

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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THE PIRATE OF ALASTAIR is a romance of love and adventure of great power and interest. There is a charm to this story that is manifest in every chapter. While the incidents deal with modern, every-day life, the author has brought in a glamour of the romantic that gives great spirit and variety to happenings along the Atlantic coast.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Is the author of this entrancing serial, and his gifted pen has done fine work in depicting events that are stirring and entertaining. There is the mysterious Ship and the modern Pirate; there is beautiful Barbara Graham, a fine young girl to admire and love, and the gallant adventurer, who meets with some thrilling experiences. The air of the mystical about the story is warranted by an absorbing and well devised plot.

The Pirate of Alastair is essentially a story of the times, recently written, copyrighted, and is a serial having features that commend it to every reader as a capital romance. We bespeak for this narrative a very favorable reception, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the leading romances of its class—modern, interesting, and having all the elements of a splendid story.

## CHAPTER I.

You know Alastair? No—how should you? Very few people know it, and I have done my best to keep the secret to myself. The place lies, however, not so very far from great cities on the Atlantic coast. You take a train northward from Boston, and when you reach the proper station you alight and climb into a countryman's wagon, and he drives you through the pines by a twisting, sand-built road to Alastair. You will know it because you can go no farther, unless you choose to drive into the waves.

Few people come to Alastair. Most of the travelers in this part of the world turn off about a mile inland from the beach and go on for another mile and a half to the Penguin Club. The latter is full of New Yorkers who come to the pines and the sea to hunt and fish and forget Wall Street and Fifth Avenue. They forget it by keeping close together, and dressing for dinner, and dancing every other night.

Alastair itself is only a beach between two great headlands. From the end where my cottage stands, snugly hid in the pines on the edge of the dunes, the beach stretches smooth and white to a little land-locked harbor at the farther end. Sit on my porch and look down along the sands to the east and you will see a reef of rocks shaped like the letter U that closes in a little salt water lake with the aid of a distant cliff. It is not quite a lake, rather a small inland sea, for the tides have room to ebb and flow. A ship is settled into the sands of this sea, settled upright, so that one may walk the decks, and I often go there on an afternoon when the tide is low and climb on board. It is a good place to sketch, and I can leave my palette and canvas in the cabin.

I stumbled across Alastair when I was looking for a quiet place in which to write. I found the dilapidated cottage, camped in it for a week, and fell so much in love with the beach that I went to town, bought the house and part of the woods, and moved in. Charles, the man who had served my father before me, demurred at first, but finally gave in, and turned himself into cook, housemaid, and valet for my sake.

From my balcony I can see the distant rocks of the little inland sea and, standing up above them, the high sides of the ship, and its single remaining broken mast pointing straight to the heavens. Sometimes the stars seem to outline where the missing spars and sails should be, and on a bright night I can half close my eyes and fancy that I see the rigging lighted and lanterns burning on the quarter-deck.

There is history bidden in that battered hulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a pirate craft. She has the long clipper lines of swiftness, and her high, bulging bow is of a type long past. When I first came to Alastair I made inquiries

as to her history, but the oldest farmer could tell me only that she had always been there so far as he knew, and dismissed the subject as of no importance. The people of the nearby country appeared never to have boarded the east-way. I felt the joys of Cruise when I first climbed on her deck. The name was gone, long ago washed out by the sea; the deck was bare, and the top of the fore-castle choked with sand. I brought a shovel and dug away the rampart drifted against the hatches. At last I could open the door and, clearing the steps of what little sand had sifted through, I descended into the cabin. It was mildewed with damp and water, but in time, by baling and letting the sun in, I dried it out and found quite a habitable apartment, furnished with table and chairs and a row of bunks along the seaward side. Whatever there had been that was portable the first wreckers must have carried off. All that was left was a heavy oaken chest, studded with brass nails, now greenish-yellow, and when I broke the lock I found the chest bare.

My fancy loved to play about the ship. Often I dreamed of her and of a man who should come up out of the sea and tread her deck again. He was always a magnetic figure, and I never could resist the call of mystery to fight beside him.

