

The Lady from the Sea

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)
"I know," she said, "what you and my father are trying to do without a shadow of justification. You are going to hang Captain Smith as a spy. If you think to win my favor by such an action, you are sadly mistaken."

"What is he to you?" asked Haywood jealously.
"He is my affianced husband, or was until—"

"I heard him myself renounce all pretensions to your hand."
"That is because he thinks I betrayed him. One word from you would have told him the truth. You kept silent. Was that the act of a gentleman?"

"I match my act against yours any time."
"Noble retort!" she replied scornfully, drawing herself up.

"Noble or not," said Haywood, "I don't care to bandy words with a—traitress."
"If I were a man," said the girl hotly, "you would never have dared to say that."

"If you were a man," said Haywood with equal heat, "you would have been dead by this time."

Miss Ellen turned from him without another word and walked up to the house. She could not trust herself to speak further with him or anyone.

CHAPTER XIII.

The girl had many things to do, but in spite of all her resolution she was utterly unable to accomplish them then. Her old black mammy was in time to catch her young mistress in her stout arms as Miss Ellen staggered across the threshold, and it was upon that broad old bosom, upon which she had reposed as a child, that she finally sank to sleep after the terrible events of the night.

Her father remained on the ship the next day. He refused to see her. He sent word that, failing the guns which he was to receive from the Greyhound, he had bought two old field pieces from the Confederate government which would be delivered in a few days, and that so soon as he could get the Ellen armed she would set sail on a cruise. That would probably be during the next week. He said that the Greyhound would go to Charleston with the Ellen in search of a cargo and that his daughter should be left in Charleston with a distant relative of her mother. This relative would be instructed to look after her, a certain sum would be paid yearly for her maintenance, and that being done he washed his hands further of her.

A hard man and a stern was Major Jones. He was so full of rage at the loss of the Greyhound's cargo and the peril to which the Ellen had been subjected, due, as he persisted in believing, to his daughter's love for the young Federal officer, whom he detested more than ever, that he was absolutely blind to the bitter injustice of his course. He had sent word to the military commander of the district of the attempt to cut out the prisoner, and had described the status of the Federal officer whom he held prisoner.

Ellen learned by inquiry that a court had been convened to try Captain Smith that afternoon. The court was composed of her father, Haywood, one of the infantry captains, and two other officers from the privateer. There was no doubt that they would find him guilty, and in that case he would be hanged. There was no way for her to see the prisoner. He was kept in the strong room with which plantation houses in that section were always provided. The windows of the room were barred and the room itself was carefully guarded by a soldier. The guards were changed every two hours. Ellen raked her brains for an opportunity to get to the prisoner. She could think of no way at first.

Later in the afternoon she noticed that the sentry who approached to relieve the one whose tour of duty was just ended was one of her father's tenants, a man who had always professed deep attachment to her. Often during her childhood she had spent long periods on the plantation with her uncle. This man and she were especially friendly. She thought she might accomplish her end through him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, as it turned out, just as she had conceived a practicable plan to approach the sentry a squad of soldiers entered, and Smith was summoned before the court, which was to hold its session on the Ellen.

The sentry on duty before the strong room was left where he had been stationed. All that Ellen now wished was to get access to the room. She turned from the gallery whence she had seen the little group depart with her lover, passed through her rooms, after some rapid preparation, went out into the hall, descended the stairs, and ran down the long corridor, at the end of which was the door of the strong room.

"Jim," she said to the man.
"Lordy, Miss Ellen!" exclaimed the man, who had heard nothing of her arrival, "yo' look like a ghost! What's the matter with yo'?"

"Jim," she began, "that officer in there—"
"Yes, Miss Ellen."
"Well, he—I—we are—"
"I understand, Miss Ellen."
"They're trying him as a spy."
"Yes, I reckon they air," assented Jim gravely.

"He is no spy."
"They're sartin to find him guilty, howsoever," answered the man seriously.
"It may be," answered the girl, "for they are not just men."
"Your paw is on that air note a-tryin' him, Miss Ellen."
"I have no father, Jim. My father thinks I am a traitor and that I have betrayed him to this officer. I swear on my honor—"

"I believe yo', Miss Ellen. I've knowed yo' sence you was a child. I reckon you wouldn't tell no lie. If there's anything I kin do to help yo', count on me."

