

The Lady from the Sea

BY
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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Now the stateroom in which Ellen had confined herself opened into the main cabin in which Smith sat. All that was visible in the main cabin was distinctly audible in the stateroom, and vice versa. As Chloe proceeded solemnly to assure that her message had contained the insulting language in question Ellen could stand it no longer.

"You wretched girl!" she cried vehemently from the recesses of her apartment. "I said nothing of the kind!"

"Woman, what do you mean?" thundered Smith, rising and standing over the frightened black woman in a mockery of menace. "Do you not know that I am the captain of this ship? This is rank mutiny! I can hang you to the yardarm for it."

"Oh, Massa Cap'n, please don't do dat!" groined the servant, falling on her knees and turning gray with terror.

"Chloe," again interrupted Miss Ellen, pulling aside the curtain that hung before the slatted door through which she could see her woman on her knees before the captain. "Get up! Do you want to hang your mistress to the yardarm?"

"I made no such threat, woman," called the captain, elevating his voice. "I simply told you to tell your mistress that I commanded her presence here at once."

"Yes, sir. Dat's what I done told her," answered poor Chloe.

"Tell him from me," returned Miss Ellen promptly and firmly, "that while he commands the ship, he doesn't command me. I won't come!"

In another moment the trembling Chloe stood before the inexorable captain, who was greatly enjoying the situation.

"Oh, good, kin' Massa Cap'n," began the negro deprecatingly, "dat no' 't' lamb yondah, she can't come, suh, she's sick, suh. She'd like ter 'bey dat Massa Cap'n, but she's done got dat rheumatism in her legs an'—"

"Chloe," cried a scandalized voice from the stateroom, "tell him I won't come and say nothing more."

"Um," said Smith. "You go back again and tell your mistress that if she doesn't come here willingly I'll have her brought."

"You'll better done come out, Missy Ellen," said poor Chloe, "fer dat non gwine ter have no' fotehok. He sho' 'nough agu."

"He doesn't dare," said Miss Ellen in a very loud tone of voice, not choosing to avail herself of Chloe as a further interpreter.

Captain Smith instantly accepted her challenge.

"Obedely!" he called in a loud voice. A sailor standing outside the door forward in the main bulkhead opened the door, stepped inside, knuckled his forehead, and made a sea-scraper.

"Send me the boat's mate and two seamen here immediately," said Captain Smith.

"Ay, ay, sir."

A few moments after old Bob Ganlin, followed by two other seamen, shuffled into the cabin.

"Bob's mate," said Smith sternly, pulling out his watch as he spoke, "if by the time I count fifteen the young lady in the starboard cabin yonder is not in this cabin, you and your mates will go in and bring her here. Handle her gently, using as little force as necessary, but do the job up handsomely."

"Wot! me, sir, lay a female aboard, sir?" expostulated the old sailor feebly.

"You heard my orders?"

"In course, sir, but—"

"Well, then, stand by to carry them out."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the gallant old tar thus adjured, his eyes rolling about terrifically at the thought of the dire prospect before him.

"One!" counted the captain, looking solemnly at his watch.

"He would never dare!" murmured Miss Ellen under her breath.

"Two!" said the captain imperturbably.

"I'll die first!" she continued, while the remorseless count went on; but in spite of her agitation she took good care not to lose track of the count.

At fifteen the captain closed his watch and nodded. The old boatswain's mate made a step forward slowly and hesitatingly. He was followed at some distance by his mates. Evidently they relented by their job no more than he did. The big-footed men slowly shuffled across the deck. It seemed to Smith, who was coolly watching the performance, that it would take Ganlin and his mates an hour to get to the stateroom door at the rate they were traveling. The old man had his right arm extended in front of him as if to ward off some possible attack. He had removed his chew of tobacco before he entered the cabin, but his jaws were working as if within them was the usual quid, whether from habit or nervousness could not be told. He shot an appealing glance at the captain, but that young man was unrelenting. He motioned to him to go on.

If there was comedy in the cabin there

was tragedy in the stateroom. The girl did not believe that such a thing could be possible. That the man who pretended to love her, even if he were captain of the ship, would resort to such an expedient, had seemed incredible, yet here the men were approaching her door. She stood with clenched hands, flushed face, heaving bosom, the picture of indignation tempered with a deadly fear. She would have given a year of her life for a stout, solid door and a lock and key. She waited until the last second during the slow approach of the sailors, hoping that before the seamen entered her stateroom Smith would call them back. But no welcome suspension of the order fell upon her ear.

