

The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She walked away and leaned on the bulwark on the other side. "The water's getting quite deep."

I followed. "There's quite a rise of tide. It's nearly full, and then it will turn—in about an hour, I should say."

She looked at the little chateleine watch she wore, and gave a cry of dismay. "But that will be 7 o'clock, and then dine at the club at that time, and my aunt will be worried half out of her poor old head."

"They dine too early; they miss the best part of the day."

She turned a trifle imperiously towards me. "Still, that is the hour, and I must be getting back. What answers to the problem have your frequent studies brought?"

"The first is to wait until the causeway is dry," I answered, avoiding her eyes and looking out to sea.

"But that is out of the question," she said, with the faint hint of a tapping foot upon the deck. The touch of authority made me stubborn.

"There's a fine view of the sunset from here, though not so fine as from the cliff beyond my house. You should see that some evening when you're not afraid of missing dinner."

She looked me over while I kept my face away, and I could feel the struggle whether resentment or amusement should have the upper hand. The latter finally won. "Please help me to get home, Mr. —" she began.

"Felix Seiden," I supplied her, "though I'd much rather you stayed here, Miss —" and I in my turn hung questioning.

"Barbara Graham," she answered quite frankly. Then suddenly she laughed, and I was forced to join her. "Come, Mr. Pirate, now that are properly known to each other, and I have thanked you for your compliment, will you think of a way to save my poor aunt from nervous prostration? If you will, I promise some day to go without dinner and come to see the sunset from your cliff."

"It's a bargain," I said, and strode resolutely across the deck to the side where the causeway ran.

"But how? What are you doing to do?" came in surprised accents from Miss Graham.

I stopped and turned. "You will not wait for the tide, and you must not wet the slippers, so there's only one way left."

"And what is that?" she asked. "For me to carry you ashore."

I happened to be looking at her, and her face went pink of a second, pink over the brown of the sun.

"But," she stammered, "I don't think that would do."

"It's the only alternative," I said, positively.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you are strong enough?"

I looked at her slender figure and laughed. "I have not lived out of doors for nothing," I answered. "I could carry you from here to the Shifting Shoal yonder without tiring."

Again came the infectious laugh, apparently at the thrill of the adventure, and I found it impossible to keep from joining her.

"But it's time I made the boast good," I answered, and, leaning towards her, picked her up in my arms, careful to keep the little slippers and her skirts clear of the waves.

"You must put your arms about my neck to keep the balance," I said, "or I'll not guarantee the consequences."

"Must I?" she said quite demurely, and did as I commanded.

Feeling my way cautiously, I started to cross the causeway. A false step and I should have slipped into the deeper water, so I went slowly, feeling for safe footing as I took each step. Once I glanced momentarily at the face which was so close to mine, but Miss Graham's eyes were fixed on the shore ahead, and would not look at me.

We reached the sand at the foot of the cliff and I put the girl down. She looked a her slippers.

"Splendidly done," she said. "Not a drop of water touched me. You're quite as strong as you said."

"Remember the cause," I answered.

I walked back through the woods and up the beach. The western sky was fairly ablaze with color. It seemed that a beacon flamed through the pines upon my cliff.

"Have you ever known such a beautiful afternoon, Charles?" I asked my man at supper.

"Never, Mr. Felix, never."

I was sitting so that I could look out of the window at sea.

"It was unusually glorious, even for Alastair, wasn't it?" I pursued.

"Yes, sir, it certainly was, sir, even for Alastair, sir."

After supper I had my coffee on the balcony and sat there and smoked and wondered how long it had been since a petticoat had boarded the ship.

CHAPTER III.

The weather next morning was just right for a ride, and sending for my horse, I made a great circuit of the woods, coming back by the marshes about noon. As I galloped past the upper end of the lowlands I heard a voice calling to me, and, drawing rein, waited until the voice's owner appeared. This proved to be an extremely unburdened young man dressed in very loud tweeds. He carried a fishing-rod over his arm, and a fish-basket dangled from his shoulder.

