

The Lady from the Sea

BY
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CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

The truth, however, was the luckiest thing he could have told her. There was a relief in his assurance which was almost too great for words. Mingled with her indignation was a bitter resentment at the thought that he had tricked her into coming into the cabin at his summons, and then tricked her into giving up the paper. The feeling that if she had made a more stubborn resistance, he would neither have entered the cabin nor have allowed his means to do so was most galling to her. And the fact that her dispossession of the chart was inevitable greatly comforted and relieved her.

"I suppose," she said, "it wasn't a trick then?"
"It was not."
"Would you have sent those men in there to drag me out? You told me you would not."
"That was true."
"How would you have got me out then?"
"I should have gone in for you myself."
"And you would have dared lay hands on me! On the woman you—love!"
"Listen to me, Ellen. For you, for my country, I would dare even your displeasure, which I trust is only temporary. See how it stands. Your father would have none of me before. Now that the war has started and we are on different sides in this great struggle just beginning, he will be more bitterly opposed to me than ever. This adventure gives me a hold upon him by means of which I hope to win you. If I capture the privateer—"

"Would you give her up to him for me?"
"Miss Ellen," said Mr. Smith quietly, "you have faulted me for my conduct towards you this afternoon with some degree of justice, perhaps. That last remark, however, has struck the balance between us. If you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would be false to my duty, sacrifice my country to my own personal affection, great though it is, then, and for the first time since I met you, do I despair of ever winning you for my own. I know you could never love where you did not respect, and you could not respect me if you believed me capable of that. I asked you to come on deck that you might enjoy the evening. I see now that you can enjoy it better alone. I will communicate my intentions with regard to you to-morrow. Good-night."

He bowed gravely, and turning on his heel stepped forward. In two bounds she was by his side.
"You shall not go!" she said passionately. "Why do you always put me in the wrong? I meant nothing. It was just a chance—"

"To say a bitter thing? Well, you said it. Thank you. It's what I might expect from such an affection—"
"Stop!" she cried. "Who said that I had any affection for you?"
"I thought so."
"And you think I could retain it after this morning?"
"I thought so."

"Oh, you are impossible!" cried the girl.
He changed his attack swiftly.
"Have you retained it?"
She parried the question deftly, satisfied with her success in detaining him.

"In what way would you succeed with the privateer enable you to win me?" she asked softly.
"I hoped to capture your father with the ship. I reasoned that so soon as the Greyhound was seen coming around the bend he would board the Ellen to receive us. With him in my power, I intended to offer him his personal freedom in return for his consent to our marriage."

"Did you think so meanly of my father as to believe that he would be a party to a bargain of that kind?"
"No," answered the young officer quickly, "hear me out. I knew that, being an honorable and brave old soldier, he would refuse that proposition."
"But I thought that you might be moved by love to secure his freedom."
"By my own slavery?"
"By marrying me. By letting me love you for the rest of my life. You would be my captain."

"To-day looks like that, doesn't it?"
"You must not judge by to-day. The circumstances were unusual."
"I fancy circumstances are always unusual when a man wishes his own way."
"I do not care anything about having my own way ordinarily—where you are concerned, that is," smiled Mr. Smith, "if I can only have you. You can have your own way."

"And do you propose to carry out this little plan now?" she asked.
"I do."
"And you wish to win me, force my consent, by the threat of a northern prison for my father?"
"I want to give you an excuse for obeying the dictates of your heart. Won't you believe me when I solemnly assure you that since I first met you, four years ago, I have loved only you? That I have never had thought for another woman? That your beautiful face—even the plainest woman likes to be told that she is beautiful—has been before me always? I love you more than ever."

"More than your country?"
"Certainly," he answered without hesitation.
"Why, then, do you do your duty to my hurt?"
"Miss Ellen, men do not always do the thing they wish to do. They do the thing that honor demands, though oftentimes the heart pulls quite another way. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to turn this ship over to you and to say that I and all in it would do your bidding; that your cause would be my cause, your words my words. To be able to do that, to be yours in deed as I am in

heart—nothing would make me happier than that except one thing."
"What is that?" she whispered softly.
"To have you mine."

They were close together now. He scooped a little and caught her hand. Her fingers lingered in his grasp, she did not draw them away. He bent nearer. Her head was averted. He kissed her softly towards him, striving, but weakly, to draw away her hands.

