

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She walked away and leaned on the bulwark on the other side. "The water's getting quite deep."

I followed. "There's quite a rise of tide. It's nearly full, and then it will turn—in about an hour, I should say."

She looked at the little chateaux watch she wore, and gave a cry of dismay.

"But that will be 7 o'clock, and then dine at the club at that time, and my aunt will be worried half out of her poor old head."

"They dine too early; they miss the best part of the day."

She turned a trifle imperiously towards me. "Still, that is the hour, and I must be getting back. What answers to the problem have your frequent studies brought?"

"The first is to wait until the causeway is dry," I answered, avoiding her eyes and looking out to sea.

"But that is out of the question," she said, with the faint hint of a tapping foot upon the deck. The touch of authority made me stubborn.

"There's a fine view of the sunset from here, though not so fine as from the cliff beyond my house. You should see that some evening when you're not afraid of missing dinner."

She looked me over while I kept my face away, and I could feel the struggle whether resentment or amusement should have the upper hand. The latter finally won. "Please help me to get home, Mr. Sargent," she began.

"Felix Seiden," I supplied her, "though I'd much rather you stayed here, Miss Graham, and I in my turn being questioned."

"Barbara Graham," she answered quite frankly. Then suddenly she laughed, and I was forced to join her. "Come, Mr. Pirate, now that are properly known to each other, and I have thanked you for your compliment, will you think of a way to save my poor aunt from nervous prostration? If you will, I promise some day to go without dinner and come to see the sunset from your cliff."

"It's a bargain," I said, and strode resolutely across the deck to the side where the causeway ran.

"But how? What are you doing to do?" came in surprised accents from Miss Graham.

I stopped and turned. "You will not wait for the tide, and you must not wet the slippers, so there's only one way left."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"For me to carry you ashore."

I happened to be looking at her, and her face went pink of a second, pink over the brown of the sun.

"But," she stammered, "I don't think that would do."

"It's the only alternative," I said, positively.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you are strong enough?"

I looked at her slender figure and laughed. "I have not lived out of doors for nothing," I answered. "I could carry you from here to the Shifting Shoal yonder without tiring."

Again came the infectious laugh, apparently at the thrill of the adventure, and I found it impossible to keep from joining her.

"But it's time I made the boat good," I answered, and, leaning towards her, picked her up in my arms, careful to keep the little slippers and her skirts clear of the waves.

"You must put your arms about my neck to keep the balance," I said, "or I'll not guarantee the consequences."

"Must I?" she said quite demurely, and did as I commanded.

Feeling my way cautiously, I started to cross the causeway. A false step and I should have slipped into the deeper water, so I went slowly, feeling for safe footing as I took each step. Once I glanced momentarily at the face which was so close to mine, but Miss Graham's eyes were fixed on the shore ahead, and would not look at me.

We reached the sand at the foot of the cliff and I put the girl down. She looked at her slippers.

"Splendidly done," she said. "Not a drop of water touched me. You're quite as strong as you said."

"Remember the cause," I answered.

"But you're frightfully wet," she objected, looking at my heavy riding breeches and leggings, which were soaked through. "You must run back to the cottage as fast as you can, to save yourself a cold."

"I must see you to the club first," I answered. "I know a short cut back of the cliff and through the woods."

"Hurry, then," she said. "I'll not have you catching cold on my account."

We scrambled up the headland and struck into the pine woods, I leading, she following close behind. We went along at a dog trot, and, although I often stooped to insure against her tiring, I found that she was a strong runner and wanted no rest. At last we came to a clearing just this side of the club entrance.

"I'll say good-bye here," she said, "and spare you the sight of a civilization that

you dislike." She held out her hand.

Then I remembered our bargain. "You said that if I set you ashore you would come to see the sunset from my cliff. You haven't forgotten that?"

"No; but I must think out a way. They dine here at such a stupid hour. But I promise you that some afternoon you'll see me strolling down the beach, and then if there's a sunset I'll let you show it to me. You deserve that much, at least, for coming to my rescue."

She gave me her hand a second time, and turned into the grounds of the Penguin Club. I looked at my watch; she would be just in time for dinner.

I walked back through the woods and up the beach. The western sky was fairly ablaze with color. It seemed that a beacon flamed through the pines upon my cliff.

"Have you ever known such a beautiful afternoon, Charles?" I asked my man at supper.

"Never, Mr. Felix, never."

I was sitting so that I could look out of the window at the sea.

"It was unusually glorious, even for Alastair, wasn't it?" I pursued.

"Yes, sir, it certainly was, sir, even for Alastair, sir."

After supper I had my coffee on the balcony and sat there and smoked and wondered how long it had been since a petticoat had boarded the ship.