"I say, do you know the country hereabouts?" he inquired. "I've lost my way, and I'm infernally hot and tired."

He looked it; his lips were almost as mutinous as those of a spoiled child, and even the tilt of his soft felt had had a dejected air.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked in return. "The Penguin club lies about three miles off to the east."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I'm a Penguinite, worse luck." He dropped the fishing-rod and tried to kick some of the mud from his boots. "I came out to get some fishing at 5 this morning, and not a bite have I had, nor a morsel of food tasted since. My legs ache at the thought of that three miles yet to go. Isn't there a farm-house somewhere near where I could get something to eat?"

The appeal in his eyes was so plaintive that I could not help smiling. Thereat he smiled back.

"It's a beastly pickle, isn't it?" he said. "The next time I'll arrange to have a man follow me with lunch."

It was only a quarter of a mile to my cottage. "Come along with me," I said. "I'll fix you up."

He grinned gratefully, and trudged along beside me until we came to the cottage. I called for Charles and sent him off with the horse. By the time he returned, my guest was feeling considerably better, having postponed famine by the aid of whisky and soda. He sat down to dinner with the air of a king come into his own. For a time he ate silently but strenuously, then he looked up at me.

"They don't give us such food at the club, no, sir-ee, and as for the wines, they can't compare with your claret. Funny to think of finding such things down here in the country, away of at the end of an empty beach. I didn't know there was a civilized man within fifty miles of here. Do you happen to come from New York?"

"Originally," I made answer. "But it was some time ago."

"Funny thing, New York," said my guest. "When I'm back there I think I'd like to be out in the open country, but as soon as I have my wish I'm crazy for the old burg. I've been down at the Penguin now for more than two weeks, and I don't suppose an hour of the day passes when I don't long for the scenery of Broadway. The worst time is at night. I can sit on the club porch and fairly hear the Elevated sizzle by. Sometimes it seems as if I really couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why do you?" I asked.

"There are reasons, good and sufficient reasons," he answered, with a slow smile. "Reasons for which I might be living in Kamchatka as well as anywhere else."

He looked at me intently for a few seconds, then lighted a cigarette.

"You're not inquisitive, are you? First rule to success in any business affair. However, there are certain facts you are entitled to have: my name is Rodney Islip, and I'm a broker, offices at 57 Wall Street, where I'd be glad to execute any orders for you at any time of year—though between you and me the present is a particularly bad time to invest in anything, not even including British consols or government bonds. This recent French smash put lots of people out of business. You've heard of it, I suppose—the most outrageous swindle since Whitaker Wright."

"I read of it in the papers. It seems this man Etienne induced half the poor of Paris to trust their savings to him, and then played one company into the hands of another until the bubble burst— isn't that about it?"

"The man in tweeds nodded. He threw back his head and blew a cloud of smoke in an upward spiral. "So little difference," said he, "between absolute triumph and absolute defeat. A jerk of the ticker may convert the greatest benefactor into the deepest villain. For Etienne—though I think that's only a pseudonym of his—is undoubtedly a villain when you think of the numberless lifetime savings he has swept away. Why will people trust a promoter? Haven't they all of history to judge by?"

"History teaches that people are always ready to be fooled," I answered.

"However, I don't blame them. In a man's nerve was only big enough I'd follow him myself."

Islip looked at me with a merry twinkle.

"The solitary life makes you a philosopher," he said. "I envy you. I'm as restless as a hawk."

"I smiled. "An uneasy conscience?"

"No; I'm no Etienne. I believe the only place for such men is under lock and key. But I hate to sit still and think—in my present condition."

He did not seem disposed to explain that position, and I would not press him. After a time we adjourned to my balcony and sat there enjoying the day, carrying on a somewhat desultory conversation. I found that I liked the man; there was a frank camaraderie about him, an openness of face and spirit, that irresistibly appealed. He seemed the better sort of young New Yorker, thoroughly optimistic, always at his ease. I could see he had the knack of knowing how to dress; even his loose, baggy outing clothes set well upon him.

