

The Lady from the Sea

BY
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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"Oh, what does that mean? That's the second time you've said something like that. It's cruelty if it doesn't mean—"

"It does mean something. It means that while I'll never forgive you for what you did yesterday, yet I'll wait—until the war is over—for you. So you must not get killed, you see."

"I won't," he answered fervently, "with you in view, I'll—"

"Sail ho!" shouted one of the lookouts forward. "There's a steamer bearing down on us from the north, sir."

"Now, we'll have trouble," said the Captain to the fair companion blushing at his side. "I have observed that trouble always comes just when you don't want it. Especially in love affairs and on ships."

"Have you had experience?" she questioned archly.

"Only this one," then he perforce turned away. "Mr. Brown," he called.

"Sir?" answered the young midshipman.

"We'll hold on just as we are. If they hail us, I will do the talking."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Miss Ellen.

"I think yonder vessel is a Confederate gunboat patrolling the sound. We have learned that there are a number at Hatteras Inlet. I believe the government intends to—but there, you're on the other side."

"If you are correct," said the girl, "you will be captured."

"No, I think not."

"You will fight?"

"Can't, with no guns mounted."

"I see. But you can run away."

"That would excite suspicion. Perhaps I can delude them. They must know the Greyhound is expected and—but I think I shall have to ask you to go below."

"But I don't wish to," she answered promptly.

"I didn't suppose you would. In fact, I was sure you wouldn't. But, you see, while I'm endeavoring to deceive the Captain of that other vessel if it should be a Confederate gunboat, and from the way she's bearing down on us I'm sure of it, it would be very easy for you to betray me by declaring the truth."

"Would you do that were the case reversed?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "it would be my duty."

"Duty!" she pouted. "I hate that word!"

"So do I, sometimes. Just at present I know one case where a duty would be altogether charming."

"What is that?"

"The duty of marrying you."

"Nonsense!"

"Do you think marrying you would be nonsense? Now, I think that would be a very serious business."

"Captain Smith, will you ever be serious and attend to your own business?"

"Not until you finally reject me."

"I shall do so at once. How do you feel now?"

"I feel as if I didn't believe you. However, this is beside the question. I shall have to beg you to go below."

"And if I refuse?"

"There's the bos'n's mate," with a wave of his hand.

"Odious man!"

"Which man?"

"Both of you."

"There's one thing I'll grant you," he said, laughing at her reply. "If you will give me your word of honor that you will not say a single word which will give them the slightest inkling of the truth, you may stay on deck."

"I promise," she answered thoughtlessly enough.

"You give me your word of honor?"

"Yes."

"I trust that as far as I would that of any man I ever knew."

He spoke heartily, yet there was duplicity in his proposition. He realized that the sight of Ellen Jones, who was probably well known to the officers of the gunboat, standing by his side would do more to confirm the impression he desired to convey, than the Greyhound was still in the possession of her original crew, than any other incident. "Men," we are told by competent authority, "were deceivers ever," and Smith was no exception to the rule.

"Yes, just where she was."

"Good!"

"You seem rather high in the water," said the Confederate captain.

"My cargo's a light one, medical stores and so on, bulky but doesn't weigh very much," answered Captain Smith readily.

"I see. Is that Miss Jones on board of you?"

"It is," replied Captain Smith, coolly stepping aside so as to bring Miss Ellen into full view.

Now that the two ships had met, Miss Ellen regretted, first, that she had stopped on deck at all, and second, that she had pledged her word not to betray the state of affairs on the Greyhound. She loved her lover, but she also loved her father. While she was not rampant for the South, she was sufficiently attached to her native State. Foreseeing, so soon as the conversation began, that she would probably be recognized, she had kept behind Captain Smith and so partially out of sight of Captain Coley.

"How unkind of you!" she said reproachfully to her lover when she stepped aside, bringing her into full view.

"I had to do it, dearest; I am so sorry," he replied softly, and she thrilled at the endearing name and forgave him on the spot. "If I had shown the least hesitation, I might have awakened his suspicion and—"

"Good morning, Miss Jones," cried Captain Coley, flourishing his hat. "I hope you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Captain."

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"Rather exciting towards the last."

"How's that?"

"Well, we were chased by some Yankee cruisers."

"Remember your promise!" said Captain Smith quickly, in a low tone.

"You need not remind me. I always keep my word," she returned.

"I am glad you escaped from them," continued Captain Coley. "Your capture would have been a terrible loss indeed."

"Yes, wouldn't it?" said Smith heartily.

