

The Lady from the Sea

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The schooner had been observed by the approaching steamer, which did not alter its course on that account. There was no harm to be expected from a small sailing schooner by a blockade-runner, and as the Greyhound was looking for just such a vessel in order to get piloted through the inlet, across the sound, and up to Jones' Wharf, she came on hopefully and fearlessly. Her captain, however, was greatly pleased when he saw the private signal flying from the foremasthead of the schooner. He immediately set the answering signal in accordance with the agreement and having approached within hailing distance he slowed down and stopped.

"What schooner is that?" he called out. "The Confederate privateer schooner Petrel," shouted Smith his voice thrilling with excitement. "What ship is that?" "The blockade-runner Greyhound," answered the captain of the other vessel.

"Good! We've been waiting for you for nearly a week." "Have you anything for us?" "Yes," answered Smith, "we're ready to pilot you in."

"How's the Ellen?" "She's in fine shape," answered Smith. "Just then a woman stepped to the side of the deck by the captain."

One of the Upsur's boats had been called away. Six men, all heavily armed, dropped into it. In the stern sheets sat Midshipman Brown, Midshipman Robinson and Bob Gantlin were to remain in charge of the schooner. As the Greyhound approached, the tarquin covering the long Tom on the fore-castle of the Upsur had been removed, the gun had been loaded, and everything made ready for its instant discharge. The smaller guns in broadside were also loaded and lightly secured. The men left on the schooner had been instructed previously just what to do in various contingencies, when Smith, in the uniform of a Confederate officer, stepped over the low rail and sat down in the stern sheets of the boat.

In three minutes his boat was brought alongside the blockade-runner. The English captain, whose name was Evers, met him at the gangway as he boarded her.

"Captain Stanley, I believe," he said, extending his hand.

Stanley was the name of the Confederate captain of the Petrel, for whom Evers was looking out.

"The same," said Smith gravely, mistaking his men to come on board.

The first one had scarcely set his foot on the battens on the side, however, when the woman who had stood by the side of the captain during the hailing, and had kept back of him during the conversation at the gangway, suddenly stepped into full view of the Greyhound's visitor. Smith turned at the same instant and the two were face to face. The woman screamed.

"Mr. Smith! Captain Evers, you are betrayed! This is a Yankee!"

As soon as Ellen Jones had called out, Captain Evers, who was a quick thinker, for an Englishman, realized that something was seriously wrong. He acted with the promptness of a sailor. The head of the first of the boat's crew was just peering through the gangway. Without a second's hesitation Evers, who was a powerful man, seized him by the shoulder and heaved him overboard. The man in the bow of the boat below was so astonished that he let go the ring bolt with his boot hook and a wave washed the bow of the boat a few feet from the blockade-runner.

Brushing aside Ellen Jones as if she had been a straw—indeed, his impetuosity almost threw her to the deck, for she reeled back against the life-rail—Smith sprang at the captain. The two were locked in a desperate struggle in an instant.

"Four bells!" shouted the captain, straining like a man in the arms of the American. "Full speed ahead!"

"On board here, everybody!" roared Smith in the midst of the struggle.

Other officers on the Greyhound, however, had marked everything that happened. The first mate was a renegade Yankee and as keen as they make them. At the first indication of treachery he had signalled the engine room. The screw was already in revolution and the Greyhound began to forge through the water. Mr. Brown here made a mistake. He started to pick up the man the captain of the blockade-runner had thrown overboard. By the time he had the astonished sailor safe in his boat the Greyhound was in rapid motion, and he could not overhaul her.

Meanwhile half a dozen sailors had thrown themselves upon Smith and had dragged him from the captain. All was not yet lost, however. Smith had prepared for the contingency which had arisen by certain orders which he had given to Midshipman Robinson. These orders were being carried out. A bundle of men forward on the Upsur were swinging the long thirty-two pound pivot. Whitley, the Yankee, was watching them, however.

"Captain Evers," he cried, "they're going to fire on us!"