Chloe had sunk to the floor and was sobbing wildly, clinging to her mistress' skirts. Just as Smith had about concluded to stop the boatswain's mate and give it up as a bad job, a self-confessed fallow, Miss Ellen's courage gave way, or perhaps it were better to say, under the circumstances, her rage overmastered her. In a perfect tempest of passion she suddenly threw open the door and dashed out.

The boatswain's mate had his hand extended in the very act of turning the knob. Her sudden action completely threw him off his balance. With a howl of terror he went down in a ball on the deck. He would have leaped at the boat and have enjoyed the chance, but this was his more tripped over him and the whole party went reeling back in wild confusion. They didn't stop for orders, for explanation, for anything else. With a yell the two seamen bolted out of the cabin door followed by old Ganlin on his hands and knees. It was a most ignominious retreat!

Miss Ellen's entrance had been most dramatic. But then the thin division between tragedy and comedy was broken through by the assistance of the unlucky Chloe. As her mistress had stepped through the door she had pulled herself away from the terrified maid, but Chloe, thinking perhaps to go to a brave death with her mistress, had lunged after her, fallen at her feet, and again caught her around the skirts. A little pitch of the ship sent her mistress straight into the arms of the captain. He caught her skillfully and before she knew what he was about he set her down on the transom—rather harder than he had intended, owing to an unlucky roll. It must be admitted, Miss Ellen sat up with a feeling like that of a recalcitrant child who had been violently thrust into a seat.

"This is positively outrageous!" she cried.

"Oh, please, sur, dear, kin' Massa Cap'n, doan hang us bofe in de back yard, sur."

"How dare you?" roared Miss Ellen, furious with anger at the captain.

"Deed, suh, of yo' mus' tek' anybody, forgh dat no' 't' lam an' tek'—"

"Silence!" cried Miss Ellen. "He's not going to hang you!"

"I ain't cu'n fo' nof, suh. Ma thought is jes' fo' no gwine tek' Massa Cap'n, 't' am jes' nikin' fo' de rowe, suh, of he'll only be yo' go, Missy Ellen."

With a preternaturally grave expression—he was ready to shout with laughter, it was all such fun, but this would have ruined him forever in Miss Ellen's eyes—Captain Smith hailed Chloe to her feet, and telling the frightened servant that no harm would come to her now that her mistress had so graciously complied with his request, he calmed her down and ordered her to leave the cabin.

"Don't go, Chloe," said Miss Ellen sternly.

The captain pointed his inexorable finger at the door.

"Deed, Missy Ellen, I's got ter. Can't nobody refudge ter 'bey dat Massa Cap'n."

"You stay outside within call," said Smith. "I wish to speak to your mistress alone."

Chloe turned and, with a deprecating look at her indignant young mistress, shuffled out of the cabin.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Ellen had risen from the transom, where she had been seated, and now confronted her oppressor with the mien of an angry goddess.

"Things go by contraries. Never in her life had Miss Ellen looked so nearly beautiful as she did at that moment. Probably never would she look so nearly beautiful again. At least, that was the testimony of her lover. Never, on the contrary, were his homely and commonplace features more clearly realized than during that clashing of will with the woman he loved. At least, that was what she told herself. Yet while she vowed in her heart that she hated him there was in her mind a certain amount of respect for him for the successful method by which he had extracted her—the word is appropriate. It was more like a dental operation than anything else—from her cabin. As a preliminary to the conversation he resumed his seat at the table and at the same time courteously motioned her to sit down, saying:

"You had better sit down. Our conversation may be extended, and you will get very tired standing up, Miss Ellen."

"You brute!" she cried. "I never was so insulted in all my life! Those great, hulking men to drag me out!"

"They didn't lay hands on you, did they?"

"If they had, it would go hard with them," said Miss Ellen, glaring at her captor savagely. "If I had a weapon, I'd kill all of you!"

"How fortunate," said Smith persuasively, "that you are armed in beauty and womanhood alone."

An angry flush greeted this courteous and delicate compliment.

