

The Lady from the Sea

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 "A Doctor of Philosophy," "The Southwesterners," etc.
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THE LADY FROM THE SEA is graphically appropriate title of this most fascinating and interesting serial. The story is from the pen of Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of a number of works of fiction that have received attention in the best literary circles.

Ellen Smith, the heroine of the story, is the daughter of a Confederate officer who owns a privateer, and the scene is laid during the War of the Rebellion. Ellen is a typical southern girl—proud, self-reliant and daring. Thomas Beekman Smith is a naval officer of the Government, and captures a blockade runner. They learn through a letter found aboard the ship, the location of the privateer, and also capture that craft, with Ellen aboard.

Some very entertaining and interesting chapters are devoted to life on the ocean and love-making later. Ellen appears to have betrayed Smith to the Confederates, and he barely escapes death as a spy. Later still, her father is made a prisoner on board a ship of the enemy. The hot-headed southerner disowns his daughter, when she acknowledges her love for Smith, is set at liberty and the discarded Ellen becomes the wife of the man she loves.

This story is intense in its war flavor and original in its treatment of plot and incident. The naval adventures are thrilling and well depicted, and the serial will be recognized as a very superior war story.

CHAPTER I.

Romance, in books, is associated always with the beautiful, generally with the best. We go backward into the past for a theme, since "its distance lends enchantment to the view." We fancy that the heart beats more warmly—certainly more gracefully—beneath satin and lace than beneath calico and fustian; that the love that quies poetry is purer and more admirable than that which through hard necessity expresses itself ungrammatically; that diamond-buckled shoes, capering nimbly upon a carpet to the "pleasing of a lute," carry a man whose ideals must inevitably transcend those of his lowly brother who is upborne by the sabot or the brogan.

It is a dictum that there is no romance among the common people. The hero and the heroine, in the novel, must be dissociated from real life by unusual qualities and characteristics, else no one will care for their story—so, at least, it is imagined. Yet as the saddest tragedies are those of the commonplace, so the finest romances are those of the common people.

To pick up at random any of the current stories of the day is to find an evidence of a concession to the supposed popular yearning for the beautiful and the unusual in the descriptions—and, like the names—of the puppets who give title to the story and strut through their brief hours upon the written stage. With rare exceptions the heroines are beautiful in person, cultivated in mind, ancient in family—Lady Clara Vere de Vere, in short; while the hero is no longer beautiful, but he is strong, tall, brave, noble, generous; and if dissipated, will ultimately reform. The names, as I have suggested above, of these godlike persons correspond, so far as names may—and they may to a great degree, notwithstanding Shakespeare—to these attributes. They fall trippingly from the tongue and linger musically in the memory. Invention which might better be devoted to the story is wasted on a name that, like Wordsworth's famous line, "never was on sea or land," I have invented several myself, therefore I know!

The heroine of the ensuing story is named Jones, the hero, Smith. These names have been selected deliberately. That sets this romance at once apart from all other stories that have ever been written. That it may live up to its unipity is the prayer of the writer. There must of necessity be thousands of romances in the Smith and Jones families, there are so many of them—and they are not dying, but, on the contrary, are increasing at a rapid rate. Cannot a Smith love as well as a Montmorency? Is not the blood of a Jones filled with the same passionate fever as that of a Howard?

Miss Jones—her first and only other name was Ellen—was a young woman of no particular ancestry which need be dwelt upon. While it must be frankly admitted that she was not strikingly beautiful, it may be affirmed with equal truth that neither was she particularly homely. She was just a tall, well-formed, healthy American girl, such as you meet with in plenty in any community in the land. Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white—these are the usual colors, I believe. Her temper was quick, her disposition cheerful, her soul honest—nor are these qualities at all uncommon. She had been reasonably well educated for the period in which she lived, and in addition to what she had learned at the "Female Academy" she could sing a song, make a dress or cook a dinner—happily, ability of this sort is not rare. There was nothing extraordinary about her from any point of view. Thousands of women like that—Smiths, Joneses, Browns, etc.—are being loved, wooed and married every day; and the future of the country depends upon the steady continuance of a supply adequate to meet the demand.

