

# The Lady from the Sea

BY  
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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)  
Left alone for the last time, Smith took the girl in his arms again.  
"Remember your promise not to say a word about my plans until to-morrow morning, when you may tell everybody if you wish."  
"I shall remember," said the girl; "it is a safe promise. I could not possibly reach my father's plantation before morning. It's a terrible road. I don't suppose there's a horse in the settlement. You'll be safe from me."  
"I know that, of course," said the young officer.  
"Now promise me something in return."  
"Anything you wish, my darling."  
"Please be careful of yourself. Don't get hurt. I couldn't bear it after waiting all these years for you."  
"Then you did wait for me! Oh, Ellen, Ellen!"  
He strained her to his heart and kissed her in farewell. But his ship should be a brief one. If his ship should take ground on the shore, that would be the end of his undertaking. He saw her safely aboard the boat, which presently landed her with Chloe in attendance at the little fishing village, consisting of half a dozen hovels on the strand.  
Sending Chloe to seek a shelter for them for the night, she stood on the beach, her eyes filled with tears, watching the boat return to the ship, watching the figure of her lover alone aft, watching the ship itself gather way, round the bend, and enter the inlet. When should she see him again? How should that plight of her between them be carried out? He had told her—indeed, she knew it—that a great conflict must ensue before the Confederates could be subdued, or, in case of success, gain their independence. It was hardly possible that they could marry until the war was over. She knew his impetuous, daring nature. She felt sure that he would be in the thick of the fighting. He might be killed. He might be killed in the next few hours!

CHAPTER XI.  
Miss Ellen was so thoroughly miserable, so entirely oblivious to her surroundings, that she did not hear a horseman approaching until the horse was almost upon her. The rider stared at her curiously as he drew near, recognized her presently, threw himself instantly from his horse, took off his hat and bowed low before her.  
"Why, Miss Ellen Jones!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Why are you not on the Greyhound? I saw her rounding yonder point a few moments ago."  
"Captain Haywood," faltered poor Ellen, "I—"  
She did not know what to say to him. She knew that he was in love with her. The son of a neighboring planter, he had paid court to her before she went to the Bahamas. Although he had received no encouragement from the young woman herself, her father had made no secret of his approval of the young man's suit. So backed, Haywood still maintained hopes that he would ultimately win her.  
Haywood had been a naval officer, who had resigned his commission and gone South at the outbreak of the war; thereafter he had joined with Major Jones in equipping the privateer, of which he was to have command.  
"We have been looking for the Greyhound most eagerly," he continued. "She's two days overdue, according to our calculations. The Ellen is all ready but the guns. I've been looking for you as well," he added, "I am surprised to find you here. What does it mean?"  
"What are you doing here yourself, Captain Haywood?" asked the girl.  
"I rode down to the point this afternoon to find out if the ship were in sight. You cannot know how anxious we have been. I was rejoiced beyond measure when I saw her round the bend. I hailed her, hoping to get aboard, but she was going rapidly and they didn't pay any attention to me. They didn't recognize me, probably, as she was some distance from the shore, so I came on here to bait my horse and then ride back to the ship. It's fifteen miles. I ought to reach there in an hour and a half."  
"Fifteen miles in an hour and a half! Over such a road?" exclaimed Miss Ellen.  
"The government has made a new road along the river bank to be used in transporting supplies and moving troops. It's much shorter than it used to be and in first-rate order. But you haven't told me why you are here."  
"I—"  
Her plighted word rose before her. She could not tell the truth, she would not tell a lie, yet nothing but the truth would serve. There was no reason why a young woman should land there from a ship which was going directly to her destination and would land her at her own place in two hours. There was no reason why she should be in this wretched place at all.  
"I had a— a disagreement with Captain Smith." The fatal word slipped out in spite of herself.  
"Smith?" exclaimed the astonished Haywood. "Why, I thought his name was Evers!"  
"Yes, yes, I mean Captain Evers."  
"But what sort of a disagreement could you possibly have which would warrant you in leaving the ship here and at night? I don't understand."  
"Captain Haywood," said the girl desperately, "I do not recognize any right in you to catechize me in this manner. I landed from that ship because I—I wanted to. I am not required to give you any explanation whatsoever of my movements."  
Miss Ellen spoke with indignant fervor, but she was not remarkably good at evasion, and Captain Haywood was a very shrewd, intelligent young officer.  
His suspicions were immediately aroused by her persistent refusal to account

