

The Lady from the Sea

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"I suppose it is useless for me to deny that I had such a paper, but I refuse to give it up. It is concealed in this ship. If you find it, you can have it. You shall have no assistance from me in your search."

"I know exactly where it is," said Smith slowly.

"Impossible! You cannot!" cried Miss Ellen.

"It is on your person."

"What?"

"There," he pointed his finger straight at her. "When I was talking about the papers to Captain Evers I saw you make an involuntary movement towards the waist of your dress."

"I wish I had been paralyzed before!"

"It is still there, then?"

"Oh, why did I not destroy it?"

"You see, I was right. Please give me the paper."

"I will never give it up! Never!"

"Miss Ellen, speaking seriously—"

"Haven't you been speaking seriously before? Do you call the brutal insults to which I have been subjected, the attempt to drag me out of the cabin—"

"Miss Ellen," he protested, "not one of those men would have laid a hand on you. I was just about to recall them when you came forth."

"Oh," groaned the girl in agony, for that there was truth in his quiet assertion she instinctively recognized, "why didn't I wait?"

"Why, indeed? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head!"

"What a cruel, ruthless jest you have played upon me!"

"No jest, I assure you. I had to get you out. That was the only way."

"Now that I am out, your power ceases."

"Listen to me, Miss Ellen."

"Miss Jones, if you please."

"Nonsense! I'll call you 'Ellen, darling,' in another minute if you make further objection. My professional future depends upon my getting that paper. Without it I can do nothing. With it I can capture or destroy that privateer. As you know, I am utterly without influence. I have no powerful friends. I must depend entirely upon myself. With that paper success is certain. Unless, in this enterprise at the beginning of the war, I embrace the opportunity presented, I shall be a failure. Above all other men I have cause to love the United States government. I was a street waif. What I might have been had I not been trained and an opportunity given me I sometimes shudder to think upon. I have an opportunity here to do my country a conspicuous, notable service; to repay in some measure what she has done for me. I love you with my whole heart and soul, but I must have that paper! And there is something more. I said that in capturing the ship that would not be all. I hoped to capture—to win—you also."

"Never, never!"

"I shall! I am an unknown sea lieutenant now among many thousands, as insignificant as my name. I shall make myself something with this opportunity. In spite of your anger, I know—they say a woman always knows when a man loves her. Why shouldn't a man know when a woman loves him?—I feel that you do love me. When you have time to think calmly over the situation you will see that I am justified in my demand, and you will love me the more for not giving up to you now."

"What do you mean to do?"

She had grown pale by this time and her voice was quite low and trembling.

"Don't ask me what I mean to do. Please do not put it that way. Give me the paper."

"I will not! Oh, that I were a man!"

"Miss Ellen, you must!"

"I swear I will not!" whispered the girl desperately.

"Then," said the young officer reluctantly, and he had now become almost as pale as the girl herself, "I shall have to take it."

"What?" she said. "You wouldn't dare!"

"To serve my country, to destroy that ship, and to win you, I would—"

He stopped.

"You are a gentleman," she urged pitifully.

"Miss Ellen, please give me that paper," he pleaded.

"No!"

She shrank away from him with her hands clasped upon her breast. Back she went till the bulkhead checked her retreat, and he followed her. He stepped nearer her, hesitated, then stopped.

"There is no other way," he whispered at last. "I must have it."

Perseverance stood upon his forehead. He moistened his lips, moved closer to her, and stretched out his hand.

"Don't!" she said imploringly, terrified, outraged, but resolute.

"If there were any women on the ship besides your servant, I would have them search you. As it is, it is better that I rather than another—"

He was very close now. Ellen looked wildly about her for a way of escape in vain.

"The paper!" said Smith sternly. "I must have that paper!"

His hand touched her. He was in earnest then.

"Wait!" she cried, at last giving way before his desperate determination.

She hastily tore open two or three buttons of her waist with trembling fingers, thrust her hand inside and drew forth the piece of paper, which she crumpled in her clenched fist. She made a quick motion as if to strike him with her hand or throw the paper in his face, but he caught her wrist in his iron grasp and drew out the paper. It was the half chart that he required. She stood before him abashed, shamed, yet almost beautiful in her

indignation. He looked at her with a great sorrow, a great pity, in his glance. He would have taken her in his arms to comfort her, but he did not dare. She dropped to her seat, her head fell forward upon her arms on the table. She burst into a perfect passion of tears. He had survived her indignation, he had overcome her obstinacy, he had only been amused at her wrath. Her tears unmanned him.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, kneeling by her side and touching her bowed head tenderly. "Forgive me, I had to do it. Everything depended upon it. Don't think so harshly of me."

