

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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## CHAPTER XI.

It was of the first importance that Monsieur Duponceau should keep himself well hid, and to this end he spent his days in the cabin of the ship, coming out only when night had fallen, and then most discreetly. There were not the same reasons for concealment in his case, however, so I boarded the ship soon after I left Barbara that day and set up my easel as an excuse in case any chance observers should look across the beach and see me. This also gave me the chance to keep a careful lookout.

It was perhaps 4 o'clock when, as I sat on the gunwale of the ship, sunning myself and leisurely smoking a pipe, I saw Charles approaching with a pitcher and glasses.

"The afternoon being so warm, I thought that you and the other gentleman might be wanting something cool to drink, sir," he explained, when he had come on board; "so I made a pitcher of claret cup."

"Much obliged to you, Charles. Take it down to the cabin, where it'll keep cool until we want it."

Charles disappeared with the clinking pitcher. When he returned I spoke again. "What is Monsieur Duponceau doing?"

"He is lying in one of the bunks, sir, with his eyes wide open, and when he sees me, he says, sort of pleasant-like, 'You're trying to make me think I'm back in Paris, but unfortunately the setting isn't the same!'"

"I don't expect to be much at home for some time, Charles. I'm going to help Monsieur Duponceau here. We may need you suddenly, so keep an eye on the broken mast, and if you see a lamp or a flag come over at once. Otherwise, keep mum."

"Yes, Mr. Felix, I've been pestered all day with some of them skulking fellows that wants to know my business. May I land 'em one if they interfere?"

"You may land 'em one whenever you feel like it; only, land so hard that there won't be any come-back."

"Yes, I will, sir," and Charles made so bold as to grin. I could see that the spirit of fight was taking hold of him also.

I went back to my pipe and my drowsy survey of the sea. There was little wind, and the oily rollers swept calmly in with a curiously machine-like rhythm. Far out the funnel of a south-bound steamer sent a black ribbon across the sky; to the west of the Shifting Shoal a sloop was lying to, waiting for the evening breeze. I half dozed, thinking what a peaceful scene it was.

Half an hour later I heard Duponceau call my name from the cabin stairs.

"It's getting intolerably warm down here; might it not be possible for me to come on deck if I kept in the shadow of the gunwale?"

I looked the situation over, and decided that no one could possibly see a man who hid at the side of the ship, keeping low down by the rail. I advised Duponceau of this, and then told him the moment, the beach being clear, he might dart from the hatchway, and scurry across to shelter. This he did, and, with a sigh of thankfulness at having reached fresh outer air, he stretched himself in the shadow, and I sat opposite, facing him and watching the shore.

"I've been sleeping," Duponceau said, "so that I could stand watch to-night. What a beautiful world! But it's not like France; nothing is like France. And to think I may not see it again!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—" He hesitated. "Because I have enemies who would shut me away from the sea and the sky and the sun, and so I have to come to some lonely corner of the New World, and seek refuge. Ah, this new world of yours! It is good for the young, but not for those who have grown gray in the Old. There is only one world for them and one land for me—I love it as I might love a woman."

Foreigners have the habit of sentiment; it did not seem strange to me to listen to the thoughts of an exile spoken in a voice that was musically clear. The frankness of the man cleared away all barriers.

Suddenly looking up, I caught sight of Barbara coming towards us by the path behind the cliff. She carried a package under her arm. As I watched her descend carefully, I saw the two men that I had met in the morning come out of the pines and approach her. As she saw them appear, Barbara involuntarily glanced over to the ship, and the men instantly turned their eyes in the same direction, and so caught sight of me.

"Sit still and keep very low," I whispered to Duponceau, under cover of my pipe.

Barbara took a step forward.

"Not so fast. Where are you going?" demanded the surly faced chap.

"I am going—where I choose," she answered, and took another step.

"You're not going out to that ship," he stated. "There's some one hiding here we mean to find."

I caught his words and jumped to my feet.

"What's the trouble? Miss Graham, won't you come on board?"

I was careful to lean directly over Duponceau, in order to shield him better.

"We'll all three come," announced the man.

