sparingly. A sentinel with a londed musket contin-ually followed him. Saul Mark, on the other hand, did not appear to be watched at all. He went everywhere about the at all. The work as the was kept for his use near the apartments of the Grand Inquisitor. Here, under the shade of a vine-clad arbor, with papers, inkhorns and charts scattered about him, Saul sat drawing many days and often all day

As for Anna, I saw little of her during these days. But by means of Eborra and his witch-mother we managed to exchange greetings every morning. She was well. So came the news. She had found my

ita had driven over to the nunnery. donna was kinder to her than ever, for fear of Saul Mark, never allowed for fear of Saul Mark, never allowed her out of her sight for a moment during the day. Even at night she would come to the door of her chamber half a dozen times—so that she was compelled to write to us on scraps of paper and hide them under her pillow when she heard her mother coming.

I could well understand Janet Mark's reason for keeping her child in sight

reason for keeping her child in sight while so dangerous a man as Saul Mark was close at hand, and with allies so powerful as the Abbot and the Grand Inquisitor. But because of these precautions, I could not very readily communi-cate to Anna, which was a grief to me. Meanwhile, Will and I labored in our noist-hot weaving shed, having matters moist-hot weaving shed, having matters pretty much our own way, so that we turned out enough cloth for the soldiers and also for the galleon, which was to stop here on its way to Port of Spain, bringing wool and taking webs of cloth, as well as forming the main channel of communication between our Commandants and his autorities. ante and his superiors.

But we soon became aware that great But we soon became aware that great preparations were being made for some distant expedition. The San Esteban, the single ship of any size in the port, was being scraped and cleaned down without and within. Will and I used to slip down at nights when the moon was at full to see her masts stand up tall and sharp against the sky. All was still and heautiful the moon hardly shining so sharp against the sky. All was still and beautiful, the moon hardly shining so much as glowing with a whitish green illumination up in the black sky. The firefiles glinted blue among the branches of the orange trees, and the glow-worms jetted fire at our feet. We watched the darting lamps alighting near their mates, the tiny fires first brightening, then duling, last of all being obscured as the insects consummated their love affairs, all of which interested us much.

On board the San Esteban we could hear a sound of hammering, and sometimes figures moved up the stays and about the rigging, all black as ebony, save for a silver edging to each spart mast, cord and moving shedow. But Lord, how the mosquitoes bit down by the fat mud banks of the shore-great speckled fellows they were, and with the

speckled fellows they were, and with the appetites of unfed tigers for good fresh

Scottish blood.
On these nights it was hot, with a kind of lukewarm heat, and Will and I would gladly have cast off our light clothes and plunged into the heaving waters. We refrained, however, owing to the presence of certain curious objects out in the bay. These were most like black bottles set aslope upon the sea way that they passed and repassed sea, save that they passed and repassed swiftly and noiselessly across, the shining wake of the moon, glistening like wet leather as they vanished into the shadow. They were the back fins of a school of sharks, and, as may well be believed, the sight put bathing out of our

heads.

It was upon our return from one of these rambles that we found Saul Mars waiting for us. He greeted us cordially enough, but with more than usual of the sneering manner which made me hate swung our hammocks and kept what privacy was possible for us. It was a pleasant place save for the mosquitoes, and these we made shift to rid ourselves of by raising a great smoke or "smudge," as we called it, outside, just beyond the as we called it, outside, just beyond the veranda. This we started on one side or the other, according as the wind blew. It was, therefore, through a fine cloud of this smoke that we discovered our unwelcome visitor, his black beady eyes sparkling and his large silver earrings glinting in the smoky firelight which came in through the open door, bringing with it the rolling smoke. This last kept us all three coughing, and rendered more bi-

the rolling smoke. This last kept us all three coughing, and rendered more bicarre our interview with Anna's father. "Your health, gentlemen," he said, without moving, as we came in.

He had found and opened a large square case-bottle of Hollands, the gift of the Lady Juanita. He lifted a tankard and quaffed to us courteously, leaning back the while in our only chair, and crossing one let over the other very much at his ease, at which Will Bowman only grunted, but I saluted the man courteously enough. I saluted the man courteously enough, both because he was Anna's father and because (save in a matter of conscience) I have always tried to steer the course which most avoids the perils of our life's pligrimage by land and sea, not always, I admit, with entire success, but always

oritas—ah, youth, youth!" he cried, hold-ing up his hands. "Well, I am the last man to blame you. I drink, instead, to

"We have been down by the shore edge to admire the moonlight upon the water," so I answered him, gravely, "Ah," he cried, with a note of added gusto in his voice, "so it was in my time. I also went to admire the moon-

light upon the water!"
"Nevertheless, the thing is true, sir,"
said I, with a respectful assurance which thought fitted to convince the most un

elieving.
"Ah, what have you in that pocket? he said, pointing to the place in my blue working blouse where I carried Anna's letters in a flapped inside pouch, secured with a button and tag.