for her presence on the shore. He thought hard as he stood before her. Her whole bearing, he noticed, was that of a person concealing something. The Greyhound was very late. He had noticed that she was remarkably light in the water, too, almost as if in ballast, whereas she should have been sunk to her headline with the heavy cargo he knew that she ought to have been carrying.  
Miss Ellen, as representing her father, virtually owned the Greyhound. Her will on that ship, save in technical matters, was paramount, but she had been put ashore. She refused to explain her presence. There could have been no misunderstanding between Captain Evers and herself. While the Captain was not personally known in the sound, yet his reputation was well established as that of a brave, skillful, courteous sailor. Major Jones had learned this through common friends before he had permitted Captain Evers to be engaged to bring in the Greyhound.  
The Petrel had been gone for a week also. Nothing whatever had been heard from her since her departure. Putting these things together, Captain Haywood stumbled upon the truth of the story. The Greyhound had been taken, she had been lightened of her cargo, and was now coming in order to cut out the privateer he was to command!  
"Miss Ellen," he burst out furiously, "I see it all. The Greyhound has been captured. Her cargo has been taken out. She is crowded with Yankees and is coming in to cut out my ship. They put you ashore to get you out of the fighting. Is that true?"  
Poor Ellen was in a fearful dilemma. She could only stare dumbly at the Captain.  
"You do not say anything," he said. "I know it is true. What keeps you silent? I don't know. You are betraying me—"  
"I owe you no allegiance."  
"No, but you are betraying your father, and, worse than that, you are betraying your State. Fortunately, I can thwart them. I'm sorry to call you a traitress. Good-by."  
He swung himself into the saddle, struck spurs into his horse and galloped off.  
A traitress! Was it true? Yet if so, how could she help it? She was quick to foresee just what would happen. The new and direct road, cutting off the bends and turns of the crooked inlet through which the steamer would necessarily be obliged to proceed slowly and with caution, would enable Haywood to reach the Ellen long before the Greyhound. He could organize resistance. It was probable that some armed forces would be in the vicinity of Jones' Wharf. Thinking to surprise the privateer, the attacking party would be surprised themselves and captured. There would be a fight, her lover would be in the thick of it, and he would be wounded, perhaps killed. Rather than that should occur! She must get to the Ellen herself before the battle. What she could do there she could scarcely tell. But she might do something. At least, she could try to save him.  
She turned and ran desperately towards the largest house, which stood well back from the shore in a clump of trees. Everybody in that quarter knew the Jones family, one of considerable importance in that section of the country. All of them knew Miss Ellen. After going from house to house she finally succeeded in getting the loan of a common old farm horse. He would have to do, Chloe called it behind till the morning. She must go on. There was no woman's saddle to be had in the village. She did not hesitate on that account. She took what she could and made the best of it. Throwing her right knee over the saddle horn, she rode until out of observation, and then bestrode the horse manfully, in manly fashion, and proceeded on her way.  
The horse was tired from his day's labor and was but a poor, old, lumbering beast at best. Ellen was a consummate horsewoman, and she communicated something of her anxiety and purpose to the thing of her anxiety and purpose to the animal, and her efforts, however, her pace was a slow one. About a mile from the wharf the horse gave out completely. She slid from the saddle to the ground, gathered her skirts in her hands, and ran fleetly along the ground at a great rate. She was thankful that she was young, active and strong. She covered the ground with amazing speed. It was quite dark now. The road ran from the forest through which she had been riding since she left the village along the open shore at a distance of half a mile from the wharf. It left the forest on a hill and abruptly descended to the level of the river; on the other side of the wharf the forest began again and continued up to the great house, which sat on a bluff and was embowered in trees.  
Just as she got to the open she saw the Greyhound, a black mass in the fading light, rounding the bend. The Ellen lay quietly at the wharf. The Greyhound had been delayed. She had touched the shore once or twice and the navigation had proved more difficult than Smith had anticipated. The vessel was at least an hour late or Miss Ellen would not have been in time even to see her approach.  
Ellen had not overtaken Captain Haywood, of course. His horse was a thoroughbred, and every minute had increased the distance between them. For a moment the girl stared from the hill at the two ships. She knew positively what the conditions were. The men of the Greyhound, armed to the teeth, were ready for boarding. She did not doubt but that the decks of the Ellen would be covered with men equally well armed and that so soon as the ships touched each other a dreadful battle would ensue and the Greyhound's crew would be overwhelmed. She never doubted that Captain Smith would lead his boarders. He would be killed to a moral certainty.

