

The Lady from the Sea

BY
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CHAPTER XIV.

There was nothing, of course, that Smith could do towards getting away until the darkness came and until the people in the great house and the outbuildings went to sleep. He had plenty of food for reflection, divided between the testimony to her affection which Ellen's visit had afforded and his plans of action when he escaped from his prison. He stood by the window absorbed in thought, staring listlessly across the yard at the inlet beyond, thinking of her and of the future. Owing to his preoccupation, therefore, it was not for some time that he noticed an unusual commotion about the wharf at which the Ellen lay and on the hill beyond in the camp of the soldiers, who had been retained at the plantation after his attack to insure order until matters quieted down—and his execution took place, he thought bitterly. Well, if he could help it, or Miss Ellen could, that would be never.

For the first time he was aware of a third steamer off the plantation. He easily recognized his friend of the day before, the Pamlico, which was anchored between the Ellen at the wharf and the Greyhound, moored farther out. It was evident that important tidings and orders of some sort had been brought by the visitor to the force at the plantation. He learned afterwards that the Confederates, fearing an immediate descent upon Hatteras Inlet by the Federals, were assembling every available means for resistance, and the Pamlico had been sent to bring to the forts and the undermanned gunboats the troops at the wharf and, if possible, some of the Ellen's crew.

Keenly alive now to what was going on, for these departures materially affected his future plans, Smith let nothing of the movements of his enemies escape him. He saw the battalion of infantry strike its tents and go on board the steamer, using the boats of the Ellen and the Greyhound for the purpose. More than that, he observed that a large number of the crew of the Ellen did not return to the privateer, and he divined that as the Confederates believed there was nothing to fear from the Greyhound or the Union force, now that his attempt had failed, and that as the Ellen could not be made ready for sea until she could get her guns, they had volunteered temporarily for the Confederate naval force gathering for the defense of the inlet.

He reasoned naturally and clearly that the Ellen would be left with a very short crew. He knew that the survivors of her own detachment were confined aboard her, but a few well-armed, resolute men could look after them, especially as they were probably kept locked under hatches in the forehold. All this fitted in beautifully with a plan which he intended to follow as soon as he made his escape. He sat down after his supper, of which he ate every scrap, knowing that he would need all his strength, and carefully thought over the various possibilities of the situation. That he could get out of the strong room was certain. What his course would be after that was also certain. He had come to capture or destroy that privateer, and he intended to do one or the other. He was under sentence of death anyway, and he had little to risk and everything to gain in the endeavor. It was hardly possible for him to escape from the State, and although life was precious—more precious than ever since his reassurance as to Ellen's fidelity, the knowledge of her love was like new wine to him—he determined to risk it in a desperate attempt to capture or destroy the vessels. Intoxicated, elated, he was in an heroic mood. He felt he could do great things, and he resolved to do them!

Nor was the attempt to destroy the privateer—and also the Greyhound—so hopeless as might at first be imagined. If by any means he could get access to the prisoners on the Ellen he felt sure that he could overpower the depleted crew, and if he could not take her out, he could at least set her on fire and destroy her and then attend to the Greyhound. If either of the boats had steam up, he might even get away; perhaps he could anyway. He had been lucky in love and was in the mood to believe, in spite of the proverb, that he might be fortunate in war as well; with assurance of Ellen's faith in his heart his mind was in a hopeful and receptive mood.

At 10 o'clock the guard was changed. When the relieving guard entered the room to see that Smith was still there he found his prisoner in bed, covered up, and apparently sound asleep. Smith noticed with pleasure and satisfaction that this guard was one of the sailors of the Ellen—at least, he was not a soldier. Evidently they had all gone. Feeling safe from interruption for at least two hours, the young Captain crept out of bed and began to work immediately the man closed the door. In half an hour he had pried out two great bars from their worn plaster sockets. He could get through the opening by a little squeezing. There was a ten-foot drop to the ground, which was covered with grass. He scurried through the aperture and dropped to the sod with-out a sound. Drawing and cocking his revolver, he shifted it to his left hand and carrying his iron bar in his right, he walked cautiously towards the corner of the house. Suddenly a figure started up from the clump of bushes beneath the side of the long gallery. Smith raised his bar, when a frightened voice he recognized whispered:

"Mass' Cap'n, doan hit me! I's Chloe, suh."