I was put out; it would be impossible for Duponceau to crawl from the shelter of the gunwale to the cabin now without being seen. I temporized.

"Well," said I, "suppose—"

"Come on," said the leader to Barbara; "you were very anxious before." He stepped forward.

"Hold up!" I cried, pretending to get angry. "I didn't ask you to come over

here. It happens that I'm painting, and don't wish to be disturbed."

The other man laughed. "We won't hurt your painting. I've never been over that boat, and she looks interesting."

Duponceau was still crouching low under me. It was time for me to be emphatic.

"The ship is mine. I bought it when I bought my cottage. I don't want you on board, and if you try to come on I shall certainly keep you off."

Now Barbara spoke up. "If all this contending is over me," she said, "I'll give up my visit to-day. Some other day will do as well, Mr. Seldon. Good-afternoon," and she started away.

"Not so fast!" The surly faced man was beside her, had his hand on her arm. "You will either go with us, miss, or he gives us a chance to search that boat."

I could scarcely keep Duponceau crouching longer; I could feel that his fingers were itching for one of his revolvers.

"Stop!" called a voice from the cliff, and I saw Rodney Islip standing there. He took in at a flash that Barbara was in trouble, and came leaping to her aid. "What the devil's this? Take your hand away!" and he raised his walking-stick in the man's face. The latter, startled at Islip's violence, dropped Barbara's arm and fell back.

"Now, what do you fellows want here?" demanded Islip. "I've a mind to thrash you both for touching a lady."

"We're going on board that boat," said the man; then he hesitated. "O'd we'll take the lady with us."

"Oh, you will?" said Islip.

"Yes," said the leader, his confidence returned; "and I don't think you'll stop us."

Rodney and he squared. The fight would be two to one; Barbara was trembling.

"Now," I cried, and looked along my leveled pistol, "if it's come to fighting, we'll all be in the fight. Islip, bring Miss Graham on the boat. There's a bullet waiting for the man who stops you."

The men fell back, hesitating, and seizing advantage of the moment, Rodney took Barbara's hand and led her over the causeway. They came up the ladder and on board.

"That's all!" I cried to the men on shore. "You can go!"

I had the drop on them, and their hands did not even seek their pockets as they turned and went into the woods. But I knew that they were as sure of Duponceau's presence as if they had seen him on board.

"Well," said Islip, as he saw the strange figure of the Frenchman hidden behind the bulwark, "here's a pretty kettle of fish! So there is a mystery, and we're carrying guns."

"My dear lady," said Duponceau, rising, "I shall never forgive myself for causing you such distress."

But Barbara was not distressed; instead, she looked very much pleased.

I motioned Duponceau to go below to the cabin, and the others followed him there. I sat at the top of the steps, where I could both join in the conversation and watch the shore.

Barbara placed her package on the table. "I thought I was only bringing you provisions," said she, "but instead I've brought you a recruit," and she added lightly, "the pirate of Alastair."

Islip shook hands. "So you're in on this, too, are you, Selden?" he called up to me. "All arrayed against the bloodhounds, I take it? Well, whatever the game is, count me in on it. I'll feel more as though I were back in little old New York."

"Good!" cried Barbara. "Now you've four men to man the ship, counting Charles, and a spy at the club to bring you news and food."

She caught sight of the pitcher of claret and poured out four glasses. Then she raised one to her lips.

"I pledge myself in the defense of Monsieur Duponceau, who came out of the sea and found the land inhospitable!" she cried. "Drink with me!"

We drained our glasses.

"That's the oath of fidelity," she said, looking at Islip and me, and I think she knew she could trust us both to the end of the adventure.

The sun was dropping low, and Barbara prepared to leave the ship. Islip started to join her.

"No," she said; "I'd rather go alone. No one will stop me now. You must stay here and watch during the night."

He bowed, but insisted upon escorting her ashore and setting her on the path homeward. Then he came back to the ship.

"It's curious," he remarked to me as we sat alone on deck, "but I don't feel as though I were living in the twentieth century any longer. It seems as if I'd gone back to about the sixteenth. I'm just thirsting for a revolver and a chance to get in a fight. I didn't know I was really so much of a savage."