As for Smith, the hero of this venacious tale, his first name was Thomas, intimately abbreviated to Tom. If he

could have won Ellen Jones for his wife, he would have been supremely happy as well as very fortunate. If Miss Jones had no family to speak of, Mr. Smith had absolutely none at all. He had been raised—I use the word advisedly, it was more like raising than rearing—in an eleemosynary institution—to wit, a public orphan asylum. The superintendent of the institution, not being gifted with imagination, had named him Smith. He had a regular list of names for the foundlings which he bestowed upon his charges in unvarying succession, and Smith fell to the lot of this unfortunate. One of the women attendants had further called him "Tommy" after her sweetheart. To identify the little waif from the New York streets and to differentiate him from other "Tom" Smiths, of whom there were not a few, the authorities had inserted a middle name. He had been picked up in Beekman street, and in the records his full name, therefore, ran this way, Thomas Beekman Smith.

He was an unusually bright boy and as homely as they make them—freckled, red-headed, and, for all his name, evidently of Irish parentage. He was a jolly, cheerful, willing, hard-working little rat, however, who dearly loved a joke, yet who was as ambitious as a ward politician. The superintendent of the orphan asylum happened to have a brother who was a captain in the United States navy, one of the old-time, "1812," sailing-ship captains. The superintendent's interest had been excited by young Smith. He had communicated some of this interest to his brother, and—in short, at the age of eleven the boy went to sea as a captain's servant.

By and by old Commodore Bainboro, observing there was good stuff in the lad, had him warranted a "reefer." Smith went through the usual course of the young aspirant in those days. He served creditably as a midshipman in the Mexican war, and thereafter, being still young enough, sought and received permission to go through the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in the class of '52. Behold him in the fall of 1861 a full-fledged lieutenant in the United States navy, still freckled-faced, still red-headed, still homely, still fond of a jest, still happy, and still ambitious—also in love. He was one of those rare mortals who can be happy, ambitious and in love at one and the same time.

The war between the States had just begun. Opportunities for distinction would be many. That some of them should fall to his lot and be embraced accordingly was the determination of Smith. He loved everything to the United States, and was resolved to discharge some of the obligations. Things did not look very promising at first, however. Being without influence—for old Commodore Bainboro was long since dead—the best assignment he could get for duty at the outbreak of the war was the old-fashioned sailing frigate St. Lawrence. Smith had promptly applied for an appointment to one of the new steam sloops-of-war, but his application had been passed over and he had been relegated to his useless relic of the past.

The commander of the St. Lawrence was Commodore Hiram Paulding, who had been a midshipman in the War of 1812 and commended for his gallant conduct while executive officer of the "Frisco" during the battle of Lake Champlain. The veteran also chafed at his relegation to the St. Lawrence, but there was no present help for it. In modern times he would have been retired long since, so he might perhaps consider himself lucky at being given any command at all.

As I have said, the war had just begun. Blockade-running was in its infancy. Privateering in behalf of the Confederates was, however, beginning vigorously. Had it not been nipped in the bud by the prompt efforts of the Federal cruisers it might have done enough damage to have rendered unnecessary the appearance of the Alabama later on. The United States

had proclaimed a blockade of the southern coast, but as yet it was laxly maintained, owing to paucity of force, and the Confederate privateers came and went pretty much as they pleased.

The St. Lawrence, attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, had been out two months and had not made a single capture. Officers and men were disgusted. Why they should have expected to capture anything in a sailing vessel when the Confederates usually employed the swiftest steamers for privateers and blockade-runners is a question. One afternoon in late July the St. Lawrence under easy sail was swinging along to the southward of Cape Hatteras. A week before she had been spoken by a dispatch-boat, which had transmitted a general order from the flag officer commanding the squadron to the effect that a certain Confederate privateer called the *Petrel* was fitting out in Pamlico sound for a dash to sea, and that all the ships of the squadron were cautioned to look out for her.

"Nice notice to send us," remarked Smith, who was the executive officer of the frigate, to the second lieutenant of the ship. "We couldn't catch her with this old hooker if she were anchored. Oh, why don't they lay up this tub as a guard or store ship somewhere and give us a chance in a steamer?—something that has heels as well as guns?"

This was a poser for the second lieutenant. He did not attempt to answer it, but left Smith, who was enjoying a leisure hour, standing on the lee side of the quarter deck staring over the rail at the empty sea and vacant sky to starboard. Empty sea and vacant sky? Well, not quite. When there was nothing else to command his attention Smith could always see Ellen Jones in the ambient on the horizon. He was looking straight west. Beneath the sky line some fifty miles away rose the low sands of the chain of islands that separated Pamlico and Albemarle sounds from the ocean. On one of the broad estuaries of Pamlico sound stood the home of old Major Jones, Ellen's father. For aught Smith knew the object of his dreams was there. At any rate, he did not know that she was anywhere else, and he embodied her there without hesitation.

