

The Lady from the Sea

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Though he had fallen for the present in his main end, perhaps he might get something out of the adventure after all. He had heard that pity was akin to love, and perhaps if he could not secure one Ellen he might in some way, even though conquered, capture the other.

"Nevertheless, I am sorry that it had to be you," she continued.

"It's very good of you to say that," he said gravely, "but I have no fault to find. I'm glad it was I rather than another. I have the pleasure of seeing you again, and that is much. If you had kept still a moment longer my men would have been on board and I would have been your host instead of—"

"My prisoner," laughed Captain Evers. "Not at all, Captain Evers," interrupted Miss Ellen with spirit, "it is my desire that you extend to Lieutenant Smith every courtesy. Let him be here as our guest."

"Oh, very well," said the captain indifferently, "just as you say. It won't be very long, anyhow, before we get in. I trust, and then he'll be a prisoner of war. For the present you can have the run of the ship, Mr. Smith."

"Stoaner ahead!" shouted a man on the lookout forward.

"Where away?" called out the captain, turning from the other two and running forward.

"Ah!" ejaculated Smith, "that'll be my chance."

"I don't understand," said Miss Ellen. "Right ahead, sir, coming down fast," called out the lookout.

"Ah!" cried Captain Evers, after springing up the fore-ship and taking a long look through his glass, "that'll be a Yankee cruiser, certainly. Port your helm!" he shouted, "hard a-port! Lay her head due east! Lively, men!"

He came jumping down the rigging and ran aft to see that his orders were promptly obeyed. In a few moments the Greyhound swept around and once more headed due east into the broad Atlantic where she had come. It was the only thing she could do then. The schooner in her wake had edged out to sea. It was impossible for the blockade-runner to head north or hug the shore in an effort to make the inlet without coming in range of the Upland's heavy gun. There was only one course open to her, and that was to run to seaward. The steamship they had just sighted was running down upon them at a rapid rate. So soon as her people discovered the Greyhound's attempt to get to sea they altered the course of their own vessel, laid her head about to the northeast, so that she ran along the hypothesis while the Greyhound took one side of a right-angled triangle.

Captain Evers was a resourceful man and he decided, so soon as he got a sufficient edging, to clear the schooner to port, to change his course to the northeast, so as to bring the pursuing stranger directly in rear of him and thus give him a better chance of escaping her. Just when he was about to do this, however, his lookouts reported another sail ahead.

That other sail was the frigate St. Lawrence. As was the custom, the two supporting ships, the frigate and the steamer, had closed in on the schooner during the night. Had it not been for the misty morning they would have been in sight of her when she had her track with the Greyhound. As it was, the men on both ships plainly heard the sound of the firing. That it was continued was evidence that the blockade-runner had not succeeded in gaining the inlet and was running away.

Commodore Pindling had reasoned out the course of the Greyhound exactly. She would turn south and run into the Wamego. When pursued by the Wamego she would swing to the northeast. Therefore, instead of running down the coast in the wake of the schooner, he had hung every stitch of canvas on the yards of the old hulk—the wind was a fine royal breeze—and had headed it for the southeastward in the hope of heading off the Greyhound when she turned away from the inlet, thus giving the Wamego a better chance to overhaul her.

In the hazard of the chase Captain Evers now did not dare take any risks. All the new screw sloops-of-war he knew were full ship-rigged and it might be that the stranger in the northeast, racing along under a great press of canvas would prove to be the Hartford or the Brooklyn or one of the sister ships, although he did not think so. He stared at her for a while, when Commodore Pindling, who was a wonderfully tricky old sailor, added the last touch of deceit to his ship.

He piled barrels on midships forward of the mainmast to look like a rude smoke-stack and made a smudge at the bottom of them. Black clouds of smoke came pouring out of the top. That was enough for poor Evers. He swung the Greyhound slightly away to the southeast to get out of the enclosing net. Really, he had nothing to fear from any of his pursuers except the Wamego, but he could take no chances.

There had been no hesitation about the movements of the Union squadron. Her captain knew exactly what he wanted—the Greyhound—and he stuck to his course without deviation. Evers saw that his pursuer was fearfully near by the time his maneuvers had been completed and he had settled on his course and was coming along like a hurricane. The Greyhound did not belie her name. She was a remarkably swift power, and this time she was going for all there was in her. They fed her furnaces with rosin and tar. They battered down the safety valves. Mr. Whitney, the mate, took the helm, and try as they might she lost ground steadily.