"Do you ever shoot at gulls?" he asked, noting the birds that wheeled continually in from sea and over the cliffs.

"No; it's bad luck to shoot them. In stormy weather, when sailors can't see their hands before their faces, they can hear the beating of gulls' wings and look out for hidden rocks. One comes to think a great deal of seafarers down this way."

"I dare say. It must be beastly work in a storm at sea."

"I often think that when I'm in bed on a bad night. The Shoal Light yonder keeps most of the ships away."

We smoked for a time in silence. "What a contrast," Islip said at length, "between this quiet beach and the folk at the club! I think I like this the better of the two, but I should want company."

"Many people over there now?" I asked.

"A goodish number."

"Who are they?" I inquired idly.

"Oh, the usual crowd of city magnates with their wives and families. James G. Purviance of Oil, with the Mrs. and two marriageable daughters. The Mrs. has her eyes on Colonel Fellowes, the man who judges the hackneys at all the shows. I think he'd rather stay single, but the nets are tightening, and Mrs. Purviance isn't going to let him slip. Then there's the Gregory family. The old man sits at the telephone most of the day, giving orders how to run his railroad, though he thinks he is off on a summer holiday; and the three girls and the boy cut capers on the golf-links, and get up theatricals in the evening. Then there are two very decent unattached bachelors, Philip Leroy and Arthur Savage—well, I suppose I might say three, because I'm a bachelor."

"Yes?" I asked in a tone that asked delicately for more.

"Oh, there's Mr. Divine of Rock Bottom Lead, and—let me see—there's a Miss Elizabeth Corey and her niece, Miss Graham, of New York."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but his tanned face was placidity itself.

"What are they like?" I asked.

"Very nice. Miss Corey is quite the grande dame, in a gentle way."

"And the niece?"

"Now I detected a shift in Islip's position.

"Well, she's very nice, too, very nice. I knew her quite well in town." He broke off definitely.

I changed the subject. I didn't care very much about the rest of the guests at the club.

A little later Islip took up his fishing-rod and his empty basket, and we walked up the beach together. At the farther end I pointed him out his road home.

"May I drop in on you again if I'm in the neighborhood?" he asked as we said good-by.

"I wish you would. Next time I'll put you on to a place where you'll get all the fish your basket will hold. I've a little place of my own."

"Thanks. I know you don't care for the club, or I'd ask you up to dinner. If I get word of a sudden break in the market, I'll let you hear."

It was plain that he couldn't keep his thoughts long from Wall Street. I smiled at the apparent incongruity of his words there on the beach, then I watched him climb the rocks and disappear. It was pleasant to have company, I considered, but for some reason I found the ship, when I climbed on board to try my paints, rather lonely. I was not used to having two visitors in as many days.

(To be continued.)

Motorman Goes to Prison.

German public opinion applauds the harsh sentence of twenty-one months' imprisonment and hard labor inflicted on the motorman of the electric subway train responsible for the disaster last September in which nineteen lives were lost, a Berlin correspondent of the New York Times says.

The sentence exemplifies the German theory that criminal negligence requires to be punished to the full extent of the law in all cases as a terrible reminder to all persons whose occupation has to do with the care of human lives.

The motorman in question submitted a defense which would have cleared him in an American court, but he was made a martyr of the inimitable Tenon practice of holding somebody responsible for every accident that occurs on railway lines and punishing him in accordance with the damage done.

The result of this system is a maximum of care and precaution, which makes traveling on German railways safer perhaps than on any other great trunk lines in the world. No accident, large or small, is ever permitted to pass without the most rigid investigation, and the cause and culprit are always detected and penalties invariably inflicted. This is the rule whether the lines are owned by the state or a private corporation. The motorman, who has just been sentenced, was an employe of a private company.

The Still, Small Voice.

Sure healing is not in the storm, or in the whirlwind; it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.—Lowell.



FARM NOTES

Cultivation of Corn.