At this I was astonished, and, I fear,

At this I was astonished, and, I fear, showed something of it.

Saul Mark nodded gently.

"Good lads—good lads," he said, "why should you be shamed? We are all a family party here—husbands and wives, sons and daughters—a little mixed perhaps at present, but full of the possibilities of domestic bliss when once we settle down a little."

And his expression was that of a demon driver who cracks his whip of fire over a new and unstalled team.

Will and I had no words to answer him, and, after gloating over our silence

him, and, after gloating over our silence for a moment, he went on: "But now I need you, young sirs," he said: "you and I have work before us. I remember well your many excur-sions in the High Woods when we were all in a manner of speaking so happy to-gether on the Isie of the Winds-before gether on the Isle of the Winds—before the coming of Captain Key's cruel pirates. You know the place of our adventure. I will reveal to you a secret. Under the blessing of the Almighty, we are fitting out an expedition to retake the island and find Morgan's treasure. It is not the first time Master Philip here has gone treasureneeking. God give him better luck on this occasion! Your dusky friend comes with us as guide. I think you know what he will guide us to. Therefore, make ready, Leave the weaving for a week or two. The weavers will have a holiday, and the webs will not rot. The commandante

webs will not rot. The commandants also will leave a guard to keep all safe. So be ready to go on board the San Esteban at any time upon a summons."

There was nothing for us but to obey, and I nodded my promise of obedience.

"We will not fall you!" I answered.
"No. I shall see to it that you do not!" he answered, smiling.

And that was the one word of threat-

> CHAPTER XLVI. Saul Mark Explains.

In addition to warning Will and my made himself clear to all concerned on a certain hot evening a fortnight later. apartment set aside for Captain Stansfield and his companion in the monastery of St. John of Brozas. The Donna Juanita liveda had just arrived to visit her compatriots. As was her wont on such oc-casions, she had left Anna without in he arbor, where were Saul Mark's papers and charts. The girl lifted one at ran-dom, and, to her surprise, found it a map of the Isie of the Winds, with the fathoming of all the anchorages and gird-ing reefs carefully marked. The position of the village was exactly indicated, but the work had evidently been interrupted, for the interior was a blank, with only

for the interior was a blank, with only a few vague pencil markings upon it.

"Why have you brought me here again?" Anna heard her mother say, as she entered. The reply was inaudible. Then in a few moments the woman's voice grew louder. "I will not—" she cried, shrilly. "I tell you I will not—I would die sooner!"

Whereat the girl moved nearer to the door, thinking it no shame to listen when

door, thinking it no shame to listen when all our lives depended upon her vigilance. She had not to go outside, for even where she was, hidden among the crimson blos-soms of the arbor, the voices came clear-ly enough to her ear.

Then Anna distinguished the voice of Saul Mark, not raised like that of a commander, but only made more emphatic, as if what he said admitted of no argument. If what he said admitted of no argument.
"It is not a question of your will, my
Lady Juanita, but of your necessity." he
said; "not of may, but of must. I speak,
remember, to a man and a woman who
are both at this moment not only sinners,

are both at this moment not only sinners, but convict murderers."

"And who planted the thought in our hearts? Who hounded us to that which was done?" It was her mother's voice, raised almost to a shrick, that Anna heard as she stood trembling among the

heard as she stood trembling among the heavy crimson-petaled creepers.
"Hush, Janet, it is useless," joined in the deep, quiet voice of Captain Stansfield. This man is our taskmaster. Let him say the thing he will."

Saul Mark laughed a little scornfully. "How wise is Sir Philip," he said. "How clearly he grasps the situation! It is a pity to prescience had not come somewhat earder. It would have prevented many things—the blue room at New Milns for one thing, the limekin of Provost Gregory Partan for another, a hundred all ships scuttled and burned upon the high seas, plungings from upon the high seas, plungings from slippery plank ends, poor Jim Pembury and the lads of the Corramantee, some thousand boys, dropping one by one in plantation cane brakes—these and much more. And now Sir Philip chooses to be nice about a puling woman and a pair of youths as little distinguished from the "Saul," said Janet Mark, as if trying to touch him, "one of them is his son and loves our daughter!"