Smith stood on the quarter-deck a highly interested spectator of the pursuit. Near him Miss Ellen Jones also critically examined the chasing steamer. But little had been said between these two during

these exciting maneuvers. Their position was strange and unusual. Smith had a thousand things he would like to say to the woman he loved, but under the circumstances he felt that the initiative should come from her, more especially as he was her prisoner—although that would soon be changed. Unless something unforeseen happened he knew what would be the result of the chase. It was evident to everybody that the Wamego had the heels of the Greyhound, and that unless something gave way a few hours would see the blockade-runner overhauled and captured.

The two stood in silence for a long time. The captain and his officers devoted themselves to the working of the ship and left them alone and undisturbed. Finally Smith broke himself in despair of getting a word from her.

"Well, Miss Ellen," he said, "the gunboat is overhauling us."

"I see," answered that young lady anxiously. "You won't be my prisoner very long."

"I should like to be your prisoner always," said the man tritely but naturally. "But not in the sense in which I first spoke."

"In any sense."

"How long is it since—since you—since we met?"

"Nearly four years, Miss Ellen, but I have never ceased to think of you—to love you in all that time."

"What! for four years?" laughed the girl, her pulses bounding.

"If it had been four hundred years, it would have been just the same."

"You are a miracle for a sailor. I thought they had sweethearts in every port?"

"I had one."

"What, sir?"

"It was always you, Miss Ellen."

"Thank you," she laughed. "That was prettily said. I am afraid that's the way they all explain it."

"It's true in my case, anyway. Do you know why I volunteered for this duty?—why I embraced it so gladly?"

"I suppose it was for the sake of capturing this blockade-runner and—"

"It was for your sake."

"How for mine?"

"I wanted to capture first the Greyhound, then your father's privateer, and most of all, you."

"The Ellen?" she answered, disregarding this last remark.

"Yes, the Ellen, if you put it that way."

"You mean the privateer?"

"I mean you."

"But you will never capture—"

"Never capture which?" he asked.

"The privateer—or—"

"Don't say that, Miss Ellen."

"I will say it. Or me, either?"

"If I mistake not," returned the young man coolly, casting a glance astern, "I shall have captured you in about half an hour."

"How dare you say such a thing?" cried the girl indignantly.

"I mean just what I say. That steam-sloop is the United States ship Wamego. She was stationed there to help me carry out this plan. As soon as she overhauls and takes possession of this ship I shall be in command of the Greyhound and all on board of her."

"It is outrageous!" exclaimed the girl, her cheeks flushing.

"I shall treat you, I assure you, with the same kindly consideration which you extended to me. You shall be my guest, as I have been yours."

"I will not stay on this ship with you a moment! I will board one of the other ships!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Smith, smiling genially; "you see, those are cruising vessels. They wouldn't care to have a woman aboard—there are no conveniences for women passengers. They might not get a chance to land you for a month. I can put you ashore at your father's plantation."

"I don't care what you say, or what you offer to do, I won't stay on the ship with you, sir!"

"Did you ever hear, Miss Jones," continued Smith, still smiling pleasantly, "that prisoners of war must go where they are sent or stay where they are ordered?"

"Capt Evers," cried the girl imperiously, "I wish you would remove this prisoner or at once! Put him in a cell, anywhere out of my sight! He annoys me!"

The troubled Evers looked from the girl who deliberately turned her back upon him, to the smiling face of the young man. "By all means, Captain," said Smith cheerfully, "do just what you like with me. Only I warn you that when you are overhauled by that steamer the treatment you mete out to me will be your portion."

"Well, you see, Miss Jones," began the puzzled Captain dubiously, "unless something happens we'll all be in this gentleman's power in a short time."

"Speak for yourself, Captain Evers," retorted Miss Ellen haughtily.

"But, Miss Ellen, I'm afraid it's true, and—"

"I shall go below myself then!" stormed the girl, "since nobody here pays any attention to my requests."

"That's all right, Captain," said Smith carefully as the young lady stalked away, and descended to her cabin, "don't mind her. She'll get over it presently. As for you, you know you have no chance at all to get away from under ship."

"What ship is it?" asked Evers.

"The United States gunboat Wamego," "I see."

"I advise you to slow down and let her overhaul you without any further fuss. You're just wearing out your engines carrying on in this way."

"Won't do it," said the Captain hotly.

"You'll be sunk if you don't. Look yonder."

He pointed as he spoke. There was a flash of light from the deck of the pursuing steamer, a puff of white smoke, the scream of a shell, which exploded in the water close aboard.