"Seriously, though," he continued, "I entreat you to sit down, dear Miss Ellen."

Miss Ellen stared at him in silent

tempt for the moment. The wind was freshening; the ship was rocking and pitching quite perceptibly. As she gave no sign of compliance with his request in spite of her unsteady footing, he too arose.

"The pitching of the ship is so great," he remarked, "that I shall probably be under the happy necessity of assisting you to keep your feet if you choose to remain standing. Allow me."

"Anything rather than that," said the perverse young lady, promptly sitting down.

"I thought I could get you down," she roared with provoking coolness.

"Indeed," she went on hotly, only restrained from hobbling up again by the silliness of such a performance, "I am alone and helpless. You have the brute strength to compel me to obey your command."

"I am glad you appreciate your position, although you state it with unnecessary harshness," said the captain gravely.

"It is the truth that is harsh, not my stating of it," she replied defiantly.

"However that may be, Miss Ellen, you must know that I have loved you for four years, and—"

"Did you drag me out here to tell me that?"

"Partly."

"I admire your gentle method of wooing a woman," she replied caustically.

"I am glad it pleases you," she returned smoothly, "for I will admit that my dearest hope is some day to hear you say that you will love, honor and obey me at the altar."

"You will never hear me say those words," stormed Miss Ellen; "and if I can get the ear of any other foolish woman who may be inclined thereto, I shall relate this little scene as an evidence of your character and prevent her, if possible."

"Your solicitude for my future, Miss Ellen—"

"Miss Jones, if you please?"

"Is truly touching. I may not hear you say for some time that you will love, honor and obey me, but for the present you will do at least one of these things."

"Which one?"

"Obey."

The girl's hands gripped the arms of the chair. She shut her teeth tightly, but made no reply.

"I am hopeful, too," continued Smith with portentous gravity, "even in spite of the disadvantage under which I labor in this interview, that you will also eventually do the other two whether you promise or not. Indeed, from what I know, I think you do love and honor me just a little bit, don't you?"

"You should not judge from the past," snapped Miss Ellen.

"Oh, then, you did?"

"I hate you now! That's all you need to know."

"That's just what I don't want to know," answered the captain, gently and smoothly, "and you will pardon me, I am sure, if I tell you that I don't believe that's quite true."

"Your beliefs, or non-beliefs, are nothing to me. You surely did not have me dragged from the cabin by force to discuss ethical questions of this kind, in which I assure you I have no interest whatever."

"No, you are right, although ethics is always interesting," assented Captain Smith. "I begged you to come out here to—"

"Begged me with a boatswain's mate and two ruffianly sailors," she interrupted scornfully.

"Quite so, poor fellows. Because I wanted a paper you possess."

"What paper?" cried the girl.

"The mate to this," answered the captain, lifting up from the table the half chart of the estuary of Panfloo Sound. The original chart had been so torn in two pieces that no one in possession of a single piece could make head or tail of it.

"Where did you get that?" asked the girl impulsively.

"I took it from a letter addressed to Captain Evers, as you heard me say when I boarded the Greyhound. In the letter was a statement that the other half of the chart was in the possession of his passenger, the supercargo. You are she."

"That does not especially concern you."

"Courtneys!" sneered the girl.

"Oh, well," said Smith equably, "I'm going in with this boat to cut out the Ellen, as you have probably guessed, and I want to know the way up the inlet. That's all."

(To be continued.)

The Other Joshua.

United States Emory Spear, of the United States Judge Emory Spear, of the Southern District of Georgia, recently had before his court a typical mountaineer on the typical Georgia charge of illicit distilling.

"What's your name?" demanded the eminent jurist.

"Joshua, judge," drawled the prisoner.

"Joshua who made the sun stand still?" snarled the judge, in amusement at the laconic answer.

"No, sir, Joshua who made the moon shine," answered the quick-witted mountaineer.—Oakland Herald.

Seizing Opportunity.

"Don't you think you are taking big chances in permitting your daughter to marry that man?"

"I'd be taking bigger chances not to."

"I don't see how."

"She might not marry at all."—Houston Post.

Thunder Artist.

Footie Lighte—What is your brother doing now?

Miss Sue Brette—He's engaged to make the thunder for that new drama.

