

# The Pirate of Alastair

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## CHAPTER IV.

I happened to be sitting in my den, writing, the following afternoon, when glancing out of the big window that looks up the beach, I caught sight of a woman walking near the water. I picked up my binoculars and focussed them on her. It proved to be Miss Graham, dressed in a riding-habit, and with a broad felt hat on her head. She was walking in a somewhat aimless fashion, skirting the waves as though she were playing with them. I saw her glance once at the ship and once in the direction of my house.

I put down the glasses and laid my papers aside. When I went down-stairs I routed Charles out of a sound sleep in the kitchen.

"Do you remember how to make tea—good tea?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Felix. Aren't you feeling well, sir?"

"Quite well. Please make some tea that shall be ready to serve in about an hour, and get out a box of those salty biscuits. Set the small table in the dining-room out in front of the door, with two chairs, and be ready to serve a lady and myself."

"Yes, Mr. Felix." Charles showed no surprise, though he had never received such an order since we had been at Alastair.

I picked up a cap, and left the house. As I did so I noticed that Miss Graham had stopped walking and was gathering shells. Half way to her, and she was still absorbed in the shells, which are quite unusually beautiful here; three-quarters of the way, and she was still playing with them. I had almost reached her, and was raising my cap to speak, before she turned and saw me. A flush of surprise rose to her cheeks.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hermit. Am I poaching on your preserves?"

"Not in the least. I make you free of the city."

There was a light in her blue eyes which I discovered that I remembered, but I found her riding-habit new and wonderfully prepossessing. I was taking stock of it when she interrupted me.

"I left my horse tied back in the woods. Haven't you ever seen a riding-habit before?"

"Yes, I beg your pardon, but it's so very becoming."

Again the quick flush, and an instant's look at the sand. Then she laughed and shook her riding-crop playfully at me.

"Beware, Mr. Hermit. Any man might say a thing like that, but I expect other things from you. That's one of the penalties of your position; you must be different. I look for the flavor of romance and adventure at Alastair." She laughed at my puzzled face. "Shall I go back home again?"

"No, I will try to remember. Did you come to see the sunset from the cliff?"

"Yes. My aunt has a headache and has stayed in bed all day. I bribed our waiter to save me a little supper and send it up to my room at 8 o'clock, so, you see, I'm free of the club and dinner."

She spoke impulsively, as I imagined she might do many things, and glanced at me whimsically to see of what I was thinking. She had some of the artlessness of a child playing truant from school. "I do hate stupid conventions, such as chaperons," she added, "especially in summer."

We walked past my cottage, which Miss Graham looked at with much curiosity, asking me a hundred questions about it—how I had discovered it, why I had bought it, how it was fashioned inside, and how I did my marketing. I told her I had the same butcher they had at the club.

"Oh!" she said. "I half hoped you lived by hunting and fishing, but I suppose you'd rather indulge in occasional beefsteaks."

"I'd rather live that way," said I, "but Charles, my man, wouldn't like that. He has a very cultivated palate."

When we came to the top of the cliff I felt like another Balboa discovering the Pacific. In front of us lay the entrance to the river, the sloping away of the dunes to the low, level fields of meadow-grass, and the distant background of the pines. Here and there the fields were dotted with beach marshmallow, windfalls delicately pink; along the sedge banks grew clumps of cat-tails, their brown pens stiff like so much bronze. At a little landing-stage, where the river had hollowed out a harbor in the bank, rode my cat-boats, the sail tightly furled, the mast rocking gently with the tide. As we looked a flock of sand-snipe rose from the tall rank grasses beyond the river and spread themselves like a sail against the western sky. Nature never looked so absolutely peaceful.

"Look," I said; a heron, red-legged, white-bodied, rose from the sedges and flapped his way up the stream. He called to his mate, a low, plaintive cry.

"It is beautiful," said the girl. "I don't wonder that you love it."