"It was a near thing, though. If the Greyhound had not been a swift goer we would not be here," which was true enough, by the way.

"Well, it's all right so long as you got away," said Captain Coley lightly. "I won't detain you, Captain."

"Evers, Captain John Evers, at your service," said Mr. Smith promptly.

"His name is George," put in Miss Ellen maliciously, not loud enough for Captain Coley to hear her, of course.

"Miss Jones, pray give my remembrance to your father. Tell him we are eagerly awaiting for the privateer to get to sea. She'll make the Yankees jump, I'll warrant!" continued the Confederate officer.

"I hope so!" said Miss Ellen fervently. It was the only time she had felt at liberty to express her real opinions freely and without restraint.

"Good-by," said Captain Coley, bowing again. "Go ahead, Captain Evers."

With that the wheel of the gunboat was put up, she swung around under the stern of the Greyhound and went off up the sound again. Captain Smith was in no hurry to get away. He waited until the Pauline fairly crossed the stern of his ship, so that her commander could see the word Greyhound printed thereon in large letters and thus receive another evidence of identity, if he needed one.

"It was fortunate for us," he remarked at last, "that Captain Evers was a stranger in these waters. Otherwise this cruise would have ended right here, I'm afraid."

"How did you know that Captain Evers was a stranger here, sir?" asked Midshipman Brown, who had drawn near.

"From the fact that he had to have a chart to the inlet, for one thing, and because he told me so, for another," answered Captain Smith, laughing.

"As for me," said Miss Ellen, "I feel like a traitor."

"I do not see why you should," said the young Captain reassuringly; "it was force majeure, you know."

"I don't understand French."

"Neither do I, except a phrase here and there. Force majeure, for instance, means pressure by—his glance swept forward—"

"Master Gantlin, the bos'n's mate—"

"I understand," said the girl quickly. "And do you mean to apply it to me all my life?"

"Thank you for that question," exclaimed Captain Smith joyously; "no, only until I have won you. Then it will be the other way."

The rest of the day's run was made without molestation. The sound, the waters of which had once teemed with small boats, was largely deserted. Sailors of that vicinity were all afloat either in blockade-runners or in the Confederate naval squadron, which had its headquarters near the forts at Hatteras Inlet, and the place was as lonely as the ocean. Nor was there anything particular to engage the attention of the Captain at present, so that he and Miss Ellen had the happy day to themselves.

Captain Smith could be very nice when he chose, and this time he chose. He laid aside his jostling manner and devoted himself with all his powers to his fair companion. They passed idyllic hours together. The rapidly moving ship, the blue sky, the fresh breeze generated by the speed of the vessel, the assiduous attention of her lover, his deference, his courtesy, most of all his frank and open admiration, filled the girl's heart with happiness. Although she refused to say so outwardly, she had forgiven him for all he had done. Her heart really exulted at the cool, masterful manner in which he had handled her. Surely, having succeeded so brilliantly in mastering a woman of her temperament, there was nothing to which he would not be equal. She might trust herself to him without hesitation.

Like every masterful woman—and those who lived in the slave-holding South tended to become that, and the tendency was accentuated in Ellen's case by the

fact that she was the only daughter of a soldier of position, a widower for many years—she found a novel experience in being mastered by someone else. The novelty of such things usually wears off quite rapidly, and if the endeavor is maintained for any length of time, a revolt is sure to ensue. In this instance, however, the whole affair was so recent, so new, that in her secret heart she really enjoyed it.

Towards sunset the Greyhound crossed the mouth of the Neuse river and ran for the opening of Jones' Inlet, which she reached about half after five in the afternoon. At her lover's suggestion Miss Ellen had gone below to the cabin to prepare for her journey. So soon as the ship stopped he went below to bid her good-by. She was just coming out of her stateroom when he entered. Behind her was Chloe. He motioned to the black woman, who feared him like death, to leave the cabin. Ellen made an involuntary effort to detain her maid, but there was no stopping Chloe with the Captain's glance fixed upon her, and Miss Ellen was really glad to see her go.

"Miss Ellen," said Captain Smith gravely, "the boat is ready for you. I shall have to say good-by."

"I don't want to go ashore," she said quietly. "I would rather stay with you on the ship."

"I can't allow that," returned the young Captain. "I can't tell what desperate work there may be before us. I can't imperil your life. No, not on any account."

"But I—"

"It is useless to argue, Ellen, darling," he said firmly, and again her heart responded to the caress in his voice and words. "If anything should happen to you on this boat, it would kill me. You must go ashore before the battle begins."