"This," she said, with a trace of her former manner, "is the last straw." There was a last touch of defiance in her words and attitude. "You are the captain of this ship," she went on cruelly, "you have the advantage of me. If you choose to kiss your prisoner, why, I cannot help it."

"Ellen, dear," he said, his heart throbbing temptuously, "I didn't take your hand and touch your cheek as the captain of this ship, but as the man who loves you. Won't you understand?"
"I understand everything," said the girl hurriedly, her voice breaking—"everything, everything, better than myself! I am a fool! You ought to hate me. Good-night."

She turned away from him resolutely now. He was too wise to detain her, and in a moment she was gone.
"I guess," he said jubilantly to himself, "that I'll get both Ellens before I'm through with this undertaking."

As for Miss Ellen, when she got to her cabin she didn't know whether she hated herself most for what she called her weakness, or loved him more for what she called his strength. He had insulted her grossly in the afternoon, and he had kissed her in the night. Did he think lightly to strike a balance that way? She could neither forgive the one nor forget the other. The touch of his lips had been sweet to her, too. She was ashamed, ashamed of her weakness, but she loved him. She wished that she had let him take her in his arms and kiss her again. And yet the shame of it!

Tears were the only things adequate to these problems and conditions.
CHAPTER IX.
On that fearful night Miss Ellen thought that she would never get to sleep after the exciting events of the day. Yet so great had been the fatigues and such the comfort and satisfaction she took in the final outcome of the last interview with her lover, in spite of her insistence upon her own weakness, that presently she dropped asleep and slept as soundly as if she had not a care.

Captain Smith was more wakeful. In the first place, his duties brought him on deck from time to time, but his heart was light enough, his conscience clear enough, to permit him finally to enjoy his slumbers. He was not sure of her, but he was encouraged, to put it mildly.

Bright and early the next morning he got the Greyhound under way on what was to be the most startling adventure and the most remarkable day of his life. The blockade-runner had scarcely commenced to slip through the smooth water of the sound towards the mouth of the Nense river when Miss Ellen made her appearance on deck. The first glance of the Captain brought a blush to her cheek. She strove bravely to overcome the natural nervousness consequent upon the situation, however, and greeted him in a way which, while it was dignified and slightly repellent, exhibited none of the animosity of the past few days. It presently developed into a quiet friendliness which seemed to rise from a decision to ignore the past and meet him upon a footing of pleasant comradeship, as if nothing had happened.

This in itself was a great, a remarkable concession. It did not indicate that Miss Ellen had forgotten the events of the day before, but rather pointed to a determination to overlook the things that had aggrieved her. This was a virtual condonation of his offenses, if offenses there were, and it was very comforting to him. He was wise enough to meet her upon her own ground. He made no reference to their previous conversations or to his intentions with regard to her or the ship—adroit young man!

They talked about the weather, which was sufficiently beautiful in the freshness of the early morning and the brightness of the sunrise to excuse them for not selecting a more personal topic. Yet even the best weather is soon exhausted as a subject of conversation. Seeing that he studiously refrained from discussing the future with as much energy as she avoided dwelling upon the past, with womanly perversity she herself broached the subject.

"Last night—" she began.
"Last night I was in heaven," he interrupted skillfully.
"I wasn't," she countered quickly.
"I wish you had been," he said, "for I found the experience exceedingly pleasant and I think you would have liked it. Perhaps I can communicate some of the happiness of it to you now."
"Not in the daytime," she answered demurely.

"Oh," said the enraptured young Captain, making a furtive grasp to catch her hand again, "I wish it were night again!"
"If it were, I should not be here."
"Why not?"
"You're too dangerous in the dark."
"I look better then, don't I?"
"You do," he decidedly.

That was what he had expected and it was distinctly true, but he sighed deeply, nevertheless.

"As I was about to say," remarked Miss Ellen, giving him full time to appreciate the point to which her by-play had reduced him, "I should like to know, if I may ask the privilege, the program for to-day, certainly so far as it concerns me."

"I haven't the least objection in the world to telling you. I intend to make

the mouth of the inlet just before sunset. Thereafter to follow its course by the chart in the hope of arriving at the wharf just at twilight. Then I shall board the Ellen—how his voice lingered on that name, she thought, and never he had it sounded so well in her ears—capture her, and take her out to sea."
"What about me?" she asked. "Do I play any part in this entertainment?"
"I'm afraid not," answered Captain Smith. "I have reconsidered my decision of yesterday. I love you—Mr. Brown, who had the watch again, had discreetly moved forward out of earshot, as before—more than ever," he continued ardently, "but you have shown me the error of my ways. I may constrain a lady's presence—you understand?"
"Yes, I understand. Go on."