If she spoke the word with the intent of exciting pity it was ill-judged. He only shook his silver earrings and laughed

only shock his sliver earrings and laughed a short, crackling laugh.

"Ah, love," Janet—love!" It is a great word. And who knows its meaning if not rou! You loved me. You told me so, you remember, once on a day. Sir Philip there once loved his father. He loved his wife, and swore it at the altar. His brother John loved him. Then by a twist of the sandglass all is changed. You, my lady, loved Philip. You hated me. Philip hated his father, his wife, his child. Only I, poor Saul, do not change. I love you as much now as ever. And I

will help you all to obtain that which your heart desires."
"You, not he
"You, not he "Villain!" cried Janet. "You, not he, killed Philip Stansfield's father. You egged him to speak the words which condemned him—in the blue room of New Milns it was your hand struck the blow!" Looking past the lintel of the arbor door.

Anna could see Captain Stansfield lift his arm and lay his palm upon the woman's wrist, restrainingly. He would have spo-ken, but Saul went on. "Hear me out—at least for old sake's

"Hear me out—at least for old sake's sake. We were speaking of love, were we not? I give the sandglass another turn (he had been fingering one which stood on the table), and what do I see? Still this love. Philip loves his wife. You, my dear wife, love Don Nicholas and—your red-and-gold coach. My daughter loves Philip Stansfield the second. Again I am the only faithful one. I alone love you all, and make my dispositions without considthe only faithful one. I alone love you all, and make my dispositions without considering the turning of hour-glasses and the chameleon called Love Eternal!"

Then Philip Stansfield spoke:
"Say that which you have to say, Saul Mark. What do you wish us to do? By the sin I have sinned, by the blood I have shed (there is enough on my hands, whether that of a father or no). I am bound to

er that of a father or no), I am bound to

Saul Mark bowed a smiling acknowledg ment of the comparison.
"You do me too great honor, Sir Philip we made a bargain, you and I. For so much you gave so much. Did not you re-ceive that which you bargained for? Am

"Say plainly that which you desire, Sau Mark," cried. Captain Stansfield, wearily. cried. Captain Stansfield, wearily. "I am in no mood to bandy words. As to your main contention, God knows

deny you not."

"My desire,' say you," answered Saul with a curl of his lip, "well, to be plain, I am tired of all this. I will no longer be a pirate, privateer, conquistador. I would go home to that which is mine. I would settle down at New Milns, live decently and cleanly, huzza for the King on Coronation day, hobnob with the parson on Sundays, squeeze Umphray Spurway—and in a word. Sir Philip, do all the things which the little matter of the blue things which the little matter of the blue room and several others prevent you from

going home to do."
"There are obstacles," said Captain
Stansfield, quietly, "the law—my brother John, who will yield nothing easily-my

on-"
"Stop," said Saul; "we will only consider stop, said Saut, we will only consider the last, if you please. As for the lawyer, Jock (the name is your own). I hold him in the hollow of my hand, even as I hold his elder brother. His practice and char-acter in Edinburgh are such that he dares by supposing that as a father you can have any affection for such a son. You were no stickler, Philip, when your own father, who gave you all, stood in your

path. This boy is sitogether too puny a gnat to strain on now. He is in my way, I tell you. He threatens to be more in my way. He has a faculty, common to cats and other sleek animals, of landing on his feet. And when I am settled at New Milns and Lleutenant of the Shire, I want no long-lost heirs coming knocking upon my front door. We must put that beyond doubt. Plainly, Philip Stamsfeld the elder, you cannot go back to claim your heritage. Philip the younger shall not."

