

The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER V.

Three days passed before anything further happened to disturb my equanimity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying at my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he had discovered the diminutive missive aforesaid tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually contained only the daily papers. The envelope was square and of a delicate shade between violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet:

"My Dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are):

"I shall visit the Ship Friday afternoon—when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial.

I looked at my calendar—I was apt to forget the days of the week—and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased.

The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the aspect of a spot made for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combers, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now I did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and this did not suit me at all. I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after dinner: it was falling. I glanced at the sky: it was still a deep, dum-like blue, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast: we might have had weather at a moment's notice.

At the appointed time I went up to the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin; that was empty. I climbed the stairs, and, coming again on deck, saw Miss Graham starting across the causeway. It was low tide, and the path was above water, covered with shells and barnacles. I threw over a rope-ladder that I had made and hung at the side, and helped her on board. She had on a soft, white lace hat that dropped at the edges and looked delightfully slummy. Her gown was white; indeed, the only color she wore was a gold chain and locket that hung low about her neck. She pointed proudly to her stout tan walking-shoes.

"I am wiser to-day," she said; "much more of a sea-woman."

I had thought once before that I had tasted fully the sense of exploration of the Ship, but now I found that I had not. Like two inquisitive children playing at being explorers, we ransacked every corner of the cabin, thumping the boards for secret hiding-places, peering into the dim recesses of the bunks. She opened the brass-bound chest. "There was nothing found in it!" she asked.

"Nothing."

"It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if not in the chest?"

"We must look for it out of doors," I said. "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old rovers will come back."

So I took cushions that lay with my painting things and made her a seat on deck, and I lit my pipe, and told her all I had dreamed about the Ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her as fine adventures as any she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met!" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It almost makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town, in another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the Ship; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her hand. "Talk that tongue," she said in that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treasures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes—gray that shaded to blue—the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat, and the delicate little hand that pillowed her chin. I noted the locket, oval and flat, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain,

that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There seemed no limitation to the world. The sea stretched out far past the Shifting Shoal and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high. Only the white clouds flecked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, silver-tipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

Barbara looked up—I think it was then that I first called her Barbara to myself—and over at me.

"The world itself is so much more wonderful than anything it contains, and the beauty of it all so much greater than any single beauty, isn't it?"

I could not agree, looking into her deep, serious eyes, so I held my peace.

"Why is it, I wonder, that we only think these things, only really live, so rarely?"

There was something in her words that made me hope: they seemed to say that she had often felt thus.

"One exists so much, but lives so little," I said; "but I could imagine circumstances when one would be always living."

Her eyes changed, the depths in them vanished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me.

"One?" she echoed.

"Two," I answered. The moment of thought was over; she had changed as swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun.

"You are a great dreamer," she said.

"Are you also a man of action, I wonder?"

"Give me the chance."

"Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it."

"If I were Canute, I would order the tide to come in."

The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids drooped. I forget everything but the picture that she made—the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed.

Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home."

I was up and standing beside her, leaning on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the Ship and take tea with me, or take supper on the Ship? When will it be?"

"Wait; not for a day or two."

She crossed the deck, and, drawing out a small handkerchief, held it to the breeze.

"The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days."

"Several, not many," I answered.

She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"Get it for me," she said.

The inland sea was low; I recovered the handkerchief and came back, to find her half way across the causeway.

"Thank you. This is the second way you devised of leaving the ship on foot."

"But it's not the best way," I answered.

I went with her to the great gate of the club and said good-night.

"Oh!" said she. "We forgot and left the cushions lying on the deck. It may rain. A good sailor should make things tight."

"I will," I assured her.

A storm was certainly coming; it sang in the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-backed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck, and it lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

CHAPTER VI.

There was no mistaking those features; they belonged as unquestionably to the man in tweeds as did the locket to Barbara Graham. Moreover, the photograph did him justice, and showed an extremely prepossessing, slightly smiling face, and that I considered added insult to the injury.