"That's good practice, Captain," continued Smith coolly. "There's another. You'd better stop in time. The third one will come aboard and somebody will be apt to be hurt. Here, I'll save you the disgrace of striking your flag. Surrender to me."

"I suppose I'll have to," said Evers desperately, throwing his cap to the deck in his disgust and turning away in deep dejection.

"Very good," said Smith, "the ship is mine then."

He ran to the halliards a few steps from him and struck the flag. He was just in time, for the gunners on the Wamego were about to send another shell from the hundred-pound pivot, this time into the quarter of the Greyhound. So soon as he hauled down the flag Smith ran forward to the break of the poop and signalled the engineers below to slow down. At the same time he ordered them to blow off steam and haul the fires. If the engines had been stopped abruptly under such a head of steam the danger might have been serious. Then he ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to put the helm up, and the Greyhound swung around and slowly moved towards the Wamego, which was also checked. The blockade-runner was captured, after all.

CHAPTER V.

So soon as it was safe the Greyhound stopped in obedience to signal. The Wamego ran alongside and Captain Chase dispatched a boat to the blockade-runner in charge of Lieutenant Dillingham. Mr. Dillingham's boat came to the side in a hurry. He and his men scrambled impetuously up the gangway as if they expected to meet with a furious resistance before they gained the deck. They were greatly surprised to find everything as quiet and peaceful as a country churchyard. Mr. Smith encountered them at the gangway. As it happened, Mr. Dillingham and he had never met before. As Smith was still wearing the Confederate uniform he had loaned, the boarder officer naturally mistook him for the Confederate Captain. He saluted him gravely and asked—

"Are you the captain of this ship, sir?"

"I am, sir."

"I am Lieutenant Dillingham, of the United States gunboat Wamego, and I have come to take possession."

"You have, eh?" said Smith, smiling. "Well, I guess not."

"What do you mean?"

"I am in possession of this vessel and I intend to remain so."

"If this is a jest, sir," said Dillingham gravely, "it is a very poor one. You are under the guns of the Wamego, you have struck your flag, and if you do not instantly yield me possession I shall proceed to take it by force."

"Why should I yield possession?" laughed Smith, who was fond of joking.

"Because you're a rebel and have been captured."

"I'm not a rebel."

"I don't care what you are. You're my prisoner."

"See here, now, Dillingham—"

"Mr. Dillingham, sir, I've had enough of this." He turned to his men. "Just talk this gentleman out, will you?"

"Well, if this isn't the most unkind treatment that an officer of the United States navy ever received at the hands of his friends!" protested Smith quietly.

"An officer of the United States navy!" exclaimed the astonished boarder. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Lieutenant Thomas Beckman Smith, of the United States navy, executive officer of the St. Lawrence, lately in command of the United States schooner Upland, and now in charge of this ship."

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"You didn't ask me, my young friend," answered Smith calmly. "You didn't give me a chance. You were going to take possession of me without giving me an opportunity to explain to you."

"But where are your men?" asked Dillingham, looking around curiously.

"I have none."

(To be continued.)

AN IMPORTANT RACE.

Queer Ways of the Native Black of Australia.

For bearing hardship, such as thirst, hunger, long hours in the saddle, etc., the black has far less endurance than the white man. In fact, a black fellow is uncomfortable if he goes for any length of time without water. And yet nobody is more independent than he. Give him two gallons of water, twenty pounds of flour and two or three sticks of tobacco and tell him he will get no more for three days—viz., three days—he will deliberately settle down and not be satisfied till he has finished the lot. I have known a civilized and clothed black fellow who was traveling with me sit down after dark and wash his clothes (a most unusual proceeding) when he had only three gallons of water and fifty hours' riding before he could get any more, and this with the thermometer registering 112 in the shade.

This is not a thing that occurs once or twice, but always. The black man will not look five minutes ahead, nor will experience teach him. A gambler on a small scale is dear to the heart of every black fellow, and it is a common occurrence for one of them to swap a brand new suit of blue dunnage for an old frayed white coat, thinking that he will be able to sell or deal the latter away and make a profit simply because it is white, an unusual color with them. But one good point these black men have. They never complain when they find they have made a bad bargain. This is possibly because they forget with whom they made the deal.—Australian Cor. London Standard.

Being Disagreeable.

"He said he admired that cute little bonnet on the back of your head."

"Well, that's a compliment."