## CHAPTER II.

It was the most beautiful August that I remembered. The air was clear as a bell, and day after day the sun rose on a tranquil world and smiled at it for joy. Every morning at breakfast I would say to Charles, "Did you ever know such weather, Charles?" and he would answer, "No, sir, I never did, sir," and every evening at supper I would say, "It has been a glorious day, Charles, hasn't it?" and he would answer, "It has, sir, indeed it has, sir." My family servant made a perfect echo.

The afternoon on which I finished the first half of my book I sat for some time on the porch outside my den, smoking. I was too serene to stir. I watched the gulls circle and skim above the pine-crowned cliff, and the lazy waves, rising occasionally into sparkling white caps, lift their heads and duck again like playful dolphins. The tide was coming in; I could mark the great wet circles on the beach as it advanced, now receding for a moment, but quickly recovering the lost ground and marching on, steadily winning over the yellow sands. It would be high-tide by sunset or a little after; everything was setting in from sea to land; the salt smell was coming strongly on the east wind.

About 5 o'clock I shut the door of my cottage and started down the beach, conscious of no further plan than to board the ship and, possibly, catch something of the late afternoon color for my canvas. Now and again I stopped to watch

small flocks of sand-snip scurry over the wet, glistening sands, now to watch a wave recede and leave a path of opalescent pebbles in its wake. There were jewels for all the world and to spare as long as the water bathed the stones.

So, walking leisurely, I came in time to the far end, and looked across the harbor—rocks to the ship. To my surprise, a young woman stood on the deck, and fluttering from a splinter of the mast was a white handkerchief. She was looking across at me, her hands shading her eyes from the sunset glitter at my back, and as she saw me look up she waved her hand beckoningly. The easy path to the ship lay through a small break where the rocks joined the cliff, but this break was some distance off. With a smile for what I saw must have happened to the skipper, I climbed over the nearest rocks and stood on the edge of the little inland sea. Sure enough, the tide in rising had covered the causeway to the cliff, and was pouring in, fast filling the harbor, like the bowl of a flooded fountain. The water was not yet deep; it barely covered the path by which the explorer had come, and even off the rocks in front of it it was scarcely up to my knees.

The woman of the ship called, "I'm marooned. I came by the path and forgot all about the tide. What shall I do?" She pointed towards the way she had come, but I was in rough clothes and quite used to a wetting, so I waded in and, crossing the shallow bow, quickly scrambled on to the high deck. I stood up dripping and laughing.

"So you thought you'd go for a sail," I asked, "but didn't think you'd sail so far from land?"

The girl—I saw now that she couldn't be more than 20—looked quizzically at me for a second, then smiled, and finally laughed.

"It was such a very real ship," she said, "that I couldn't resist the call. I fell asleep sitting against the gunwale, and when I woke up the water was over the path—not very far over, but quite enough to ruin these slippers." She pointed to her old slippers. "I was growing desperate when I saw you on the beach."

I was studying the slippers; there was no question but that the salt water would ruin them. She inspected them also.

"It was very foolish of me to wear them, but I had no idea of going far when I left the ship. The first thing I knew, I caught a glimpse of the water, and then I forgot the slippers and walked on until I came to that cliff, and from there I saw this little harbor and this boat, and I couldn't resist that, could I?" I shook my head. "Nobody could resist it."

"I had just about come to the point of taking them off and wading in," she went on, and then finished, "when I sighted you."

"I can go away again," I suggested. "No," she said slowly; "I'd rather you didn't do that. There must be some other way out of it."

"There are several other ways," I answered. "I've often studied the problem from this very deck."

I thought she looked a little bit surprised. "Do you often find people marooned here—girls, I mean?"

"No, but I've often wondered what I should do if I did. To tell the truth, I've never found any one here before, but the ship looks as if she ought to be inhabited. She's a good ship, and once belonged to a pirate chief."

"How do you know that?" she asked. "By the oaken chest below-deck. It has the pirate look, though there's nothing in it."

