

The Pirate of Alastair

By
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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 hulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a pirate 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 castaway. 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 fore-castle choked with sand. I brought a shovel and dug away the rampart drifted against the hatches. 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 years before 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 setting 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-snipe 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 in rocks 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 faintly 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.)

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

DUCHESS WHO LEADS IN EDUCATION OF WORKING GIRLS.



DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

The Duchess of Marlborough has become deeply interested in philanthropic and educational work among London working girls, being actively connected with the management of the National Physical Recreation Society, of which King Edward is also a patron. The society, established in 1886, furnishes opportunities for working girls to obtain instruction in physical education, providing hundreds of instructors for its numerous gymnasia. The Duchess recently presided at the thirteenth annual drill competition, given by the pupils of the society for challenge shields and medals, and she presented the tokens to the winners.

The Joy of Having a Cold.

I have often asked to be told why it is that a man with a cold in the head feels himself to be a superior sort of being to the man with no cold. You must have observed for yourself that this is the case. Take, indeed, your own cold. You refer to it thirty or forty times a day as "My cold." You feel quite sure that everybody you meet will know that you have a cold, and that everybody will be interested in its progress. You will find yourself when in the full enjoyment of a cold airing opinions that you would certainly keep to yourself under normal conditions and casually contradicting the statements of those for whom, as a matter of fact, you cherish a very sincere respect. There must be some simple physiological explanation for this, and I should be greatly obliged if some medical reader would put me in the way of understanding it. Is it that the cold acts in some soothing way upon the nerves thus freeing the self-conscious man, temporarily, from his timidity? Or is it that the fever accompanying a cold has a stimulating effect upon an otherwise slightly torpid brain?—London Sketch.

A Force for Economy.

It was an ingenious husband who, according to a writer in the New York Sun, sent his wife shopping in a taxicab. A friend who happened to see him say good-by to her from the curb remarked on his apparent extravagance.

"It's economy, really," said the husband. "Whenever she's in a store she'll be worried to death because that taxicab is eating up money all the time, and so she won't stay long enough to spend half as much as she would if she went on foot or in a street car."

The Poppy.

The poppy throughout the East is an emblem of death. In many parts of India this flower is planted upon graves and in cemeteries. Whether or not the idea was suggested by the poisonous character of the juice is uncertain. It is believed that the poppy was known as a funeral plant to the ancient Egyptians, for upon the tombs opened by Belzoni there appeared representations of plants which were evidently intended for poppies.

Women are always looking for husbands with money. Does it ever occur to the women that men are also looking for rich wives.



Onion Egg.

Boil one dozen eggs quite hard, slice and fry in butter six large onions, slice ten of the eggs, keeping two of them for seasoning, drain the fried onions and lay them on a dish with the sliced eggs placed over them; cover the dish and keep hot. Grate the yolks of the remaining two eggs and mix with sweet cream a little grated nutmeg and a little red pepper. Boil this mixture in a small saucepan one minute, pour over the eggs and onions and send to the table hot.

Measuring One Cup.

Young housekeepers are often at a loss when a recipe calls for a cup of anything to tell what kind of a cup to use or how much a cup measures.

The accepted measure is a stone kitchen cup and means that cup filled to the brim. It is equal to one-half pint.

A cup of solid buttermilk, chopped meat or granulated sugar is equal to about half a pound. A cup of sifted flour is equal to a quarter of a pound.

Swedish Cookies.

One large glass of maple syrup, one-half pound of granulated sugar, one teaspoon of cloves, one teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon. Cook until they hold together when tried in water. Take off fire and beat in one-half pound of butter. When cold, beat in three eggs and enough flour of bicarbonate of potash dissolved in water. Stand over night. In the morning, if necessary, add a little flour. Roll, cut thin and bake.

Scalloped Onions.

Peel one quart of small onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. If they are very strong change the water once or twice while cooking. When done, drain and pour them into a buttered baking dish. Pour over them one and one-half cups of white sauce. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake until nicely browned.

Shad Roe Salad.

After the parboiled roes are chilled cut into slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper and marinate with a little lemon juice. Keep in a cold place several hours. Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves, mix a little watercress or parsley with the prepared roes and lay in the center of the leaves. Cover with mayonnaise or a French dressing.

Peanut Sandwiches.

Shell and skin freshly roasted peanuts and roll them to fine crumbs on a pastry board. Add salt to taste, and mix the powdered nuts with enough fresh cream cheese to make a paste that can be easily spread on unbuttered bread. Keep in a cold, damp place until wanted.

Raised Rolls.

One quart of bread dough, when it is molded for the last raising; mold in a cupful of maple sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of butter. Let it rise and mold again and cut out, rise and bake. These are very nice.

To Preserve Brooms.

Dip your broom for a minute or two in your wash boiler of boiling suds once a week and it will last much longer, making it tough and pliable. Carpets or rugs will wear much longer swept with a broom cared for in this manner.

Roll Bread Crumbs.

In making crumbs from old bread or crackers for making breaded chops or fried oysters, best results can be obtained by using rolling pin, as the crumbs will be a good deal finer than when pounded or run through a chopper.

Short Suggestions.

Strong tea will stop bleeding from a cut.

Lavender scented sheets are said to induce slumber.

Try tomato juice instead of milk for the omelet.

A shampoo made of egg, quinine and green soap is good.

Appetizing sandwiches are made of salmon and cream cheese.

A little ammonia in the water will make window cleaning easy.

If clothespins are heated in the oven they will not stick when used.

If the nails have a tendency to break, try rubbing with vaseline every night.

In washing remember that closely woven goods require less starch than others.

Pistache nuts salted in the shell are a dainty addition to the luncheon or dinner menu.

To make a cake flavored with coffee use strong coffee in place of milk in mixing the batter.