"Look," I said; the sun's kaleidoscope was changing, the pale yellows deepening, the pinks turning to reds, to oranges, to brilliant, blazing golds. Again it shifted and softened; red and yellow were saffron, orange the color of coral. Yet again, and the whole west was gold, yet again, and the whole west was gold, and the purple gained and the gold sank we could see the army of pines silhouetted against the dropping fire.

"They come, the armies come!" I cried. "See the spears, see the crested horse-men, see the banners in the rear!"

I turned and her eyes were shining, exulting in the beauty of the scene. Then we were silent for a time, until the blaze had softened and the battle dropped to a harmonious peace.

I found a seat for her, and stretched myself beside it.

"Tell me what you think," she said—"the stories you make up when you come here night after night."

I had known how that view of the sunset quieted, yet I was surprised to find her so still and calm. It seemed as though we had known each other for some time. I have romanced to myself idly from that cliff when the yellow light lies over the sea and the river and the pines, and I drew upon my memory only to find it well stocked. Moreover, I learned much of the river people, of the birds that live in the marsh and of the animals of the woods. I had watched the purple grackle build his nest and the blue jay forage for his offspring when the summer was young, and I knew many a story of the sea-gulls. Miss Graham was a flattering listener, her lips slightly parted, her eyes alight with interest.

"You must be hungry," I said at last, "lunch at noon, no supper until 8. I should like to offer you my cottage's hospitality."

I was looking for the flush that I knew would come, and was not disappointed.

"Thank you," she answered, "but you see—what would people think if they looked in your dining-room window and saw me taking tea alone with you?"

"People don't look in my dining-room window," I answered.

She shook her head so decisively that I knew she meant it.

"At least, we will have a cup of tea on the beach," I said, "out of doors—oh, a dozen yards from the cottage, where all the world may see us if they choose."

"Splendid!" she cried, and, jumping up, led the way down from the heights.

On the smooth sand some distance from my door Charles had placed the little table. Two chairs faced each other; plates, napkins, and a center-piece of beach-marshmallows were the decorations, and my man, as straight and rigid as an Egyptian idol, stood a short distance off. Miss Graham gave a little cry of pleasure.

"It's like the Arabian Nights!" she exclaimed. "The whole thing seems to have sprung out of the sand."

I seated her at the table.

"You may serve the tea, Charles," I ordered.

He brought forth the tea-pot, and was about to pour the tea into our cups when Miss Graham expostulated. "It's the woman's place to do that!" she exclaimed, and Charles surrendered the tea-pot into her care.

"How many lumps of sugar?" she asked, with the delicate superiority of a hostess to a guest.

"Two."

"Will you have lemon or cream?" There were both; I thanked my stars that Charles was so thoughtful.

"Lemon."

I received my tea-cup and a moment later had the satisfaction of hearing Miss Graham say that the brew was delicious. "And such pretty cups! I don't believe you're a bit of a hermit, but a very pampered old sybarite."

"We use these only on state occasions, for our honored guests," I explained.

"But I don't feel as if this were a state occasion," she answered. "It seems quite as though we'd been doing this all summer."

"I wish we had," I said, quickly.

"I mean, it seems so usual," she said. "And yet, in reality, you hardly know me at all; why, you haven't even met Aunt Elizabeth yet."

"No, that's true," I agreed. "But then, on the other hand, you don't know such a very great deal about me."

"It's the very fact that we know so little about each other in the usual ways, and so much in other ways," Miss Graham attempted to explain, "that makes everything so nice. We're both so much interested in the ship and its history, you know."

"We are," I answered. "That reminds me that I was to tell you all about the ship some time."

"Yes," she looked off to where the boat lay shining like mahogany in the yellow afterglow. "But don't you think we'd better wait until we're on board again. The smell of tar and the feel of the wood will make it so much more real."

"Then, you'll come—" I began, and stopped, for Miss Graham was looking past me at the door of my house. I turned to see Islip there, a broad smile wreathing his face.

"Well, well, well!" he remarked, advancing. "What a charming idyl! Really, I had no idea when I came in at the back door that I should find such a pretty picture awaiting me in front." He bowed to Miss Graham. "Where is the horse, Barbara, that goes with your habit?"