It happened that a couple of rifles lay on the cuddy hatch cover aft. Someone had been shooting that morning. Evers was a dead shot. He ran aft and picked up one of the weapons. The Greyhound was going faster every moment. The seriousness of the emergency had been communicated to the engineers and they were working for dear life. Fast as they might go, however, they were still within easy range of the thirty-two and would be for some time. A well-placed shot would end the usefulness of the Greyhound in short order.

Getting the thirty-two pounder trained to his satisfaction, Midshipman Robinson squinted along the breech for a last nicety of elevation before pulling the lock-string. At that instant Captain Evers fired. He had a small enough mark at which to aim,

the top of the midshipman's head, and his nerves had not quite steeled themselves since his encounter with Smith, but his aim was sufficiently good. He just grazed the head of young Robinson, knocking him senseless. As the young man fell he involuntarily pulled the lock-string. The shell exploded in the water far to leeward of the Greyhound. The people on her imagined the midshipman had been killed.

The boatswain, however, was equal to the emergency. He rallied the men on the fore-castle of the Upsur in a moment. The gun was rapidly sponged, loaded, and once more aimed at the flying steamer. Evers fired at the gun captain again. This time he missed. The thirty-two pound shell exploded high in the air, carrying away the long, slender foremast of the blockade runner. One or two of her people were hit by fragments of iron, but she was otherwise unharmed.

By this time she was doing justice to the name she bore. She was slipping through the water at a terrific pace. The third shot from the Upsur pulled her, but, luckily for her, the shell failed to explode. The fourth shot missed, the fifth fell far astern. The blockade-runner was out of range.

The Greyhound had been heading straight out to sea to get away from the pressing stranger. So soon as he was satisfied that he had nothing to fear from the schooner, Captain Evers consulted with Whitley as to what he should do next. He could either go back out to sea, or to the northward or southward along the coast. He was in a dilemma, as was the mate also, as to which would be the best course.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the young lady whose quickness had saved them. "I know these coasts thoroughly. If you go to the north, you will be apt to meet a Yankee cruiser off Hatteras Inlet. Ten miles farther down there is another entrance to the sound through which I think we might manage to scrape our way."

"You saved us once, Miss Ellen," said Evers. "I want to thank you for telling us so quickly about this Yankee. Your advice is good. To the southward we'll go."

So to the southward the prow of the Greyhound was turned. Far in rear of her and dropping farther behind every minute came the Upsur, now with all sail set. Although it was perfectly useless, she kept up a fire at long intervals from her long gun forward. Not a shot came near the blockade-runner, however, and she ripped merrily along.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, sir," said the captain, turning to the unfortunate Smith so soon as he had a moment's leisure, "perhaps you will have the kindness to explain your proceeding."

The American officer had been held firmly by three sailors on the Greyhound. So soon as he had discovered that it was useless he had ceased to struggle. He was a wise young man and knew when was the time for a policy of non-resistance. So long as there was a chance of the Upsur sinking the blockade-runner he had devoted his attention to her. Now that the Greyhound had made her escape he devoted his attention to Ellen Jones. It was not that he had hoped to meet her again. When she had confronted him on the deck of the ship his surprise at sight of her had been so great that for the moment he had lost his presence of mind. If he had acted more quickly, he might have got his crew aboard, in which case there would have been a pretty melee on the decks with the chance that the Upsur could run aboard the Greyhound and end it all with her superior crew. That moment of startled surprise in which Miss Ellen had burst upon him had proved his undoing; not the first time in history that a woman had brought about such a result.

During the first few moments of the sharp engagement Ellen also had watched the schooner. She had grown deadly white when Captain Evers' first shot knocked over the midshipman. This incident was war, and the sight was not pleasant to her. But she recovered from the shock presently, and when the escape of the Greyhound appeared assured, and Captain Evers prepared to interrogate his prisoner, she stepped to his side.

"The explanation, Captain Evers," replied Smith contemptuously—there was nothing to be gained by dissembling and Mr. Smith was a very polite young man anyhow—"is simple. We captured the Petrel a week ago. We found out you were coming in and lay in wait for you. That's all."

"How did you find out we were coming, may I ask?"

"There was a letter to you on board with signals, directions for pilotage, and half a chart."

"They did not destroy the mail bag, then?"

"They tried to, but I—we secured it."

