The Lady from the Sea

BY

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Do you mean to tell me that you have captured this ship single-handed?"

"Absolutely alone," responded Smith coolly. "I didn't even have a weapon, as you see. The enemy yielded to moral suasion, wholly and solely. I guess I charmed them with my beauty." He shook his red head and freckled face in front of the other. "Seriously, though," he added, taking pity on the mystification of the young officer, "when they saw it was all up with them they kindly struck to me. If it hadn't been for you fellows on the Wamego I would have been looking forward to a rebel prison by this time."

"How did you get aboard?"

In a few brief words Smith explained the situation.

"So the lady betrayed you?"

"She did," answered the other quietly.

"Well," said Dillingham, "you have a chance to get even now."

"I have," returned Lieutenant Smith.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"With the lady?"

"No, with the prize. I wash my hands of women," continued the young boarding officer—he had just turned twenty-two, and therefore knew all there was to be known about the mysterious sex.

"Plenty," said Smith. "If you please, we'll secure the Greyhound's crew, overhaul the ship's papers, and lie to until the Commodore comes up with the old wagon yonder, and my detachment joins me from the little Upshur off here."

The Upshur was racing along far away. She had stopped firing her gun at last. She and the St. Lawrence were both coming up rapidly. There was enough work to occupy the two officers and their men until the Commodore arrived. The crew of the Greyhound were assembled forward. The officers were sent to their cabins and the papers were examined. With these various duties the time rapidly passed until the old frigate hove to alongside within easy hailing distance.

"Have you got her?" asked Commodore Paulding, standing on the weather rail.

To this utterly unnecessary question Smith answered in the affirmative.

"It was touch and go, however, Commodore," he called across the narrow space. "If it hadn't been for the Wamego yonder, the Greyhound would have got away from us, taking me along."

"How is that, sir?" roared the Commodore.

"It's a long story, sir. I'm coming aboard immediately and I'll tell you then."

Leaving Mr. Dillingham in charge of the prize, Smith was presently rowed to the frigate.

"Well, sir," he said as he saluted the Commodore, "I want to congratulate you, Commodore, on the richest prize that has been taken in this war. That ship and her cargo ought to total up something like four hundred thousand dollars. Besides the armament for the Ellen, she's crammed to the gunwales with military supplies, stores, medical stuff, clothing, everything that could be of value to the rebels."

"Good!" said the old Commodore, "we owe it all to you."

"No, sir. You owe very little to me."

"How is that?"

"I sighted the blockade-runner from the Upshur early this morning, set the private signals, and carried out the program just as we had arranged it, until it came to the boarding part."

"You got aboard, though?"

"Yes, sir, but I hadn't more than put my foot on the deck when someone on the Greyhound recognized me. The captain, a handy man with his fists and as quick with his wits, threw overboard the bluejacket following me. I grappled with the captain instantly and called for our men to board, but in the confusion the boat had gone adrift from the steamer. They got way on the ship immediately and by the time I had the captain down she was skipping along at a terrific rate. The boat could not get alongside again. They made some good practice with the pivot on the Upshur, but did no damage. By the way, sir, I have to report that Midshipman Robinson was shot by a rifle in the hands of Captain Evers while he was trying to fire the pivot. If it hadn't been for that the Upshur might have got her, or sunk her, alone."

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted a midshipman at this moment, "officer of the deck's compliments, sir, and he says to tell you that the Upshur is alongside and reports that Midshipman Robinson is slightly wounded, no other casualties."

"That's good," said Commodore Paulding. "Go on, Mr. Smith."

"There's no more to tell, sir," said Smith.

"You have forgotten one item, though," said the old man; "who was it recognized you?"

"A lady, sir."

"A lady? What lady?"

"Miss Jones, sir."

"What, the Ellen?" laughed the Commodore.

"The same."

"Well, that was hard luck."

"I'll call it very good luck, indeed, sir, if you will permit me," said Smith gravely, "so long as the Greyhound was captured eventually."

"Explain yourself," said Paulding.

"Well, sir, I don't mind telling you that I have been very much interested in Miss Jones for—for years."

"A constant sailor!" exclaimed the old commodore, smiling. "They didn't make 'em in my day."