"I left him in the woods. He's used to standing." She turned to me. "Mr. Selden, have you met Mr. Islip?"

"Yesterday," I answered. "He lunched here."

"Yes," put in Islip; "and he gave me as good a lunch as he's giving you tea. Really, Selden, you're not living up to your reputation as a recluse." He paused, looking from Miss Graham to me. "I hate an interloper, but I'm afraid that's the part assigned me. When you didn't appear at dinner, and couldn't be found, I volunteered to hunt. I was getting quite worried over the disappearance. Your Aunt Elizabeth—"

"Is ill in bed with a headache," said Miss Graham.

"Quite so; so we didn't like to tell her. I took all the responsibility on myself." I may have looked somewhat sharply at Islip at these words, for when I turned to the girl I caught an amused gleam in her eyes.

"Thank you, Rodney. Aunt Elizabeth would thank you, too, if she knew."

The young man rushed and bit his lip.

Miss Graham had a provoking tone when she wished. I felt sorry for him.

"Won't you sit down and have some tea?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I must be getting back, now I have found her."

He was too polite to look at his watch, but we both knew what he was thinking. "I left my horse in your back yard."

Miss Graham rose. "I must go, too. Thank you, Mr. Selden, for the sunset and tea. Mr. Islip will find my horse and go back with me." Her eyes were dancing as she looked from one to the other of us men, and I hardly wonder, for I felt distinctly out of sorts all of a sudden, and Islip's face wasn't as cheerful as usual.

Charles brought Islip's horse down to the beach, and we three walked up to the point in the pines where Miss Graham had left her mount. There we separated.

"By the way, Selden," said Islip, "the market's shaky; slumping all yesterday and started in to-day. Better look out for a squall." He grinned as he disappeared.

Charles was clearing away the remains of the tea-party when I returned.

"Sorry, Mr. Felix," said he. "I tried to keep the gentleman away, but he would come out. Said he wanted to see you on pressing business."

"That's all right, Charles. He came to get my guest. We couldn't have sat there drinking tea all night."

"No, of course not, sir, of course not."

I turned to do indoors. "By the way, Charles, that tea was splendid; you did yourself proud."

By the time supper was finished I was still thinking about the Penguin Club, which was a very singular thing, because ordinarily I had no use for the place.

(To be continued.)

## RAISE CHILDREN OR TOIL.

Economist Says That One Thing or the Other Must Be Done by Wives.

In the way of practical plans for the amelioration of conditions leading up to unhappy matrimony, two interesting suggestions have been forthcoming in recent weeks, says the New York Herald. One of them happens to be only a new variation of the old proposition of taxing the unmarried, but the other, by Prof. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, adopts an entirely different attitude in advising that in all families where there are no children the women should be bread earners. The two news items in the matter follow:

That wives should be largely self-supporting is the view taken by Dr. Simon Nelson Patten of the chair of economics of the University of Pennsylvania. He came here last week to tell the League for Political Education of his ideas and returned to Philadelphia, where he is at present the center of a storm of criticism.

The doctor, whom I saw yesterday, still maintains that his wife should go out to do a day's work, as her husband does, so that by the joint income the family revenues may be kept at a figure large enough to insure a good home and the proper care and education of the children. He finds that women of all ranks of life are entering a leisure class, to the diminution of the birth rate, the degeneration of society and the peril of the state.

"It all resolves to this," said he, "that woman is ceasing to become a producer in an industrial way. Her work has been taken away from her. In other generations she worked. With the introduction of machinery and of the department stores much of her vocation has been taken from her. A large part of the work which was once hers is now done outside of the house. Once she made clothes and even wove the cloth from which she fashioned garments. She went into the garden and raised vegetables; she milked the cows. There was a time when the farmers sneered at the man who milked. A woman always did that. I have traveled extensively through the farming districts of the West without ever having seen a farmer's wife milk a cow."

