

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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THE PIRATE OF ALASTAIR is a romance of love and adventure of great power and interest. There is a charm to this story that is manifest in every chapter. While the incidents deal with modern, every-day life, the author has brought in a glamour of the romantic that gives great spirit and variety to happenings along the Atlantic coast.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

is the author of this entrancing serial, and his gifted pen has done fine work in depicting events that are stirring and entertaining. There is the mysterious Ship and the modern Pirate; there is beautiful Barbara Graham, a fine young girl to admire and love, and the gallant adventurer, who meets with some thrilling experiences. The air of the mystical about the story is warranted by an absorbing and well devised plot.

The Pirate of Alastair is essentially a story of the times, recently written, copyrighted, and is a serial having features that commend it to every reader as a capital romance. We bespeak for this narrative a very favorable reception, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the leading romances of its class—modern, interesting, and having all the elements of a splendid story.

CHAPTER I.

You know Alastair? No—how should you? Very few people know it, and I have done my best to keep the secret to myself. The place lies, however, not so very far from great cities on the Atlantic coast. You take a train northward from Boston, and when you reach the proper station you alight and climb into a countryman's wagon, and he drives you through the pines by a twisting, sand-built road to Alastair. You will know it because you can go no farther, unless you choose to drive into the waves.

Few people come to Alastair. Most of the travelers in this part of the world turn off about a mile inland from the beach and go on for another mile and a half to the Penguin Club. The latter is full of New Yorkers who come to the pines and the sea to hunt and fish and forget Wall Street and Fifth Avenue. They forget it by keeping close together, and dressing for dinner, and dancing every other night.

Alastair itself is only a beach between two great headlands. From the end where my cottage stands, snugly hid in the pines on the edge of the dunes, the beach stretches smooth and white to a little land-locked harbor at the farther end. Sit on my porch and look down along the sands to the east and you will see a reef of rocks shaped like the letter U that closes in a little salt water lake with the aid of a distant cliff. It is not quite a lake, rather a small inland sea, for the tides have room to ebb and flow. A ship is settled into the sands of this sea, settled upright, so that one may walk the decks, and I often go there of an afternoon when the tide is low and climb on board. It is a good place to sketch, and I can leave my paints and canvas in the cabin.

I stumbled across Alastair when I was looking for a quiet place in which to write. I found the dilapidated cottage, camped in it for a week, and fell so much in love with the beach that I went to town, bought the house and part of the woods, and moved in. Charles, the man who had served my father before me, demurred at first, but finally gave in, and turned himself into cook, housemaid, and valet for my sake.

From my balcony I can see the distant rocks of the little inland sea and, standing up above them, the high sides of the ship, and its single remaining broken mast pointing straight to the heavens. Sometimes the stars seem to outline where the missing spars and sails should be, and on a bright night I can half close my eyes and fancy that I see the rigging lighted and lanterns burning on the quarter-deck.

There is history hidden in that battered bulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a private craft. She has the long clipper lines of swiftness, and her high, bulging bow is of a type long past. When I first came to Alastair I made inquiries as to her history, but the oldest farmer could tell me only that she had always been there so far as he knew, and dismissed the subject as of no importance. The people of the near-by country appeared never to have boarded the eastward. I felt the joys of Crusoe when I first climbed on her deck. The name was gone, long ago washed out by the sea; the deck was bare, and the top of the foremast choked with sand. I brought a shovel and dug away the rampart drifted against the hatch. At last I could open the door and, clearing the steps of what little sand had sifted through, I descended into the cabin. It

was mildewed with damp and water, but in time, by bailing and letting the sun in, I dried it out and found quite a habitable apartment, furnished with table and chairs and a row of bunks along the seaward side. Whatever there had been that was portable the first wreckers must have carried off. All that was left was a heavy oaken chest, studded with brass nails, now greenish-yellow, and when I broke the lock I found the chest bare.

My fancy loved to play about the ship. Often I dreamed of her and of a man who should come up out of the sea and tread her deck again. He was always a magnetic figure, and I never could resist the call of mystery to fight beside him.

CHAPTER II.

It was the most beautiful August that I remembered. The air was clear as a bell, and day after day the sun rose on a tranquil world and smiled at it for joy. Every morning at breakfast I would say to Charles, "Did you ever know such weather, Charles?" and he would answer, "No, sir, I never did, sir, and every evening at supper I would say, "It has been a glorious day, Charles, hasn't it?" and he would answer, "It has, sir, indeed it has, sir." My family servant made a perfect echo.