"There's nothing you can do," said the girl quickly. She did not hesitate to deceive the man in view of her lover's will. She would shrink from nothing to save him. "I wouldn't have you false on your duty as a soldier by asking you to set him out. I only ask you to let me in. I want to see him a little while, and then I will come out."

"Oh, Miss Ellen, I couldn't do that! I'd have to oblige yo'—"
"Well, let me in the room now while he ain't here. I want to write to him. I'll go back and get a paper."

"There's paper in yere," said the man; "the prisoner axed for some an' he got some this mornin', so I was told. He's been doin' a powerful lot of writin' this mornin'." The soldier unlocked the door and looked in. "I didn't git no orders out to let nobody go in here. They told me to watch an' see that the man didn't git out. I'll let yo' in, but yo'll hev to be out afore he gets back."

"All right," said Ellen gratefully, stepping within the room.

There was nothing in the room but a cot, a table and a chair. On the table were writing materials.

"I'll shut the door and lock it," said Jim, "an' when I see 'em comin' I'll call for yo'." There was a window in the corridor and he could see the wharf from t.

"Miss Ellen, I wouldn't do this for anyone but yo'," he continued; "praps I oughtn't to do it fer yo'."

"I'll never forget you," said the girl. When the door was closed she stepped to the table. There were three sealed letters upon it. One was directed to Commodore Paulding, another to a lawyer in New York, who had charge of Smith's small earnings, and the third envelope bore her own name. She instantly tore it open. She read:

"Ellen, I am to be tried before a packed court, determined on my death, this afternoon. They will hang me, I am certain. I don't suppose, when you betrayed me, that you anticipated this. I have no reproaches for you. I suppose I wasn't worth keeping faith with; you have done more, you have destroyed my faith in woman. I don't care what they do to me now. I hate myself for it, yet if it is any satisfaction to you to know, I love you in spite of everything. I love you and shall love you until I am dead. Don't reproach yourself. I forgive you."

That was all. Smith was not a man to indulge in heroics, but it was enough. The girl kissed the paper and thrust it into her bosom.

"They shall not kill him!" she murmured. "If my plan doesn't serve, I'll ride to General Bell, the commander of the district, and tell him the truth. He shall stop it. It would be murder."

She realized that she had no time to lose. Proceedings of courts like that upon Smith were always short and summary. Seizing a pen, she wrote:

"I am not guilty of the charge you place against me. I did not betray you. Captain Haywood met me in the village, and my refusal to explain my presence there excited his attention. He saw the Greyhound and noticed how light she was in the water. He left me and galloped to the Ellen to save her. I got a horse and did my best to follow. When the horse gave out I ran on foot, but arrived too late. They shall not hang you! Think of me when you lie down. You will need all your strength. Go to sleep early. If the worst comes, I shall appeal personally to the general commanding the district. Believe that I love you. My father thinks I have betrayed him. He has disowned me. I am yours more than ever and will go to you when you claim me."

Miss Ellen had prepared for her visit. After finishing her letter she ran to the window and examined it. The bars were set in mortar, but the mortar was old. A man, especially one weakened by a wound like that of Smith, could scarcely drag them from their fastenings, but with the aid of an implement it would be an easy matter. She had brought that implement with her. Under her clothing, tied around her waist, she had secured a short iron bar which she had stolen from the gun room, which, together with a loaded revolver, she slipped beneath the blanket that covered his cot. She might have been more explicit in her directions, but she trusted that his mother wit would tell him what to do, and if the letter fell into some other hands than his, he still might find the weapons. As soon as he lay down on the cot he would know. She kissed the pillow on which his head had rested, and then, with a long look around the room, she tapped on the door.

"I was gittin' moughty anxious like, Miss Ellen," said Jim, opening the door. "Here is a letter," said Ellen. "I want you to read it so that you may know there is nothing wrong about it."

"Oh, Miss, I don't want to read yo' letter!"
"But you must," said the girl, rapidly reading the brief sentences to him.
"There," she said, "I'll trust you still further. Instead of leaving it on the table, I want you to give it to him. Don't forget it. If they have condemned him to death, a letter like this will help him."

"Pears like a letter like that'n would make most men willin' to die," said Jim. "Jim, I'll never forget you!" said Ellen gratefully, watching the soldier slip the letter in his tunic.