"What do you want?" asked Smith softly, lowering the bar.

"Missy Ell'n done axed me to tole yo' dah's a boss fo' yo' in de trees by de ribbah road. Hit's her own boss. She done saddle him here's' f' so's yo's kin tak him an' git fo' freedom."

"Where is your mistress?"

"I leah her in her room 'bout two hours ago. She's 'fraid dey'll spicion her er some'n' of she's out, suh."

Smith hesitated. He would give a good deal to see Ellen. It might be managed, but his duty was paramount. He could not give himself that happiness now.

"Thank her. Tell her from me," he said quickly, "that I shall love her all my life. Good-by."

"I'll tole her."

Smith had no idea of using the horse to escape. He was not bent on escape so much as on destruction. It fitted into his plan, however. He instantly determined what to do with him. He slunk through the yard surrounding the house, meeting no one, fortunately, and not being seen in the thick darkness by any chance wiper who might be stirring, until he reached the grove which led to the road by the river's edge above the wharf. With-out difficulty he found the horse tied to a tree. As he did so there was a commotion in the house behind him. For some reason the sentry just then re-entered his room. His escape was discovered immediately. The alarm was given. He realized that they would retake him in a few moments unless he acted promptly.

He did not hesitate. He untied the horse, knotted the bridle reins around the saddle horn, headed the animal down the road, struck it a smart blow, and started it galloping off. Then he did what would seem to be a very foolish thing. He yelled like a madman and fired his pistol. The cry, the shot, the thundering of the horse's hoofs upon the hard shell road, were distinctly audible at the house and on the ship. The few men on the Ellen awakened to action. Orders were called out. Lights appeared here and there. Smith did not wait for developments, however. He ran a few feet to the edge of the river bank. He intended to take to the water and swim for it, but by good fortune he stumbled upon a small punt drawn up on the sandy shore. The oars were lying on the thwarts. He shoved it off noiselessly, clambered into it, shipped the oars, and disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XV.

Captain Haywood, seeing no prospect of getting away soon, had gone with the bulk of his command on the Pamlico in the hope of indulging his Southern penchant for a little fighting with the Yankees. In his absence Major Jones had taken up his quarters on the Ellen. The Yankee prisoners were locked up forward, and with half a dozen resolute, heavily armed seamen he felt quite equal to the task of caring for them. He had not gone to the bed which had been made up for him in the captain's room when the confusion at the house apprised him that something was wrong. In a few moments he learned that the prisoner had escaped. The sailor who brought the news, who had been the one on guard, knew nothing as to how it had been effected except that the bars across the window in the room in which the Yankee Captain had been imprisoned had been pried open and the man had gone that way.

Major Jones knew that Smith must have had assistance. He was convinced at once that his daughter had afforded the prisoner the means of escape. He was more enraged at her than before, if that were possible. He had heard the horse, of course, galloping down the road and also the shouts and the pistol shot. It was natural for him to believe that Smith had gone that way.

He acted with energy and decision. He ordered half a dozen horses saddled, mounted on them three of the Ellen's remaining men and three heavily armed negro slaves, and dispatched the party in pursuit down the road with orders to bring back the prisoner dead or alive. Then he sent for his daughter. In a few moments Ellen presented herself before her irate parent. She had not yet retired, either, and she had been greatly mystified and alarmed by the openness with which her lover's departure seemed to be attended.

"The prisoner," said Major Jones severely, "has escaped."

"I know it. I helped him," she answered boldly, realizing that her part in the transaction could not be hid and choosing to avow it herself without delay.

"Why?" asked her father, controlling his rising indignation with great difficulty.

"For two reasons."