"Won't you leave me alone now?" she sobbed brokenly, not lifting her head, but resisting him as best she could. "You have had your way."

"Say that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to say."

"At least, you will not hate me. Can't you see that I had to do it?"

"I have nothing to say, only if you have any feeling for me now, if you ever had any, you will leave me alone."

He rose and turned away in obedience to her insistence. It was all he could do. Outside the door Chloe was crouching.

"Go to your mistress," he said. "She is in trouble, poor child!"

"What he do ter yo', Missy Ellen?" asked the faithful maid, seeing her mistress' desolation. "I gwine kill dat man ef he mistreat yo'. What he do?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Ellen. "I hate him!"

But she said this very brokenly and with quite a different emphasis from that she had put upon the same words a little while before.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Smith suspected, the two pieces of the chart put him in possession of sufficient information to enable him to find his way without difficulty up Jones' Inlet—for so the little estuary was named—to the wharf alongside which the Ellen lay. The position of the privateer was plainly marked. The inlet was a very crooked one, and a vessel coming in from the sound would not be discovered until she rounded a bend perhaps a quarter of a mile from the wharf at which the privateer lay.

The chart had been prepared by Major Jones himself, apparently, for it was very carefully and accurately made. It appeared that the country about the inlet was heavily wooded. Unless lookouts had been established along the shore the passage of the approaching steamer up the estuary could not be detected until she rounded the bend.

After studying the chart, Smith easily determined on his course of action. He would delay matters so as to arrive at the last turning just at sunset. This would give him time to swing alongside the Ellen and carry her by boarding in the dark. The ensuing night would favor his chance of escape. There was no indication of a fortification where the Ellen lay, or, in fact, anywhere along the inlet, which was of no great value to the Confederates, since there was no city on it, only a little fishing village of poor whites and a few free negroes at the mouth. Once Smith got the two ships away from the wharf and headed down the inlet he fancied there would be no difficulty in getting them into the sound. The only danger then would be from Confederate gunboats patrolling the sound. He would have to deal with them as best he could.

It would have been easy for him to have armed the Greyhound before he started with the guns which she had carried for the Ellen, but that would alter her peaceful appearance and might be fatal to his success. It was necessary for him to carry everything by surprise. He had fifty of the best seamen in the United States navy under him, two competent midshipmen, to say nothing of old Bob Gantlin, who, although he had been so ignominiously routed in the cabin, was almost as good as another fifty himself.

It was evening when the Greyhound ran through Ocracoke Inlet and anchored under the lee of one of the adjacent islands. If he could get an early start the next morning, he calculated that he could cross the sound and reach Jones' Inlet just about the time he had planned.

When he had finally returned to his cabin after his dramatic interview with the woman he loved, she had retired to her stateroom. He had not ventured to disturb her during the day. For all his confident assurance in her affection, he was in a grave state of indecision as to what course to pursue with regard to her. Certainly it was absolutely necessary for him to have that chart. Whether he would have gone to the length of taking it from her or not was a question which he could not decide. There was no need to decide it, anyway, he thought. She had spared him the final indignity of a search by yielding at the last moment. He had counted upon her doing so, as he had counted upon compelling her to enter the cabin at his summons through fear of the boatswain's mate. Later, in calmer moments, she might see that he had dealt with her gently, after all, and that he had done nothing to forfeit her esteem or affection—if by chance he had won it, as he hoped and believed.

Having made everything snug for the night, which was moonless and dark, and there being little fear of a disturbance, although a most careful watch was kept and everything was ready for instant flight should a Confederate cruiser or gunboat come alongside them to investigate, Captain Smith again ventured to send for Miss Ellen. He had no idea as to whether she would comply with his polite invitation or not. The probabilities, he thought, were against it. He was greatly surprised, therefore, when he saw her coming up the companionway to the deck, where he had awaited her. They were alone aft. Mr. Brown, who had

the watch, had considerably gone forward, thus leaving the quarter deck to the captain. Miss Ellen's first words were not promising.

"You sent for me," she said coldly. "I am here."

"Pardon me, Miss Ellen, I only suggested that it would be pleasant for you, after the heat of the day, to come on deck for a turn or two before retiring. There is a cool breeze blowing and I thought you would enjoy it after your—"

He hesitated.

"Say it, sir! After my confinement!"

"I am sure," continued Captain Smith gently, "that your confinement was no work of mine."

"That's right, Captain Smith. Mock me, now that you have me in your power. You have insulted me so many times to-day that I really have lost all faculty of judgment or resistance."