The afternoon on which I finished the first half of my book I sat for some time on the porch outside my den, smoking. I was too serene to stir. I watched the gulls circle and skim above the pine crowned cliff, and the lazy waves, rising occasionally into sparkling white caps, lift their heads and duck again like playful dolphins. The tide was coming in; I could mark the great wet circles on the beach as it advanced, now receding for a moment, but quickly recovering the lost ground and marching on, steadily winning over the yellow sands. It would be high-tide by sunset or a little after; everything was settling in from sea to land; the salt smell was coming strongly on the east wind.

About 5 o'clock I shut the door of my cottage and started down the beach, conscious of no further plan than to board the ship and, possibly, catch something of the late afternoon color for my canvas. Now and again I stopped to watch small flocks of sand-snip scurry over the wet, glistening sands, now to watch a wave recede and leave a path of opalescent pebbles in its wake. There were jewels for all the world and to spare as long as the water bathed the stones.

So, walking leisurely, I came in time to the far end, and looked across the harbor to the ship. To my surprise, a young woman stood on the deck, and fluttering from a splinter of the mast was a white handkerchief. She was looking across at me, her hands shading her eyes from the sunset glitter at my back, and as she saw me look up she waved her hand beckoningly. The easy path to the ship lay through a small break where the rocks joined the cliff, but this break was some distance off. With a smile for what I saw must have happened to the skipper, I climbed over the nearest rocks and stood on the edge of the little inland sea. Sure enough, the tide in rising had covered the causeway to the cliff, and was pouring in, fast filling the harbor, like the bowl of a flooded fountain. The water was not yet deep; it barely covered the path by which the explorer had come, and even off the rocks in front of it it was scarcely up to my knees.

The woman of the ship called, "I'm marooned. I came by the path and forgot all about the tide. What shall I do?" She pointed towards the way she had come, but I was in rough clothes and quite used to a wetting, so I waded in and, crossing the shallow bowl, quickly scrambled on to the high deck. I stood up dripping and laughing.

"So you thought you'd go for a sail," I asked, "but didn't think you'd sail so far from land?"

The girl—I saw now that she couldn't be more than 20—looked quizzically at me for a second, then smiled, and finally laughed.

"It was such a very real ship," she said, "that I couldn't resist the call. I fell asleep sitting against the gunwale, and when I woke up the water was over the path—not very far over, but quite enough to ruin these forever." She pointed to her kid slippers. "I was growing desperate when I saw you on the beach."

I was studying the slippers; there was no question but that the salt water would ruin them. She inspected them also.

"It was very foolish of me to wear them, but I had no idea of going far when I left the club. The first thing I knew, I caught a glimpse of the water, and then I forgot the slippers and walked on until I came to that cliff, and from there I saw this little harbor and this boat, and I couldn't resist that, could I?" I shook my head. "Nobody could resist it."

"I had just about come to the point of taking them off and wading in," she went on, and then finished, "when I sighted you."

"I can go away again," I suggested. "No," she said slowly; "I'd rather you didn't do that. There must be some other way out of it."

"There are several other ways," I answered. "I've often studied the problem from this very deck."

I thought she looked a little bit surprised. "Do you often find people marooned here—girls, I mean?"

"No, but I've often wondered what I should do if I did. To tell the truth, I've never found any one here before, but the ship looks as if she ought to be inhabited. She's a good ship, and once belonged to a pirate chief."

"How do you know that?" she asked. "By the oaken chest below-deck. It has the pirate look, though there's nothing in it."

"Yes," she said; "I made an exploring trip and I found the chest."

"Don't you agree with me, then?"

Again there came that quizzical look in her eyes, and then the smile. "Yes," she said; "it must have belonged to a pirate." She stopped short and the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "Shall I tell you a secret? When I fell asleep here an hour ago I dreamed of pirates, of a real old-fashioned buccaneer who came up out of the cabin fully armed, pistols in his pockets and in his hands and a pistol clenched in his teeth. The funny part of it is that he was exceedingly polite to me. Do you ever have such foolish dreams as that?"