"One will be sufficient."

"Nevertheless, sir, I shall give them both to you. First, I love him—the Major snorted with rage; "second, you had condemned him to death unjustly. I would not see an innocent man suffer a cruel punishment which he had not deserved, and—"

"If you were not my daughter," stormed Major Jones hotly, "I would report you to the commander of the district for treason!"

"You told me last night I was no longer your daughter, but, father—"

"Stop!" cried the old man furiously. "Do not address me in that way. What I said last night I reaffirm now. Do you know that you have cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars, that I am almost ruined! That this privateer—"

"Sorely you do not blame me for all these things?" protested the young woman indignantly. "I couldn't help being captured."

"I don't want to hear another word!" raged her father, who was blind with unreasoning anger, choking with uncontrollable passion. "I blame you for everything."

It was bitterly unjust, but under the circumstances it was understandable.

"But, father—" began the girl again.

"Do I have to tell you again that I do not wish to be addressed in that way by you? That I have no desire to hear more from you? That you have done enough mischief already? By Heaven, I'll see that you do no more!"

He struck the bell on the table. A man acting as master-at-arms or the Ellen's depleted crew appeared in the doorway.

"The keys!" demanded the Major. The man saluted and turned instantly to fetch them.

"What are you going to do with me," asked the girl.

"Lock you in one of these cabins, where I can keep my eye on you."

"Shame, sir!" cried Ellen, filling with anger in her turn. "You don't know what you are doing. You're beside yourself. I have done nothing dishonorable, nothing that misbecomes a woman. I have been loyal to you to the last. But I shall be no longer. You have repudiated me, you have ordered me away. I shall go. I warn you that I shall marry Captain Smith whenever and wherever he asks me."

"You'll have to be quick about it then," sneered the Major; "he went down the shell road—"

"Yes, and on my horse," the girl interrupted with flashing eyes and heaving bosom.

"So I supposed. But I have sent a squad of men after him to bring him back alive or—"

"—he had been staring at her for a second and completed his statement with a grim and unrelenting ferocity that appalled her—"alive or dead, Miss."

"I pray Heaven," said the girl passionately, uplifting her hands, "that he may escape! Surely never was a gallant gentleman so misjudged, so misused!"

"A founding!" sneered her father, "a no-name!"

"I will hear no more of the brutal word; to me he is a nobler man, a truer gentleman, than"—she stopped in her turn, drew herself up, and looked straight at the Major—"than many of those who have a better right to the name they bear."

"Away with you, you impudent baggage! How dare you insult me so!" thundered the irate Major, beating the table with his clenched fist.

Miss Ellen turned instantly; she had never been so angry in her life.

"Which cabin," she said swiftly, "do you designate as my prison?"

"Take your choice."

She seized the handle of the nearest door at random, flung it open, threw herself into the stateroom, and closed the door behind her. The master-at-arms re-entered the cabin a moment after. Her father, taking the bunch of keys from him, locked the stateroom door and threw the keys on the table before him.

"The prisoners?" he queried sharply.

"They're all asleep, I think, sir, at least they're making no noise," answered the man promptly in the face of his superior's heat.

"See that good watch is kept."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The cabin after the man left was as quiet as possible. The Major's anger was voiceless. Within the stateroom adjacent Miss Ellen made no sound. She was choking with sobs, but she would have died rather than have her father hear them. Major Jones sat fuming moodily at the table, his eyes bent upon certain papers upon which he was endeavoring to concentrate his mind after the recent disturbance and excitement, when the door was opened so softly that the Major heard nothing and did not look up at first. When he happened to raise his eyes he found himself staring into the barrel of a revolver and heard a quiet voice exclaim, almost in a whisper:

"If you move or make a sound, you're a dead man!"

(To be continued.)

Too Significant.

"These Spanish names in California puzzle me, but some of them have very interesting meanings," commented a guest of one of the hotels.

"Yes?" said the manager.