"Formerly the woman was the man's industrial partner. Her work now has gone out of the home and nothing remains for her but to leave the home in search of it. There is no use for her to waste her time in trying to do that which is now being better and more cheaply done by other means."

"It is far better that she should toil at some remunerative occupation and leave to other agencies the production of articles for household consumption."

**Ripening Bananas.**

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

**Unreasonable.**

"My husband is so very unreasonable."

"Most husbands are. What did yours do?"

"He fixed a fishhook in one of his pockets because he pretended to suppose that I robbed him at night, and then he blamed me because he forgot it was there."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Coarsely Defined.**

"What is the distinguishing quality of the problem play?"

"It makes you think. The first half keeps you wondering what the question is, and the second half keeps you guessing what's the answer."—Washington Star.



## THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Games and athletic sports may, first and last, be responsible for so many kinds of bodily injury that it would be impossible to enumerate them; but they may be divided, for convenience into two groups.

There is first the kind of injury that results from external violence or from incorrect use of the body in the immediate game. Under this head would come all cases of bruises, sprains, contusions and strains. The second group would include all functional troubles, such as heart-strain, insomnia, or impairment of function in any of the organs of the body.

In the first class, where the bruises and sprains are the direct result of the inevitable rough-and-tumble of the game, as in football, there is nothing to be done about it except to draw up and abide by rules which eliminate unnecessary violence, and then meet the fortunes of war. On the other hand, there is an immense amount of bruising and spraining which might be avoided by proper training and proper care.

Proper training—gradual training—means as much as anything else. Muscles and tendons will not submit to insult with any better grace than the rest of the body, and when they are called upon to perform tasks they have had no preparation for, they will almost certainly rebel.

A physician who speaks from the enormous experience in this line of work gained in a large college town makes the interesting statement that, in his experience, there are more strains and sprains occurring in the first few weeks of the October term than at any other time of the year. He argues that in the long vacation the average undergraduate is not calling upon his muscles for any very violent exercise, and that on his return to college he demands too much of them too suddenly.

Temperature also makes a great difference to the athlete. In warm, damp weather, movements may be made with impunity which would result in trouble in dry, frosty weather.

The trained athlete will take care to have his limbs sponged with warm water before he starts, and the sophomore who stands round the field half-dressed and getting chilled through is doing a foolish thing.

The other group of cases mentioned—the dilated heart, irritable heart, and so on—is usually the direct result of overdoing. They are generally only temporary if discovered in good time and properly treated, but they may lead to much trouble, and materially shorten life, if ignored. Rest will always form the basis of their treatment.—Youth's Companion.

## Meatline Conversation.

A serious fault is to reserve meat-time for the discussion of disagreeable family or business matters which may require settlement, but should be discussed elsewhere, otherwise the peace and contentment of the meal is destroyed, for good digestion waits truly on peace and cheerful talk as well as on appetite, and health depends on both.

## To Stop Bleeding.

In the case of a severe cut try the immediate use of finely powdered rice or flour to the wound. This has been proved a great success in almost stopping the flow of blood from a very severe cut.

## How to Cure Sore Throat.

Take a lump of resin as large as a walnut, put it in an old teapot, pour boiling water on it, put the lid on, put the spout to your mouth and the steam will cure the inflammation.

## To Relieve a Gumboll.

To relieve a gumboll, a homely remedy is to take a thin strip of dried fly, dip it in milk, toast it and then apply hot to the swollen gum. Relief is speedy.

## HUNTING THE SEA ELEPHANT.

Some of the Dangers Encountered from the Bull's Terrible Jaws.

The chief danger attending the killing of the sea elephant is in approaching too near his terrible jaws, which are capable of biting in two an iron rod the thickness of one's finger, says Capt. Benjamin D. Cleveland in Hampton's Magazine. The hunter, however, must get pretty close, as the thick hide and blubber render the animal practically impervious to attack, the only vulnerable point being a spot about the size of a walnut above each eye. Careless hunters have at times got within reach of the brute's teeth and have escaped only by dexterously wriggling from their clothes. I had occasion once to shed my coat with great agility, one of the smaller beasts having caught me by the sleeve.