"I have no doubt we have degenerated since that time, sir," returned the lieutenant, smiling in his turn. "I don't mind telling you, either, that her father will have none of me. Now that I have captured the ship, I shall have a chance to—er——"

"But you surely won't take the young lady with you when you cut out the privateer?"

"No, sir—at least, not exactly. Just before the fun begins I'll land her at some convenient place where she will be safe and can reach her father's pantation without difficulty."

"But—with your permission, of course, since you are an interested party," laughed the commodore—"perhaps it would be better to have her on the frigate."

"That wouldn't do at all, sir," said Smith eagerly; "you may not be returning to a harbor for a month, and I'm sure you wouldn't care to make a young lady a prisoner of war."

"Are there any other women on the blockade-runner?" asked Paulding, intent upon the proprieties.

"Her maid and several other servants, I believe, sir."

"Oh, very well, have it your own way. I suppose you want to cut out both Ellens in the same job. But mark this, young man. Remember that the Ellen—the privateer, I mean—is the prime object of your endeavors, not the lady."

"I shall remember, sir."

"Have you any further suggestions or requests?"

"Yes, sir," answered Smith. "I think it would be well to transship the cargo of the Greyhound. We have three vessels here and they can take the most valuable portion of it, so that if anything happens when I mix up with the privateer you'll still have something for your pains. We're not in a great hurry, I take it, to get at the privateer. She is helpless until we go in. The weather is pleasant and bids fair to remain so. The transshipment of the prize cargo should not be difficult."

"All right," answered the commodore, "I'll attend to the matter at once. It's a good suggestion. Now, then, how many men will you want to go with you?"

"The fifty men that you detailed to the Upshur will be enough. There won't be much fighting, I imagine, but after we carry the Ellen we'll have to move quickly and I shall want enough hands to take both ships out easily."

"What will you do for a pilot?"

"I've thought of that," answered Smith promptly. "You recall that half a chart was enclosed in the letter?"

"But what can you do with half a chart?"

"I think I know where the other half is. If I don't, I'll manage somehow. I'll impress one of the natives and threaten him with instant death unless I am shown the way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith, have the men transshipped from the Upshur at once. I will send another crew on board of her. Do you want any more officers?"

"No, sir. If Robinson is all right, he and Brown with old Bob Gantlin will be all that I require."

"Good," said Commodore Paulding. "I shall support you so far as I can with the frigate and the gunboat, and if you're not out, or if I hear nothing from you in two days, I'll send the gunboat into the sound, so far as is safe, on the chance that I may save some of you or help you to get away in boats. Do your best. Remember that the destruction of the Ellen is a matter of great importance to the country. At whatever hazard, she must be prevented from getting away. By the way, you will need a couple of engineers. Ask Captain Chase to detail two skilled machinists from the Wamego for that purpose."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll send a heavy detail over to the prize at once to unlade the cargo. You look after the job. First of all, we'll take the captured crew on board the St. Lawrence."

In a short time the sea was white with boats busy about the various details of transshipping the cargo of the prize to the other ships. For two days the work continued. Fortunately, the cargo was of such a character that there was little difficulty in breaking it out and transshipping it to the other vessels, and, fortunately also, the weather served them.

Miss Ellen, who with her black maid and two black men-servants remained on the Greyhound, kept closely in her stateroom during the whole period. She had protested against the orders that detained her on board the blockade-runner. She had demanded to see Commoodre Paulding. Having squared matters with that gentleman beforehand, the inexorable Smith had refused to entertain her protest or to grant her request. The young lady had never been so commanded before and was forced to endure her situation, which she did with a very ill grace, to be sure. After one stormy interview—stormy on her part, that is—she positively refused to see her lover again. Her meals were served to her in her cabin. She did not even come up on deck to get a breath of fresh air. All communication with her was through her maid.

Mr. Smith was a very busy man during the two days, and being something of a philosopher he reasoned that it was just as well the woman should be out of the way—under the circumstances—so he had not sought energetically to disturb her until the morning of the third day. All preparations having been completed, the engines were started and the Greyhound, much lighter than she had been before, moved towards the inlet, which gave entrance to the sound, on her daring adventure, encouraged in her departure by the cheers of the men of the remaining ships.