"Same here," I answered. "I've always longed to have a fight on this ship. Then there's something about this man I can't resist."

When it fell dark we supped on the food Barbara had brought, and then we divided up the watch for the night.

CHAPTER XII.

We were not yet sufficiently good sailors to drop to sleep in the stuffy bunks below when it was not our turn on watch. Rodney tried it, but soon came up on deck, announcing that he never had felt more wide awake in his life and believed he could last through the night without a wink. So we three bustled ourselves making the ship snug, and Rodney in

addition to vainly trying to interrogate Duponceau.

There was no doubt but that in the direction of the beach we were practically impregnable. Invaders would first have to climb the rocks and then splash through the water, or, if they came by the causeway, pass the narrow defile at the base of the cliff. In either case we would have ample chance to defend ourselves, and even if they succeeded in reaching the ship's side we would have the advantage of being six feet above them. I pulled in the rope ladder that still hung over the side and stowed it away in a cupboard in the cabin. When we had done everything precaution could suggest, we three gathered on the forward deck and sat with our backs to the sea, facing the shore.

The night was clear and cool; there was little sound beyond the regular throbbing of the waves on the beach and the occasional distant call of a bittern from the marshes up-river. As I listened to the talk of the other two, I realized that Rodney was slipping under that same indescribable fascination of Duponceau's as readily as I had done.

"But I say," put in Islip at last, "do you mean to tell me that you came all the way over here without any luggage, that you let those chaps land you just as you were, without anything else?"

"Without anything else save a little box of papers"—Duponceau smiled—"and each paper worth many thousand times its weight in gold."

"Why," said Islip, "what kind of securities were those?"

"See how I trust you," returned the other. "We hid the box in the ground back in the woods, between two roots of a hemlock, one pointing south by the compass, the other west. The hemlock is ten paces west of a scarred fir that is stripped of its sea branches by lightning."

"I know the tree," said I.

Rodney rubbed his hands joyfully. "Ye gods and little fishes, think of it! Ever since I was a boy I've wanted to have my hand in a buried treasure. We used to hide tin cans in the back yard, just to dig them up again. And now to think that I've come across a real treasure! What would those other boys say!"

"Here's one of them now," I put in. "I used to do the very same thing myself."

Duponceau was smiling again. "You can both take it lightly," he said, "because you do not know. Many men, ay, many governments, would give almost anything for a chance at that box out there."

"Better and better. The higher the interest, the more sport for us," said Rodney. "I've always wanted to be mixed up in an international affray. I'm more than ever glad I decided to come to the Penguin, for more reasons than one;" and he looked across slyly at me.

I could not help liking him, even if he was in love with Barbara; he was so open and frank about everything.

After a time Duponceau went below for a two hours' nap, and Islip and I sat on deck, smoking and chatting. About midnight the air grew colder, and we walked to warm ourselves.

"Do you think," said Rodney, finally, "that we might go on a hunt for that tree? My eyes are fairly itching to follow that trail, and we might reconnoitre the enemy's position you know. We could make tracks back to the ship if there was any need."

"Wait till Duponceau comes up, and we'll ask him," I suggested.

In time, at the end of his midnight nap, Duponceau came on deck, and gave us permission to take a survey of the shore.

"If I need you," he said, "I'll make the call of the osprey—listen;" and he sent forth a long, quavering cry that was echoed back to us, from cliff and beach.

Armed with revolvers, Rodney and I slipped out of the ship, forded the lake, and, keeping as close as we could to the rocks, for the night was bright with stars, headed towards the pines.

We said not a word, but tip-toe, I leading, he following, we skirted the woods until we came to the scarred fir. There I turned to look back; the beach lay a bright silver field sloping to the sea, which rippled like quicksilver beneath the stars. The beach was empty as the desert, and still, save for the lapping waves.

"Ten paces to the east," whispered Rodney, and, with infinite caution, we tiptoed through the pines. The trees are very thick there; we felt as if ploughing into an unknown screen. We came to the hemlock, and crouched on the sea side of it, some instinct telling us that there was need of caution. On hands and knees I crawled a foot farther, and beheld a white tent, its guide-ropes running to the hemlock's roots. Islip pulled himself up beside me.