"Often," a buccaneer calls on me every other week. I'm only waiting for the chance to ship with one. I think their ghosts must still inhabit Alastair."

The girl's hand stole up to capture some loose strands of hair, and for the first time I noted the fine spun gold in the sun.

"Alastair?" she repeated. "Oh, so this is the beach of Alastair—and you?" She paused. "You must be the man they told me about at the club—you live in a cottage at the far end of the beach, and write books, and never come out of your shell."

I bowed. "I am the man," I said, "and yonder is my home." I pointed westward to where the tip of my balcony showed between the dunes.

"What a beautiful little world!" she said, and then, a moment later, "but how lonely! Who named the place Alastair?"

"I don't know. It's always been called that, apparently."

"It's a lovely name. And what do you call the ship?"

"Oh, just the Ship. Her other name disappeared years and years ago."

"The Ship of Alastair. And do you sometimes come on board of her to write?"

"No, I have a den for that. Sometimes I come here to paint. I keep my things in the cabin."

"Yes, I found them," she said. "You see, I know a great deal more about you than you think."

(To be continued.)

Left-Handed Barbers.

"Of course left-handed persons are scarce anyhow," said the man who carries his habits of observation even into the barber's chair, according to the Washington Post, "but they are mighty scarce among barbers; in fact, I have seen but two or three in my experience."

"But you are sure to notice it when you do find one. He does just as efficient work, but it is the way he does it that attracts your notice."

"The barber as a rule stands at the right of the customer while shaving him, making little trips to the back and to the left only when necessary. Naturally, I suppose, the left-handed barber does just the opposite; he stands most of the time at your left."

"For that reason you won't find a left-handed barber in the middle of a line of barbers. His chair has to stand at one end so that he won't bump into the right-handed one next to him."

"Like most left-handed persons his right is more dexterous than the left hand of right-handed persons usually is. He shaves you with either hand, but prefers the left. He strops a razor just as a right-handed one does, however, and that is about the only point of similarity."

No Walking.

Mrs. Psmith—Your husband hasn't done much walking since he bought his auto, has he?

Mrs. KJones—I should say not. He got thrown out and broke his leg the first time he tried to run it.—Cleveland Leader.

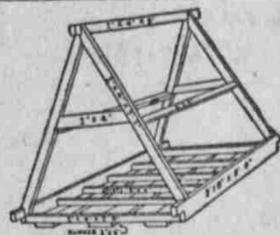
In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.



Portable Hog House.

A small house which can be occupied by a brood sow and her litter is the best for raising strong, healthy hogs. It is the most cleanly and sanitary, and with well-arranged yards the pigs can be cared for with practically no more labor than in a long house.

A very economical and useful house is shown in the accompanying cuts. It

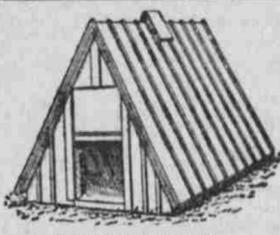


FRAMEWORK AND DIMENSIONS.

is set on 2x6-in. runners and the house is 9 ft. 4 in. long and 7 ft. 8 in. wide. A tight, smooth floor, with no cracks or knot holes, is essential. The frame will allow 16 ft. boards and battens to be sawed in two.

At each end of the house is a door 2 ft. wide and 2 ft. 6 in. high, which slips up and down between grooves or cleats, and is held up by a rope passing through a small pulley at the ridge. It is quite desirable to have doors at both ends.

A necessary adjunct to a sanitary pen is the ventilator in the roof. Two of the 12 in. roof boards are sawed off



COMPLETED HOG HOUSE.

a few inches from the ridge. Strips 2 in. thick are nailed above the battens, which will raise the ventilator 3 in. above the roof boards and give ample ventilation while preventing direct drafts.—Farm and Home.

Milk and Milking.

Many people believe that milk is ready-made and stored in the udder of the cow simply awaiting the milker. This impression is corrected by the statement of the well-known scientist, John Burroughs, who says: "Most persons think that giving down or holding up the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact, they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk, and that the cow releases or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory; it is filled with blood from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system; when she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by a stranger, or by taking away her calf, or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is as involuntary as is digestion in man and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way.—Indiana Farmer.

Stoppage of Milk Flow.