For the present Commodore Paulding determined to keep the frigate and the gunboat and the schooner well away from the shore, so as to excite no suspicion in case there should be any lookouts watching for the arrival of the blockade-runner.

Having set the watches and seen that everything was in order, putting Mr. Brown in charge of the deck, the weather being calm and pleasant and nothing to be feared, the coast being some twenty-five miles to the westward, Captain Smith—for so he may now be called by courtesy—went below to his cabin. There he summoned Chloe, Miss Ellen's maid, and directed her to inform her mistress that Captain Smith desired her presence in his cabin.

CHAPTER VI.

It had been easy enough for Miss Ellen to immure herself in her stateroom as a city of refuge. The gentle urging of her lover that she come forth upon the deck, especially in the evening, when work was in a measure intermitted, had only intensified her determination to stay where she was. Although she was a prisoner, although she had been refused permission to go aboard one of the other ships, although she had not been permitted to see the commanding officer, there was a sense of luxury and satisfaction in the thought that she could, nevertheless, thwart the imperious captain by disregarding his wishes even in small matters.

He had spoken to her outrageously during the chase by the Wamego. He had treated her with no consideration afterwards—so she thought—and she determined to pay him up by being as contrary and as obstinate and as self-willed as possible. When he ceased to ask her to come on deck, however, when he acquiesced in her decision and left her severely alone in her self-enforced isolation, the role she was playing lost its charm, and naturally her eagerness to get out of what she now thought of as a hateful little hole increased in proportion to his indifference.

If she could have manufactured an excuse adequate to the complete reversal of her determination, she would have been out long since. Her pride, however, of which she had great stock, kept her in. She went through a whole gamut of emotions. First she would and then she wouldn't; then she could and then she couldn't. In the end, torn by all sorts of conflicting feelings, she did nothing. Resentfully, she stayed where she was.

When Chloe delivered the captain's message she received it with an immediate throb of gladness. The longer she was deprived of the sight of her lover, albeit he was not a particularly handsome object, the more she wanted to see him. Again, she didn't know what was going on, exactly, that is, during her seclusion, and as curiosity is nearly as strong in woman as it is in man, she wanted to know where she was to be taken, what was to be done with the ship, and how the Ellen was concerned.

Nor was there any satisfaction in thwarting a man who was so hatefully willing to be crossed! That morning, therefore, she had about made up her mind to go on deck, excuse or no excuse. Smith's harmless message instantly changed her decision irrevocably. His authority could be braved, after all, and she would brave it.

"Tell him," she said, shutting her lips tightly together, her blue eyes sparkling with a fire that made them almost black—violet, I should say, if I were writing romance instead of chronicling facts—"tell him that I do not wish to see him. That I do not intend to see him. That I shall stay here in the prison in which he has thrust me until he is ready to put me ashore."

"Yas'm," said Chloe, rolling her eyes at this portentous message, accompanied, as it was, by every mark of indignation and disdain.

"Cap'n Smif, suh. Missy Ell'n, she say she ain't gwine ter come out'n de doah. She doan lik yo'. She doan have nuffin' ter do wid no Yankee po' white trash. She gwine ter stay in dat ar prisom cell twell you-all gwine ter th'o' her on de sho'. She moughty enrage, suh. Yo' betta done lef her 'lone. W'en Missy Ell'n git mad, suh—n-n-m!"

"Did she say those things just as you repeated them?" asked the captain, smiling in glee at the excited sable messenger of his goddess.

"Well, suh, not prezactly dat a-way, but I sensed 'em right, an' I gibs yo' de substantiate of it."

"Did she use the words 'poor white trash'?"

"Yas, suh, she did dat. She mean 'em too!"

(To be continued.)

Nobody Guessed the Name.

The eight-year-old son of a well known cartoonist attends a Sunday school in which the boys have formed what they call secret societies, the only "secret" being the name. The initials of the society are always made public and if any boy of a rival society guesses their signification the name is at once changed. It was two weeks before anybody guessed, for instance, that T. S. meant Temperance Soldiers, but recently Georgie came to his father and said:

"We've got one now they'll never guess."