"What—would you murder the innocent lad?" cried Janet Mark., "Murder, murder!" cried Saul scorn-fully, "we three are far beyond calling any necessary rearrangement of dead and living by that name. The thing is at best but a convention. There are many ways by which killing is no murder—the holy inquisition, for one. There is to be an auto-da-fe in a fortnight. If you, Sir Phillip, have any suggestions on heresy for Philip, have any suggestions on heresy for the reverend fathers of St. John, they will, I doubt not, be pleased to consider them. There is much done in these isiands which is impossible even in the capi-tal of the his most Christian and Catholic majesty of Spain. But I know of some-thing better for him and for all of us. The lad is brave enough and shall die a brave man's death. You have heard of Morgan's treasure? Well, I have found it! I have promised it to the convent and Don Nicholas as the price of my Wherty Don Nicholas as the price of my porty. The good fathers are even now fitting out an expedition to recapture the isle of the Winds, to recover the treasure, and bring

Isle of the Winds prepared. We soon found that Don Nicholas also had been drawn into the venture. It had been suggested to him that the annexation of a new island to his master's dominions, and the destruction of a nest of pirates and buccaneers which had long been given to capturing Spanish treasure-ships, would bring him vast credit in old Spain. And, besides, was there not great treasure to be gained, not only from the hoards of Sir Henry Morgan, which Saul Mark had promised to disclose, but also from those more immediate and accessible ones amassed by Captain Key and his men.

For long we could not understand what it was the expedition was kept waiting for. Everything seemed ready. The arms and powder were on board. All the bacon and dried food were on board. Cattle were in readiness to be slaughtered upon the eve of embarkation. Yet still we waited. It was Anna, as usual, who brought us the word that we were delaying in order to allow the new levies to be landed out of the great galleon now on her way from Carthagena to Port of Spain.

One morning however, as we looked out

of the great galleon now on her way from Carthagena to Port of Spain.

One morning, however, as we looked out of the weaving shed, we could see her masts and precipitous sides looming solemnity up the bay, like some huge sea monster, and the same evening the soldiers were ashore, a goodly band of stout fellows enough, with the country bloom yet red on their cheeks. For they came mostly from the northern provinces, which have from the first reared the best fighting stock of Spain.

I know not what suspicion had suddenly taken possession of our captors, but on

Winds, to recover the treasure, and bring the whole back whither!"
"But Morgan's treasure cannot be reached alive," said Sir Philip. "How will you perform your romise?"
"I shall not perform it. I intend that Masters Philip Stansfield the younger and Will Bowman shall reach it. They shall descend to the pitch lake! Whether they be permitted to return is another matter!"
"You shall not—you shall not!" cried Janet fiercely. "Of this your wickedness

CRUSHED HIS HOPES.



Tramp-Would you be kind enough, good lady, to give me some old pair of trousers dis-Mrs. Dr. Newwoman-I am sorry to say I can't-I am the doctor!-Meggendorfer Biaetter.

of wood driven into the ground on the outside. It was (in other circumstances) a most laughable predicament that we were

For we were thus able to do our work, and even to meet and converse privately, having freedom of motion to the extent of our chains, though unable to reach the fastenings by which we were tethered.

lads who formed our working party laughed broadly at first, but since we had already been kind to them they grew sorry in their hearts to see us treated thus. Besides, we told them that if they did not

obey us when we spoke, they would surely have black men set over them—overseers who would whip them as they whipped the

chain gang. For such people of color as are placed in authority over their own

kind are much more severe than any white taskmasters. It is curious to hear them cracking their whips and crying: "You d—n nigger," "You black son of

perdition," when in point of color there is not a shade to choose between slave and

Grand Inquisitor were being used on our

"But what can such young sparks ex-

"But what can such young sparks expect?" he said, with a cunning leer. "I
am advised that your favor has been altogether too high with the Lady Juanita.
Ah, sly dogs—sly dogs!"
But we held our peace, save to say
that we had done nothing to deserve
chains, and that we hoped that they
would seen he removed.

tent enough to do nothing when they came off duty.

off duty.

At last, the day of the embarkation arrived. The San Esteban was loaded deep with stores and men. Not much provision was taken, for with a favorable wind,

the distance was no great matter. Yet there was ever a thought in my heart. I wondered how with this one ship, loaded down with soldiers as she was, Saul and his Spaniards could hope to force the per-lious passage of the reefs to the anchor-

age of the Isle of the Winds. But I might have been advised that Saul Mark would

certainly have a plan clear in his head

my husband—Don Nicholas shall be informed!"

"Bilence," cried Saul Mark, "'your husband," says you—I am your husband. I
through and made it fast to, a great stake

formed!"
"Bilence," cried Saul Mark, "'your hus-band," says you—I am your husband. I and none other. You shall do as I bid you, Janet, or I will go to Don Nicholas and tell him the Lady Juanita is a sentenced murderess, the paramour of a parricide, the gamester's lure, the lime on the fowler's twig!"