(To be continued.)

Why He Rang Again.

Reporters are proverbially persistent. On a certain occasion a reporter went to a certain residence in New York to get the details of an accident which had happened to a member of the family. As a rule, such details are easy to get, and the news-gatherer was rudely surprised when the lady who came to the door with scarcely a word slammed it in his face. A writer in the New York Times tells the story.

She retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady would not stir.

"I have told him that I don't want to say anything about the matter," she thought to herself, "and he has no right to be so persistent."

So she sat still while the door-bell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked, severely:

"Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man."

"I can't!" shouted the reporter. "You've shut my coat-tails in the door!"

Reaction.

"My! What a disposition that black-haired Miss Tartum has!"

"No wonder. You'd have a disposition just like hers if your misguided parents had named you Angelica Sweet."

## RELIGIOUS

### They That Wait on the Lord.

"I have no time to wait," I said, "My life is full of tasks; I grudge a moment from my work To give the help one asks; My burdened heart and weary brain Have scarcely time for prayer; I am a servant all day long, And wanted everywhere. Not half is done I ought to do, And the time is very late— Lord, give Thy blessing while I work, And bid me not to wait."

Through weary days I struggled on, But the light was faint for me; How could I do the finest work With eyes too tired to see? At last I cast my burden down— "Lord, Thy will be done," I said; Then a great peace came over me, And I was not afraid.

My Lord had waited patiently Through the long time; and He Was kind and very merciful And gracious unto me. I did not even try to work, I sought not any quest; He laid His hand on heart and head And I was glad to rest; For all the rush and haste were gone, And I was stilled at length; Then, rising, took my work again, And a new gift of strength. —Marianne Farningham.

### In the Book of Remembrance.

Illinois had more soldiers than any other State in the siege of Vicksburg. Recently the State has erected on the battlefield a monument patterned after the Pantheon, within the walls of which are preserved on bronze tablets the names of all soldiers of the State who fought in the battles about Vicksburg. With other States it has joined in locating the positions of its various regiments and batteries and marking them with suitable monuments.

When the memorial was dedicated, very many of the old soldiers went back for the first time to view the scene of their sufferings. Among others was a soldier of the One Hundred and Eighth Illinois, who took with him his wife, to whom he hoped to show just where his regiment had performed a faithful and perilous service.

One does not need to know much of human nature, and especially of old soldiers, to realize how much the trip meant to this one, and how keenly he looked forward to showing his wife the very spot which he had described to her so often.

They rode together over the miles of roadway which had been made to facilitate access to the field; and he noted with growing enthusiasm how every regiment which he remembered seemed to have its position accurately marked. And so at length he sought the position of his own regiment at Young's Point, only to find that the changing channel of the river had completely obliterated the spot.

On the opposite shore stood a monument, stating that on the other side the provisional brigade, containing among other regiments the One Hundred and Eighth Illinois, had done its duty. That was all.

He remembered what that duty had been. The regiment had been sent away with prisoners, and when it returned, the siege lines had been drawn and the regiments assigned, and the One Hundred and Eighth had lost its own place in its own brigade and had been grouped with other regiments to hold this muddy point of the river.

They were shut out from participation in the desperate charges; yet such was their peril in the swamps that in sixty days they buried 134 men from out their five hundred. Desperately heroic service it had been, yet the memory of it, and the very place itself, had been washed down the river and had left no adequate memorial! The disappointment was all the harder to bear because of the anticipation of pleasure in which the veteran had indulged and which he had hoped to share.

But he went to the Illinois Pantheon and there found his name cast in bronze, and the names of his comrades and the friends he remembered, hidden among the thousands, but imperishably recorded.

He walked over the battlefields side by side with Confederate veterans and talked with them as brothers. He was the guest of one of these, his former enemies, and on Sunday went to church with him, and sitting in his pew, received with him the bread and wine of a holy communion, the fellowship of a world redeemed through blood and sacrifice. And he rejoiced to discover that even here on earth and in the hearts of men there is written a Book of Remembrance.