"They do, for a fact; they really do. I am keeping track of a list in my notebook. But the funny thing was in Santa Barbara. Disten to this: 'Indio Muerto street, meaning dead Indian.' Ah, here it is, the one I was after, a street named 'Salsipuedes.' Well, this street's the one that runs to the hospital up on the sloping hillside above the town. When they built the hospital they were at a loss for a name. Some one suggested calling it after this street. And they did. Then they happened to look up the meaning of the word."

"And what does it mean?" asked the manager.

"Salsipuedes was originally a street that wandered up and down through a series of ravines, and it means 'Get out if you can.' Good name for a jail, but not for a hospital."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why Is This?

The man who rolls a peanut 'round the block to pay a bet, And says, as he perspires, "It's the best fun I've had yet," Is the same individual who is sure to fume and frown If he has to move a bookcase so the carpet can go down.

The Correct Charge.

"What is this poor fellow charged with?"

"Attempted suicide, yer honor," replied the bulky officer.

"Explain the case."

"Yer honor, he wanted to fight me."—Town Topics.

The Woman's Way.

Nell—Maude couldn't have thought much of that fellow she married.

Belle—Why?

Nell—She boasts that she has made another man of him.—Philadelphia Record.

Trouble Enough.

"Tain't no use o' gettin' mad at a man fo' bein' foolish," said Ellen Eben. "He's gwine to hab trouble enough 'thout you bothin' to give 'im any."—Washington Star.

Mildly Interested.

"Now," exclaimed the lawyer, "you are held innocent until you are proven guilty."

"How many times?" inquired the gentlemanly murderer.—Puck.

In a Restaurant.

Customer—Well! What's this? Waiter—An oyster stew. Customer—Ah! an oyster, too!



A Boy's Village.

In Westchester County, New York, overlooking the Hudson river, a colony of 300 boys has been gathered. They are lads who have tripped or been tumbled into the rough places of the world; their sense of self-respect cruelly neglected amid dirty city streets and all sorts of misery. Put under military discipline and given tasks of work and study, the boys are housed, clothed and fed in attractive, spacious cottages. The grounds and buildings cost over \$1,500,000, and the boys' village is a model place in every respect. So far as possible the young fellows are given work that accords with their tastes. Some work out of doors in the gardens and among the farm animals, while others learn trades in the shops.

Each lad stays in the village until he reaches the age of 21, when he is given \$150 to start him out in the world, equipped with knowledge enabling him to earn his livelihood. Every effort is made to inspire the boys with hope, courage, integrity and a desire to win respected places in the towns and cities to which they may go. Some of the graduates are now in the Western States, where they have gained positions of public trust. Some of them admit that they are more fortunate than they might have been had they been born of rich parents.



Our Tom has gone to Paris. To paint old Hayseed said. And I hear from those that know him. That he's painting mostly red.

A Confession.

Dear little boy, with wondering eyes That for the light of knowledge yearn, Who have such faith that I am wise And know the things that you would learn, Though oft I shake my head and smile To hear your childish questions flow, I must not meet your faith with guile: I cannot tell; I do not know.

Dear little boy, with eager heart, Forever on the quest of truth, Your riddles oft are past my art To answer to your tender youth. But some day you will understand The things that now I cannot say, When life shall take you by the hand And lead you on its wondrous way.

Dear little boy, with hand in mine, Together through the world we fare, Where much that I would fain divine I have not yet the strength to bear. There are many things I may not ask: Like you, I hold another hand, And haply, when I do my task, I, too, shall understand.

May Be Read Both Ways.

Palindromes are words or sentences which read the same way, whether they are spelled backwards or forwards. Here are a number of good examples of this curious orthographical phenomenon:

Madam I'm Adam (Adam introduces himself to Eve).

Able was I ere I saw Elba (Napoleon reflecting on his exile).

Name no one man.

Red root put up to order. (Sign for a drug store window. Reads the same from the inside as from the outside.)

Draw pupil's lip upward. (Direction to visiting school nurses.)

No, it is opposition.