Major Jones was of somewhat humble English birth. As a child he had come to the United States with his elder brother, a man of much shrewdness and mercantile ability. The elder Jones, who had settled in North Carolina, had amassed a considerable fortune. With an Englishman's love for position, he had succeeded in getting a commission in the army for Ellen's father. While Smith had been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Ellen's father at Governor's Island, the young people had met. Smith had loved madly, Ellen had been deeply interested. Her father had been absolutely opposed to Smith's wooing. He had sent him about his business; his brother's influence had been exerted, and the young man had been ordered away on a three-year's cruise in Asiatic waters, whence he had just returned at the outbreak of the war.

The year before that Major Jones brother had died, leaving him all his property in North Carolina. The Major had resigned his command and gone down to live on his brother's plantation, taking with him his daughter, his only child, Ellen, save for her inclination towards Smith, was still heart-whole and fancy-free. It is falsely urged that the absent are always wrong. Someone has said that a proverb is a lie or a platitude. In this case the wise saw quoted above was both. If she had been allowed free and unrestricted intercourse with the homely Mr. Thomas Beekman Smith, Ellen Jones might have found it impossible to have made him the object of her romance—which is going contrary to all the theories stated in the introduction! However that may be, severed from him by the stern edict of a practical parent, the interest engendered by the ardent wooing to which she had been subjected ripened into a deeper feeling. She grew to love the absent sailor almost as the absent sailor loved her. For his sake she had refused many offers of marriage which she had received both from the army and from the surrounding people of her North Carolina home. It is not only the superlative women who have men at their feet, but it is remembered—the social position of the Jones family in proud, aristocratic Tidewater North Carolina was only fair. Yet Major Jones had money, his daughter was distinctly likable, and of young visitors the plantation had not a few.

Smith had come back from his Asiatic cruise with a determination, fruit of three years of absence and repression, to seek Ellen and take her, willy nilly, for his own. The war had interrupted all that. When he might see her now was a question. (To be continued.)

Horse's Sense of Danger.

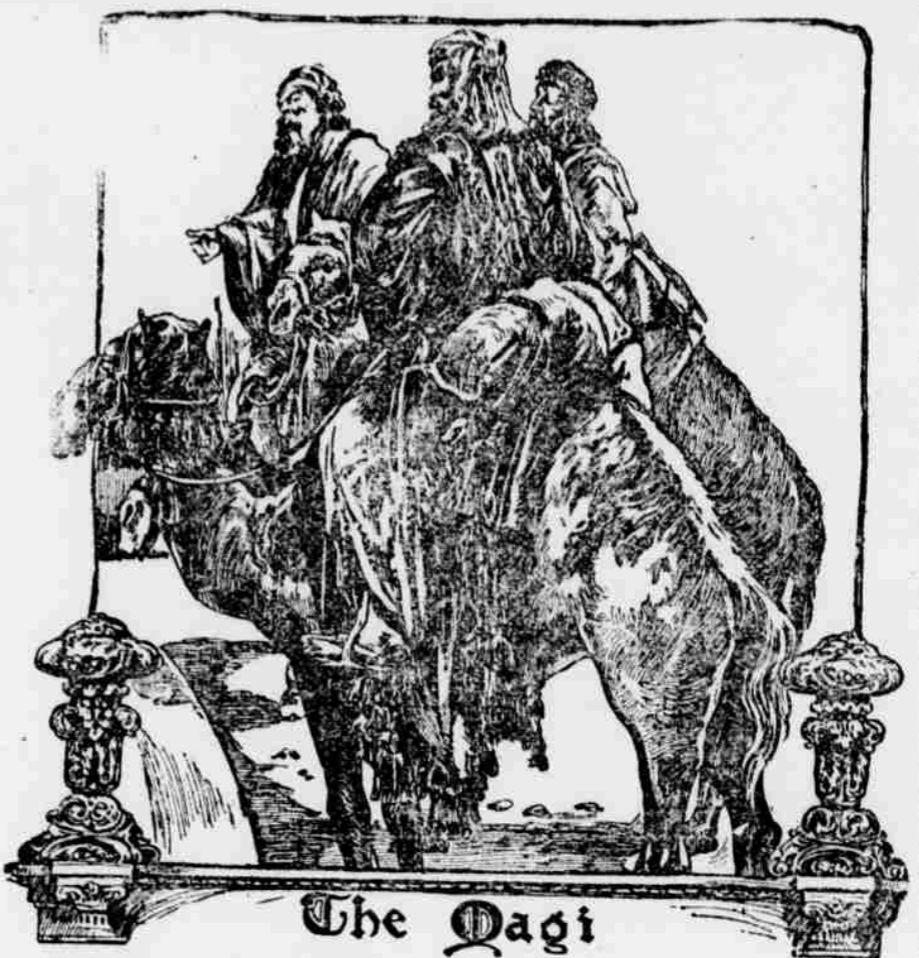
That a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon when an animal belonging to M. D. Swisher, county road overseer, refused to get on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloudburst, says the *Cripple Creek* correspondent of the *Denver News*.