"Saul-Saul," the woman cried, "have pity! Have some pity. Who made me these? Was I not innocent before I knew

"Innocent - innocent," sneered Saul Mark, "how innocent we all are! Go tell carriages then, your snowy mules, your petticoat governments—all gone up in the fiery reek of the next heretic burning." Janet Mark was silent. She knew her new husband's Spanish nature and was afraid.

"Anna shall bide here with you-she need know nothing. By and by we shall need know nothing. By and by we shall marry her to a don. And that poor sage bird, your lawful spouse, by good Philip, will make an excellent nun. We will keep her safe out of the Yorkshireman's reach. I am an easy man, but she could do little harm even if she were free and had a smallow's winer. great profession of sympathy to assure us that this was wholly the commandante's doing, but that it would not be for long. All was being done that could be done, and the good will of the abbot and the ree and had a swallow's wings."

free and had a swallow's wings."

He looked first at one and then at the other. They were both silent before him.
"Now, you see," he said, rising from his seat, "how moderate I am. The lad and his friend are all I demand, who might have asked it. It is, indeed, how runs your Scripture (you were plously brought up, Philip), a work of necessity and mercy to remove two such youths from an evil world. And the boy is a great seeker of treasure. Well, he shall find it now!"

about him. Anna, his daughter, was leaning over the brimming basin of the cen-tral fountain, laughing and trying to catch coldfish with an angle. CHAPTER XLVII.

The New Powder Monkey.

It may be understood that Anna's news which she carried that very night to Will and me in the weaving shed, touched us very nearly. For me I did not feel nearly so much terror as, in such melancholy circumstances. I might have anticipated. And as for Will, I think he did not believe in the reality of the danger. He had that kind of English conceit that

makes a man consider himself the master, not the slave, of circumstances. "Courage, Philip," he said. "You and I are far from being dead yet. We are forewarned—which is to saw forearmed. If they take us back to the Isle of the Winds, as they must if this he are must be the said." Winds, as they must if this be so-why, we shall escape and maintain ourselves in the High Woods till we get a passage nome. Then Umphray Spurway will surely charter a ship and with our fighting weavers as well as the crew, faith, it will go hard with us if we do not drive

these Spaniards into the sea."

But somehow this seemed too remote
a consummation to afford us any real mfort. But it was Will's way and I did not contradict him. Then we Eborra privately, to seek his rivately, to seek his counsel, he heard that Saul Mark knew who when he heard that Sauf Mark knew for said he knew) of the hiding place of Morgan's treasure, was very grave and silent for a while. "I will go and consult my mother," he

said, and so left us quickly. It was well-nigh an hour before he returned, looking much downcast and disconcerted. "It is true." he said: "he knows. Some strong Obeah has spoken to him. But not so strong as my mother's. We shall conquer yet, but it will be hard. And we must wait. If you go to seek the treasure,

"Perhaps they will not permit you," I

"Yes, yes, they will allow," said Eborra. 'I alone can keep the black men quiet. I alone know the woods. Perhans Saul may kill me after, but first he will In need not recount the anxious days, the hot and sleepless nights we spent. Will and I. while the San Esteban was being fitted up and the expedition for the

before setting out.

Not till we were being taken on aboard were our chains taken off. As soon as I got out of the weaving shed, I looked every way for Anna, but saw no sign of her. I felt somewhat sorehearted thus to part, without a word of farewell from her. But as best we could behind the bulwarks on the main deck. The anchor came up with a rattle and a cheer, the sails filled, and we were off. I sat watching the long battlements of the Castle of Puerto Rico, but saw no sign of my sweetheart. Not a tlements of the Castle of Puerto Rico, but saw no sign of my sweetheart. Not a kerchief waved along the whole dull front of masonry, which made my heart yet sicker and sadder than ever before. But I had not time to think heavy thoughts long. For the drums beat to quarters and Don Nicholas and Saul Mark, with the Grand Inquisitor standing near them, appointed all of us our stations in case of any attack.

case of any attack.

The guns were stripped, run out, and cleaned. Then came a bout of practice at the isolated sea rocks as we sailed past them. There was a cry for the powder monkeys. The hatches were lifted and the first on deck with a bucket on her head

was little Anna Mark, looking more like a winsome boy than ever in her high-kilted indian dress, the leathern fringes blowing back in the light winds, and a flush of de-flance on her lips as she gravely turned to salute her father and Don Nicholas.

CHAPTER XLVIII. "For Her Sake."