Footie Lighte—He always did say we would hear from him on the stage some day.—Yonkers Statesman.

Transformation.

"She was all agog to motor."

"Yes, yes."

"And now she's all agoggle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Potatoes in France are nearly double the price of last year.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A New Balance Trick.

This is one of the neatest and most curious of balancing tricks.

Cut the tops to two long corks into wedge shape, insert the corks firmly in the necks of two bottles of equal height, and place the bottles on the table about ten inches apart, with the edges of the corks parallel to each other. Now try to balance a table knife on one of the sharpened corks. If you succeed, reject that knife and try one with a heavier handle, for we must have two knives that will not balance unaided. Having found two such knives, hold them level on the corks with their points almost in contact, moving the bottles if necessary, and set on their points a small, thin wine glass or tumbler containing just enough water to make the whole affair balance when you take your hands off it.

This is a good deal easier to say than to do, but it can be done, though it may take more than one pair of hands to do it—at least, at first.

So far you have accomplished a striking and "ticklish" balancing feat



HOW THE BALANCE IS MADE.

and that is all. Now attach a bullet, coin, or any small heavy object to a thread and carefully lower it into the water in the little glass. As soon as the coin touches the water the glass begins to go down, the knives turning like seesaws on the corks, and lower goes the glass, so that if the coin is large you will have a smash before it is half under water. But you can pull it up at any instant. As you do so the glass follows as if it were glued to the coin, and so you can keep it seesawing up and down.

Perhaps the reason of this is not clear to you. The coin is held up by the thread and does not touch the glass, so how can it affect it? Well, the coin is not held up by the thread alone. The part that is under water is held partly by the thread and partly by the water, which buoy's it up with a force equal to the weight of an equal bulk of water. The coin there presses the water, and consequently the glass, downward with an equal force.

Now when you pull out the coin this extra weight is taken off, so the glass rises to its original position.

You might make the glass bob up and down by pressing it with your finger, but it would be a foolish experiment, while with the suspended coin you can move the glass so very delicately and safely that you can even make it dance in time to a waltz or polka played rather slowly on the piano. So it makes a very pretty little trick, especially if you substitute for the coin a tiny human figure or doll.

An Alphabet of Sports.

A is for archery, sport with the bow, B is for balls of rubber and snow; C is for cat's-cradle, coasting and chess, D is for dominoes, played with success, E is for eucure, an old German game, F is for fishing, a sport of great fame, G is for golf, a popular play, H is for hare and hounds—see the hounds run!

I is for Indian, boys think it fun, J is for jackstraws and jackstones, too, K is for kites, far up in the blue, L is for leap-frog—jump over his back, M is for marbles, blue, yellow and black, N is for ninipins—roll the ball straight, O is for observation, so keen, P is for polo, played in the park, Q is for quails, pitched at a mark, R is for rowing, by river and sea, S is for skating, for you and for me, T is for tennis, a game to allure, U is for umpire—quarrels he'll quell, V is for vaulting, jump high and jump well!

W is for wheeling, for man and for maid, X is for Xystus, where Greek games were played, Y is for yachting from port to port, Z is for zigzag, the very last sport.

Price of a Horse.

There are two ways of figuring out a sum in arithmetic, as a boy proved to a teacher a few days ago. The teacher stated the case thus:

"Your father bought a horse, you say, for \$300 and sold him for \$250; now, James, how much did he lose?"

"Well, about \$500."

"What?" cried the teacher. "Why, there isn't another scholar in the class that would not have given me a correct answer to that question. I'm as

toulished at you, James."

"There isn't another scholar in the class that knows anything about it," said James. "That horse kicked a setter to death that was worth at least \$100. He smashed a new buggy to flinders, broke father's leg and did the same for two of the Jersey cow's ribs. Let some of your bright scholars figure that out and see what answer they get, will you?"—Chicago News.

An Invention.

A London paper notes a somewhat remarkable invention that has lately been made. It is the work of a German, and consists of a safe for the storage of money and valuable papers. If any one should tamper with the lock, the safe will throw open its doors, seize and drag in the burglar, handcuff him and then patiently wait till some body comes to carry the thief off to jail.