There was a finality in his voice that silenced her.

"I had hoped," she continued, "that in some way I might succeed in winning you in this adventure. I had dreams of forcing your father's consent to our marriage, of bribing you to accept me by—"

"I have put that away. You know that I love you, that I have always loved you since I first saw you. I can hardly expect to win your father's consent, but you are of age, I believe, and I put my hope in you. If in a fair, square, manly way I can win you, with or without your father's permission, I shall be very happy and grateful. If I cannot," he smiled bravely but sadly—"I shall die a bachelor."

"You needn't do that," said the girl softly.

"You mean—"

"Oh, I don't know what I mean!" she protested as he caught her in his arms. Indeed, it was not necessary for her to explain. After a faint resistance she suffered him to kiss her upon the lips, and after a little pause she returned his caress. After a longer pause, filled in the usual happy way, they found time for articulate speech.

"You are so masterful," she said. "I hardly know why I obey you."

"Don't you love me?"

"I suppose—well—yes, then."

"I shall never constrain you again. I swear it," said Captain Smith solemnly.

"Oh, Ellen, dearest, darling, beautiful Ellen, if I am the flattest failure in this enterprise, I shall have cause to bless it, for it is the happiest time of my life, for I have won you for my promised wife—poor, plain, unknown sailor that I am!"

"Hush! You must not say that. I won't have you disparage yourself. You are the noblest, the bravest man I ever saw!" she insisted vehemently.

"But not the handsomest!" he laughed like a boy.

"Well, may be not that, but you are just the kind of a man I like to look at," she admitted with a glance of such devotion as set him in the seventh heaven of delight.

"You can give me no greater proof of your overwhelming affection than that," chuckled Smith, shaking his red head joyfully with an air of great satisfaction.

There was a tap at the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Robinson discreetly, "but the tide is drifting the ship towards the shore and—"

"All right," returned Captain Smith, "we'll be on deck in a moment. Is the boat ready?"

"Yes, sir."

(To be continued.)

FRUIT AND GARDEN

Agricultural Colleges

Agricultural colleges generally had their beginnings in the bill introduced by Senator Morrill of Vermont in 1862, which some time later was enacted into law, providing that lands be set aside by the government as they had been for the construction of the Pacific railroads, from the proceeds of the sale of which schools should be established for agricultural instruction. It is interesting to note, says Harper's Weekly, that in this same year, when most of the white men folk were away on southern battlefields, the Sioux Indians of the state of Minnesota uprose and massacred some 800 of the frontier settlers and in the white man's reprisal thirty-eight of the leaders were hanged on a single scaffold in the town of Mankato. So it may readily be believed farming at that time had not been reduced to a pedagogic form, and little was done in any of the states for years except to provide a few lectures on bucolic subjects, for the purpose of hanging on to the appropriation. When at last President Farwell organized a real course of instruction, according to the lights of the time, it was impossible to secure any student to pursue it, even by dint of bribery, which the worthy instructors industriously tried.

Book farming was scouted and ridiculed by every old-fashioned or "practical" farmer, as it is in the "way back" districts in many states even to this day. If a boy wanted to be a lawyer or a doctor, or even a parson, there was some excuse for his wasting time in studying books, but "farm" was "farm" and it wasn't to be learned in school. Times have changed since then. The teachers themselves have learned something. Many secrets have been unlocked regarding the chemistry of soils as determining their treatment and the crops they will grow. The scientific crossing of breeds of plants, as well as animals, the improvement of seeds by the selection of exemplary single heads from a plot where each straw is numbered, over a period of ten or a dozen years. One such process as this added 12-12-2 per cent to the hard dollars in the pockets of the farmers who planted one such variety produced in the Minnesota station. Spraying with mysterious college connections eliminated the insects from the orchards and doubled the value of apples in the fruit market.

Scientific Farming.

Husbandmen are looking more favorably upon scientific agriculture as they come to understand that the system means farming according to the latest discoveries of the laws of plant and animal life. Farmers used to regard scientific farming laws of agriculture as formulated by some agricultural editor who had no practical knowledge of husbandry.

Science means classified knowledge on any subject, arranged for easy reference of the cause which produces certain effects. Science preserves the facts connected with every department of knowledge, so classified that the student can obtain an understanding of astronomy, medicine, chemistry, geology, biology, entomology and bacteriology. Without science the knowledge of the ages would be lost and man would be unable to make progress.