"To the bonnet? He didn't say he admired the face on the front of your head."—Houston Post.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Barn for Sheep.
When in pasture sheep will always sleep on the highest and driest parts of the field. This should be kept in mind in selecting the site for a sheep shed. Warm, close sheds are likely to be injurious to the health of the sheep, as the temperature of their blood is high and the fleece keeps in the body heat. Crowding is to be avoided especially at the feeding rack. The accompanying plan which is from the booklet, "Practical Farm Buildings" by F. W. Bird & Son, Hamilton, Ont., shows a building 40 feet wide and 60 feet long. It is in two stories, the first being 9 feet high and the second 6 feet from the floor to the eaves. The sills are 6 in. by 8 in., resting preferably on stone foundation, and if set on posts they should be heavier. Doors are all 4 ft. wide and those that are used by the sheep should be sliding. Windows are 2 ft. wide and 4 1/2 ft. high. In the center of the sheep apartment there are double doors 10 ft. wide.



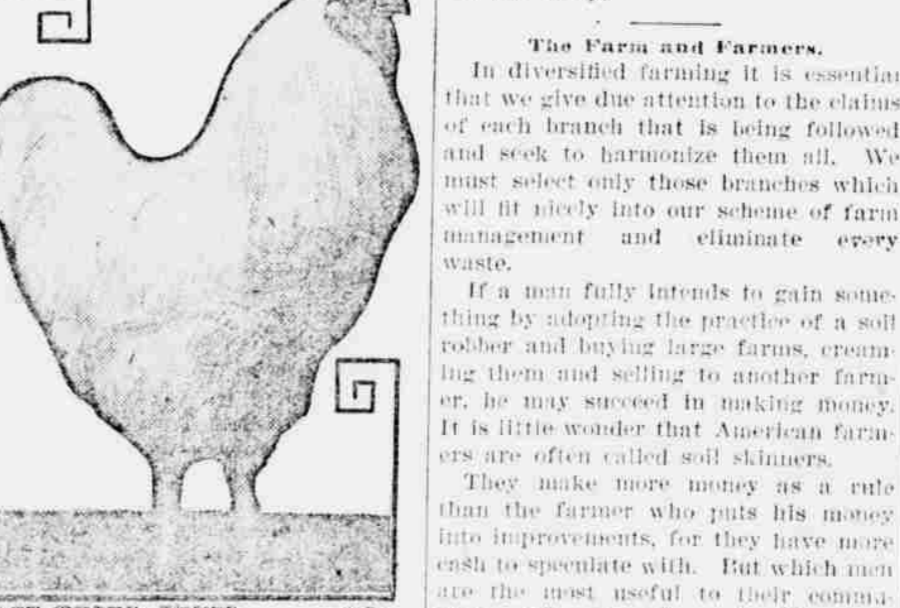
GOOD SHEEP BARN.

Veterinary Science.
A veterinary surgeon is a person skilled in the diseases of domestic animals. In the last decade there has been a keen awakening to the importance of veterinary science and agricultural colleges are adding a veterinary department to their curriculums. A consideration of the magnitude of the live stock industry of the United States emphasizes the necessity of veterinary knowledge to safeguard the interests of animal husbandry and protect the public health. The valuation of the horses in the country is recorded at \$1,867,530,000, mules at \$416,939,000, milch cows at \$650,057,000, other cattle at \$845,938,000, sheep at \$211,736,000 and swine at \$331,230,000. The grand total value of all the live stock in the country aggregates \$4,331,230,000 and represents such enormous wealth that the live stock industry can well afford to pay for the services of skilled veterinarians.

In all European countries veterinary science is receiving increased consideration. The increased value of live stock and the enlarged protection accorded the public health has broadened the sphere of veterinary science and it now ranks among the learned professions. Great Britain is awakening to the advantages of raising the standard of veterinary science. The imperial government has appropriated \$150,000 for the Dublin college and will supplement the grant by an additional \$45,500. The government is spending annually on the London Veterinary College \$30,000 and a strong effort is being made to advance the standard of veterinary education in England.

In nearly every commonwealth there is a veterinary state department to inspect the live stock on the farms and when it discovers animals suffering from contagious diseases it orders them destroyed to prevent the spread of contagion. The great distributing centers of live stock are encouraging higher veterinary education.

Exhibits at Chicago Poultry Show.



FIRST PRIZE WHITE WYANDOTTE COCK. VALUE \$1000.00



PRIZE WHITE WYANDOTTE COCK. VALUE \$800.00

Changes in Cotton Growing.
When hill lands in which the boll weevil has long had his habitat can be made to produce nearly a bale of cotton to the acre, the farmers of North Louisiana have absolutely no reason to despair. Of course, this can not be done possibly in the bottom lands, where cotton grows rank, and where, owing to the nature of the soil, the plant can not be forced to maturity rapidly. But the bottom land can be utilized for other purposes. It is a complete reversal of former conditions, but there is no reason why the change should not be made and why the growing of cotton in the hills and the growing of forage and other crops in the alluvial districts should not make Northwest Louisiana prosper.—Shreveport Times.