She measured the distance swiftly, and instinctively estimated the rate of speed at which the Greyhound was approaching. Try as she might, the ships would be in contact before she could get to them. She might as well, for all she could do, stay on the hill and watch the fighting. But something—her love, perhaps—drove her forward. She might die in the attempt, but at least she could try.  
Once more she gathered her skirts in her hands and ran with the fleetness of Camilla, as if she had not taken a step during the day, down the hill and towards the wharf. She strained every nerve. She brought into play every atom of strength in her being to accomplish her hopeless task. Her heart beat terribly. Her mouth was parched and dry, her breath came shortly, she panted like a driven hare. Something rose in her throat and choked her. She had not run wisely under the stimulus of her terror and her desire. She had not saved herself for the end. She had spent herself at the first dash. Presently she found herself reeling. Only her indomitable will kept her up. She would have fainted had she stopped.  
She struggled along the road, desperate, blinded. She was within one hundred yards of the wharf now. The Greyhound was heard swinging alongside the Ellen. She heard voices. The drumming in her ears prevented her from distinguishing what they said. She tried to call out a word of warning. Her husky voice died away in her throat. A cheer broke on the night. It was followed by a yell. There was a shot, two shots, a crashing volley, the ring of steel on steel, oaths, cries, shrieks, groans, words of command.  
She was at the gang-plank now. It seemed as if she could not take another step, yet she ran up it and boarded the ship. Nobody marked her in the darkness and confusion. The deck, which had been filled with writhing, struggling figures, suddenly grew quieter. The shots died away. The curses and yells stopped. The clang of steel blades was heard no more. But the groans were louder than ever. She leaned against the gangway gasping for breath, striving to recover herself—praying, fearful, broken.  
"It's all over," she heard a voice say. "We've got 'em. Their leader is here."  
"It was Captain Haywood who spoke."  
"Show a light here, someone," cried another voice, her father's. "Bring him below to the cabin," continued Major Jones.  
"Ay, ay, sir," answered Haywood. "Mr. Matthews, look out for the prisoners and send men to secure the other ship. You have done splendidly," continued the Captain to his crew.  
Amid the cheers of the victorious Confederates her father and Captain Haywood, followed by two men, half dragging, half carrying, a limp, inanimate figure between them, entered the cabin beneath the poop—the Ellen being provided with a raised poop. The light carried by the third man fell full on the face of the prisoner as they halted him through the door. She had strained her eyes after the group, unable to move until the moment when in that flash of light she recognized her lover. His face was white as death. There was a red gash across his forehead.  
She had been incapable of motion before. No one had yet noticed her in the gangway in the excitement. She ran—where she got the strength she never knew—across the deck, brushed past two or three groups of astonished men, and burst into the cabin after the others.  
Her father sat at the head of the table, Captain Haywood stood at one side. One of the seamen was kneeling by the door, supporting the prostrate officer. He had evidently been wetting the fact of Captain Smith, who had just at that moment recovered consciousness. He struggled to a sitting position by the aid of his hands. The girl stopped in the doorway motionless. Not a vestige of color was in her cheeks or lips. Her skirts were muddy and bedraggled. Her hat was gone. Her hair hung about her face in wild dishevelment. Only the rapid motion of her bosom betokened life. Haywood and her father stared at her, speechless.  
"You!" whispered Captain Smith, struggling to his feet. The seaman assisting him, he rose unsteadily.  
"You!" he said reproachfully. He brushed the blood out of his eyes as he did so and thrust out a trembling hand towards her. Some drops of blood were flicked upon her dress by his gesture.  
"You broke your word," he said; "the blood of my men is upon you!"  
This was too much for the girl. She put out her hand as if to ward off a blow, her other hand grasped at her bosom. A little moan came from her parched lips. She collapsed slowly in a dead faint, a limp heap in Captain Haywood's arms. They had all been too astonished by her entrance to say a word in the brief time in which the scene had taken place.  
(To be continued.)