CHAPTER III.

The weather next morning was just right for a ride, and sending for my horse, I made a great circuit of the woods, coming back by the marshes about noon. As I galloped past the upper end of the lowlands I heard a voice calling to me, and, drawing rein, waited until the voice's owner appeared. This proved to be an extremely sunburned young man dressed in very loud tweeds. He carried a fishing-rod over his arm, and a fish-basket dangled from his shoulder.

"I say, do you know the country hereabouts?" he inquired. "I've lost my way, and I'm infernally hot and tired."

He looked it; his lips were almost as motionless as those of a spoiled child, and even the tilt of his soft felt had had a dejected air.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked in return. "The Penguin club lies about three miles off to the east."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I'm a Penguinite, worse luck." He dropped the fishing-rod and tried to kick some of the mud from his boots. "I came out to get some fishing at 5 this morning, and not a bite have I had, nor a morsel of food tasted since. My legs ache at the thought of that three miles yet to go. Isn't there a farm-house somewhere near where I could get something to eat?"

The appeal in his eyes was so plaintive that I could not help smiling. There he smiled back.

"It's a beastly pickle, isn't it?" he said. "The next time I'll arrange to have a man follow me with lunch."

It was only a quarter of a mile to my cottage. "Come along with me," I said. "I'll fix you up."

He grinned gratefully, and trudged along beside me until we came to the cottage. I called for Charles and sent him off with the horse. By the time he returned, my guest was feeling considerably better, having postponed famine by the aid of whisky and soda. He sat down to dinner with the air of a king come into his own. For a time he ate silently but strenuously, then he looked up at me.

"They don't give us such food at the club, no, sir, and as for the wines, they can't compare with your claret. Funny to think of finding such things down here in the country, away at the end of an empty beach. I didn't know there was a civilized man within fifty miles of here. Do you happen to come from New York?"

"Originally," I made answer. "But it was some time ago."

"Fanny thinks New York," said my guest. "When I'm back there I think I'd like to be out in the open country, but as soon as I have my wish I'm crazy for the old burg. I've been down at the Penguin now for more than two weeks, and I don't suppose as hour of the day passes when I don't long for the scenery of Broadway. The worst time is at night. I can sit on the club porch and fairly hear the Elevated sizzle by. Sometimes it seems as if I really couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why do you?" I asked.

"There are reasons, good and sufficient reasons," he answered, with a slow smile. "Reasons for which I might be living in Kamchatka as well as anywhere else."

He looked at me intently for a few seconds, then lighted a cigarette.

"You're not inquisitive, are you? First rule to success in any business affair. However, there are certain facts you are entitled to have: my name is Rodney Lelp, and I'm a broker, offices at 57 Wall Street, where I'd be glad to execute any orders for you at any time of year—though between you and me the present is a particularly bad time to invest in

FARM NOTES

Cultivation of Corn.

When corn is planted after the first week in June the land needs more attention than when prepared earlier. If plowed early the weeds will have made an appearance, which is an advantage, as they can be destroyed before the corn is planted; but the late corn will be more easily injured by drought than that which has made an earlier start. The crop should be cultivated after every rain, so as to prevent loss of moisture. Another point is to thin out the plants if they are too thick. It would be difficult to induce many farmers to "thin out" their corn, as they would claim that the land, having been manured, was capable of providing for as many stalks in the hills as made their appearance; it is not a matter of plant food with late corn, however, but moisture. When too many stalks are close together there is a struggle for existence; some become weeds to the others, and in the end only the most vigorous make growth, and yield grain

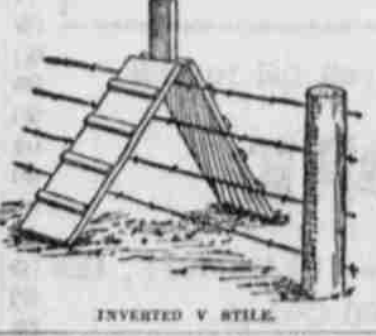


CHAMPION HOLSTEIN BULL EXHIBITED AT THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, 1908.

so evenly diffused in the finest kind of butter that, as is shown by a microscope, every grain is surrounded by a film of clear and transparent brine, which points out the necessity of avoiding the overworking of the butter before the salt is added. In the first working every particle of milk should be gotten rid of, but enough clear water should be left to dissolve every grain of salt in twelve hours before the next working. If this be done there will be but little danger of streakiness in the butter, but to get the best results the salt should be very finely ground.

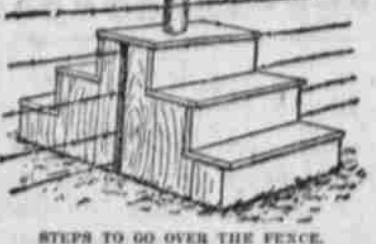
Crossing a Barbed Wire Fence.