Swisher was riding along Box canyon, a narrow gulch, when the horse turned from the road, and paying no attention to the rider ran up the mountain side and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water about eight feet deep rushing down the canyon tearing up bushes and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloudburst about half a mile farther up the gulch and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider.

Half a mile of the Box canyon road leading to Florissant was washed out and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountain side for an hour before he considered it safe to re-enter the canyon.

Companionship Barred.

"Rastus," said the man who gives advice, "if you want to prosper in this world you must go to bed with the chickens." "Yassir," answered Mr. Pinkley. "I's willin' to go to bed wif 'em. But de folks dat owns chickens ain' sufficiently trustful."—*Washington Star*.



The Magi
 The Magi came, at Christmastide,
 Into the night, with gifts resplendent—
 Coursers, camels, robes of pride,
 Wealth of satellites dependent!
 They came with pomp; they came
 from far,
 And followed fast the "Morning" Star!
 Low, in a cradle made of hay,
 A monarch from the heavens lay!
 Was it a king in glory dight?
 No—'twas a cherub in pink and white!
 It, too, had traveled alone from far,
 And came in the arms of the "Evening"
 Star!
 Which of the twain shall we worship
 most,
 The Star with the train and the splendid
 host,
 The Star of triumph? the Star of power?
 Or the Star that twinkles at twilight
 hour?
 The "Love Star" tender? Now, watch
 and see,
 It is the Magi bend the knee!
 Ah, glory of genius, pride or wealth!
 Splendor of wisdom, knowledge, health!
 Powers of busy brain and feet,
 All of the treasures of earth complete!
 Spirit of beauty and love, at last,
 At Thy tiny feet, all crowns are cast!
 —John Ward Stinson.

The Christmas Stocking

Mr. and Mrs. Reminiscent sat comfortably back in soft leather chairs, watching the crackle and flame of a real log in the grate.
 "What an odd custom it is, isn't it, John—that of hanging up one's stocking on Christmas eve?" said Mrs. R.
 "Yes, it is queer. I wonder who first thought of it?"
 "I haven't the faintest idea. In fact, I never even wondered about it before."

"That part of it doesn't matter, after all," observed Mr. Reminiscent. "It isn't necessary to know the origin of everything in this world. But that stocking idea was a good one. Do you know, of all the memories of my life, I believe that of hanging up my stocking on Christmas eve and looking into it in the morning was really the happiest!"

"I hadn't thought of it in years, but now that you mention it, I believe I agree with you," and as she stopped speaking, Mr. Reminiscent looked a little more thoughtfully into the fire.
 "Isn't it odd, too, the way one remembers those things?" said John.
 "Why, I know just the way that stocking felt, when I was a little toddler, and used to hang mine up. The first one I remember were red."

"Mine were black, always, I think."
 "Yes, dear. I was older than you. Black ones became the fashion soon after I put on long trousers. But the first stockings I hung up were red."
 Mrs. Reminiscent smiled. "And did you wear copper-toed shoes, John?"
 "Yes," he admitted, slowly. "I think I did!"

"How perfectly delicious! I wish I could have seen you!"
 "I don't blame you for laughing. I think it must have been funny. But I had good times in those old days!"
 Mr. Reminiscent leaned a little more comfortably back, and was silent—absorbed in the tender thoughts of those red stocking days away back forty years ago.

"John, dear," said his wife, who had kept quiet as long as possible.
 "Yes?"
 "Were there ever any holes in those red stockings?"