I snapped the locket together and put it in my breast pocket; then I hurried the cushions down the cabin-steps, pulled over the hatches, and left the Ship. I was in a very different humor from that of an hour before.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the merest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question—how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Also, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship, the amused smile as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us

deflating tea. So they were in all likelihood to be married, and I a poor joke that had been hatched back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh as one should who sees a clown, head in air, stumble over a broomstick, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into rose-colored dreams and fancy himself a prince with the world as his realm.

The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet, like hounds yelping. But I would not run. I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor-muddle-brained idiot that I was.

But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a consummate flirt, playing with me when she was a trifle weary of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as guileless as a maid in short skirts and braided hair, when she had watched the sea, and then I remembered those sudden flashing changes when the imp of subtle mischief had danced in her blue-gray eyes. She was just a bundle of mischief, to whom a new man was simply so much sport. Yet I envied Islip with all the strength of my heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the cottage; moreover, he had built a fire in the living-room, which was also the dining-room, to take the chill out of the rapidly dampening air. Ordinarily, I would have been glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, snug and comfortable, but now I was as much out of sorts as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head.

Poor Charles! He was soon to feel the rawness of my temper. I had no sooner closed the door than I called to him to get into his oilskins and go to McCullion's with an order to him to have my horse at the back door by 8.

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles. "It's going to be a bad night, sir, asking your pardon."

"I'm going to the Penguin Club, Charles," I answered, "and I don't care if the heavens fall on the way."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," and Charles departed, wondering, doubtless, at the strange new master he had found. He knew what I thought of the Penguin.

I changed into my storm clothes—heavy riding breeches, with a leather jacket that buttoned up to my chin. I put the locket in a little pasteboard box and placed it in an inside pocket. Doubtless Miss Graham valued that small gold oval trinket with her monogram woven on the outside and her lover ensconced inside, and she should not have to wait until the storm passed to learn that she had not lost it. It would do no harm for her to be disturbed for a few hours; then I would end it.

Charles came back and said that Nero would be around at 8. I had supper in silent state, and then sank into gloomy thought before the fire. Confound me for being such a simple, gullible fool, I who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I should have been prepared, properly grieved and breast-plated, but here she had come upon me in my own natural wildness, on my own simple beach, in my Ship of day dreams, where everything was so free and open as the sea.

Charles eyed me askance as I pulled my oilskin hat about my ears and vaulted upon Nero. Even the poor beast must have looked at me suspiciously, for this was no night for riding on any simple errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-tumble story. Had I only known how that night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gallop into a strange and swirling enterprise!

The pines shot their water into my face as I galloped along the narrow road. The sandy footing gave now and again, and I had to let Nero's instinct save us from foundering in the bogs which the heavy rain was making of the country. The night was black as pitch; the wind, risen to a hurricane, screamed through the forest in a thousand varied voices, each more harsh and ominous than the last. Several times, riding out from the middle of the road, wet branches driven by the gale sang themselves against me and almost thudded me from my horse. I crouched low, bending forward for safety and that I might peer into the murky blackness of the road. Several times Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, left him with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my tight-buttoned leather jacket, my riding-breeches and boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," I said to the clerk at the desk, and he recognized me and sent a buttons to find her.

"Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door," reported the buttons, "and says she will see you there."

(To be continued.)

The Last Word.

She—And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last work.—Pick-Me-Up.

ARGENTINA'S FLOOD OF IMMIGRANTS.



Growth of Immigration Into Argentina.

People who think that all the immigrants who leave Europe make a beeline for Canada or the United States will be surprised to learn that Argentina received more immigrants in 1908 than the United States did in 1897 or 1898. In 1908 Argentina received 255,750 strangers. This was about one-third the number the United States received that year, but in proportion to population she is far ahead of the United States as a promised land for Europeans who leave home. A glance at the reference books in which these figures appear shows, however, that the rest of South America must not be judged by Argentina. Brazil's immigration is falling off and Chile's is insignificant. From the 76,292 foreigners who settled in Brazil in 1901, the number of annual additions to the population has dwindled until the last census, in 1904, gives but 12,447. In the five years including 1901 and 1905 Chile records a total of only 14,000 immigrants.