Our afternoon kill had been about forty animals, some of which had given me and my four hunters considerable trouble. This was mainly due to the treacherous footing and the heavy nature of the work, not only in killing but in stripping the ponderous brutes. We were anxious to make the afternoon kill an even fifty and night was fast coming on.

In cutting out two particularly hard

fighters, a male and female, I had overlooked a young bull partly hidden behind an ice hummock. We had stripped both animals and, walking over to the hummock where our guns were stacked, I was leaning to pick mine up when, with a bellow of rage, the young bull reared and whipped his tail-like flippers at me. Luckily the guns were stacked so as to form a temporary barrier, but unluckily one thick paw was impaled on a bayonet. Rearing in fresh rage, the animal lunged at me with incredible speed, snapped the gun between his javelin teeth as though it were a straw. I leaped backward, but slipped.

Instantly he clutched at my body, but missed in the semi-darkness, lunged and clutched again, catching my right arm in his powerful jaw. His awkwardness enabled me to regain my feet, but, with a ripping tug, the animal fastened on to the sleeve of my heavy skin jacket, out of which I slipped just as one of my men drove a harpoon into him just above the eye.

## THE DEADLY CROQUET.

It seems strange that in a country so cold as Northern Russia the spirit of sport should not be more developed. The tropics, even, adopt football, baseball and other athletic games, but the land of the white bear seems to hibernates under its covering of ice and snow. An article in Chambers' Journal speaks of this fact and tells of the suspicion aroused, a number of years ago, by the introduction of an innocent form of diversion.

Unfortunately, the Russian school-boy has not the faintest knowledge of the practice, even of the existence, of football, cricket, fairs, golf, hockey, and so forth. Most of his time is loafed away. He skates a little in the winter if he lives near the ice, but he will not go far for it. In summer he walks up and down the village street, plays cup and ball in the garden, fishes a little, and lazies away his time without exertion. Lawn-tennis is slightly attempted, but not really liked.

Many years ago, when I was a schoolboy, I arrived from England to spend a summer in Russia. I brought with me a box of croquet, a game at the time unknown by the Russians.

When the box was opened at the custom house the authorities retreated in horror at its awe-inspiring contents. Bombs, mysterious weapons! It was an awful box.

I drew forth one of the bombs and placed it on the floor, to the accompaniment of cries of consternation and terror. I took one of the mallets, and, to the inexpressible alarm of all, I began a little explanation of the game. As I could not use the hoops on the floor, the custom house officials grimly suspected them to be boomerangs of novel description.

The box was seized and examined. I got the croquet set after a while, but it bore marks of severe testing.

## AGAINST PLAGUE SPOTS.

Action Taken by Barbados Court Regarded as Useful Precedent.

The police court news of our esteemed West Indian contemporary, the Barbados Advocate, contains a report of a prosecution unlike any in our experience and providing a precedent useful to the gentlemen who are typing their campaign against the typhoid fly in the summer now so near, the New York World says. The defendants were summoned for "not keeping their premises free of stagnant water liable to breed mosquitoes." The evidence consisted of samples of the water, containing mosquito larvae in each sample, and in one instance containing "a mosquito which had been hatched since the sample had been taken." With such crushing proof the defendants were prudent in throwing themselves upon the mercy of the court. The magistrate remarked that there was larvae enough to supply a whole district with yellow fever and he sentenced the criminals to the equivalent of seven days or \$7.

This is interesting in connection with the notice sent to all New Jersey bakers, requiring them to screen all windows so as to prevent the access of flies to their dough, baked or unbaked. In our own local bakers' strike serious complaints were made about unsanitary conditions facilitating the access of germ-laden flies to food. At its last session the Kansas Legislature passed a fly-screen law. Columbus, Ohio, has appointed a veritable "fly cop," whose sole duty is to enforce the laws regarding fly screens. Our own Merchants' association is indefatigable in its efforts to prevent the ravages of the typhoid fly. The Barbados lending case is cited in the hope of reinforcing such laudable efforts in the cause of health, as no punishment is known to have been inflicted in our courts upon the villains who "harbor" flies and mosquitoes, as the Barbadians put it.