"Yes," she said; "I made an exploring trip and I found the chest."

"Don't you agree with me, then?"

Again there came that quizzical look in her eyes, and then she smiled.

"Yes," she said; "it must have belonged to a pirate." She stopped short and the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "Shall I tell you a secret? When I fell asleep here an hour ago I dreamed of pirates, of a real old-fashioned buccaner who came up out of the cabin fully armed, pistols in his pockets and in his hands and a pistol clonched in his teeth. The funny part of it is that he was exceedingly polite to me. Do you ever have such foolish dreams as that?"

"Often," a buccaner calls on me every other week. I'm only waiting for the chance to ship with one. I think their ghosts must still inhabit Alastair."

The girl's hand stole up to capture some loose strands of hair, and for the first time I noted the fine spun gold in the sun.

"Alastair?" she repeated. "Oh, so this is the beach of Alastair—and you—?" She paused. "You must be the man they told me about at the club—you live in a cottage at the far end of the beach, and write books, and never come out of your shell."

I bowed. "I am the man," I said, "and you're the girl." I pointed westward to where the tip of my balcony showed between the dunes.

"What a beautiful little world!" she said, and then, a moment later, "but how lonely! Who named the place Alastair?"

"I don't know. It's always been called that, apparently."

"It's a lovely name. And what do you call the ship?"

"Oh, just the Ship. Her other name disappeared years and years ago."

"The Ship of Alastair. And do you sometimes come on board of her to write?"

"No, I have a den for that. Sometimes I come here to paint. I keep my things in the cabin."

"Yes, I found them," she said. "You see, I know a great deal more about you than you think."

(To be continued.)

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.



### Portable Hog House.

A small house which can be occupied by a brood sow and her litter is the best for raising strong, healthy hogs. It is the most cleanly and sanitary, and with well-arranged yards the pigs can be cared for with practically no more labor than in a long house.

A very economical and useful house is shown in the accompanying cuts. It is set on 2x6-in. runners and the house is 9 ft. 4 in. long and 7 ft. 8 in. wide. A tight, smooth floor, with no cracks or knot holes, is essential. The frame will allow 16 ft. boards and battens to be sawed in two.

At each end of the house is a door 2 ft. wide and 2 ft. 4 in. high, which slips up and down between grooves or cleats, and is held up by a rope passing through a small pulley at the ridge. It is quite desirable to have doors at both ends.

A necessary adjunct to a sanitary pen is the ventilator in the roof. Two of the 12 in. roof boards are sawed off

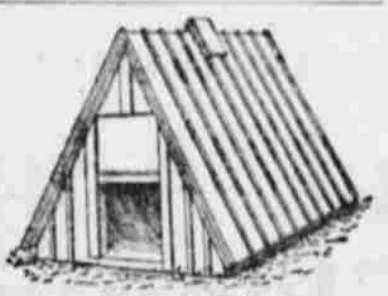


FRAMEWORK AND DIMENSIONS.

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COMPLETED HOG HOUSE.

a few inches from the ridge. Strips 2 in. thick are nailed above the battens, which will raise the ventilator 3 in. above the roof boards and give ample ventilation while preventing direct drafts.—Farm and Home.

### Milk and Milking.

Many people believe that milk is ready-made and stored in the udder of the cow simply awaiting the milker. This impression is corrected by the statement of the well-known scientist, John Burroughs, who says: "Most persons think that giving down or holding up the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact, they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk, and that the cow releases or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory; it is filled with blood from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system; when she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by a stranger, or by taking away her calf, or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is an involuntary as is digestion in man and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way.—Indiana Farmer.

### Stoppage of Milk Flow.

A very common trouble in every dairy is to find an animal with the point of the teat closed, either due to a bruise of teat itself or to infection of the milk duct which causes a little scab to form, and unless this is properly handled with care and cleanliness the infection is apt to cause a loss of the entire quarter. Thoroughly wash the part in an antiseptic solution; then dip a teat plug into a healing ointment and insert it, allowing same to remain from one milking to another. In this manner closure can be overcome in a very simple and satisfactory way. A milking tube should not be used if it can possibly be avoided, as there is much danger of infecting the entire quarter by its use.—Denver Field and Farm.