A very common trouble in every dairy is to find an animal with the point of the teat closed, either due to a bruise of teat itself or to infection of the milk duct which causes a little scab to form, and unless this is properly handled with care and cleanliness the infection is apt to cause a loss of the entire quarter. Thoroughly wash the part in an antiseptic solution; then dip a teat plug into a healing ointment and insert it, allowing same to remain from one milking to another. In this manner closure can be overcome in a very simple and satisfactory way. A milking tube should not be used if it can possibly be avoided, as there is much danger of infecting the entire quarter by its use.—Denver Field and Farm.

Vigor in the Flock.

The period of usefulness of good sheep varies much with the breed as well as with individuals of the same breed. Some become unprofitable at three or four years of age, others at ten or twelve or even older. Whenever a sheep begins to show signs of weakness, evidence of disease or lack of thrift and vigor it should be removed from the flock. "All is lost that is poured into a cracked dish;" all is lost that is put into an unthrifty sheep—worse than lost often, for a diseased sheep may do great damage to the flock, and when one loses thrift it loses its natural power to resist disease. Nature has marked such a one for destruction, and the shepherd should forestall nature by disposing of it.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Creamery Butter Production.

The 1900 census gave the total amount of creamery butter made in the United States as 420,126,000 pounds. In 1904 the figures had increased to 531,480,000, and it is estimated that the 1910 figures will reach fully 725,000,000 pounds.

The Farm Cream Separator.

Butter making in the home dairy and creamery has been almost revolutionized by the introduction of the farm separator, which separates cream from milk by a centrifugal process. The shallow pan or crock system and the deep-setting system have been largely eliminated, and with their exit a considerable part of the drudgery of the household disappeared. The farmer is now no longer required to make the daily trip to the creamery; he can retain the skim milk to feed his calves and pigs and deliver the cream, sweet, every other day, when properly cared for, and this substitution of cream delivery for milk delivery by creamery patrons saves them labor and millions of dollars yearly in expense.—Report Secretary United States Department of Agriculture.

The Lost Cud.

"I wish," said an experienced veterinary, "that I had all the cloth which has been wasted in manufacturing cuds to replace those 'lost.' This is one of the dregs of superstition which still clings in some places. The cud is returned to the mouth after entering the first stomach, and its loss is generally an indication of indigestion. This is most prevalent in winter, when cows are heavily grazed. Should it appear in summer when they are on pasture, but receiving some grain, it is well to remove the latter ration for a few days. After a day or two give 1 pound of Epsom salts and 2 ounces ground ginger root mixed in two quarts of warm water. After she resumes her cud feed for a time on green grass and good hay, gradually working back to the grain ration."

Holes for tree planting, according to the Engineering Record, have been excavated by the Long Island Railway by blasting with dynamite. A hole about two feet deep was first dug with a posthole auger at an angle of about 35 degrees with the surface and loaded with half a stick of 40 per cent dynamite. This shot makes a hole about two feet deep and three feet in diameter, leaving the earth in the bottom pulverized suitably for planting. It is stated that two men can thus excavate 250 holes per ten-hour day at a cost of about 7½ cents per hole.

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Flowers as Food.

An interesting development of the use of flowers for food is recorded in the daily papers, says the London Globe. The use of candied petals of the violet as a sweetmeat has long been known, but the practice is now arising of preserving flowers whole. You may now buy a bunch, say of violets, for your buttonhole, and afterward eat them. As a matter of fact, a number of flowers are habitually eaten. Cloves, capers, cauliflower and artichokes are all flowers, or parts of flowers, before the blossoms have expanded.

Pickle for Curing Meats.

Fourteen pounds salt, four ounces saltpeter, two ounces saleratus, five pounds brown sugar, tablespoonful of red pepper, twelve gallons of water, to be mixed in a cold state. The above quantity is sufficient for 400 pounds. If the pickle gets moldy, boil and cool and use again. For pickling beef, four gallons of water, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, six pounds salt, two and a half ounces of saltpeter to a hundred pounds of beef.—Rural New Yorker.

Congressional Seeds.

The National Government is becoming more liberal to the agricultural interests each year. The appropriation bill has reported, covering all appropriations made for the Agricultural Department, amounts this year to \$13,773,276, which is an increase of \$889,450 over that of last season. The forestry service has secured an increase of \$500,000 for fire protection. Last year's forest fires were an object lesson.

Pure Milk.