"Do you know," he laughed, "I was just thinking of that. I guess as long as boys have toes, there will be holes in stockings. I was just thinking of one Christmas when I had hung up a pair of stockings with a hole in the toe. I can see that jumping jack's leg that was sticking out of that hole, in the morning, just as plainly as if I were looking at it now! Isn't it queer that we don't forget those little things, when so many bigger things since then have gone completely from our memories?"
 "I'll wager you can't tell what I gave you for Christmas last year!" laughed his wife, apropos of testing the idea. Mr. Reminiscent thought a moment and then shook his head. "I haven't the faintest idea!"

"A solid silver toilet set."
 "And I use the things every day! Well, it's funny, isn't it? And yet I can remember everything that was in the stocking with that jumping jack. There was a brass stem-winder watch, for one thing."

Mr. Reminiscent was silent again. He was looking so serious that, after watching him curiously for a while, his wife laughingly asked what was the matter.
 "I was thinking of that watch," he answered.
 "Well, what became of it?"

"It was a rare toy, in those days, and until that moment of my life I had never possessed anything so perfectly wonderful. It made more noise than a clock, to wind it up, and then it would go like lightning, for a few seconds. I have never known time to fly as fast as it did on that watch," and he laughed as he thought of the way the little brass hands flew around the dial.
 "What finally became of it, dear? Did you wear it with your red stockings and copper toes?"
 He shook his head negatively.
 "I think the ending of that watch was the greatest blow of my life. You know Stanislaus Blank?"
 "Yes, of course. Your cousin that you don't like."
 "He was at our house that Christmas. He was a few years older than

"THE WORLD IS MINE."



I, and it makes a good deal of difference between the ages of 6 and 10. . . . I handled that little brass watch as if it had been sacred. But about an hour after I had taken it out of my stocking, 'Stan' got it away from me."
 "John!"
 "Yes, he did! And when I cried, he called me a baby. So I choked down my tears, and didn't even tell anybody, because he threatened to call me a tattletale if I did."
 "And didn't he ever give it back?"
 "Yes—later in the day. But by that time he had broken the stem winder, and the rest of the works. I know you have wondered why I never liked Stanislaus Blank, but I have never told any one before."
 "But you didn't cheat him in business the way he said you did, last year?"
 "No, dear. I never cheated any one. I just got him in a corner, that was all. And all the time he was worrying for fear he was going to lose his money. I was thinking of that little brass watch and the way he made me suffer when he took it away from me. Maybe it wasn't a very manly spirit, but I can't help it. It's human nature, and a fellow is awfully human when he's only 6!"—*Detroit Press*.

A Misunderstanding.
 "I notice Jenks doesn't speak to you. What's the matter?"
 "I can't help it. I started to talk to him about Christmas decorations the other day and he thought I referred to the black eyes he got in a broil with a mutual friend recently."—*Judge*.

'Twas Ever Thus.
 Ted—I've been trying to catch Dolly under the mistletoe, but Miss Autumn seems to be the only one I can find there.
 Ned—It seems to be an instance of the wrong girl in the right place.—*Judge*.

Christmas at the Boarding House

Mrs. Eaton House—Well, you've got the largest piece of the wishbone, Mr. Skinnle! Now, what do you wish for?
 Orville Skinnle—A larger piece of the meat, ma'am.

New Year's Calls.
 The custom of visiting and sending presents and cards on New Year's day is recorded almost as far back as history goes. The practice of using visit-

ing cards can be traced back for thousands of years by the Chinese. Their New Year's visiting cards are curiosities. Each one sets forth not only the name, but all the titles, of its owner, and, as all Chinamen who have any social position at all have about a dozen, it makes the list quite appalling. These cards are made of silk or else of fine paper backed with silk and are so large that they have to be rolled up to be carried conveniently. They are, indeed, so valuable that they are returned to their owners.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which is weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up in the morning.—H. W. Beecher.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

It is the every days that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed.—W. C. Gannett.

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—Phillips Brooks.

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.—Smiles.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—Lord Avebury.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—Shakespeare.

The hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us "leave behind our low-voiced past."—Dyer.

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

A New Christmas.

Every Christmas should be a new center of Christ-life in this world. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." He wants us to be so filled with his life that his influence shall pour out through our lives for the brightening and sweetening of the world. He wants us to start a new Christmas every day, wherever we are.—J. R. Miller.

A Backward Look.

Christmas kin be stern, so much pleasanter of the stern parent will