The pressure of her lips indicated that she did indeed understand thoroughly, and that while she had put it out of her mind it was not yet pleasant to recur to it for any purpose.

"But I shall never constrain your heart," he went on softly. "You might be willing to purchase your father's freedom by giving me yourself, but if you did there would be forever a doubt in my mind as to the genuineness of your affection for me, and while I want you very much, while there is nothing that I would not do to win you, I value you too highly to have you come to me for any other reason than that you love me and—"

"The conceit of that!" she laughed, interrupting him, yet there was happiness in her voice, which he noted and took courage.

"Yes, isn't it? I'll admit it. The best man on earth," he went on humbly, "would be no match for you, much less a nameless young fellow like myself."
"Smith," said the young lady reflectively, "is quite as good a name as Jones. I never was particularly fond of my surname."

"Miss Ellen, do you mean—"
"I mean nothing more than I say. I wouldn't run down the Smith family if I were you."
"I wouldn't either, if I were a real Smith, instead of—er—an accidental one."

"Never mind," said the girl softly, for there was an undertone of pathos in his badinage which moved her deeply, "you may so act that the real Smiths, as you call them, will be glad enough to claim relationship without scrutinizing your rights."

"Thank you," said the young Captain gratefully. "When you talk to me like that I love you more than ever. I'm sorry that I was before that I ever brought tears to your pretty eyes."
"Doesn't it strike you, sir, that you are doing a great deal of love-making and furnishing very little information?" asked Miss Ellen, slightly confused by this open wooing—and in broad daylight, too!

"Yes, you're quite right. But don't you think it's been awfully one-sided, anyhow?"
"What has?"
"This love-making."
"Very."
"Couldn't you do a little of it yourself, Miss?"

"We are talking business, I think—at least I am. You were telling me—"
"That I love you."
"Oh, that's stale news. I've known that for four years."
"What have you thought about it yourself during that time?"

"We're not discussing such matters, I tell you. What are you going to do with me?"
"I know what I should like to do with you."
"Captain Smith, will you be serious and answer me?"
"I must, I don't intend to have you aboard the Greyhound when I make a dash for the other Ellen. By examining the chart I learn that there are a number of landing places along the river. Here is one on this point, which is about fifteen miles from your father's plantation. There appears to be a little settlement there. I will land you there with your maid. Then I'll carry out the adventure as best I can."

"What do you propose that I shall do, pray?"
"There will be people there who will attend to you, I'm sure. I'll trust to you not to forget me. When the war is over I'll come back and claim you. That is, if I don't get killed in the meantime."
"Don't say that!" she cried quickly.
"Well, it's quite possible, you know," he went on solemnly, realizing that he would lose nothing by driving this dart home; "like Paul Jones, I intend to go in harm's way. I will make my poor claim on my name worth something if I can."

"It's worth a good deal to me now," said the girl daintily.
(To be continued.)

The Only Way.
"The fraud!" said the angry city man. "He said the cottage he sold me was only three minutes from the station as the crow flies!"
"Did he, stranger?" replied the station loafer, with a twinkle in his eyes.
"Yes, and it is at least two miles away. I wonder what I had better do next?"
"Larn to fly like a crow, mister; larn to fly like a crow."

Battle Royal.
Lady Shopper—They tell me you're an old soldier.
Floorwalker—Yes, ma'am.
Lady Shopper—I suppose you've seen many battles?
Floorwalker (absently)—Yes, ma'am. I had charge of the bargain counter for ten years.

About the Size of It.
"Ever notice it?" queried the installment querist.
"Did I ever notice what?" asked the innocent bystander.
"That the strength of mind in adults doesn't begin to compare with the strength of failure to mind in children," concluded the I. Q.

Hopeless Case.
Miss Smythe—I met young Smythers at the reception last night.
Miss Knox—Poor fellow! He has more money than brains.
Miss Smythe—Is he rich?
Miss Knox—Oh, dear, no. He hasn't a cent.