No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition. (Sentence from a debate.)

Yreka Bakery. (Sign over a baker's shop in Yreka, Cal.)

In the Latin language palindromes are not infrequent. But if you believe they occur often in English, try the experiment; see if you can discover any.

Baths at 110 Degrees.

The Japanese are fond of bathing in extremely hot water. They are, in fact, the most cleanly, according to our Western notion, of any of the Eastern peoples. Their bath is taken as frequently as twice a day, often at a temperature of about 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

An odd description has been given of the amphibious lives, half in water and half out, like frogs, led by the visitors

at a health resort where there are warm mineral springs, in the heart of the Japanese mountains. Patients at this sanitarium often remain in the water for a month at a time. At night they put a stone on their laps to keep them from floating down stream. And if it should be objected that this is an unhealthy method of conducting a health resort, reference has only to be made to the caretaker of the establishment, a hearty old man over 80 years of age, who frequently remains in the bath all winter, directing the business of the place from a station waist-deep in the warm, flowing water.

NO SLEEP IN THE GRAVE.

Archdeacon Colley Thinks the So-Called Dead Are Still Alive.

Of humankind there are no dead, says Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, Rugby, England, in the *Delineator*. Man is man because he is, as the Sanskrit "mann" suggests, the "thinker," or one that has consciousness of his being, which consciousness survives the change called "death," which is but as sleep to wakefulness.

The worn physical of this life machine, the body, falls off, as in slumber, from the psychical that indwells with it (body abode) and keeps the wheel work ("we are fearfully and wonderfully made") on the go, and there is scarcely a moment's hiatus as the changing sentinels of the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon and other elements composing it, departing, whisper the password to the even more volatile arriving atoms of the soul. Hence, in the falling in of the outer man upon the inner and the blending of the twain, mortality is swallowed up of life with no jar, jolt or any cessation of being, since complete insensibility or unconsciousness has no part in the transaction.

More alive, indeed, than ever is the condition immediately consequent on the failure of the heart's systolic actions and the involutions and convolutions of the gray matter of the brain, no longer vibrant to the motions of thought playing its reminiscences of earth memories now transposed to life's higher cleft and the beat of perfected rhythmic harmonies.

For true is the Latin statement, *mors namque vita*, death is the gate of life. Hence continuous and immediate and conscious being, with no sleeping in the grave; for, as the burial service of the Church of England says, "The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity."

This I know, not from credal or ecclesiastical affirmation, or even from logical induction of this life's being a hateful ghastly blunder, if not a curse, but from the teachings of many years' experience and close personal acquaintance with those who have lived in this world, now dead and buried as to their earthly body, returning time and again in a reconcoiled, wonderfully abnormal, corporeal form to company with me and others meeting together in domestic worship with praise and prayer to give them welcome back for an hour to learn of the higher life they have attained. From whom, by many indisputable proofs, visible, audible, tangible, I and those with me have apprehended there can be no gainsaying the fact that the so-called "dead" are alive.

Growing Old a Habit.

Not long ago the former secretary of a justice of the New York supreme court committed suicide on his 70th birthday.

"The Statute of Limitations; a Brief Essay on the Osler Theory of Life," was found beside the dead body. It read, in part:

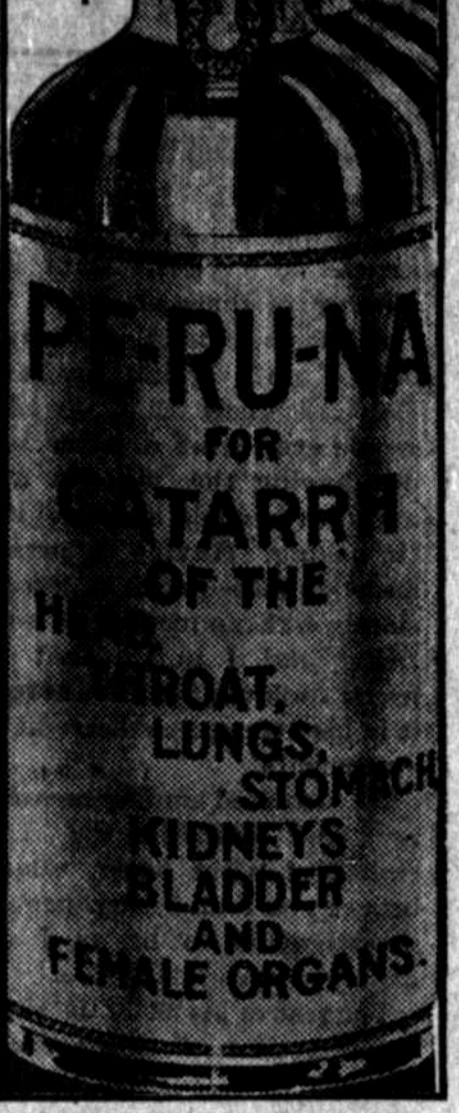
"Threescore and ten—this is the Scriptural statute of limitations. After that, active work for man ceases; his time on earth has expired. . . .

"I am seventy—threescore and ten—and I am fit only for the chimney corner. . . .

This man had dwelt so long on the so-called Osler theory—that a man is practically useless and only a burden to himself and the world after sixty—and the Biblical limitation of life to threescore years and ten, that he made up his mind he would end it all on his 70th birthday.

Leaving aside Dr. Osler's theory, there is no doubt that the acceptance in a strictly literal sense of the Biblical life limit has proved a decided injury to the race. We are powerfully influenced by our self-imposed limitations and convictions, and it is well known that many people die very near the limit they set for themselves. Yet there is no probability that the Psalmist had any idea of setting a limit to the life period, or that he had any authority whatever for so doing. Many of the sayings in the Bible which people take so literally are merely figures of speech to illustrate an idea. So far as the Bible is concerned, there is just as much reason for setting the life limit at one hundred and twenty or even at Methuselah's age (nine hundred and sixty-nine) as at seventy or eighty. There is no evidence in the Scriptures that even suggests the existence of an age limit beyond which man was not supposed or allowed to pass. In fact, the whole spirit of the Bible is to encourage long life through sane and healthful living.—Orison Swett Marden, in *Success Magazine*.

For Colds and Grip.



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.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Horrors of Minstrelsy. Bones—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me w'y a wand caucus am like a value? Interlocutor—No, George; that's a hard one. Why is a wand caucus like a value?

Bones—"Cause yo' most j'inly packs it afo' yo' carries it. Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Sig. Jarr de Roofoff, the eminent and popular basso, will now sing the touching ballad, "Think of the Microbes on a Street Car Strap!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Tamed. "Are you happier than you were before you were married?" "I can't answer that question."

"Why not?" "Well, you see, I've got so that I have to accept my wife's opinion on all subjects. And when you ask me about this one, you put me in a quandary. I can't very well put it to her, can I? And without asking her, I can't be sure."—Cleveland Leader.

Tactless. "He's not what you call strictly handsome," said the major, bracing through his glasses on an utterly hideous baby as it lay howling in its mother's arms, "but it's the kind of face that grows on you."

"It's not the kind of face that ever grew on you," was the unexpected reply of the indignant mother; "you'd be much better looking if it had!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Ignorant, but Careful. "Ignorance nearly always makes fools of us," said a lecturer. "I remember a man, ignorant of etiquette, who once sat beside me at a public dinner. I noticed that this man, as soon as he was seated, took up one by one the knives at the right of his plate and began to try their edges on his thumb. A waiter behind him leaned forward and said in a hurt tone:

"The knives are all sharp, sir."

"The point is," said my neighbor, "I'm looking for a blunt one. Last time I attended a banquet here I cut my mouth."

In Distress. The beautiful maiden was suffering from loneliness. In a voice scarcely above a whisper she spoke through the telephone:

"C. Q. D.!"

Her Dearest understood. He Came Quickly.—Chicago Tribune.

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