The river speeds on its way, covering the spot where brave men fought and were buried in graves that, shallow as they were, did not escape the water-line. A country saved and brotherhood established make an abiding memorial. Onward, too, sweeps the river of time, obliterating many a landmark. But high on the bluff of the other shore, above the sweep and whirl of the waters, is the record, sufficient and imperishable, that on the other side, in a spot dear to the memory of God, a human soul did its duty. —Youth's Companion.

### Light and Shadow.

He is a wise man who not only recognizes the light that forces its way softly, steadily, surely through the darkest, heaviest cloud, but who re-

members on the darkest possible day that "above the clouds is the sun still shining," and that in due time, in God's own time, the darkness will disappear. Shadows are as useful as sunlight. They are the pleasant results of sunlight. They protect us from the discomfort or damage the sunlight on occasion might do. One personally shades his own eyes with his hand that he may best use the intensity of light that fills the heavens. Mother sometimes thus helps her child's vision. And God thus occasionally helps us when we need the clearer and more definite vision that a too vivid light renders impossible.

It is such a comfort to know that God knows what is best for us; and that He cares enough about us to make sure that we get the best. What a pity we fail to appreciate God's wise way!—Bishop Vincent.

### Casting Cares Upon the Lord.

The Christian is told to cast all his cares upon Christ. It is inevitable that the Christian will have his cares, for of one sort or another it is a concomitant of all active and useful living. There are some cares that are needlessly incurred, while there are others that cannot be escaped. But in any case the only wise way to do is to cast that inescapable care upon the Lord. He is stronger than we are, and He invites us to ask Him to bear the load which would crush our unsupported strength. It is all that a man can do to live life well with the Lord to help him—it is utterly beyond his power to live as life should be lived without divine assistance. Cares that oneself are unprofitable—cares cast upon the Lord become like golden, gem-set crowns.

### A Prayer.

Gracious God, we pray that Thou wilt fill us with aspiration of holiness unto the Lord. Take from our hearts the sins of selfishness, indifference and doubt, and replace them with the spirit of Thine own great love and the assurance of perfect faith. Quick our hearts to respond to the voices singing forth Thy praise in the beautiful world around us, and help us to live our thanks for Thy wonderful mercies toward the children of men. Enrich our lives with the Christly graces which will make them fragrant and fruitful in the world of Christian service, and make us day by day a blessing unto others through the fellowship of Thy love.

### INHERITED SPORTS.

If ever young folk lived happy lives and had especially good times on extra occasions, the Dutch boys and girls in both Old and New Netherland certainly did. Besides St. Nicholas' day, on December 6th, there were Christmas, New Year's day, Twelfth night, Easter, Pinxter, Kermis and school holidays and feast days coming pretty steadily throughout the year. W. E. Griffis, author of "The Story of New Netherland," says that all kinds of games, especially winter sports, were in high favor.

Holland is the land of skates and sleighs. Children and young people hardly learn to skate; they begin it naturally and keep it up all their lives. Whether for fun or in parties, or to go to the market, to church, to weddings or funerals, they move by rapid transit on steel. A pair of skates is a passport to comradeship.

Every habit and each trick known on Holland canals or ponds were reproduced on the Mohawk and Hudson. There was the ice-boat, or sailboat on runners, sometimes reduced for swiftness to a long plank with cross-pieces for seats and with skate irons. Equipped with mast, canvas and some courage, it seemed to race with the wind itself.

As for coasting, wherever flat Holland could show a hill or slope, or Friesland furnished a torp or artificial mound, there were the boys and girls at fun. On the ice, lady or lass sat in a hand-sleigh, while husband or swain pushed as he skated.

All this shows the reason why Newburgh-on-the-Hudson and Albany and the hills of Dorp are so famous for coasting, and the North River for ice-yachts; and why, from the first generation of settlers, the Dutch-American towns were noted for sledding, sleighing and skating.

### Some Facts About Tea.

It is known that tea was used as a beverage in China in the sixth century, and that it was carried into Japan and its cultivation established there late in the thirteenth century, says the National Food Magazine.


That many centuries elapsed ere Western nations learned of tea is certain. Even the date of its first introduction among Western nations is in dispute, one authority giving it as 1591, another as early in the seventeenth century; but as they agree that it was brought to Europe by the Dutch East India Company, and as that was only founded in 1602, it is probable that the latter date is correct.