"I wish I could do more, Miss, than just givin' a letter."
Ellen was about to say "That's enough," but checked herself in time.

"That's a great deal," she said, "and I appreciate it."
She took his hard, rough hand in both her own, and before he knew what she was about raised it to her lips.
"Good-by!" she murmured, and was gone.

"Well," said Jim, looking at his rough, grimy, soiled hand, "to think that Miss Ellen's lips touched that old paw of mine!" He lifted the hairy member, and just

where her lips had pressed it he kissed it himself.

In a short time the prisoner was brought forth. The court martial, in spite of his impassioned defenses, had declared him guilty by a vote of four to one. It had appointed daybreak on the following morning for his execution. He had made a formal and indignant protest against the injustice of the sentence and had repeated his request for counsel, for a delay in the execution until he could communicate with Commodore Paulding, or at least until he could plead his case before the district commander. When those pleas had been denied him he had refused to say another word. This was the end of all his dreams and hopes, but he was determined that no one should see him blanch or quiver.

He walked across the wharf and up the hill with as erect a bearing and as steady a step as if he were pacing the weather side of a quarter deck. Through the latticed window Ellen watched him with love and pride. She would have discovered herself to him, but she thought it best not to do so, as it might attract attention to her and so interfere with her plan.

So soon as the escort had delivered him to the sentry he was again locked in the strong room. When the soldiers had departed old Jim unlocked the door and entered the room. The prisoner was off his guard, thinking himself private. He stood leaning against the casing looking out of the window. He could see a stretch of the blue water of the inlet. There lay the Ellen where he had failed. Beyond her, swinging at her anchor, was the Greyhound, upon which he had set forth with such hopes of success, where he had been so happy. Well, it was all over now. They would hang him in the morning. He had protested against it because it was his duty and because he would fain have lived to serve his country. But his heart was dead within his breast. Ellen had killed hope, trust, everything!

"Stranger," whispered Jim softly, "I hev somethin' fer yo'."
"For me?" asked Smith.
"A letter," said the soldier, fumbling at the breast of his coat, "writ by the young missy."

"Give it to me," cried the prisoner. He tore it open feverishly. He glanced at the contents, and a look of joy came over his countenance.

"Thank God, thank God!" he murmured, "that she was true!"
"If you'd a knowed her as long as I hev," said Jim severely, "you'd a knowed there wasn't a better woman under heaven than little missy."

"I believe you. I wronged her. Could you bring her here for a minute?"
"It would be as much as my life's worth," said Jim, shaking his head sadly. "I done more than I'd ought to, anyway, but I was sorry for the girl. I let her in—"

"Was she in here?" interrupted Smith.
"Yes, while yo' was bein' tried. She set in that cheer an' writ the letter at the table."

"My friend," said Smith, "I have no money. I wouldn't insult you by offering you any if I had, but I wish to give you my watch. I want you to take it from me as a mark of my gratitude. No, don't refuse. Time is of no value to me now. I die in the morning. Keep it, and thank you again and again."

"Thankee, sir," said the old man, taking the watch, a handsome piece of jewelry. "I don't need—"
"But I want you to have this. I don't know where it could be more worthily bestowed. You did it for her. Good-by."

He deftly ushered the soldier to the door. He wanted to be alone. The reference to the cot was plain to him. The girl he loved was not false. She had been in that room. The keys to freedom lay there. He went to the table where she had leaned her arm and kissed the place where she had written the letter. Then and not until then did he go to the cot. A loaded revolver! He was armed for defense. An iron bar! He could wrench off the bars of the window! Here was a way to freedom!

(To be continued.)

A Queer Cough Mixture.

Mrs. Delaney, so well known as an eighteenth century personage, had a strange prescription for a cough mixture. Writing to a friend in January, 1758, she says: "Does Mary cough in the night? Two or three snalls boiled in her barley water or tea water or whatever she drinks might be of great service to her. Taken in time they have done wonderful cures. She must know nothing of it. They give no manner of taste. It would be best nobody should know of it but yourself, and I should imagine six or eight boiled in a quart of water and strained off and put in a bottle would be a good way, adding a spoonful or two of that to every liquid she takes. They must be fresh done every two or three days, otherwise they grow too thick." A strange remedy, and one wonders whether "Mary" took it and benefited by it.