When corn is planted after the first week in June the land needs more attention than when prepared earlier. If plowed early the weeds will have made an appearance, which is an advantage, as they can be destroyed before the corn is planted; but the late corn will be more easily injured by drought than that which has made an earlier start. The crop should be cultivated after every rain, so as to prevent loss of moisture. Another point is to thin out the plants if they are too thick. It would be difficult to induce many farmers to "thin out" their corn, as they would claim that the land, having been manured, was capable of providing for as many stalks in the hills as made their appearance; it is not a matter of plant food with late corn, however, but moisture. When too many stalks are close together there is a struggle for existence; some become weeds to the others, and in the end only the most vigorous make growth, and yield grain

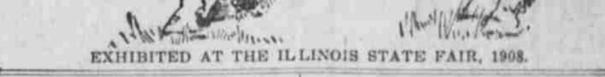
Many Courses in Agriculture.

A total of eighty-seven different courses of study in the long and middle courses in agriculture at the College of Wisconsin is shown in the new catalogue of the university just issued. These do not include the work in the nine other special departments, such as home economics, the short course, three dairy courses, the farmers' course, farmers' institutes, home-making course, and experimental station work. These eighty-seven courses include thirteen each in soils and agricultural chemistry, twelve each in animal husbandry and horticulture, eleven in dairy husbandry, eight in agricultural engineering, seven in bacteriology, five each in agricultural economics and agronomy, and one in agricultural journalism.

Mottled Butter.

Streaky or mottled butter may be caused by the salt, or it may be due to the working of the butter. The salt is

CHAMPION HOLSTEIN BULL.



EXHIBITED AT THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, 1908.

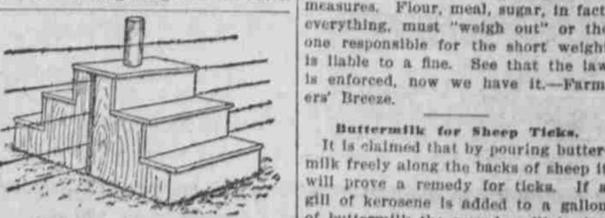
up to the average. It is, therefore, better to remove every stalk that shows lack of growth, and if the heroic remedy of reducing the stalks to two in a hill could be tried on a plot by way of experiment, the result would be satisfactory, as well as convince farmers that there is nothing gained by endeavoring to grow three or four plants in a space which only two should occupy. If rainfall continues to be abundant, as has been the case for June, there will be no necessity for reducing the number of plants.

Crossing a Barbed Wire Fence.

Two stout boards are nailed together, as shown in Fig. 1, and may be used for crossing a barbed wire fence. They should be 10 or 12 inches



wide and 2 feet longer than the fence is high to give the desired spread. Firmly nail four cleats on each board and fasten a short board between the two, to assist in getting over the fence.



Another device somewhat more elaborate is a double set of steps, shown in Fig. 2. Women and children will have no difficulty in using this, but might find it inconvenient to get over the narrow board.—Farm and Home.

Cause of Bitter Milk.

Recent experiments on the Ontario Experiment Farm show that the yeast-like micro-organism of bitter torula is the cause of much bitter milk and cheese. Factories in that section have complained of the bitterness of the milk, and as a consequence the experiment station has conducted extensive investigations as to the cause. Cultures of the torula were added to milk and cheese that had been sterilized, and in each case a bitter taste was the result. It was not found in milk drawn into sterilized dishes, but was found regularly in mixed milk, in the solutions used for can washes, and also on the leaves of trees under which the cans were habitually kept. The remedies are to cool the milk promptly and to guard it from infection of any kind. All cans and other utensils should be carefully washed and sterilized by heat. The Connecticut experiment station discovered several years ago that a species of bacteria was the cause of bitter milk and cream. This can be rendered harmless by sterilization.

Sore Shoulders on Horses.