As usual, Anna Mark (little no longer) had her own willful way. Indeed, by appearing so late she had practically inured that. For the ship was too far on return for such a cause. Furthermore she alone could bring a smile, swift and touched something that was yet human

he said, nodding his head at her, with appreciation. "We must not let you spoil this cruise as you spoilt some others. And if you are to be a powder monkey I

shall see that you do your work on board."

Anna pulled a forelock and scraped a foot with all the gravity of the most ancient follower of the sea.

"You'll find me do my duty, sar," she

with her erect carriage and boyish cos

Captain Stansfield stood apart, as usual, taking no part in the arrangements for the short voyage of the San Esteban, but mostly watching Anna as she moved here and there, with what dark thoughts

here and there, with what dark thoughts who can guess revolving behind his sunken and desperate eyes.

The Spanish ship was strongly manned, or rather, considering all the soldiers on board, overmanned. It was but a short expedition, and, with the wind favoring us as it did, we might have made the island any time during the second day. But Saul Mark evidently did not reliable an attempt to force the passage of the But Saul Mark evidently did not relish an attempt to force the passage of the reefs in the teeth of a hostile force, com-posed of such fierce outlaws as now held the island. So all day the San Esteban hung about on this tack and on that maneuvering for the best position from which to run in upon the south of the island and attack the settlement from the back.

During this period, Saul delivered his

During this period, Saul delivered his directions to the crew through their officers, and proved himself so excellent a seamhn that these, for a time, at least, laid aside their natural jealousy of a foreigner and aided him with a will to make his dispositions.

But what puzzled me most of all and turned my thoughts away from the ahip was a tall column of smoke, or rather cream-colored steam, very light and graceful, which arose high into the air from the place where the island showed plainly, lying pale blue and as if it were plainly, lying pale blue and as if it were water-logged in the warm water of the Carlb Sea.
Will and I talked this appearance over.

Will and I talked this appearance over. It did not seem like the smoke of a great confiagration, or I should have supposed that the pirates were burning the village. It was lighter, daintier, more ethereal. Sometimes it came in curious spurts and puffs, as if the Isle of the Winds were smoking a peaceful pipe before retiring to rest. Anon, it was only a soft, gradual exhalation, like steam wreathing up from a caldron of boiling water. By and by Eborra came to us, but not even and by Eborra came to us, but not even his mother's magic enabled him to put a name on the cause of the mysterious ap-"Maybe the High Woods are on fire,"

he said, "yet it is the wrong season of the year for that; or maybe pirates burn their prizes. Tomorrow we see!"
This was all the assistance Eborra could

This was all the assistance Eborra could give us.

It seems strange to me now that, knowing what we did of the intent of Saus Mark, we should yet be able to regard our return to the Isle of the Winds without any great apprehension. Yet so it was. Perhaps it was because we had been in so many terrible places, and in spite of all had won our way out. Or more likely because in a wild tropic place like the pirate isle we thought that there were many more chances of escape than in one settled and cultivated like Puerto Rica. We knew that if once we had five minutes' start, with Eborra to help us, we might remain hidden forever in the dense might remain hidden forever in the dense woods. And I for one had visions of an ideal existence in Eborra's tiny bay, with Anna and Will and the half-breed. I had already planned how-we were to carry think, also, the abbot to marry us, if necessary with a pistol at his head. So that when Will spoke of what we

Morgan's treasure was forever broken on a wheel \$0f pitch, I answered him indeed, but somehow not as though I believed that it would ever come to the pinch with

sea, the creamy smoke-cloud over the highest part of the Isle of the Winds grew rosy, and we could see that it extended a very long way upward, finally becom-ing combed out toward the top and blowing seaward over the high woods in a long dragoon's plume of trailing lilac mist.

As the twilight deepened and the wind freshened, the San Esteban drew inward toward the side of the island farthest from the pirates' village. Here Saul Mark knew of an anhorage, safe from every wind exept a furious tempest from the Gulf, and of that at this time of year

here was little probability.
We looked into the loom of the lofty We looked into the loom of the lofty and savage cliffs as we drew nearer with mingled awe and admiration, which were rendered greater by the strange pulsing glow, now red as blood, now yellow as wheat straw, that beat irregularly behind them. The appearance was as if some vast conflagration had been dying out beyond the hills, and the beating light was accompanied at intervals by a low, roaring sound like heavy surfon a windless night. Anon a recurring rumble would shake in our ears, causing a throbbing whirl of the brain, like that which accompanies fever. At this the chains, and that we hoped that they would soon be removed.