**Profit from Poultry.**  
Poultrymen estimate that it costs 1 cent apiece to produce an egg. The estimate is based on the fact that the hen lays 120 eggs in the year. In other words, where the fowls are confined to runs, and the feed must be purchased, it costs 10 cents a month or \$1.20 a year to maintain a hen. If the hen is an indifferent layer and gives but sixty eggs in a year, her eggs cost the poultryman 2 cents each.  
An experiment conducted by the Cornell experiment station in 1902 showed that the average cost of feed for a dozen eggs was 9.2 cents, or about 5/8 of a cent an egg. The cost for each hen for the year was 99.6 cents. At that time wheat was sold at \$1.45 a hundred pounds, while at the present time it is \$2; bran sold at \$1.35 a hundred pounds and it is now \$1.80; and meat scraps cost \$2.15 a hundred pounds and now we pay \$2.40. So at the present increased price of feed, the cost of feeding the hen is easily 20 cents a year more than it was in 1902.  
To make poultry profitable on the farm it is necessary to breed for better laying. This is done by installing trap nests in the henhouses, and each year picking out the best layers and breeding only from such. The farmer must grade up his stock. He must get rid of the mongrel birds; he must drive out the drones, and must encourage the workers. The farm must produce better poultry and more of it.  
There are advantages on the farm for poultry raising that the poultryman does not have, and if the latter, in many ways handicapped, can make poultry keeping a successful business, the farmer should at least make the work a valuable adjunct to his income. Properly managed poultry can be made the most profitable crop on the farm—investment, expense and labor considered.  
It is argued by some farmers that their hens cost them practically nothing, as they have free range and can gather all the food they need. There is some truth in that, and there also is some truth in the fact that farmers' flocks seldom yield a profit compared with stock in the hands of a regular poultryman.  
**Feeding Meat, Wet or Dry.**  
Many of our farmers seem to hold the opinion that feeding meat wet to their cows will bring better results than when fed dry. One old farmer makes the remark, "how can the cow get any goodness out of a pan of dry meat?" yet notwithstanding the fact that so many dairymen hold to the practice of feeding the meat wet, the experiments to date indicate that better results are obtained by feeding it dry. Professor Jordan, of the Maine Experiment Station, fed a bunch of calves corn and cob meal with long hay in dry form, as against hay which was run through a feed cutter, moistened and sprinkled with corn and cob meal. The results were in favor of the dry feeding. The gain was greater, and less feed was required for 100 pounds of gain. Professor Jordan also conducted an experiment with two herds of dairy cows, one herd was fed dry feed, while the feed of the other was moistened. The greater yield of milk was obtained from the herd that received the dry feed.  
**Salting Down Meat.**  
Curing meat for future consumption is one of the annual jobs on the farm. In some sections of the country, says the Journal of Agriculture, the problem of salting down meat is a serious one because of the heat. In sections of the South there are winters when there is very little cold weather and it is not until late that hogs may be slaughtered. Here is a recipe which is said to be a good one: For 1,000 pounds of meat take ten quarts of salt-peter, 1 pound of pepper and 2 pounds of yellow sugar. Mix well, put in a tub or some suitable vessel, and then apply the mixture well to the meat. This is said to be the most successful method of salting meat there is, both from a standpoint of purity and flavor.  
**Preserving Milk.**  
A German patent specification describes a process for preserving milk by removing all dissolved oxygen by means of the addition of a small quantity of ferrous carbonate. The process is based on the fact that freshly-precipitated ferrous carbonate in the presence of oxygen immediately assimilates oxygen and evolves an equivalent quantity of carbon dioxide. One part of ferrous carbonate is sufficient for 50,000 parts milk, and the properties of the milk are not altered in any way by the addition, which should be made before the milk is boiled.  
**Work Hours of Farmers.**  
Professor Boss, of the Minnesota Agricultural College, says that statistics of the actual hours of labor on the farms investigated show that farmers work nine hours a day in summer and between four and five in winter. Professor Bailey, of the Farm Life Commission, tells the story of the school-ma'am working from 9 to 4 until she married a farmer, and had to work from 4 to 9. Moral, school-ma'am make good wives for farmers.