"Don't say that, Miss Ellen! You are not here by my command."

"I have told you that your wishes are my commands."

"Would that they might always be!" he answered deftly. "Miss Ellen, can't you try to see things from my point of view?"

"I have no wish to see them from any point of view other than my own," returned the girl slowly. "It might, however, be useful to you to try to see your own actions from mine."

"What is your point of view, pray?" asked Mr. Smith with persuasive humility.

"That of a lonely, unprotected girl. A prisoner in the hands of my enemies."

"I am not your enemy."

"Do not interrupt me, please. A woman whose situation ought to appeal to every man, much more to a man who pretends to love her—"

"I do not pretend to love you."

"I do not see how you could, but be that as it may, instead of respecting me you have grossly insulted me. You ordered me to come into your cabin as if you had been an autocrat—"

"No, only a captain."

"And when I refused—for why should I obey your orders?—you would have had me dragged into your presence by your Yankee hirelings!"

"I told you that that was only to—er—influence you."

"You meant to frighten me into obedience like a child, I suppose."

"Why should I wish you to be frightened?"

"I don't know why, but—"

"Indeed, Miss Ellen—"

"It is the truth, anyway. You did frighten me into complying. I yielded to force. After I came into your cabin you offered me a personal indignity—"

Her face flamed with color. Although he could not see it in the dark, he could guess it from the way she turned her head and the heaving of her bosom.

"You were actually going to search me! An unprotected, helpless woman! It was an outrage! I shall never forgive you, never!"

The recollection of the scene was so poignant that in spite of herself she raised her hand to her eyes and shut her lips tightly, endeavoring to keep back the tears.

"Would you rather I had detailed someone else to take that paper from you?"

She shook her head, unable to speak.

"Miss Ellen," went on the young man gravely, "I have explained it all to you. I had to have that paper! There was no other way about it. I knew that you had it."

"Would you have taken it from me if I had not given it up?"

"Don't ask me that question," he answered, trying to spare her. "I hoped to persuade you into giving it up."

She would not be put off, however. Impulsively—as has been seen, she was very quick and impulsive in her disposition and temperament—she turned towards him.

"Tom," she said quickly, forgetting for the moment the estrangement and revert to the habit of the past, "I used to believe that you were a gentleman, that you would not lie. Tell me. Would you have taken that paper from me?"

"Yes," said the man hoarsely, "I would."

"It's all up with me now," he thought. "This will be the end of me."

(To be continued.)

The Pedestrian in 1910.

Chug-chug! Br-r-r! Br-r-r! Honk-honk! Gilling-gilling!

The pedestrian paused by the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motorcycle from another; an auto-taxi was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zling-gling!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Stubb—So you were getting anxious about my return, eh?

Mrs. Stubb—Yes; I thought possibly you were stolen.

Mr. Stubb—And I suppose, with your usual apology for wit, you would say it was petty larceny, eh?

Mrs. Stubb—No, indeed. I would say it was grand.

Properly Named.

Miss Inland—You certainly have a charming country place here, and of course you have given it some pretty name?

Mr. Bondholder—Oh, yes! Mrs. Bondholder calls it "Idiomment-by-the-Sea," but I call it by its right name, "Moneysunk."

God Wishes.

"Jack says I am the first woman he ever loved," said the fair maid with the new solitaire.

"The best luck I can wish you," rejoined the young widow, "is that you may also be the last."



Criminal lawyers agree that the greatest difficulty with a woman witness is that she is willing to tell more than her lawyer wants her to, says a writer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Get a woman off of the witness stand as soon as you can. There seems to be something in the make-up of a woman that makes her want to tell more than her lawyer wants her to."

"He must have had a warm answer some time," said a lawyer, commenting on it. "A woman is naturally so quick-witted that no lawyer, no matter how shrewd and alert, can be sure of the nature of the reply she will give in answer to any particular question."

I recall when Abe Hummel was discomfited when attempting to impeach the veracity of a woman witness, and he asked her: "Now, isn't it true that some one has tried to get you to distort your story of the facts so that they will appear to be favorable to the defendant?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Ah," replied Hummel, "I thought so! And who was it?"

"You," said the woman. Hummel lost that case.

"On another occasion an important point in a case turned on whether the two parties involved had been three or four feet apart at the time of the occurrence in question. The woman insisted that it was exactly four feet, and Hummel asked:

"Now, how do you know that it was just four feet?"

"Because I knew some fool lawyer was going to ask me that question," said the woman triumphantly.