Two stout boards are nailed together, as shown in Fig. 1, and may be used for crossing a barbed wire fence. They should be 19 or 22 inches



INVERTED V STYLE.

wide and 2 feet longer than the fence is high to give the desired spread. Firmly nail four cleats on each board and fasten a short board between the two to assist in getting over the fence.



STEPS TO GO OVER THE FENCE.

Another device somewhat more elaborate is a double set of steps, shown in Fig. 2. Women and children will have no difficulty in using this, but might find it inconvenient to get over the narrow board.—Farm and Home.

Rye Pasture.

Rye pasture for cows makes the milk have a bad taste or flavor unless great care is taken in the matter of pasturing. If the cows are left on all day the milk will almost certainly go off flavor, strong and bitter. The only safe way seems to be to turn the cows in for two or three hours right after they are milked, then keep them off the rye until the next milking. Even this precaution may leave a slight taint in the milk and appear in the cream and butter.—Denver Field and Farm.

WHEN MEN WORE SHAWLS.

Some 40 Years Ago They Took the Place of Overcoats.

On very rare occasions you now see some old lady wearing a shawl, but generally speaking, this once universal garment has become obsolete.

Those children that are, say 40 years old or more, can probably remember when even men wore shawls instead of overcoats. For about ten years they were considered just the thing. This was the decade beginning with about 1860. President Lincoln was very partial to his big Scotch shawl, which, according to the vogue, he wore, not folded diagonally in feminine fashion, but folded lengthwise. This folded shawl was passed over the shoulders and around the front, where it was either held by the hands or pinned by a huge shawl pin. This case of the shawl is about the only one where the men have appropriated an article of wear from the women's wardrobe—though the instances where the reverse has happened are legion.

Even then, the shawl was originally not a woman's garment exclusively, for the Scotch Highlander has his tartan plaid, and the men of northern Italy still wear a cloak which is very little more than a shawl. There can be no question that the shawl is more useful and more picturesque as an article of attire than the close fitting coats both men and women now wear. The shawl could in case of emergency be used to protect two persons, or to wrap a child in, or as an extra bed covering; its fashion did not change every three months, and it could be used and passed down in the family until it was worn out.

Nowadays the only time when such articles are used is when people are making an ocean trip or traveling in Europe. "Traveling rugs," which are nothing more nor less than men's heavy shawls, are extremely English; and for travelers they are considered very proper and desirable—but outside of a steamer, train or carriage no one who cares for what people will say would be seen with one.

SOME MARRIED MEDITATIONS.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

The woman who uses a liquid face enamel that settles on the face in streaks on a hot day shouldn't dress in a dark room.

There is something singularly strained about the smile of a temperamentally sullen woman who smiles merely to exhibit a cheek dimple.

The Smart-Alec girl with the ample line of uncannily sophisticated conversation experiences about the same difficulty in snagging a husband as the skirted "good fellow."

The woman who snidely says, "Hub! deed I'd just like to catch myself telling my husband every little thing!" generally has a husband who doesn't care a hang, only she doesn't know it.

When she tells you, on your tired evening, that she'll come to bed "just as soon as she's finished reading this novel," she never has any more than 220 pages or so of the novel left to read.

Ever find yourself growing a bit irritated when, the week's washing bill amounting to \$6.85, you hear her exclaim: "My, isn't that cheap for such nice work—just look how beautifully this shirtwaist is done up!"

Maybe, too, when you imagine that she is brooding upon the sorrows of little children and all like that, she is only wondering whether she'll have that skirt made with plaits or with biased gores—whatever they may be.

The young woman who lolls around in a sloping kimono, reading a punk novel, while her mother Irons her shirtwaists, is the same girl who, when she gets her clothes on, brags languidly in a company that fudge is the only thing she knows how to cook.

Praise for Women.

Was a woman ever known to blow out the gas, ask a western paper, or to be buncoed by a man who wanted to borrow money to pay a freight bill? Does she ever get her pockets picked or lose money on a little "game"? If she has a roll of money with her, does she ever flash it when she wants to buy a cake of chewing gum? Isn't it a fact that she is wiser than the men and more to be trusted? Instead of a woman having a man along to "protect" her, the daily papers prove that every man who goes away from home should have a woman to act as guardian and keep him from making a bigger fool of himself than he naturally is.

Division of Musical Labor.

Knicker—is yours a musical family? Bocker—The cook sings about her work and my daughter works about her sing.—New York Sun.

A woman's heartbreaks are almost as bad as a man's indigestion.