

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 wish my acts 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 racked 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—"

"Ye, Miss Ellen—"

"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 cote 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' since 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 he girl quickly. She did not hesitate to deceive the man in view of her lover's peril. She would shrink from nothing to save him. "I wouldn't have you false o' 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 love to oblige yo'—"

"Well, let me in the room now while he isn't here. I want to write to him. I'll go to his room and get a paper."

"The prisoner axed for some an' he got some this mornin', so I was tole. 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 not to let nobody go in here. They tole 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 shet 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 there. "Miss Ellen, I wouldn't do this fer anyone but yo'," he continued; "p'raps 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 pack o' 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 was 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' mighty 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 hand, rough hand in both her own, and before she 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 teched 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 defense, 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 judgment 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 these 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 an erect 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, "write 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 wuth," 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 at 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 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 snails 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 stopped in front of the little cabin.

"Deed, boss, Ah spec's Ah'm sufferin' wid bacteria," sighed the old man with the two yellow canes.

"Bacteria? What gave you that idea?"

"Why, ebeh since de doctor tole me about bacteria Ah've had a misery in mah back ebeh since, 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 Y;

For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Gold! home that evenin', I tell you I was blue.

Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I side of a quarter deck.

And, if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,

They'd 've tipp'd 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-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,

And seen' 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 betwixt 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 o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,

And just as I turn'd a hill-top I see the kitchen's light;

Which often 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 cramm'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 watch'd water a mouse;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,

And intently readin' a newspaper, a hold-in' 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 what '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 kissed 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 and learn its worth

By 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 'ere 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 tole,

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—w'y, dey mus' be on de—"

"—sense me, madam, you'd better ask de floorwalker."

"Certainly, madam, second floor. James, take the lady to the second floor—bloozes—lawngery waists, 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 800 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