"At one time I had a loquacious colored woman under fire, and I asked: 'And what was his reputation for veracity?'

"Well, sah, his reputashun for v'rassity—well, some say yes and some say no."

years. I've no patience with you. I'll tell you what it is. You want firmness of mind. Fix a day for your dying—and stick to it."

For some reason, the woman seemed to be amused, and laughed as she left the witness chair, whereupon the judge fined her for contempt of court.

"Judge, did you see me laugh?" asked the woman.

"No; but I heard you."

"That is not satisfactory." The judge remitted the fine.

Church—What are the favorite grounds for divorce?

Gotham—I believe they are somewhere in South Dakota.—Exchange.

"What is a press censor, pop?"

"Why, a press censor, my son, is a man who knows more than he thinks other people should know."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Do you find any trouble writing stories, Dawdley?"

"None whatever. But I'd pay a man well that could sell them for me."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mrs. Muggins—I don't like the expression of her mouth.

Mrs. Buggins—And I don't like the expressions of her tongue.—Philadelphia Record.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man gives himself credit for being resigned to fate when he has simply settled down to being good as 'lazy.'"—Washington Star.

Keep us dodging: "Let us at least give trolley cars and automobiles the credit for making us a very active race," remarked the thoughtful theorist.—Chicago Post.

Lady—I think you are the worst looking tramp I have ever seen.

Tramp—Ma'am, it's only in the presence of such uncommon beauty that I look so bad!—Scraps.

Teacher—If a vehicle with three wheels is a bicycle, and one with two wheels a tricycle, what is one with only one wheel?

Pupil—A wheelbarrow.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, can you tell me whose day this is?

Tommy—Yes'm; it's Bridget's. Della had last Sunday out!—Philadelphia Press.

Lady Maud—Do you think it's unlucky to be married on Friday, Sir John?

Sir John (confirmed bachelor)—Certainly. But why make Friday an exception?—Punch.

Barber—Hair getting thin, sir. Ever tried our hair preparation, sir? Customer—No, I can't blame it on that.

"Your husband met an accidental death, did he not?" remarked the new boarder. "Yes," replied the landlady; "poor John tried to cross the street one day and was autocuted."—Chicago Daily News.

A Vegetarian.

First Deacon—Our new pastor must be a vegetarian.

Second Deacon—Why do you think so?

First Deacon—There doesn't seem to be any meat in his sermons.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Fair Grifter.

She had quite a passion for whist. And few were the tricks that she missed. If you chanced to get heated. And claimed that she cheated. She smiled so you couldn't insist. —Judge.

The cook's Kettle and temper are apt to boil over simultaneously.

RULERS EXCHANGED ART GIFTS.

French Vases in Silver and a Swedish Goblet of Gold.

The gift of the president of the French republic to the queen of Sweden was a pair of silver vases of pure Louis XV. entasis, says a Paris letter to the American Register, London. They bore the monogram of the queen and that of the republic. Each was just twenty inches in height and was filled, respectively, with carnations and Parma violets, the queen's favorite flowers. To the king President Fallieres presented a portrait of his majesty's ancestor, Charles XIV. of Sweden, the famous Marshal Bernadotte, founder of the reigning house of Sweden. The portrait is on enamel and is incased in a frame of velvet and gold. The vase presented to the king by the city of Paris was one of the exhibit at Shepherd's Bush. It is of silver gilt and nearly four feet in height and is decorated with French flowers.

King Gustav's gift to President Fallieres was an exquisite goblet, covered, about eighteen inches in height, in gold, relieved with colored enamels. The Swedish pine is freely introduced into the design. Below the pine work gnomes encircle the goblet, symbolical of the mineral riches of Sweden. Between the pines and the gnomes there is a ribbon bearing in Roman letters: "Presented to M. Fallieres, president of the French republic, by Gustav V., king of Sweden." Running round the base of the goblet are escutcheons bearing the three crowns of the Swedish arms. The goblet stands on feet composed of pine cones. In the cover, which is surmounted by the Swedish crown, the pine branches are again predominant. The goblet is said to be an exquisite work of art by Ferdinand Roberz of Stockholm, assisted by his wife, who is an artist not unknown in Paris.

The Landlady—What part of the chicken will you have, Mr. Newcomer? Mr. Newcomer—A little of the outside, please.—Puck.

"Aren't you afraid of catching cold? This room is like a barn." "That's all right. I'm working like a horse."—Harvard Lampoon.

Ethel—And did you go to Rome? Grace—I really don't know, my dear; you see, my husband always took the tickets.—Harper's Weekly.

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