One of the main reasons why Argentina is so eagerly picked out for settlement lies doubtless in the determined efforts of the government to populate the island districts. As soon as the immigrants land they are provided with good food and comfortable shelter for five days. The National Bureau of Labor finds places for them, if they are laborers or mechanics, and they are dispatched to their destination and supported for ten days free of charge under the direction of an agent of the bureau. If after arriving at his original destination "the immigrant wishes to continue his journey still farther by another railroad, he is provided with a ticket and conducted to the station by the agent." As to the number of immigrants, Argentina received in 1865 11,767 immigrants; in 1875, 42,066; in 1885, 108,723; in 1897, 135,205; in 1905, 221,622; in 1907, 209,108; and in 1908, 255,750 immigrants.

CAPTAIN EDMUND L. G. ZALINSKI, INVENTOR OF THE DYNAMITE GUN



Naval officers and artillery experts have more than a passing interest in the announcement that Captain Edmund Louis Gray Zalinski, the inventor of the pneumatic dynamite gun, has passed away at his home in New York City. For a number of years the Zalinski method of firing shells loaded with dynamite, gun cotton or other high explosives has been under experiment by the United States and other nations, with the result that experts seem to be of the opinion that for coast defense, at least, the gun may have permanent and great value.

Zalinski was born in Prussian Poland, Dec. 13, 1849. With his parents he came to the United States when he was 4 years old, and he grew up in the village of Seneca Falls, N. Y. When the Civil War broke out, though only 14 years old, he entered the army as a volunteer aid-de-camp to General Nelson A. Miles. In February, 1865, he was given a commission as second lieutenant in the Second New York Heavy Artillery because of gallantry displayed at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va. In September, 1865, he was mustered out of the volunteer service and in the following February was given an appointment in the regular army as second lieutenant of the Fifth United States Artillery. A year later he was promoted to be first lieutenant and in this rank he served nearly twenty-one years, when he was appointed captain.

Lieutenant Zalinski turned his time to profitable experimenting. From 1880 to 1889 his time was almost wholly given to the development of the pneumatic dynamite gun.

Other inventions included an intrenching tool, a ramrod bayonet, a telescopic sight for artillery and a system of range and position finding for sea coast and artillery firing. In 1894 he retired from the army and ten years later was given honorary promotion to the rank of major.

The Zalinski dynamite gun is operated by compressed air. Dynamite, it is well known, is easily exploded by a sudden shock, and because of this fact it cannot be fired from an ordinary gun or cannon. The gun is about fifty feet long and is fifteen inches interior diameter. Three such guns form the equipment of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*.

The *Vesuvius* received a test of her effectiveness in actual warfare before the harbor of Santiago, when Cervera's fleet was bottled up by the blockading vessels of the United States navy. Under cover of darkness one night she stole up to within 600 yards of the Spanish fortifications and discharged three shells loaded with gun cotton. Two of the three shots exploded on the hill with terrific effect, but nothing further was attempted and the *Vesuvius* rejoined the fleet.

Owing to the high trajectory of the dynamite gun's fire the three tubes on the *Vesuvius* are set pointing up into the air at an angle of eighteen degrees from the horizontal. The tubes extend to the bottom of the vessel, and the loading is done there with the magazine carried along the keel so as to be safe from explosion by a shot received from the enemy.

Though the experts are not yet convinced that the Zalinski gun is certain of being useful in future warfare, they see in it possibilities and probably will continue to experiment with it. At the least, the invention is conceded to have been useful in demonstrating the possibility of firing large charges of high explosives for a long distance by means of compressed air.

MILK, ITS CARE AND USE.

Clean Vessel Necessary—Pasteurization—Lime Water.

Vessels used for milk must be thoroughly cleaned. This should be rinsed in lukewarm water and washed with hot water and soap; then rinsed in boiling water and sunned two or three hours if possible. Milk should not be covered tightly; use muslin or cheese cloth for covers, which keeps the dust out and lets the air through.