"Too bad. Where was the other half of the chart of which you speak?" asked the captain curiously.

Naturally, Smith was looking at the woman before him. At the mention of the half chart and the captain's question he noticed a quick, involuntary movement of Miss Ellen's hand towards her bosom.

"I don't know," he answered, quickly looking away and hoping that the girl had not noticed his glance.

"Is that the Petrel yonder?" asked Evers, pointing aft towards the pursuing schooner fast dropping from view.

"No. I don't mind telling you that, either. We sunk the Petrel. That schooner yonder is the United States revenue cutter Upsur."

"She's the living picture of the Petrel, though, according to my description of her," said Captain Evers.

"She is. In fact, she's a sister ship, and we did our best to turn her into an exact duplicate of the Petrel. We were

laying for you. Not so much for you as—"

He stopped quickly. There was no use in telling about his designs against the privateer. The game had only begun, and no one could foresee the end yet.

"Don't disdain us, young man," laughed Captain Evers. He was in high good humor because of his escape from so formidable a trap. "We'd be worth nigh on to a hundred thousand pounds, I take it, to your Yankee cruisers, to say nothing of the guns for the Ellen, if you could overhaul us. Well, you would have had us sure if it hadn't been for this young lady."

At this a pang of regret shot through the heart of the fair Ellen. Her lover looked so melancholy and miserable. Almost for a second she wished she had not interfered. The emotion was more than transitory, too. Ellen was devoted to her father, but cared little for the Southern Confederacy. She was not Southern born, nor was he. He lived there, however, and, like many people in similar circumstances, he drifted with the State. He had resigned his command in the army before the war. He was not a native of the United States and, naturally enough, did not care particularly for the country. He was a shrewd man. He saw, or thought he saw, abundant opportunities for making money out of the war, hence his outfitting this privateer.

Having considerable money on hand just before the outbreak of the war, he had bought a new and very swift vessel, which he intended to use, with others in which he had an interest, in the cotton trade. Being a farseeing man, even before hostilities commenced, he had determined, so soon as war was declared, to turn his steamer into a privateer and blockade-runner and prey on the federal commerce. He had promptly ordered a new and expensive armament for her in England, which had been sent to New Providence, in the Bahamas, and which the Greyhound was bringing thence. He had a large interest in the cargo of that blockade-runner as well. He was a thrifty man and loved to turn a penny.

New Providence being an English settlement, Major Jones happened to have relatives living there. His daughter had been spending several months in that place. She was a woman of unusual capacity, and her father had taken advantage of her presence there to transact a large part of his business through her. It was she who had paid for and received the armament of her namesake; it was she who had arranged for its shipment, and she was now actually in charge of the Greyhound—strange position for a young lady! Of course, upon Captain Evers and his mates were devolved the duties of sailing the ship and delivering the cargo, but she, representing the owner, was supreme in other matters. Therefore, although he did not realize it, it was really she who had captured Mr. Smith rather than Captain Evers.

"Well," said the captain, "you made a brave attempt and failed handsomely."

"No thanks to you, captain."

"What's that?"

"It was entirely due, as I said, to this young lady."

"I am very sorry," began Ellen.

"What!" exclaimed the captain, looking hard at her. "Come, now, Miss Ellen! You're not sorry that you were not captured, surely! Why, that would about ruin your father. I take it. He owns most of this cargo, and without the guns we're fetching him the Ellen wouldn't be worth—what do you call it?—a cent."

"Certainly I am not sorry about that, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith. I knew him before the war, when my father was in the army. We're old friends."

"Thank you," said Smith gratefully.

"Friends," played upon a sorry trick, then," said the English captain.

"I could not help it," explained Ellen indignantly, as if she sought to justify her action to her lover.

"I don't blame you, Miss Ellen," put in Smith promptly, "you did what was right, as you always did."

(To be continued.)

Animals Shed Real Tears.

Human beings have a monopoly on laughter, but it is not so with tears. Animals weep, and in many instances for the same reasons that cause man to shed tears. Among the creatures which cry most easily are the ruminants, with whom the act is so well known that it has given rise to a trivial but accurate expression, "To weep like a calf." All hunters know that the stag weeps, and we are also assured that the bear sheds tears when it sees its last hour approaching.