Certain Symptoms.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Pete?" queried the tourist as he stepped in front of the toilet cabin.
"Deed, boss, Ah specs Ah'm sufferin' wid bacteria," sighed the old man with the two yellow canes.

"Bacteria? What gave you that idea?"
"Why, ebah sence de doctor told me about bacteria Ah've had a misery in mah back ebah sence, sah."

Viewed with Suspicion.

"Even when a man can earn three or four thousand dollars a year writing poetry—"
"Say the rest of it."

"His wife's people think he ought to get some kind of work."—Washington Herald.

Boys.

Uncle (inculcating altruism)—And if you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result?
Master Horace—They'll think they can lick me!—London Opinion.

The famous Lachine rapids of the St. Lawrence are to be spanned by a bridge and the channel widened.

Old Favorites

How Betsy and I Made Up.
Give me your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day?
You drew up that agreement—I s'pose you want your pay;
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin', I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was all to do;
And, if my hosses hadn't been the steady team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-train' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And sence where we mis'd the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turn'd that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwix us, where Betsy was good and kind;
And these things they flash'd all through me, as you know things sometimes will.

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still,
"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plough I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two."

And so I set my teeth together, and vow'd I'd see it through.
When I came in sight of the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light;
Which offen a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I cram'd the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsy she pretended to look about the house,
But she watch'd my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I draw'd the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she know'd 'twas 'twas about,
And then I humm'd a little tune, but now and then a note.

Was busted by some animal that hopp'd up in my throat.
Then Betsy she got her specs from off the mantel shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was "lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kiss'd me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuff'd it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash,
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said in regard to Heaven, we'd try startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And open'd our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimm'd and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But, when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsy rose politely, and show'd her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,

But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks;
I'm richer than a National bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.
—Will Carleton.

STRENGTH OF SILK.

How the Yarn is Weakened by the Modern Method of Treatment.
Silk science is changing. If the silk dresses of fifty years ago are compared with many of the silk articles manufactured at the present day it requires no elaborate tests to show the superiority in strength of the older materials.

This usually is due to the fact that silk yarns now are frequently treated with metallic salts, such as tin chloride, which are readily absorbed, forming insoluble compounds and thus increasing the weight of the fiber. So prevalent did this practice become some years ago that even the manufacturers recognized the necessity of putting some limit to it.

Apart from the fact that one is buying a compound of silk with a metal instead of pure silk this treatment frequently causes the fibers to become tender, especially after exposure to direct sunlight.

From Herr Strehlenert's experiments it was found that taking the strength of genuine silk as 50 to 53 the strength of a sample of loaded French silk containing 140 per cent of added material was only 7.9. Not only does the weighting process reduce the tenacity of the fiber and often destroy the dye stuff but also is a frequent cause of the appearance of mysterious spots.

Often bright red spots appear on a fabric after exposure to the sunlight. It has been found that even a diluted solution of common salt acts upon loaded silk in the presence of air and moisture and produces stains and complete disintegration of fiber within twelve months. The action of stronger solutions of salt is still more rapid, and the "tendency" of the fiber is marked after treatment for seven days with a 2 per cent solution.

The presence of salt in stained and weakened silk may be accounted for readily by the fact that salt is a constituent of human perspiration and thus may have been introduced during the handling of the yarns by the workmen.

Special precautions are now taken to eliminate this source of injury, and the disintegrating action of the tin salts upon the fibers also is reduced by a subsequent chemical treatment of the yarn. So the weighted silks of to-day are stronger than their predecessors of a few years back.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CHEROKEE ROSE.

Romantic Indian Legend of This Beautiful Flower.
There is a beautiful romance connected with the Cherokee rose. A young Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but fell so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for his restoration to health before committing him to the fire.

As he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of the Cherokee warrior the daughter of the latter, a young, dark faced maid, was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape. But he would not do so unless she would flee with him.

She consented. Before they had gone far, impelled by regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So, retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent and, preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminoles. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known throughout the southern states by the name of the Cherokee rose.—Philadelphia North American.

A London Term.
"Where will I find the bloozes?" asked the woman who had just returned from London.
"De bloozes!" exclaimed the elevator man, starting pop-eyed and vague.
"De bloozes—w'y, dey mus' be on de—"
"scuse me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—bloozes—lawngery walists, y' know."