**Nitrogen.**  
While visiting a practical farmer a few weeks ago he said that whatever everything was fed out on the farm and the manure returned to the soil it should grow richer instead of poorer and that furthermore there was less connected with the farm when it was conducted on these principles than when the system was varied from year to year.  
One thing is certain, the growing and feeding of live-stock on the farms constrains the growth of crops to feed that are best adapted for the production of flesh and animal products. Prominent among these crops are clover, alfalfa and the other nitrogen gathering plants that possess a high feeding value and are relished by animals on account of their palatability.  
We cannot too often repeat the fact that the farmers who follow a short crop rotation, in which a legume is grown every third year, need not worry about maintaining an adequate supply of nitrogen, providing he feeds these crops to live stock and saves the manure, both liquid and solid, and returns it to the soil. When nitrogenous grain foods are purchased and fed to the animals in connection with the home-grown foods the increase in nitrogen is still greater.—Agricultural Epitomist.  
**Feeding Milk Cows.**  
Milk contains water, fat, protein (casein and curd), sugar and ash, and these are all made from the constituents of the food. If sufficient protein, fat and carbohydrates are not contained in the food given her, the cow supplies this deficiency for a time by drawing on her own body, and gradually begins to shrink in quantity and quality of milk, or both. The stony feeder cheats himself as well as the cow. She may suffer from hunger, although she is full of swale and hay, but she also becomes poor and does not yield the milk and butter she should. Her milk glands are a wonderful machine, but they cannot make milk casein (curd) out of the constituents in coarse, unappetizing, indigestible swale hay or sawdust any more than the farmer himself can make butter from skim milk. She must not only have a generous supply of good food, but it must contain sufficient amounts of the nutrients needed for making milk. Until this fact is understood and appreciated, successful, profitable dairying is out of the question. Many forcible illustrations of its truthfulness have been furnished by the agricultural experiment stations.—H. B. Speed.  
**Helping the Farmer.**  
In an important interview with Gifford Pinchot, the government forester, and a member of the Country Life Commission, recently appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, given to Edward I. Farrington, the following points are elaborated:  
The things which the Country Life Commission desires to do, above all else, is to make the fact plain that there is a tremendous problem before the American farmer to-day.  
The things which must be secured for the farmer are better farming materials, better business and a better living. The commission is concerned with the two latter.  
Everything which has to do with making farm life efficient and pleasant will receive particular attention, for this is one of the most important of all agricultural problems.  
The commission will make no attempt to impose anything on the farmer, to dictate to him, or to carry paternalism to an objectionable degree. The facts are to be assembled in as complete a form as possible and placed before the farmer in logical order.  
**Temporary Sheep Fence.**  
One of the best portable fences for use in selling sheep is made in panels with supports, as shown in the sketch.  
  