The giraffe is not less sensitive and regards with tearful eyes the hunter who has wounded it. Gordon Cumming says of an eland which he had pursued for some time:

"Flecks of foam flew from its mouth; abundant sweat had given to its gray skin an ashy blue tint. Tears fell from its great blue eyes and it was evident that the eland felt that its last hour had come."

Dogs weep quite easily. The same is true of certain monkeys. As for the elephant, there is abundant evidence of the ease with which it weeps. Sparrman assures us that it sheds tears when wounded, or when it sees that it cannot escape; its tears roll from its eyes like those of human beings in affliction.

Tenant, speaking of captured elephants, says that some have been known to remain quiet, lying on the ground without manifesting their grief otherwise than by the tears that bathe their eyes and run constantly down.

Aquatic animals, too, are able to weep. Thus all authorities agree in saying that the dolphins, at the moment of death, draw deep sighs and shed tears abundantly. A young female seal has also been seen to weep when teased by a sailor.

A Puzzle.

Little Willie—Say, pa, this paper tells about a dog being placed on a scent.

Pa—Well, my son, what of it? Little Willie—Oh, nothing; only if one dog can be placed on a scent, I'd like to know how many could be placed on a dollar.

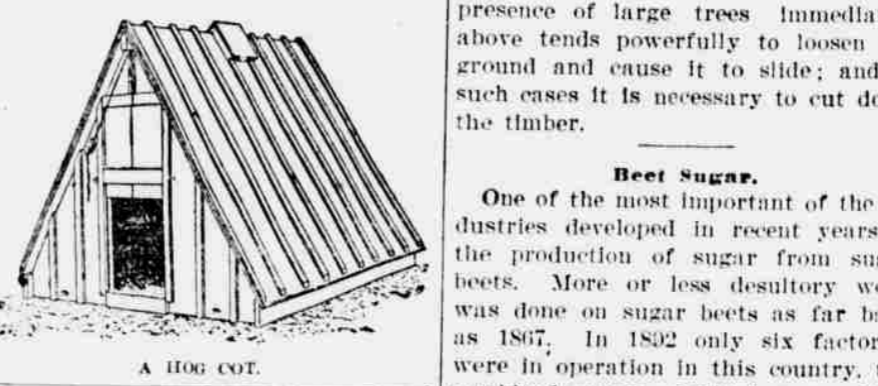


Protection of River Banks.

The statement is constantly met that forests are very efficacious in the protection of river banks from undermining and steep slopes from sliding. The exact reverse is the case, says the Engineer. As every river engineer knows, nothing is more disastrous to a river bank on an alluvial stream than heavy trees. This is due partly to the great weight, but in large part to the swaying effect of the wind and the enormous leverage of the long trunks, which pry up the ground and facilitate the tendency to undermining. One of the regular policies of river control is to cut down these trees for a distance back from the edge of the bank wherever complications with private ownership do not prevent. Snags and drift-wood in the channels have always been among the most serious obstacles to navigation on streams flowing between forest-covered banks. Likewise where railway or highway grading cuts the skin of unstable mountain slopes, the presence of large trees immediately above tends powerfully to loosen the ground and cause it to slide; and in such cases it is necessary to cut down the timber.

Good Hog Cot.

The A-shaped hog cot has been modified and improved to adapt it to both summer and winter conditions. The improved form has a permanent floor, a door in each end, and a ventilating system. It is constructed by nailing inch boards on six joists, 2 in. x 4 in., 8 feet long for the floor. Beneath the joists are nailed three stringers, 2 in. x 6 in., 8 feet long, which serve as runners for moving the house. Next is spiked a piece 2 in. x 8 in., 9 ft. 4 in. long, at the ends of the joists, having the bottom of the 2 in. x 8 in. even