## Appropriation.

"What do you think of my graduation essay?" asked Miss Clarissa Cornetson.

"Well," answered her father, "I must say you're ahead of your brother John. It's easier to understand than a college yell."—Washington Star.

Some men are so conceited that when they whistle they think they are making music equal to a brass band.

People have to learn to loaf, the same as they have to learn to work.



## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN.

1701—Jacques Francois de Breuille was made Governor of Acadia.

1711—Queen Anne's fleet sent to reduce Canada, arrived at Boston.

1757—Battle of Plassey, which laid the foundation of the British empire in India.

1759—Wolfe's army landed to attack Quebec.

1778—Congress met at the State house in Philadelphia. Congress held its last session at York, before returning to Philadelphia.

1780—In a skirmish at Springfield, N. J., the British were defeated by the Americans under Gen. Greene.

1789—Mackenzie River was discovered.

1813—The army of Napoleon, consisting of 470,000 men, began the Russian campaign by the passage of the Niemen.

1813—The "Lawrence," Commodore Perry's flagship, launched at Erie, Pa.

1827—First issue of the Gazette in Cincinnati.

1829—First issue of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

1838—Coronation of Queen Victoria.

1840—Montreal and Quebec incorporated as cities.

1843—Great celebration in Charlestown, Mass., to mark the completion of the Bunker Hill monument.

1844—Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, was killed.

1847—President James K. Polk visited Boston.

1857—Two hundred and fifty lives were lost by the burning of the steamer "Montreal" in the lower St. Lawrence.

1861—The President acknowledged the Wheeling government of Virginia. The Confederate privateer, Sumter, escaped from New Orleans.

1863—Gen. Meade succeeded Gen. Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac.

1864—The Confederates in command of Gen. Early moved up the Shenandoah valley. Maryland constitutional convention agreed to abolish slavery.

1872—Harvard conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. on Gen. Grant. President Grant attended the Peace Jubilee in Boston.

1872—The navy department dispatched two ships to rescue the survivors of the Polar Arctic expedition.

1880—National Democratic convention at Cincinnati nominated Gen. Winfield S. Hancock for President.

1886—Members of the Orleans and Bonaparte families expelled from France.

1892—Democratic convention at Chicago nominated Grover Cleveland for President. The battleship Texas was launched at Newport News.

1895—Five firemen lost their lives at a fire in Minneapolis.

1896—France proposed that the British evacuate Egypt in two years.

1897—Great naval review at Portsmouth, England, in celebration of Queen's jubilee.

1898—The Japanese cabinet, under Premier Ito, resigned.

1908—The United States severed diplomatic relations with Venezuela. President Roosevelt ordered troops to the Rio Grande to enforce neutrality against Mexican revolutionists.

**Bulldog Stops Runaway.**

"General" is undoubtedly the most famous bulldog in the Northwest, having leaped into fame by stopping a runaway horse on a crowded thoroughfare of Menominee, Mich. It was a wild scene. The horse, attached to a light wagon, was seen coming down the crowded street and people were scrambling to get out of the wild animal's way. "General," who was walking with his master, realized that the supreme moment of his life was at hand and grasped it. He jumped in where it was dangerous for even a bull pup as hard as nails and as limber as a whip lash. He darted about the horse and then sprang back straight at its head, checking it somewhat. Again and again he turned this trick, whirling in the air like a four-legged dervish, until he brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

**Chicago's Saloon Revenue.**

Every saloon license which was in force in Chicago on April 30 has been renewed for the first period of 1908. For the first time since the \$1,000 license and the ordinance limiting the number of saloons went into effect in 1905 not a single saloon has allowed its permit to lapse. City officials believe that in future Chicago's income from saloon licenses will never fall below \$7,000,000 a year.