As of course we could not sleep in our hammocks in the inner room, some of the kinder of our workfolk brought us woven mats of plam fiber on which we slept not so ill, having pulled our walst rings round, as they showed us, till the chain and its attachments was in front. So we made shift to get some sleep, lying wholly on our backs, which, on any hard bed is the only position of comfort.

In this dolorous manner we lived at the weaving-house of Puerto Rico till the sailing of the Port of Spain galleon, that is the better part of a week. The new soldiers, not yet accustomed to the routine of small colonies, came and jeered at us to pass the time. After a year or two in these climates they would be content enough to do nothing when they came which accompanies fever. At this the glow reddened momentarily, and then

died down, till again through the still-ness only that long, continuous surf would boom on unseen beaches. We soon found that Saul Mark did not and while, the first soldiers embarking, our frons were reaffixed and our wrists put in heavy fetters. Anna went to her father and besought him to rust us not to escape, but he only shook

"I cannot afford that," he said, speak ing without heat. "These young men are over-clever to take any chances with." Then Will and I resolved that if the frons were kept on us we would not march at all through the woods. They might carry us if they chose, that was all. Presently Eborra came and crouched with us behind the bulwarks. We spoke in low tones of the hidingplace of Morgan's treasure and its dead-ly guardians. Eborra tried hard to teach us the low, hissing whisper which, as we us the low, bissing whisper which, as we had seen, charmed the snakes. We made various attempts at it, but without enough success to give us any real confidence. I judged that most likely the charm lay in the person using it more than in the actual sound. Nevertheless we did our best, and, as Eborra said, succeeded not ill.

Thus we four-Will, Eborra, Anna and I—were waiting our turn to disembark and listening to the dipping of the oars, when suddenly a shadow fell between us and a bank of stars on the side of the and the unilluminated ship's deck that it was Captain Stansfield who stood there. He waited silently, leaning on the bul-warks and watching the phosphorescence was quiet about us, and all possible listen-ers removed, he spoke to us in low, firm

"Go forward-do not fear," he said. "No harm shall come to any of you on this island. I promise it."

Then he was silent a moment, as if

walting to take advantage of a favor-able moment in another's feeling.

"Philip," he mid, "I speak to you. You are my son. It is true, I have been ne worthy father. Yet now, before I go into the presence of the Judge, I would shake your hand. Mine is stained deep-by enough, God knows, but, though guilty, the blood of a father, for which men hold me in loathing, is not upon it. Take my me in loathing, is not upon it. Take my hand and tell me that you forgive!"
"I forgive you freely for all the ill you have done me," I answered; "the evil you have brought on my mother I cannot

forgive."

He sighed a little, and then said,
"Philip, you ought to have been named
James. You are your grandfather's son,
not mine. But yet—tell your mother that
if she had loved me at first it might
have been otherwise. Yet at the last my heart dwelt upon her. Yes, in the blackness of despair and death I loved her. At least, tell her that the thing which I shall do I do for her sake!" I reached out my hand to Captain Stans-field. I always thought of him as that -not as my father. His grasp came to me through the darkness. He held my hand in his for a long moment, and then moved silently away. I could see him, by the light of the red, reflected glow above the trees, stand by the foremast watching the men going over the side into the boats.

We made our way slowly through the forest, Saul Mark leading with chart and compass. The lantern carried beside him was the only one allowed to the company. The rest of us came stumbling after as best we could. Four men made shift to carry the Grand Inquisitor in a kind of litter. Will and I were each chained to a

reteran of the island wars.

It was indeed well that we had landed far down the desert side of the isle, for the large company, most of them quite unaccustomed to the high woods, made a noise which might have waked

Huge blackberry briers tore our thin clothes as we entered what appeared a very cave of darkness. Men stumbled ahead of us, falling over prostrate trunks with the rattle of accourrements, and re-covering themselves with strange oaths. Tall trees mouned overhead, Lianas creaked like cordage between us and the roof of leaves. Invisible things threw themselves from strand to swinging strand From beneath our feet came the rustle and hiss of disturbed snakes, and as often as a bough scratched my face I could have cried out, for I felt in every thorn prickle the dreadful lashing stroke of the

fer-de-lance. And ever in front of us pulsed, clearer and broader, that strange ruddy light, against which the leaders of our advance against which the leaders of our advance stood out black. Sometimes during a half I could see Saul Mark, his chart spread on a fallen tree. Eborra was at his el-bow, the lantern in his hand and the iron hook pointing out something on the

map.