"Well?" queried the father.

"Promise you'll never tell?" asked Georgie.

The promise was given.

"M. E.," said Georgie. "They all think it means 'Methodist Episcopal,' but it don't—it stands for 'Merican Eagles.'"

And thus far nobody has guessed.—Success Magazine.

Willing to Help.

Grouchly—Times are hard, my dear, and we will have to economize.

Mrs. Grouchly—Very well. I'll begin by discharging the cook.

Grouchly—Do you think that advisable?

Mrs. Grouchly—Sure. You won't eat half as much if I do the cooking myself.

He Was Not the Only One.

Host (to guest who has had the complaint book in front of him for an hour)—I should be glad if you would finish with that book, as there are several other guests asking for it.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Wanted a Majority Decision.

"Get another doctor," demanded Mr. Gotrox, "to pass on my ailment."

"Are not four physicians sufficient?"

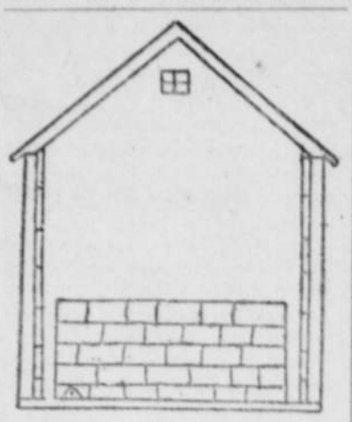
"Yes; but I don't want to risk no tie vote."—Washington Herald.

The tallest trees in the world are in a eucalyptus grove not far from Melbourne, Australia. Many of them are about 300 feet high

Farm and Garden

Cheap and Simple Ice House.

An icehouse is one of the simplest of farm buildings; in fact, many farmers make a mistake in putting up too elaborate a building, which fails to endure and to afford sufficient ventilation for keeping the ice. The simple building shown in the drawing, which is reproduced from Farm and Home, was put up with about one day's labor. The framework was made of refuse hard wood, some 2x4's and some 2x6's.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF ICEHOUSE.

Second-rate pine boards were used for siding, which was nailed on the inside of the frame. The roofing was made of similar material as the sides, but of a little better quality.

In filling, a space is left between the wall and the ice, to be packed with sawdust. The crevices between the cakes are filled with fine ice shavings, but no sawdust is used between or on top of the layers of ice until the filling is done, when about one foot of sawdust is placed on top.

Openings must be left near the peak of the roof to secure ventilation, and the sawdust filling at the sides must be kept firm and solid while the ice is being removed in summer. It is important to locate the icehouse where there will be good drainage. Poor drainage at the bottom of the ice or allowing air to circulate at the top will quickly spoil the contents of the house.

Light for the Barn.

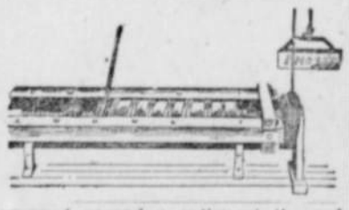
Light is one of the great sanitary conditions which promote vigorous health. If the germs of tuberculosis are exposed to the sun a short time their vitality is destroyed, but their infecting power can be preserved for several months if kept in a dark receptacle.

The State veterinarians who inspect dairy accommodations now recommend plenty of light, and the new dairy barns are featured with an increased number of windows. If possible the windows of a dairy barn should be so placed as to cause the sun at some portion of the day to shine on all parts of the floor, as the rays will search for disease microbes and destroy them. Sunlight acts as a powerful disinfectant, and nothing is cheaper nor more effective in preventing disease than sunlight.

Dark, underground stables are now condemned as insanitary and disease breeding. Dark stables are often also damp, and present especially favorable conditions for the evolution and propagation of tuberculosis. Cattle on the plains, which live only under the shelter of the firmament, are immune to tuberculosis and many other diseases, and barns for housing live stock should be constructed with plenty of windows to promote the sanitary condition of their occupants.—Goodall's Farmer.

Automatic Cheese Press.

This form of cheese press maintains a constant pressure for any desired length of time by means of a rope



wrapped around a pulley at the end and over a small pulley on a beam overhead. The 140-pound weight is sufficient to keep the screw pressed up to the cheese. A close cheese is obtained, free from any mechanical openings.