The tea flower is small, single, white, and has no smell; the seeds are three small nuts, like filberts, and have an oily and bitter taste.

The leaves only are used, and the younger and tenderer they are the better. They are collected when the plant is three years old, the process being continued year after year until the bush becomes weak and diseased, when it is pulled up to give place to a new shoot.

It doesn't take very much champagne to make a man think he is the only star on the flag.

## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1492—Columbus embarked from Palos on his first voyage of discovery.

1619—First legislative assembly in America met at Jamestown, Va.

1684—Treaty of peace concluded at Albany between the Colonists and the Five Nations.

1711—A British and Colonial fleet sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.

1773—The city of Guatemala laid in ruin by the earthquake and the eruption of a volcano.

1776—The Declaration of Independence was engraved and signed by the members of Congress.

1782—Rhode Island refused to give Congress the power to levy an import duty of 5 per cent.

1789—First issue of the Pittsburgh Gazette, the first newspaper west of the Allegheny mountains.

1794—Fall of Robespierre and end of the Reign of Terror.

1795—Commissioners of the United States met the Indian chiefs of Western tribes at Greenville, Ohio, and concluded a treaty of peace.

1802—First issue of the Westerner at Cincinnati.

1816—First Presbyterian conference in Missouri was organized at Bellevue settlement, in Washington County.

1822—The New Orleans Prices Current appeared in New Orleans.

1834—Opening of new bridge across the Thames River in London.

1842—Abolition riots took place in Philadelphia.

1846—Congress passed a tariff bill reducing the duties on imported goods.

1850—Delegates from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the New England States met at Portland, Me., to discuss the project of a railway from Halifax to Portland.

1854—Yellow fever became epidemic in New Orleans.

1856—Kansas rejected the Lecompton constitution for the second time.

1864—Federalists made an unsuccessful assault upon Petersburg, Va.

1866—Race riots in New Orleans on the reassembling of the State convention. Gen. William T. Sherman commissioned Lieutenant General.

1868—Proclamation by the Secretary of State that the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States had been ratified by three-fourths of the States.

1870—Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy Hebrew citizen of New York, found murdered in his home; the mystery of the crime was never solved.

1872—Cuban privateer Pioneer seized by the United States marshal at Newport, R. I.

1873—Large section of Portland, Ore., destroyed by fire.

874—Kansas militia engaged battle with Comanche Indians on the Canadian River. Gen. Custer's expedition reached the Black Hills.

1876—Colorado admitted to Statehood.

1883—Southern exposition opened in Louisville.

1884—The Imperial Federation of Great Britain and Her Colonies formed in London.

1894—War declared between China and Japan.

1895—Serious flood in Fort Scott, Kansas.

1898—Military expedition under Gen. Brooke sailed from Newport News for Porto Rico. Spain accepted the American conditions of peace.

1899—Final sitting of the Peace Conference of The Hague.

1900—Lord Roberts proclaimed the annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain.

1908—Typhoon at Canton, China, sank the Chinese vessel Ying-King, drowning 300 natives. Forest fire devastated several towns of British Columbia.

### War of Labor Unions Begun.

A test of strength between the United Mine Workers of America and the members of a local union known as the Provincial Workmen's Association at the Sydney (Cape Breton) colliery of the Dominion Coal Company was begun when the former organization ordered a strike to enforce its demand for recognition. The local union, which was formed originally with the aid and consent of the union, remained loyal as a body, although some of its members had been won over to the American organization. The company charges that the American labor leaders have sought to divert the Canadian coal trade. Stockades have been built about the mines and preparations made to prevent any forcible interruption of the work. Armed deputies were placed on guard.

### A New Illuminant Offered.

The Engineering and Mining Journal recently reported the successful commercial introduction of a new illuminant called blue gas in Germany. It is delivered to customers in liquid form in steel cylinders, from which it is poured into the gasometer of a given room or house. It is said to be cheaper than petroleum, while giving more powerful light and more intense heat. It is a hydrocarbon compound, free from carbon monoxide.