### Vigor in the Flock.

The period of usefulness of good sheep varies much with the breed as well as with individuals of the same breed. Some become unprofitable at three or four years of age, others at ten or twelve or even older. Whenever a sheep begins to show signs of weakness, evidence of disease or lack of thrift and vigor it should be removed from the flock. "All is lost that is poured into a cracked dish;" all is lost that is put into an unthrifty sheep—worse than lost often, for a diseased sheep may do great damage to the flock, and when one loses thrift

it loses its natural power to resist disease. Nature has marked such a one for destruction, and the shepherd should forestall nature by disposing of it.—Orange Jour'l Farmer.

### The Farm Cream Separator.

Butter making in the home dairy and creamery has been almost revolutionized by the introduction of the farm separator, which separates cream from milk by a centrifugal process. The shallow pan or crock system and the deep-setting system have been largely eliminated, and with their exit a considerable part of the drudgery of the household disappeared. The farmer is now no longer required to make the daily trip to the creamery; he can retain the skim milk to feed his calves and pigs and deliver the cream, sweet, every other day, when properly cared for, and this substitution of cream delivery for milk delivery by creamery patrons saves them labor and millions of dollars yearly in expense.—Report Secretary United States Department of Agriculture.

### The Lost Cud.

"I wish," said an experienced veterinary, "that I had all the cloth which has been wasted in manufacturing cuds to replace those 'lost.'" This is one of the dregs of superstition which still clings in some places. The cud is returned to the mouth after entering the first stomach, and its loss is generally an indication of indigestion. This is most prevalent in winter, when cows are heavily grazed. Should it appear in summer when they are on pasture, but receiving some grain, it is well to remove the latter ration for a few days. After a day or two give 1 pound of Epsom salts and 2 ounces ground ginger root mixed in two quarts of warm water. After she resumes her cud feed for a time on green grass and good hay, gradually working back to the grain ration.

### Dynamite for Tree Planting.

Holes for tree planting, according to the Engineering Record, have been excavated by the Long Island Railway by blasting with dynamite. A hole about two feet deep was first dug with a posthole auger at an angle of about 35 degrees with the surface and loaded with half a stick of 40 per cent dynamite. This shot makes a hole about two feet deep and three feet in diameter, leaving the earth in the bottom pulverized suitably for planting. It is stated that two men can thus excavate 250 holes per ten-hour day at a cost of about 7 1/2 cents per hole.

### Flowers as Food.

An interesting development of the use of flowers for food is recorded in the daily papers, says the London Globe. The use of candied petals of the violet as a sweetener has long been known, but the practice is now arising of preserving flowers whole. You may now buy a bunch, say of violets, for your buttonhole, and afterward eat them. As a matter of fact, a number of flowers are habitually eaten. Cloves, capers, cauliflowers and artichokes are all flowers, or parts of flowers, before the blossoms have expanded.

### English Horsemanship.

Three ounces of turpentine and two ounces of white wax are dissolved together over a slow fire. Then add one ounce of ivory black and one dram of indigo well pulverized and mix together. When the wax and turpentine are dissolved, add the ivory black and indigo and stir until cold. Apply thin. Wash afterward, and you will have a beautiful polish. This blacking keeps the leather soft and is excellent for harness and buggy tops.

### Waste in Manure.

Piling manure in the open insures a big waste. The Cornell Experiment Station piled two tons of fresh horse manure in an exposed place. In five months it lost 5 per cent in gross weight, 60 per cent of its nitrogen, 47 per cent of its phosphoric acid and 76 per cent of its potash. Here was an average loss of 61 per cent in plant food more than the weight loss. In other words, the rotted, concentrated manure, ton for ton, was worth less than the fresh manure.