Better Results with Corn.

According to the estimate made by the government a few weeks ago, the average per acre of corn produced in Texas this year is only about five bushels below that of Iowa, one of the greatest of the corn-producing States. In the amount produced it was estimated that Texas would be fifth in the States of the Union. This is a splendid showing compared with what it was only a few years ago, and is accounted for by the fact that the Texas farmer is beginning to realize the great advantage there is in raising his own meat and bread, and in the further fact that the Texas Corn Growers' Association has done some splendid work in not only pointing out the blessings to the farmer in growing corn, but also in promoting the study of seed selection and cultivation.—Galveston News.

Horse Value of Country.

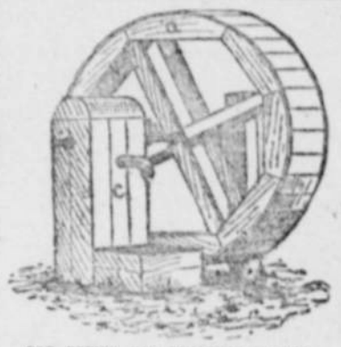
Almost $2,000,000,000 worth of horses are owned in the United States, according to the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture. It is probable that if the horses were taken at their real value, instead of their assessed value, this figure would be greatly increased. According to this report, there are 19,992,000 horses in this country, with a value of $1,867,530,000, and the average value per head is $93.40. Anybody knows that has tried to buy horses of late that the average per head is too small, for even an ordinary work horse is worth more than that. However, the showing is very encouraging. In the last ten or twelve years the number of horses in this country has almost doubled, and, instead of there being too many horses, there are not enough to do all the business that is required, and if it were not for the use of automobile trucks in the large cities the merchants of this country would be hard pressed for methods of transportation for their goods. With business increasing, as every sign indicates, there will be a greater demand than ever for horses during the coming year. In view of this, breeders can go on increasing their business, with every confidence that all the horses they can produce will find a ready sale at a good figure. As for good trotters, horses capable of going out and winning in their class, the demand is greatly in excess of the supply. Auction sale managers complain that there are not enough of the good ones to supply the gentlemen who are in the market for likely prospects. The coming year will be a banner one in the horse business, especially in the breeding business.

Making Use of the Dog.

This sketch shows an arrangement for making use of the dog for carrying water. It simply consists of a wheel, *a*, 8 ft. in diameter and 18 in. wide, with room enough inside for the dog to walk around, where he acts as a treadmill

DOG POWER FOR PUMPING WATER.

power, which causes the pump, *c*, to revolve. In southern California there are



DOG POWER FOR PUMPING WATER.

a number of these dog-power pumps, which cost less than $15. A good-sized dog can easily earn his living in an arrangement of this kind.—Farm and Home.

Twin Lambs.

An experienced breeder says that in the case of twins it is well to place them with the mother in a small, separate pen for a day or two, in order that they may become acquainted, and to avoid the danger of one of the lambs straying away, which may cause trouble. When lambs are born weakly more care is required, and unless the shepherd is with them to see that they are suckled soon after birth they are liable to become chilled and die. If the lamb is too weak to stand up and suck, it should be held up and some milk milked into its mouth, when it will soon take the teat and help itself, or the ewe may be gently laid upon her side and the lamb brought to the teat on its knees or side, and held, as above indicated.

When Buying "Porkers."

If you hear that your neighbor's hogs have the cholera, do not rush over to see them. Keep away from them and do not let anybody from the infected lot come near your own hogs. If you buy pigs from a point distant from your own neighborhood, keep them by themselves for at least two weeks, as during that time the disease will show if they have it.

Sorghum for the Silo.

Under Florida conditions sorghum makes the best and cheapest crop for the silo. Analysis shows sorghum silage to be a little richer in total digestible nutrients than corn silage. It makes a heavier field of green forage per acre than corn. The station favors sorghum for silage.

Winter Poultry Notes.

When your hens sing know then that they are feeling good and will lay.

Hens will not lay well or thrive unless they have plenty of sunlight. Keep the windows clean.