All industries are operated for the welfare and maintenance of man and no profession is so allied to mankind as agriculture. It is the oldest science and the discoveries of the laws of animal and plant life systematically classified are scientific agriculture. The importance of improved farm management has interested alike the national and State governments. Agricultural colleges and experiment stations are established in all the States to teach the science of farming.

Husbandmen no longer look askance upon scientific agriculture. Everywhere the farmer is confronted with new developments in the art of his profession worked out at experiment stations. How to improve the yield of grain and grass per acre, how to successfully combat the enemies of plant and animal life are too closely allied with successful agriculture to be ignored by the farmer.

Knowledge is illimitable. We drink at its fountain, which is inexhaustible. The greatest pleasure of life is the acquisition of knowledge. It is like seeking the fountain of perennial youth—there is joy in the expectation of finding it. So with the farmer, new discoveries are being made annually in the principles of agriculture which are a pleasure and profit to know, and the successful husbandman is always seeking scientific knowledge in his vocation.—Goodall's Farmer.

Notes on Orchard Culture.

Clover is the apple tree's best friend. Profit from a fruit orchard is not theory but a demonstrated fact.

A few days after pruning paint the stubs with white lead.

Each tree has an individuality of its own and must be dealt with accordingly.

Good, first-class fruit is the aim of our efforts. Never be satisfied with anything else.

Stable manure is without doubt the best general fertilizer that can be applied to orchard soils.

Make the orchard a business venture and keep an account of everything pertaining to its interests.

Humane Slaughtering.

In Germany, where the retail meat dealer is usually his own butcher, efforts are being made—as elsewhere—to substitute humane slaughtering for the old-time practices that have caused much suffering. Saxony is taking the lead, and now has strict laws forbidding bleeding until the animals have been made unconscious. Cattle and other animals are stunned by a blow in the center of the forehead, usually with something more certain than the hammer or ax of a few years ago. Many butchers apply the slaughtering mask, which covers the eyes and has a sharp bolt that is driven into the brain by a single blow from a wooden hammer; but less strength and skill are required in apparatus using powder—one of these being in the form of a tube like a telephone receiver, that projects a bolt when the cartridge is exploded by gentle tapping, while another fires a sharp-pointed bullet instead of the bolt. An improved instrument just introduced into England is the potex gun, which has a steel barrel in place of the striking end of the ordinary poleax, with a wire through the wooden handle for pulling the trigger. In German, Italian, Swiss and other cities abattoirs are public institutions, where butchers go to slaughter their animals under municipal supervision.

Electricity in Agriculture.

The co-operation of Prof. Sir Oliver Lodge has recently been solicited in England by experimenters desirous of testing the effects of electricity in stimulating the growth of plants. Sir Oliver Lodge himself describes some of the results. Wires are stretched on low poles over the field to be treated, one pole per acre being sufficient. Positive electricity is supplied at a potential of about 100,000 volts. The negative electricity is conveyed direct to earth. Persons walking under the wires feel the electricity in the air. The current is maintained for several hours during the day, but is shut off at night. During bright sunshine it seems unnecessary, and may even be harmful. In the case of wheat the electrified plots showed an increase of yield of from 30 to 40 per cent, and the wheat brought a better price in the market. Other crops showed improvement also.

Whitewash the Henhouse.

Every poultryman should give the henhouse a periodical coat of lime-wash and the oftener he does it the better. The matter is a very simple one. If the house is small all you may want is a lime-wash brush and a bucket of water into which a few handfuls of quicklime have been put, well stirred together and allowed to settle. The stuff when put on should be about as thick as cream. A handful of common rough salt will help it to adhere to the walls, a spoonful or two of liquid carbolic acid will help it to do its murderous work on animal life and a little bit of powder blue (washing blue) will prevent the white coat turning yellow by and by.

If the henhouse is a large one it will pay to use a sprayer for putting on the lime-wash. This is a most effective way of whitewashing any building.

Fashion Aids.

"The prevailing mode of dress—the clinging, soft, droopy effect—is a blessing to theatergoing mankind at least," remarked an observing young man to his companion in an orchestra chair at one of the season's opening plays. "If a woman comes in late to the performance she cannot disturb every one about her by the rustling of many silken petticoats without proclaiming herself hopelessly behind the day in style. The sheath-like gown of this year clings and is silent and soft. For myself, I'm glad; I've lost more than one good speech by the early entrance of a rustling petticoated woman. I'd as soon hear her shoes squeak."

Corn and Kerosene.

Twenty years ago, says the Kansas City Journal, a gallon of kerosene cost three bushels of corn. Now a bushel of corn buys five gallons of oil and the seller has 3 cents change coming.