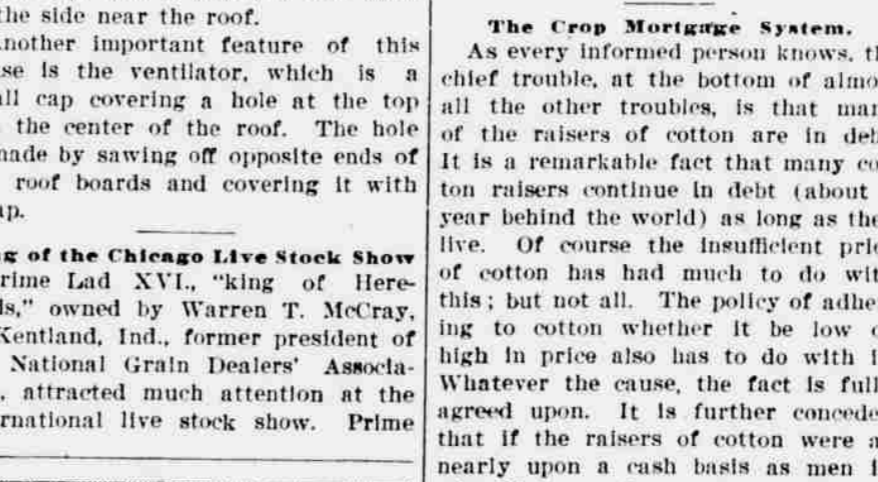


with the bottom of the joist which will allow it to project above the floor 3 inches. It will also extend out 7 inches at each end. This 2 in. x 8 in. forms a plate to which the rafters and roof boards are nailed. The 7-inch extension of the plate at the ends supports the lower corners of the roof, which otherwise would be easily split off. These 2x8s, besides strengthening the house, raise the rafters and roof boards nailed to them at least 3 inches off the floor and thereby materially increase the floor space and the capacity of the house. If the house is to be used in extremely cold weather a movable door is necessary. The illustration shows a door 2 feet wide and 2 ft. 6 in. high, made to slide up and down and held in place by cleats. It is suspended by a rope which passes through a pulley at the top, and is fastened to a cleat at the side near the roof.

Another important feature of this house is the ventilator, which is a small cap covering a hole at the top and the center of the roof. The hole is made by sawing off opposite ends of two roof boards and covering it with a cap.

King of the Chicago Live Stock Show

Prime Lad XVI, "king of Herefords," owned by Warren T. McCray, of Kentland, Ind., former president of the National Grain Dealers' Association, attracted much attention at the International live stock show. Prime



Lad XVI is directly descended from two grand champions, his sire being Prime Lad, grand champion at the World's Fair in 1903, and his dam being the world famed Lorna Doone. The "king" is three years old and has made clean sweeps in competitions.

The Colors of Eggs.

A. R. Horwood, of the Leicester (England) Museum, remarks that the colors of birds' eggs can, in a large number of cases, be traced to the necessity of "protective resemblance." White eggs are usually laid by birds nesting in holes in trees, or in dark situations, like owls, woodpeckers and some pigeons. Most birds nesting on or near the ground lay eggs of an olive-green or brown ground color. The eggs of grouse, ptarmigan, and so forth, resemble the heather among which they are laid. Those of the ringed plover, little tern and oyster-catcher resemble the sand and shingle of the beach. The lapwing's eggs closely simulate bare soil or dried lents. The young chicks show similar "protective" colors.

The Life Plant.

Bermuda possesses a plant of the house leek family which has curious properties. When the leaves begin to shrivel and fade they put forth new shoots which in turn bear leaves that continue to grow fresh and green for many weeks. The leaves are about four inches long, rich green in color and of waxy texture. If one of the leaves is plucked to a wall indoors it will begin to sprout within three or four days, be it winter or summer. The limit of existence of the life plant seems dependent upon the quantity of heat and light which the plant obtains.

Effect of Freezing on Butter.

A series of trials were made at the Vermont Experiment Station, wherein milk was divided into two lots, one-half allowed to freeze and the other handled in the usual manner; then churned, the butter worked and scored. Neither skimming, ripening nor churning appeared to be impaired. Not so, however, with the scoring. The average scores of two sets of fifteen lots each were: Frozen butter, 93.2; normal butter, 93.5. Freezing tended very slightly to lower the grade of the butter, yet freezing is not necessarily a menace to good butter-making. It should not be inferred, however, that infrequent creamery receipts, delivered more or less frosted, will make as good a butter as if they had been delivered unfrozen.