Then, in a moment, we would be called forward again. Often I could not hear the whispered order, but each of our guards simultaneously gave a tug at the chain by which they held us in leash. And once, as Will did not move fast enough, the brute promptly set the point of a knife in his back and pricked him sharply with it. I could see Will turn white with anger. In a moment he would have been at the fellow's throat, but I

caught him by the arm.

"Walt," I said, "if we pay at all, let us pay our debts at one settlement."

The fellow with the knife flourished it over his head and for pure deviltry would have pricked Will with it again, but at that remont the red glow abone out like that moment the red glow shone out like sheet-lightning and against it I saw mo-mentarily something dart, black and mentarily something date, that a serious traight as an arrow. The next moment Will's guard uttered a terrible scream and, dropping his arms he pressed his palms to his face with shrick after shrick of

pain and terror.
Saul Mark looked back quickly.
"Gag that man!" he commanded. "He
will bring every pirate in the isle upon

carried the lantern. I saw him stoop to the man on the ground and turn his head with his iron hook. Will and I were stand-ing quite close. Will indeed still chained to the soldier. By the light of Eborra's lantern we could see two tiny punctures behind the ear where the great vein of the neck is. "The man is dead," said Eborra, stand-ng up, "Fer-de-lance has stricken him."

the knife over his head to threaten Will which the Then a great fear fell on all the com-pany. It began to be whispered what the

"Why do you not sing, Eborra," I whis pered to the half caste, "he may strike

"No," he said in a sim no living snake, Philip. Fer-de-lance does not strike at night. This is a jombi that enters the body of a snake to strike down his enemy. Do not be afraid—my mother is working great Obeah for you now. The jombis are all about us. They

And indeed it is true that we do not all about us the sense of invisible presences. Yet the sensation was not a pleasurable one, but rather as if some one unseen were about to put his hand on your shoulder in the dark.

At this moment Saul Mark ordered Will to be chained to another armed guard. They cast the dead man loose. (He died while we stood looking, strangely contorted and of a visage that blackened under

ed and of a visage that blacken our very eyes.)
"Forward!" commanded Saul, "lead on, Yellow Jack, if you know the way. There is not a moment to waste. It will soon be morning."

Then Eborra summoned to the front

Then Eborra symmoned to the front all the blacks and Indian laborers and serfs to bring their machetes and cut a way through the tangle. He himself held aloft the lantern and directed them. It was a strange sight, the red, throbbing glow going and coming like a furnace that dies out and is continually refreshed. The dense blackness of the canopy of leaves overhead enveloped us. The waste of overhead enveloped us. The waste of hanging vegetable cordage seemed trying to entangle us—lianes and lialines like huge hawsers and cables, others again thin as trout lines. As the light of the lan-tern flashed across these other plants were seen clinging to them as the mistlewere seen clinging to them as the mislie-toe does to an apple tree in the orchard at New Milns-rosettes of gorgeous bloom, flaring red and white and orange even in that somber light, some tied like favors on the llanas, others drooping unexpect-edly from above like a spider letting him-

edly from above like a spider retting man-elf down out of the midst of his web. In this place the machetes made fierce play. Hack and slash and cut they went. Green fruits, strange and leathern apples, horny plums like musket balls, in sects like walking twigs, vast spiders with legs that burnt as they touched the bare legs that burnt as they bear as big as bean pods, rained down upon our heads. But still Eborra hastened the work and we ade our way toward the source of the We rose gradually as we proc

ing the great swamp by a firmer path than that which we had formerly crossed from the direction of the pirate village. A soft, steamy mist, impregnated with a sulphurous smell, swelled and billowed

Suddenly out of the dense shadows and creeping vapors of the high woods we emerged upon a wonderful scene. Before us rose a great, black hill, in shape most like the Law of North Berwick seen from the shoulder of Moorfoot: but it was not the hollow tower we had seen. The dense undergrowth, the matted carnet of moss and wild hemp, the quaking hill—all had vanished. There was a hot and deadly taint in the air which kept us gasping. Our mouths became dry as the dead bones of the desert with the thin sandy grit of the desert with the thin sandy grit that showered upon us and seemed to per-vade everything, crunching between our eeth as we walked.

(To Be Continued.)

"Two jewels—time and good advice,"
we been companions, Hood's Sarsapa-