Get Close to Market.

Location plays an important part in business. The man who lives a long distance from market will seldom find it profitable to grow small fruit that must be hauled several miles in the hot sun to be marketed. The man who lives a long distance from market should try to sell finished products from his farm. Butter, eggs, cheese, pork, beef and mutton are finished products that can be successfully marketed for long distances.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1787—Delaware adopted the federal constitution, being the first State to do so. . . . The Minerva appeared in New York City, edited by Noah Webster.

1791—The United States concluded a treaty with the Tuscarora, Stockbridge and Oneida Indian tribes.

1801—New York Historical Society instituted. . . . British ports in the West Indies closed to American commerce.

1811—Americans under Gen. Harrison left the battle ground at Tippecanoe on their return to the United States.

1818—Illinois admitted to the Union as the twenty-first State.

1829—Suttee, the Hindu rite of burning a widow on the funeral pyre of her husband, abolished.

1830—Opening of the canal around the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville. . . . The first locomotive built in the United States was finished and tested at the West Point (N. Y.) foundry.

1835—The House of Assembly in Jamaica passed a bill abolishing slavery. . . . The American Anti-Slavery Society was organized in Philadelphia.

1839—The Whig national convention at Harrisburg nominated William H. Harrison for President. . . . Pope Gregory XVI. issued a bulletin for abolishing the slave trade.

1841—First through train ran from Boston to Albany.

1843—Dedication of Tremont Temple in Boston.

1846—Santa Anna proclaimed President of Mexico.

1848—Ferdinand of Austria abdicated and was succeeded by Francis Joseph.

1852—Louis Napoleon became Emperor of France.

1856—Christ Church, Montreal, destroyed by fire.

1859—Province of Queensland, Australia, established.

1861—"Confederate Congress passed a bill admitting Kentucky into the Confederacy.

1862—Gen. Banks' expedition sailed for New Orleans.

1863—Gen. Leinstroet raised the siege of Knoxville.

1864—Treason trials of members of the Knights of the Golden Circle begun in Indianapolis.

1865—Habsburg corpus not restored in the Northern States.

1868—All disputes between Mexico and the United States settled by treaty. . . . Loretta, a small town in California, destroyed by an earthquake.

1876—First cremation in the United States performed at Washington, Pa.

1877—Theodore Roosevelt appointed collector of the port of New York.

1879—Steamer Borussia of the Canada and Mississippi line foundered at sea, with loss of 200 lives.

1884—Science Hall of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, destroyed by fire. . . . The presidential electors met in the several States and cast the vote which elected Cleveland and Hendricks.

1890—King Kalakaua of Hawaii landed at San Francisco.

1897—Attempted assassination of the Sultan of Turkey.

1899—The Canadian steamer Niagara wrecked in Lake Erie, with loss of sixteen lives.

1902—Germany and England joined in a naval demonstration against Venezuela.

1904—Armored cruiser Tennessee launched at Philadelphia. . . . Close of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis.

1905—Senor Palma elected president of Cuba. . . . French Senate voted in favor of the separation of church and state.

1907—Secretary Taft visited the Emperor Nicholas at St. Petersburg. . . . Norwegian Parliament elected the Nobel prize upon President Roosevelt in recognition of his services in ending the Russo-Japanese war.

RAILROAD NOTES.

Officers of the Chicago and Northwest-ern railroad have sent out inquiries asking for figures on 21,000 tons of steel for elevating its tracks into the new terminal.

The Chicago and Northwestern has ordered from the American Locomotive Company 15 Atlantic type locomotives and 15 six-wheel and 25 ten-wheel switch engines.

The organizers of the American Federation of Labor have formed a railway employees' department in the hope of bringing into the federation the big railway unions.

The Chicago and Alton railroad will soon be in the market for 30 locomotives, and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific is buying 60 locomotives.

The Minnesota railway and warehouse commission has denied the application for a depot at Holman, on the Duluth, Missabe and Northern railroad.

The Ann Arbor railroad has placed a contract with the Lackawanna Steel Company for 50 miles of rail joints. Prices are being asked on 4,000 tons of steel for a viaduct in Denver, to be built by four railroads, which will use it in common.