FARMS AND FARMERS

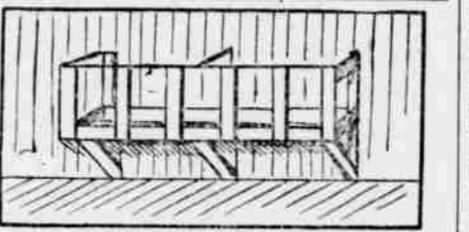


Care of the Flock.

Sheep need little shelter except to keep off rain and snow. I have always allowed them to stay out in the coldest weather, if it was not stormy. However, I never, under any circumstances, allow them to take rains and snows in winter, writes a correspondent of Farm and Home.

At this season I give good clover hay, and in addition a little silage or corn fodder about three times a week. I feed twice a day in the yard on the ground if it is frozen, but when the ground is not frozen I feed in racks in the sheep barn. I feed a little entire grain, mostly oats to the breeding ewes.

My troughs are made of three boards, 8 feet long, the bottom one 10 inches wide and the sides 6 inches, as shown in sketch. I scatter the oats thin in these troughs and the sheep cannot get a large mouthful. Thus better mastication of the grain is secured than in narrow troughs. I have fed threshed oats to my sheep for a good many years and have not as yet experienced any bad results from their use. I feed oats until after lambing time, then I



WALL SHEEP TROUGH.

add about one ear of shelled corn to one pint of oats per day.
I know from my own experience that it pays to keep sheep, provided they are kept well, and those who do not do this are very likely to condemn the breed of sheep which they may happen to have or the breeding stock which they have purchased for the improvement of their flock when the fault is really their own.

Quick Poultry Fattening.
The theory on which crate fattening is encouraged is that a hen will digest more food than she will eat. Shredded wheat will put the fat on at as low a cost as 4½ cents per pound. The sections of our crates are two feet wide, two feet high, twenty-seven inches long, three sections to a crate; five birds to a section, says a bulletin of The Connecticut Experiment Station. These have to be very carefully fed so that the appetite will not be hurt.

Careful attention has to be given not only to what they are fed, but when and how often the feed is offered to them. Equal quantities of cornmeal, ground oats and shredded wheat mixed with skim milk consistency of good porridge in front of them for a few minutes, every twelve hours for two days. Next evening let them eat their fill. Next day feed in the morning not enough to satisfy them. At night, all they will eat. At the end of the second week give a noon feed of just a little. The third week give all they want at noon. Next week add a little tallow, perhaps half a pint of tallow to fifteen birds. Give a little grit from time to time.

If growing broilers give them a large percentage of bran six weeks, then make the bulk of the feed cornmeal for four weeks. Milk and buckwheat, or milk and oats tend to whiten skin. If anything is not contented, it won't out on tesh.

Feeding Horses.
It is generally believed that horses must not be fed clover hay for fear of the heaves. This is a mistake. If the horse is given the proper quantity of clover and not overfed there is no danger of the heaves. A horse should never be fed more than he will eat up clean, either grain or hay. Without a doubt oats is the best general food for a horse, and goes well with timothy hay. A good change is to once or twice a week give a feed of corn and clover with bran mash. When a horse does not clean up his feed it is best to try a change. Feeding and watering should be done at regular intervals, the watering always before the eating. Above all things, do not give a horse water immediately after eating. It should never be given before at least an hour after he has finished his meal.

Fertilizing in Winter.
It might be said that it is always reasonable to fertilize the orchard or garden. Manure placed on this soil this winter will partially decay, and its richness soak into the soil for the use of the plants next year. It not only serves as a fertilizer in the orchard, but in winter it acts as a soil protection and regulates sudden freezing and thawing. On hilly land it checks soil erosion.

Grass in Orchard.
Sod culture is recommended by some successful peach growers. The soil is worked during the time the trees are growing, and a clover crop is sowed for fall and winter which is plowed under early in the spring. Clover crops should not be left until they suck up too much moisture from the soil at a time when it is needed by the trees.

Harvesting Beets with Steam Plow.
To plow out a crop of sugar beets by running a heavy traction engine over the field would be destructive, so the method described in Popular Mechanics has proved very satisfactory. The powerful traction engines are placed at each side of a field, and the plow, which is of a special design, is dragged back and forth by cables.

Packing Eggs.
Farmers and others who knowingly pack bad eggs with good ones are going to be prosecuted by the Nebraska and Michigan Pure Food Commissions. Dealers claim that their losses amounted to several million dollars last year.