The Most Dangerous Capital.
London, which used to boast of being the quietest and safest capital of the world, has become noisier than Paris and more dangerous than New York. Nearly 300 persons are now killed annually by street accidents, and how many more just escape with their lives cannot be computed.—Outlook.

A Real Strain.
A land agent in the great Northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, says a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox:
"The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper to express it!"

Don't feel sorry for a man because he is cheap. He doesn't know he is cheap; he thinks he is superior.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.
The profane man is everywhere the devil goes.

No tears are ever shed for the chick that dies in the shell.
The man who is willing to be carried might as well have no legs.
If every man lived in the right way, no boy would live in the wrong way.

The devil can't pick the lock that guards the treasures of the righteous.
The man who is waiting to do a big lot of good all at once will never do any.

The sinner on the stevens is just as much a sinner as the sinner in the slum.

Some people spend so much time in counting the mileposts they miss all the scenery.
When the snail makes a mile it is a mile just the same as when made by the automobile.

There is blessing in being rich, and strong and gifted, but there is more in being none of these and yet doing better than they.

The man who pays his debts and lets loose alone is helping to bring the world to the place where the lion and the lamb will lie down together.

The man who looks to the Lord for his daily bread will not be found sawing off the end of his yardstick to make it easier for the dollars to find his pocket.

PROVISION MARKET IN AFRICA.

Travelers in Africa find the standard of living somewhat different from what they are accustomed to at home. One of the latest to report upon this matter is Mary Hall in her book, "A Woman's Trek from the Cape to Cairo." The following paragraphs reflect a strong light upon the condition of market and kitchen in British Central Africa:

When the native butcher proposes to kill an ox, notice to that effect is sent round to the white people on the previous day. Once they were apprised of the fact by the following startling announcement: "A bulle will be murdered tomorrow morning at 6 a. m."

This cold-blooded crime, so carefully premeditated—even to the exact hour—was, however, not committed, as the following morning a second notice was issued, as follows: "The bulle ran away this morning, so was not murdered." But this was an exceptional case.

I heard one story which is so characteristic of the native that I repeat it. The man who related it told me that the incident occurred when he was on a journey, and was suffering from a bad attack of fever. One evening he fancied he would like some eggs, and told his boy to get two and boil them lightly.

After a time they were brought to him as hard as bullets. He told the boy he must get some more and boil them less; but alas! these were brought to him in the same condition, and the poor fellow wished he had never ordered them at all.

Being unwilling to give in, he made another attempt, and told his boy, "Come to me when the water boils." The boy did so.

"Now," said his master, "put the eggs in, and when you have counted fifty, take them out."
The native method of reckoning is to count up to ten, and then begin again, arriving at the total by the number of tens counted. The sick man heard the boy start fair and get as far as four tens, when a second boy interfered, and questioned whether it were the third or fourth ten.

This started a discussion; and as they could not agree, it was decided to begin all over again. Meanwhile the eggs were still boiling, and getting harder and harder. This was about the last straw, and ill as the man felt, he was compelled to get out of bed and put a summary end to the cooking operations.

A Curious Vane.
One of the most curious vanes to be seen on any church in Great Britain is at Great Gonerby, a parish adjoining Grantham.

It is in the form of a fiddle and a bow and is unusually large. Its history is curious. Many years ago a peasant resided in Great Gonerby who eked out a modest livelihood by performing on an old violin which was almost a part of his life. At last he decided to emigrate, and out in the far west prospered and became a rich man.

One day he sent to the clergyman at Great Gonerby a sum sufficient to build a church, and attached to the gift the curious condition that a metal replica of his old fiddle and bow should be on the summit of the edifice. The gift was accepted and the vane may be seen on the church.

A Case of Urgent Need.
It was in the hotel of a Western mining town that the New England guest, registering in the office, heard a succession of loud yells. "What in the world is that—a murder going on upstairs?" he demanded.

"No," said the clerk, as he slammed the book and lounged toward the stairs. "It's the spring bed up in Number Five. That tenderfoot up there don't get the hang of it, and every few days he gets one of the spiral springs screwed into him like a shirt stud. I guess I'll have to go up, if there ain't anything more I can do for you for a few minutes."