Don't fuss around your hens too much. Like some people, they want to be let alone at times.

Take the chill off the water. Hens will not lay many eggs if they are compelled to drink ice water and eat corn mixed with snow.

Get rid of te useless cockerels and old hens. Stuff them and they will grow fat and tender—not too tender—but enough to grace a boarding house table.

Throw some rusty nails in the drinking trough. The hens need the iron as a tonic. But do not let anything else besides clean water go in with the nails.

Dressed fowls, wrapped in clean, white paper and packed in new boxes will bring enough more to pay well for the trouble. It is not hard to get top prices by a little thought and work.

The Weekly Historian

1672—A monthly post was established between New York and Boston.

1775—British under Lord Dunmore defeated by the Americans at Norfolk, W. Va.

1777—Washington's army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

1787—Pennsylvania (the second State) ratified the federal constitution.

1789—The first circulating library was established in Salem, Mass.

1804—New York Historical Society instituted.....Spain declared war against Great Britain....Two-score of houses on Wall street, New York, destroyed by fire.

1807—An unusually large and brilliant meteor was seen in Connecticut.

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

1816—Indiana admitted into the Union as the nineteenth State.

1817—Mississippi admitted to statehood.

1830—National Republican party, at Baltimore, nominated Henry Clay for President....The first locomotive built in the United States was finished and tested at the West Point (N. Y.) foundry.

1833—The House of Assembly in Jamaica passed a bill abolishing slavery.

1835—Patent office and postoffice in Washington burned.

1846—The first regiment to fight against Mexico was organized in Pittsburg.

1854—United States and Great Britain concluded a treaty of commercial reciprocity.

1856—Christ church, Montreal, destroyed by fire.

1864—Gen. Dix issued an order for reprisals on Canadians because of the St. Alban's raid; order annulled later by President Lincoln.

1866—French occupation of Rome terminated.

1868—All disputes between Mexico and the United States settled by treaty.

1870—J. R. Rainey of South Carolina, the first negro ever elected to the House of Representatives, sworn in.

1872—Eleven servant girls perished in a fire in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

1873—New England celebrated the centennial of the "Boston Tea Party."

1891—Sir Oliver Mowat, Liberal prime minister of Ontario, issued an address declaring vigorously against American assimilation.

1893—A provincial plebiscite in Prince Edward Island supported prohibition of the liquor traffic by an overwhelming majority.

1894—E. V. Debs sentenced to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court during the great railroad strike in Chicago.

1898—Gen. Galixta Garcia, noted Cuban leader, died in Washington.

1899—Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood appointed military governor of Cuba.

1900—Mgr. Montagnini, secretary of the Papal Nunciature, expelled from France by the French government.

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

1903—William I. Buchanan appointed United States minister to Panama.

1906—The new law separating church and state went into force in France.

1907—Norwegian Parliament conferred the Nobel prize upon President Roosevelt in recognition of his services in ending the Russo-Japanese war.

Schools and Colleges

Justice C. B. Elliott of State Supreme Court opened the second annual convention of the Minnesota Academy of Social Sciences at the University of Minnesota. Other addresses were delivered by Judge C. L. Brown, Attorney General E. T. Young and Prof. H. J. Fletcher of the law school. The discussions all related to conditions in Minnesota.

The overwhelming defeat of Nebraska by Carlisle, together with Carlisle's decisive victory over St. Louis, goes to add to Minnesota's glory. Carlisle beaten by Minnesota defeats two western teams supposed to be of strength approximating Minnesota's. This lifts Minnesota's victory into its true proportions and shows how well the Gophers played in defeating the husky Indians. Carlisle won from Nebraska by a score of 37 to 6. Minnesota beat Carlisle 11 to 6.

Many agricultural colleges sent exhibits to the live stock show in Chicago this week, among them Minnesota and Nebraska. Students from most of the leading agricultural colleges participated in the judging contests.

In the judging contests at the Chicago live stock show, a farmer's son—J. G. Troutman of Manhattan, Kan.—pitted his practical knowledge against the theoretical experience of the college students for the J. Ogden Armour agricultural scholarships, amounting to $5,000, which were to be distributed for the most efficient work in the event.