Panels are 10 feet long, made of 4-inch board solidly nailed together. After this fence is once put up, sheep are not likely to overturn it. A fence 3 1/2 feet high will turn most flocks.—Farm and Home.  
**Quarter Crack.**  
This is one of the most serious troubles with which we have to contend in our dry climate. When a crack appears it is a difficult matter to bring down the new growth of sound hoof without fring and blistering, so that prevention is all important. There is no need to cut out the sole or open the heels, as it is called. The frog and heels should be left absolutely alone, and they cannot be too well developed. The sole will take care of itself, for nature exfoliates dead horn as required. Keep the wall rounded at the ground surface, the toe short and the frog prominent, and with few exceptions horses will come through all right.—Field and Farm.  
**A Balanced Ration.**  
Corn and clover pasture forms a nearly balanced ration, and there will be little danger of injuring the breeding qualities of the pigs if they are allowed plenty of corn and the run of a good clover pasture.  
**Refuted.**  
Long-Face Individual—Young man, you can't attend to your business if you don't keep straight.  
Young Man—That's all you know about it. I'm a contortionist.—Boston Transcript.

## NOTED CHICAGO LAWYER DEAD.



Luther Laffin Mills, noted Chicago lawyer, died recently, the direct result of a second stroke of apoplexy, the first seizure having prostrated him eight weeks before. Mr. Mills was born at North Adams, Mass., Sept. 3, 1848. His father was Walter N. Mills, a pioneer dry goods merchant of Chicago and an intimate friend of the late Marshall Field, whom he had known in Massachusetts. After being graduated from the University of Michigan, Mr. Mills was admitted to the bar when 21 years old. He succeeded from the beginning. He figured in many celebrated cases and opposed at the bar such legal heavy weights as Emory A. Storrs, John Lyie King, Wirt Dexter, Fred Mitchell and many others. He appeared for the prosecution in the first trial of the Cronin case and in many other suits of much importance. As an orator Mr. Mills enjoyed wide fame. He was interested in many philanthropic enterprises and was president of the Boys' club and other institutions for the welfare of the young.

## GOOD LUCK TO SPARROWS.

Shoe Thrown at Departing Bride Now Home for Bird Family.  
Suspended from the branches of a tree in McDonough street, near Reid avenue, Brooklyn, the New York Herald says, is an old shoe which long ago shed its term of usefulness to humanity, but which now affords a comfortable home for Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and their little brood of baby sparrows, which are just about old enough to fly.  
For three years the old shoe, carelessly thrown into the tree after serving as a good-luck emblem at a wedding, has been swinging in the branches, defying wind and weather. There have been storms in the neighborhood that have uprooted trees and broken off their branches, but the tree in which the old shoe has found a lodgment has withstood all weather sieges.  
Not long ago two sparrows came into the neighborhood and started house-keeping in the old shoe, which affords them a shelter and is sufficiently large for the simple tastes of aerial flat dwellers.  
Whether or not the great nation of birds is ruled by an ornithological Roosevelt is not known, but certain it is that Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow are not believers in race suicide, and since taking up their abode in the old shoe they have raised a large brood.  
The Sparrow family has many of the comforts and conveniences of life. The opening in the shoe serves all the purposes of a vestibule. The tip not only makes a fine piazza for the whole Sparrow family in fair weather, but makes a fine swing for the Sparrow children when the wind is gently blowing. Judging from the chirping, the baby birds enjoy their fun just as much as human children might enjoy an old orchard swing.  
Residents of the neighborhood, even the children, appreciate the situation and every day one of the families whose homes are near the tree leaves out food so that the father and mother bird need not send any of their brood to bed hungry.  
**Why They Wanted George.**  
The young wife answered the phone. "That's another call for George," she said to her mother. "Somebody wants him to come somewhere and play bridge. It's the third invitation he's had this evening."  
"That would seem to indicate," said the mother, "that George is very popular."  
The young wife sniffed.  
"It unquestionably indicates," she said, "that George is an easy loser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
**Domestic Note.**  
Emily (playing "house")—Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies.  
Willie (after a moment, anxiously)—Ain't it about time to whip the children?—Megendorfer Blaetter.  
**Refuted.**  
Long-Face Individual—Young man, you can't attend to your business if you don't keep straight.  
Young Man—That's all you know about it. I'm a contortionist.—Boston Transcript.