Certified milk sells in all large cities for about twice the price of other milk. It is absolutely clean, no impurities being allowed to get into the milk. A layer of fine cheesecloth is stretched over the milk pail, a layer of absorbent cotton is placed upon that, then another piece of cheesecloth. There is no sediment in the bottom of the milk vessels of milk treated in this way. It is not expensive either.

War on Bad Seed.

Good work in detecting adulterated seeds is being carried on by the Department of Agriculture. Of 1,471 samples of seeds taken last year 102 samples were found adulterated or misbranded. The department publishes the results of the test, together with the names of the firms that sold the seed. It is claimed that since this work began the trade in adulterated seeds has fallen off greatly.

San Jose Scale.

The San Jose scale is the insect that should be sought out and fought at all seasons of the year. It is a soft-bodied insect protected by a waxy covering which can be penetrated only by very corrosive chemicals. Owing to injury to foliage, these chemicals must be used in winter or when the trees are dormant.

The Apple Country of Europe.

Normandy is the apple country of Europe. Germany is its best customer. The apples which could not be sold were turned into 73,000,000 gallons of cider, which is the favorite beverage of the inhabitants of Northern France.



- 1610—The first Dutch immigrants America landed at Manhattan, New York.
- 1692—Bridget Bishop hanged at Salem, Mass., for witchcraft.
- 1709—Paper money first authorized and issued in New York.
- 1736—A line of stages was started between Boston and Newport.
- 1756—A bankruptcy act was passed by the Rhode Island Assembly.
- 1768—Riot in Boston over the seizure of the sloop Liberty by the commissioners of the King's customs.
- 1775—General Gage issued a proclamation declaring Massachusetts under martial law.
- 1776—The Legislature of Connecticut declared for independence.
- 1788—New Hampshire ratified the Constitution of the United States.
- 1801—The Pasha of Tripoli declared war against the United States.
- 1806—British House of Lords resolved to abolish the slave trade.
- 1831—King of the Netherlands ordered his decision on the boundary question between Belgium and the British possessions.
- 1835—Five Spanish pirates were hanged in Boston.
- 1838—Congress passed an act creating the new territory of Iowa.
- 1840—Great Socialist demonstration in Paris.
- 1851—San Francisco vigilance committee was formed.
- 1854—The Merrimack of Civil War fame was launched at the Charlestown navy yard.
- 1861—Confederates evacuated Harper's Ferry after destroying all available property.
- 1862—Federals under General Shields defeated by the Confederates under General Jackson at battle of Port Republic.
- 1863—Confederates under General Ewell defeated the Federals under General Milroy at Winchester, Va.
- 1864—Grant began to move his forces across the James river in order to attack Richmond from the south.
- 1865—Russell A. Alger breveted as major general of volunteers for gallant service. . . . William L. Sharkey appointed governor of Mississippi.
- 1866—Dominion Parliament met for the first time in the new buildings at Ottawa.
- 1868—Senate passed admission bill for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama and Florida. . . . Large section of Michigan, destroyed by fire.
- 1871—Great storm in Galveston, Tex.
- 1874—House of Representatives passed a bill for the admission of Colorado to the Union.
- 1880—General J. B. Weaver of Iowa nominated for President by the National Greenback Labor convention.
- 1884—Samuel J. Tilden of New York declined to become a candidate for the Presidential nomination.
- 1887—Statue of Nathan Hale dedicated in Hartford, Conn.
- 1891—Massacres in Haiti by order of General Hippolyte. . . . Parliament passed the Panama Sea bill.
- 1892—National Republican convention at Minneapolis renominated Benjamin Harrison for President.
- 1892—Battleship Massachusetts launched at Philadelphia.
- 1895—The Canadian canal at Beauport, Ste. Marie was opened.
- 1897—President McKinley and members of his cabinet visited the Nashville exposition.
- 1901—Dedication of the new building in Philadelphia.
- 1902—House of Representatives passed an anti-anarchy bill.
- 1903—Town of Hopper, Ore., almost completely destroyed by a cloudburst.
- 1905—Sweden protested against Italian recognition of Norway's independence. . . . Norwegian Parliament proclaimed dissolution of the union with Sweden.
- 1908—O. H. P. Belmont, President Roosevelt appointed national commissioner of Conservation of National Game resources. . . . Ten thousand geese took part in a demonstration in London.