The hide and flesh of a young horse are more tender than those of an old work horse. If the shoulders of the young horse are allowed to become sore during the first season's work it is likely that they will be sore or tender all the rest of the animal's life. If the young horse passes through the first season without injury the shoulders become toughened and with good treatment are likely never to become sore.—Field and Farm.

Diseases of Mexican Sheep.

For several years past the sheepmen of the Southwest have suffered serious losses from a disease known among the Mexican herdsmen as "pingue." "Pingue" is popularly supposed to be caused by eating either the leaves or roots of a plant which has in the last few years been quite prominent in the public eye as the rubber plant or rubber weed. Hot water and salt is an efficacious remedy.



THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN

- 1620—Martin Luther excommunicated.
- 1619—The first Assembly of Virginia met at Jamestown.
- 1664—Queen Christina of Sweden abdicated.
- 1749—The city of Halifax was established by Lord Halifax.
- 1764—Second colonial Congress met at Albany, N. Y.
- 1764—First lighthouse established on Sandy Hook.
- 1775—Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge.
- 1778—British army evacuated Philadelphia and retreated toward New York.
- 1783—Washington announced to the governors of the several States his intention to resign the command of the army.
- 1793—British made an unsuccessful attack on Martinique.
- 1812—United States declared war against Great Britain.
- 1813—Virginia militia defeated the British in battle at Craney Island, in Chesapeake Bay.
- 1813—Wellington defeated King Joseph of Spain at Vittoria.
- 1815—Napoleon defeated at the battle of Waterloo.
- 1825—Cornerstone laid for the Bunker Hill monument in Charlestown, Mass.
- 1837—Accession of Queen Victoria.
- 1845—The Texan Congress accepted the terms of annexation to the United States.
- 1848—Parades raised the standard of revolt in Mexico. . . . Carreras at Ulica nominated Martin Van Buren for President of the United States.
- 1851—Large section of San Francisco destroyed by fire.
- 1856—First nominating convention of the Republican party met in Philadelphia and nominated Fremont and Dayton.
- 1860—National Democratic convention met at Baltimore and nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President.
- 1862—Union troops occupied Chamberland Gap.
- 1863—Confederate cavalry under Gen. Jenkins entered Chambersburg, Pa.
- 1864—The Federals were repulsed in attacks upon the Weldon railroad in Virginia.
- 1865—Lewis E. Parsons appointed governor of Alabama.
- 1866—Beginning of the six weeks' war between Prussia and Austria.
- 1867—Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, executed.
- 1870—Brazil and Paraguay signed a treaty of peace.
- 1876—Rutherford B. Hayes nominated for President by the Republican national convention in Cincinnati.
- 1897—Failure of the Fidelity Trust of Cincinnati.
- 1888—Republican national convention at Chicago nominated Harrison and Morton.
- 1893—Fire on the Mesaba range, in Minnesota, caused damage to the extent of \$1,000,000. . . . British warship Victoria sunk by the Campertown in collision of Tripoli, with loss of 40 lives.
- 1896—Madagascar declared a French colony.
- 1897—Celebration of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee.
- 1898—American squadron under Admiral Sampson shelled the forts at Santiago.
- 1900—Foreign legations ordered to quit Peking.
- 1903—Memorial to Emperor William I. unveiled at Hamburg.
- 1906—United States Senate approved of the lock canal for Panama.
- 1908—The Pan American Church Congress convened in London. . . . Million-dollar fire destroyed the houses at Three Rivers, Quebec. . . . William H. Taft resigned as Secretary of War.

Trimmed His Corn.

William Dodd of Richmond, Ind., trimmed his corn with a razor a few days ago. Blood poisoning developed and the man's leg was amputated.

Spider in Strawberries.

A spider swallowed by Katherine Degen, the 6-year-old daughter of C. Degen, Louisville, Ky., is believed to have caused the little girl's death. At dinner she ate a saucer of strawberries and while eating she "choked" marked at the table that she "thought she had swallowed something." Two hours later she was taken ill and died despite all the efforts of physicians to save her. The latter believe the poisonous insect caused her death.