The little pasteboard covers that come in milk bottles are for that purpose. Milk should be kept in a clean, cool place; it absorbs odors very quickly.

Milk becomes sour through the action of bacteria. Pasteurizing destroys the disease germs, but it does not destroy the spores. Boiling the milk will kill the spores, but that makes the milk indigestible for a child. There is even a question regarding the digestibility of pasteurized milk. If it is necessary to pasteurize milk for a child, a tablespoonful of orange juice should be given through the day, this furnishing an organic acid which is destroyed in the heating of the milk.

Fill sterile bottles or jars nearly full of milk, cork them with baked cotton, place on rings in a deep pan and fill with cold water, so that the water may be as high outside the bottles as the milk is inside; put the pan over the fire and heat until small bubbles show around the top of the milk (this temperature is about 155 degrees Fahrenheit); remove to the back of the fire and allow the bottles to stand there fifteen minutes, then reduce the temperature as quickly as possible, and when the milk is cold remove the bottles from the water and keep in a cold place. In summer milk should be pasteurized twice a day for babies.

If a child's stomach is acid, lime water should be used with the milk. Put a piece of unslaked lime the size of a walnut into an earthen vessel. Cover it with two quarts of water, straining it thoroughly; allow it to settle, then pour off the water; add two quarts of filtered water, stir, and when it settles pour the clear solution into a bottle. More water may be added.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lemontized.

"My husband always insists that I spend the summer at the seashore!" "I actually wish that my husband would get tired of seeing me around, too."—Houston Post.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Napoleon said, no matter how ravaging or raging, he never dared to let himself get angry above the throat.

The tidal movement in the Potomac river at Annapolis, N. S., represents three million horse power a day. A proposition is being considered to harness it.

Tests show that the wind movement of fifteen miles an hour against the side of a building will force 186 cubic feet of air through a one-sixteenth-inch crevice in an hour.

The largest movable bridge yet built in Asia is a double leaf roller lift affair, with an opening two hundred feet wide, erected by a Chicago company for a railroad in Burma.

Ghee is used in India as is butter in America and European countries, and in fact is butter, so prepared that it never grows stale, instances being known of its preservation for as long as two hundred years.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists principally of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

A tank car of 163 barrels of cotton seed oil recently shipped from Kentucky for the Seacoast Canning Company is said to have arrived at Eastport this week in good condition. This being the first attempt to ship oil east in other than barrel packages, the experiment was awaited with much interest.—Kennebec Journal.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

Years ago Mark Twain, who has recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday, used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man." "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

A little girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on a table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

In recent years the most prosperous city in Germany has been Nuremberg, where the consumption of fresh meat for 1908 was more than 35,000,000 pounds. This was an annual per capita consumption of a fraction over 121 pounds, or about one-third of a pound a day for man, woman and child. The population of Nuremberg is largely of the wage-earning class. In many of the manufacturing towns of England the working people do not eat beef once a week.

Breaking away from the time honored program of essays and recitations, the graduating class of the Osage (N. Y.) high school decided upon a novel plan of celebrating the commencement season. The students some time ago set about raising funds to take the entire class on a sight-seeing trip to Washington, which was all the graduation festivities they had. As one paper puts it: "They propose to learn how the government is run, instead of telling how it should be."

Sausage has even from very early times been a popular table delicacy. Aristophanes was familiar with it, in Roman days the sausages of Lucania were in high esteem. They were made from pork and the nuts of the stone pine, flavored with bay leaves and other things more familiar. Bologna was celebrated for its sausages long before the German sausage had even thought of invading the rest of the world, and until quite lately it was commonly called in England a "polony."

In the United States the great potato State is New York, with 42,000,000 bushels; in 1907 Michigan follows with 27,000,000; then Pennsylvania with 23,000,000 each; Maine, 17,000,000; Minnesota and Illinois about fourteen each; Iowa and Ohio, twelve each; New Jersey, eight to nine; Indiana, Missouri, Colorado, California and Nebraska about seven. The rest run from Washington and Kansas, with six each, down to Montana and Texas, with from two and a half to three.