A Domestic Dilemma.
A Philadelphia woman, whose given name is Mary, as is also the name of her daughter, had recently engaged a domestic, when, to her embarrassment, she discovered that the servant's name, too, was Mary.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

The government of Austria makes special inducements to farmers who will reclaim waste lands and make use of them.

Gin is still used as a medium of exchange in some parts of the Niger country in Africa, but the government discourages it. Owing to the extreme conservatism in these districts the task is difficult.

The Department of Agriculture and Commerce in Japan is being prevailed upon to grant a sparrow destroying subsidy, as in some parts of this district the English sparrow is becoming a pest, having devoured the rice crop.

A variety of verses of improved quality reached the Municipal Suffrage League of Chicago, in the \$100 prize contest offered for the best "battle hymn," to be used in the woman's cause. A feature of the offering is a preponderance of women writers.

Fire in a Chicago barn has ruined a collection of 15,000 negatives of newsboys with whom the owner had won several gold medals. The owner had spent many years gathering the newsboy negatives, the types being those of newsboys of almost every country in the world.

Prominent actors and musicians in Berlin have been engaged for the "shadow theater" which will soon be opened in that city. It will be conducted, according to the prospectus that has been printed, as the Schattenspieltheater in Munich, and a similar place of amusement in Paris.

At a meeting of the Mendelsham Sparrow Club it was stated that during this year 4,918 old birds, 2,807 young birds and 3,914 eggs had been destroyed, a total of 11,639. The local farmers pay a voluntary rate, based on acreage, from which payments are made for birds and eggs destroyed.—London Standard.

Long before women's newspapers were started, and fashion plates in their modern form were thought of, women derived their knowledge of the fashions from dolls dressed in modern costumes, which were sent from one country to another, more especially from Paris, then, as now, the leading center of the mode.

In a paper read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers Henry Penton states that the oldest iron ship in the world is the United States warship Michigan, the material for whose construction was "draggled across the mountains from PMSburg to Lake Erie," where the ship was built, as long as sixty-six years ago.

Whether warts spread by contact has been much discussed. A Glasgow physician mentions that a maid with many warts on hands and arms was employed in a certain family, and warts soon appeared on the hands of the three children. The youngest, a boy of five, with a habit of biting the fingers, developed two warts on the lip and one in the mouth.

The announcement that the Japanese are about to open the railway which they have built in Formosa is the latest evidence of the good work which they are doing in the island, which was acquired in 1895, at the close of the war with China. At the time of the transfer, sixty-two miles of the road line was completed. It now covers a total of 334 miles, and Japan has built the additional 272 miles at nearly \$400,000 less than the estimates.

Dante is held responsible for the expression, "painting the town red." In his "Divine Comedy" Dante, led by Virgil, comes to the cavernous depths of the place, swept by a mighty wind, where those are confined who have been the prey of their passions. Two faces arise from the mist—the faces of Francesca and Paolo. "Who are ye?" cries Dante in alarm, and Francesca replies sadly, "We are those who have painted the world red with our sins."

Massachusetts' State Board of Health has issued a bulletin on cold-storage poultry in which this advice is given to housekeepers: "In order to avoid obtaining water logged and frozen fowls the consumer should demand the frozen bird and thaw it himself. If thawed quickly by immersion in a bucket of hot water, it may be eaten with impunity and with relish the same day it is purchased; or, if hung overnight at room temperature, it may be ready for use the day following."

Farrant's liquor, for the preservation of vegetable organisms, consists of thirty-five parts of distilled water, in which, while boiling, 0.1 part of white arsenic is dissolved. The cooled fluid is mixed with an equal part, by weight, of glycerine, and in this is dissolved the same quantity, by weight of gum arabic. In this fluid the most delicate plant organisms are preserved admirably, and in addition, it is not liable to evaporation, which, in hot countries, is of great value. It is poisonous, of course.

In the singular experience reported to a Paris medical society by Drs. Chaffard and Widai, a man and his wife were taken with pneumonia within a few hours of each other, and the disease ran an almost identical course in each case. Their illness began on a day in June, following one on which they drank much cold water from a well. One could not have taken the disease from the other, as is usual in family epidemics, and common unfavorable surroundings could hardly have had a simultaneous effect. That pneumonia germs from the well water inoculated the patients seemed to be the only conclusion possible.