For Poultry Insects.

A pint of crude carbolic acid, mixed with a gallon of kerosene, makes an excellent spray for poultry houses, and it is the cheapest.

AGRICULTURAL NEWS.

Not one cow in fifty that is confined in the dairy barn gets as much water as she needs.

A strange dog running through a herd in a field will lessen the milk flow for the next milking from 3 to 10 per cent.

Cow barns should be whitewashed inside at least three times a year, and this job should include every foot of the stalls and mangers.

FIGHTING TUBERCULOSIS.

The Modern Fresh-Air Pavilion and What It Accomplishes.

It may be said that to-day the curative treatment of tuberculosis finds itself little departed from the principles of Hippocrates, who 400 years before Christ advised patients to "go into the hills and drink goats' milk." Modern methods with tuberculosis are still largely advisory and are regulated by the four essentials: Air, food, rest, control, says the American Review of Reviews. And, although this regimen is filled out by certain measures tending to alleviate and aid, without these four essentials the physician of to-day is able to do little. The international congress on tuberculosis, which meets at Washington this fall, will have nothing beyond to offer. The single specific for tuberculosis is yet to be found.

Of course, "new cures" are evolved constantly. We have had the "vegetable-juice" cure, the "stuffing" treatment and various "inhalations." But one and all prove, upon real trial, to be either worthless or else of only superficial value.

However, it must not be conjectured that the curative treatment of tuberculosis has not advanced. The principles are as ever, but they are being more thoroughly applied and their effectiveness furthered. An unerring study is being made for a better understanding and appreciation of the fresh air and proper food, the rest, the careful supervision.

Fresh air maintains its position as first among the requirements in the treatment of tuberculosis. That the fresh air may be unimpeded and absolutely incapable of contamination the outdoor pavilion is assuming the perfect type. The tent is losing ground, not even the most radical styles can be fully ventilated at all hours of all seasons with the precision of the modern constructed pavilion. The tent is better than the pavilion, colder than the pavilion and damper than the pavilion. The pavilion is also being accorded precedence over the cottage plan.

STORIES OF STATESMEN.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was discussing locally our society leader's claim that too many statesmen appear to rely on their uncountness—on the absence of socks, etc., for their fame.

"I would point out," said he, "that neither Caesar nor Alexander wore socks, and if I attacked New York society as frankly as this person has attacked public life, I might—but, after all, perfect frankness is invariably a bad thing. You have heard, perhaps, of the young man who admitted perfect frankness? Calling on a pretty girl, he said: 'If there is one thing that I reverence in this world, perfect frankness is that thing.'"

"Yes?" said the girl. "Then I'll at once grasp the opportunity to urge you to shave off your mustache before you eat another soft-boiled egg!"

Senator Tillman, discussing international marriages the other day, said pertinently:

"What are we coming to? A friend of mine, an ardent foe to monarchies, roared out in a speech last week: 'Down tread as they are abroad, I still fail to understand how they can endure to be taxed to support idle, extravagant and dissolute royal families.'"

"Then my friend wiped his heated brow, and hurrying home, sent in a B. R. TILLMAN, stock assessment of \$10,000 in order to help the president of the Dash Railroad purchase a titled son-in-law."

Woman Students in Absence. A telegram from Strassburg states that the government of Alsace-Lorraine has laid before the authorities of Strassburg University a scheme for admitting women to study there. This scheme was discussed by the senate of the university and was accepted in principle.

It is therefore probable that women will be admitted to matriculate at the beginning of the winter session.—Berliner Anzeiger.

As Yale Sees It. Tanke—It must be great to be a Harvard man. Styne—Why so? "The streets up there are so crooked that people can't tell whether you're walking straight or not."—Yale Record.

Driven to Drink. Artist—My next picture at the academy will be entitled "Driven to Drink." His Friend—Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose? Artist—Oh, no; it's a horse approaching a water trough!

A Surprise. When a woman calls her husband up by telephone without his knowing who she is, she is always surprised to see how politely he addresses her at first.—Somerville Journal.