### Congressional Seeds.

The National Government is becoming more liberal to the agricultural interests each year. The appropriation bill has reported, covering all appropriations made for the Agricultural Department, amounts this year to \$13,773,275, which is an increase of \$859,450 over that of last season. The forestry service has secured an increase of \$50,000 for fire protection. Last year's forest fires were an object lesson.

### San Jose Scale.

The San Jose scale is the insect that should be sought out and fought at all seasons of the year. It is a soft-bodied insect protected by a waxy covering which can be penetrated only by very corrosive chemicals. Owing to injury to foliage, these chemicals must be used in winter or when the trees are dormant.



Miss Boston—The picture was badly hung. Miss Concord—And yet very well executed.

"Why are you so enthusiastic about pedestrianism?" "Because I can't afford an auto."—Pittsburg Post.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" "He has cold feet, ma'am."

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa. Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say? Bride (reads)—Do not return and all will be forgiven.

First Office Boy—Do boys grand madder died last night. Second Office Boy—Gee! I wonder if he's going to ball game.—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Knicker—Do you let Bridget eat with the family. Mrs. Locke—Yes, it's much cheaper than to have her eat with the policeman.—Park.

"I see Robinson's married again—married his first wife's sister." "Yes, he said he didn't want to have a break in another mother-in-law."—Judge.

He—Congress will never be composed of women. She—Why don't you think so? He—Can you imagine a house full of women with only one speaker?—Judge.

Dr. Pilem—You needn't worry about your wife. She has a remarkable constitution. Hesper—Ray, do, you ought to see her by laws, rules and regulations.—Life.

"I see that young Noodle and Miss Sharp have made a match of it. He's got no head at all, but she's a clever girl." "Well, you can't expect a match to have two heads to it."

Mistress—Well, Bridget, do you want to leave or stay? Cook—Don't try to boss me. Faith, I donna if I want me to stay, I'll have an if I want me to leave, I'll stay!

A tall man applied for a position as overseer. "What do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know anything," he replied, "but I'm tall enough to look over all the men you've got."

Teacher—Jimmie, suppose you had ten apples and ten oranges, and gave nine-tenths of them to some other little boys, what would you have? Jimmie—'d have me head examined!

"Little boy, don't you know that you shouldn't go fishing on Sunday?" "Sure I know it, but you see the fish ain't been educated up to keeping the Sabbath yet."—Detroit Free Press.

"My lazy son has at last decided on a profession that he thinks he'll like." "Good. What has he chosen?" "He wants to be a fireman for a wireless telegraph company."—Cleveland Leader.

"And you wouldn't begin a journey on Friday?" "You bet I wouldn't!" "I can't understand how you can have any faith in such a silly superstition." "No superstition about it. Saturday's payday."

"Yes," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I have succeeded in life, and by the hardest kind of work." "You don't look as if you had much personal experience with hard work." "Of course not. I hired it done."—Washington Star.

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm. "Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters." The enlured waiter became all apologies. "Ah, very sorry, sah, but we's out of all shellfish 'ceptin' alga."—Ever'body's.

Was there ever a better example of the witty and concise form of expression than the answer of the grim man who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sentimentally replied: "Master, I don't know very much about him, but my impression is, he'd make a first-class stranger."

"I declare," says the young housewife. "I don't know what we are to do, when round steak costs as much as porterhouse. It is outrageous!" "Yes, mam," agrees the marketman. "What's a body going to do if this keeps on?" "I would advise you, mam, that beln' the case, to eat porterhouse."—Life.

Young Wife (rather nervously)—Oh, look, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it is always something or other. Cook (with feeling)—Well, mam, I'm sorry for you. It must be quite awful to live with a gentleman of that sort.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Youngmarrie (tasting)—What makes the oyster stew so thick and sweet, dear? Mrs. Youngmarrie—I can't imagine, John; I made it exactly according to the recipe: "one dozen fine, large oysters and one quart of rich milk." The milk was lovely, and it came in cans, and I had to use four cans to make the quart. I think the grocer called it "condensed" milk.—The Bellman.