Notes on Working Farmer.

To make a success of farming avoid expenses.

Food given to unprofitable animals is wasted.

With a variety of stock one can utilize all foods.

Best breeds do not insure most profit without proper treatment.

All foods for plants must be soluble to be available.

It is the little economies that count most in the end.



- ## THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN
- 1598—The Marquis de la Roche was given a commission by Henry IV. of France to conquer Canada.
 - 1675—Turenne defeated the Imperialists at battle of Turheim.
 - 1683—First regularly elected Assembly of Pennsylvania convened at Philadelphia.
 - 1781—Arnold invaded Virginia with 1,500 British troops.
 - 1782—Bank of North America, the first institution of its kind in the country, opened in Philadelphia.
 - 1785—Seat of United States government located at New York.
 - 1788—Connecticut ratified the constitution of the United States.
 - 1800—United States Congress passed laws to enforce the embargo.
 - 1811—Wreck of the Revenge off Watch Hill, R. I.
 - 1814—British government made overtures for peace with United States.
 - 1815—Gen. Andrew Jackson defeated the British at New Orleans.
 - 1822—Greeks proclaimed their independence.
 - 1828—Boundary line between Mexico and the United States settled by treaty.
 - 1830—Riotous demonstrations in English manufacturing districts against the introduction of labor saving machinery.
 - 1838—President Van Buren warned Americans not to aid in the Canadian revolt.
 - 1842—British army destroyed in Khyber Pass.
 - 1849—Penny Post established in Massachusetts. . . . Hundred and fifty gold seekers sailed from Boston for California on the ship Edward Everett.
 - 1855—Tracks and bridges destroyed in railroad riots in Erie, Pa. . . . All liquor shops in New York closed by order of the Mayor. . . . Irish military companies in Boston disbanded by order of the Governor of Massachusetts. . . . A commercial convention of the Southwestern States met in New Orleans.
 - 1863—Confederate force attacked Springfield, Mo. . . . Mass meetings held in the large cities of the North to send supplies to Savannah.
 - 1865—United States Senate voted to abrogate the reciprocity treaty with Canada. . . . Gen. Butler removed from the command of the army of the James, and succeeded by Gen. Ord.
 - 1868—United States military asylum at Augusta, Me., destroyed by fire. . . . Congress censured the President for removing Gen. Sheridan.
 - 1871—First elections for the Provincial Legislature were held in Manitoba.
 - 1872—Congress arranged to issue 1 cent postal cards. . . . Col. James Flisk, Jr., shot in the Grand Central Hotel, New York, by Edward S. Stokes, and died two days later.
 - 1876—Kalkaska, King of the Sandwich Islands, visited Chicago.
 - 1885—Grover Cleveland, President-elect, resigned the governorship of New York.
 - 1889—Suspension bridge at Niagara wrecked by a storm.
 - 1895—Property to value of \$1,000,000 destroyed by fire in Toronto.
 - 1896—Cecil Rhodes resigned the premiership of Cape Colony.
 - 1897—Anglo-American arbitration treaty signed at Washington. . . . J. Pierpont Morgan presented \$1,000,000 to the lying-in hospital in New York.
 - 1899—Lord Curzon of Kedleston assumed the viceroyalty of India.
 - 1901—The Delaware and Hudson railroad came under control of the Vanderbilt interests.
 - 1904—Fifty-two lives lost by the sinking of the steamer Challum between Seattle and Victoria.
 - 1907—Gen. Pavlov, military procurator, killed by Terrorists in St. Petersburg.
 - 1908—American battleship fleet under command of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans arrived at Rio de Janeiro.
- ## FACTS FOR FARMERS.
- More than 300,000 bushels of wheat were shipped from Portland, Ore., for European markets in one day last week.
- Broomhall cables that the first general memorandum report, which, however, is incomplete, gives the acreage under wheat in India this year at 21,596,000 acres, compared with 17,142,000 last year. The final general memorandum last year gave acreage, 20,963,000, and crop, 202,000,000 bushels.
- Minneapolis is again enforcing her milk inspection ordinance. In one day the inspector poured 630 gallons taken from uninspected cans into the sewer.
- Secretary Wilson has raised the quarantine against cattle in the districts where foot and mouth disease recently appeared. The disease has apparently been stamped out.
- According to reports from the Antelope valley, in California, thousands of cattle are roaming the government ranges in that section with nothing to eat, and hundreds are said to be dying of starvation.