That's a rather smart safe, isn't it? A boy on reading the account of the inventor's genius, said that he would dearly love to meet him. He thought it entirely possible that a book might be invented that would take hold of a boy, crowd into his head all the knowledge the book contained, and then take the boy to school and tell him the best way to recite his lesson.

The Sacred White Elephant.

In Siam when a sacred elephant dies it is given a funeral grander than that accorded to princes of the royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels representing much wealth are buried with the elephant.

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BOUNDARY OF ALASKA.

Some Interesting Old Documents Discovered at Sitka.

Documents, which would have been of great importance at the time of the conference in London in regard to the Canadian boundary question, have been recently unearthed in Alaska by Leo Nabokoff, a friend of Count Leo Tolstoy. They are ancient Russian papers showing how Russia managed to lay claim to the entire northern coast of North America, says the Scientific American.

Nabokoff has forwarded some of the documents to the Governor General of Canada and they will in all probability be exhibited in the domain building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, as they would have played an important part in the history of the countries the fair will be held to exploit had they been brought to light sooner.

It was while in Sitka, where he was sent by his government to put in order the archives kept by the Russian authorities, that Nabokoff discovered the papers. They were written in old Russian, which he had studied. One of the records was an order from the Russian government to the czar's Governor of Alaska to bury tablets bearing the Russian coat-of-arms at different points along the coast, which were to be carefully noted, so that in after years when the country became valuable they could be dug up and used by Russia to claim the territory. This was done in part and the purpose of some of the documents is that Russia appropriated the whole of the Alaska coast. Had these records been brought to light before the boundary decision some five years ago they might have affected it, but now that the coast line is forever settled, they are chiefly of interest as relics.

Nabokoff located some of the tablets and they will be secured for exhibition at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. They were buried as far south as British Columbia. Had they been unearthed and claim laid to that territory the United States, by the purchase of Alaska, would now own the entire Pacific coast from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean.

He Was Careful of His Voice.

Brignoli, the famous tenor, was very susceptible to laryngitis, and it is said that once in New York when the orchestra vigorously applauded one of his favorite songs he was so touched that he came down to the footlights and invited them all to a champagne supper at the Everett House. The singer cost him \$500.

Brignoli was very careful of his voice and was terribly afraid of drafts. It was once stated that during the winter it always took him three-quarters of an hour to get from his room to the street. First he would on leaving his room pace the hall for ten minutes to get acclimated. He then descended to the lobby, where the temperature was a little lower, and spent twenty minutes there. He then ventured to the vestibule, from which the door opened into the street. He would parade the vestibule for fifteen minutes, occasionally opening the door to let in a little cold air. Being now accustomed to a cool temperature, he would button up his coat and sally forth.

A Distinction.

"She's as pretty as a picture"—

"There is sunshine in her smile, and she has a pair of dimples. That are fashioned to beguile."

"She's as pretty as a picture,"

But it may as well be known that she isn't, to be honest. Quite as pretty as her own.

—Chicago Evening Post.

A man isn't necessarily an ex-convict because he doesn't care to talk about himself. He may be afflicted with modesty.

Young men who save a dollar early in life will find that it has grown to \$4 when they are old, and need it most.

Old Favorites

Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.

There has something gone wrong, My brave boy, it appears, For I see your proud struggle To keep back the tears.

It is, learn how to bear. If when for life's prizes You're running, you trip, Get up, start again, "Keep a stiff upper lip."

Though you can not escape Disappointment and care, There's one thing you can do— It is, learn how to bear.

When for life's prizes You're running, you trip, Get up, start again, "Keep a stiff upper lip."

Let your hands and your conscience Be honest and clean; Scorn to touch or to think Of the thing that is mean; But hold on to the pure And the right with firm grip; And though hard be the task, "Keep a stiff upper lip."

Through childhood, through manhood, Through life to the end, Struggle bravely and stand By your colors, my friend; Only yield when you must, "Never give up the ship," But fight on to the last "With a stiff upper lip."

Phoebe Caray.

Jingle Bells.

Dashing through the snow In a one-horse, open sleigh; Over the fields we go, Laughing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Making spirits bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleighing song to-night!

CHORUS.

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells, Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh! Jingle, bells, jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh, what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was seated at my side; The horse was lean and lank; Misfortune seemed his lot; He got into a drifted bank, And we—we got upst!

Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song; Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-forty for his speed; Then