



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—In the small New Jersey village of Stratham, in the year 1749, Richard Lindsay, who tells the story, is a carefree youth whose chief activities are fishing and hunting. Proud of his marksmanship, he gives an exhibition before some villagers and a stranger, with whom they afterward dine at the tavern. The conversation turns on a notorious pirate, whose ship, the Black Panther, is thought to be in the vicinity.

CHAPTER II.—Next morning Lindsay, after wild ducks, is sitting in a "blind" when three strangers land on a beach near him. Surprised, he makes no sound. The men bury a chest while he watches. The work finished, he sees two of the strangers kill the third. The actual slayer is the man with whom Lindsay had talked the day before. Lindsay's presence is discovered. After apparently determining to kill the youth to prevent his talking, the question of his shooting ability seems to be of importance, and he gives the two men proof of his skill. His acquaintance, whose name he learns is Burford, tells Lindsay the third man is Captain Barclay, and his ship, off shore, is the Black Panther. The three go aboard.

CHAPTER III.—On the ship Lindsay meets a youth whom he recognizes in a remarkable manner. The youth is Robert McAllister, whom Barclay has captured on his way to his uncle's plantation in Jamaica. The pirate tells a story of wrong done to him by Andrew McAllister and admits he has sworn to kill him. He would use young McAllister as a spy in his uncle's household. The youth refuses to be a party to the treachery, and Barclay and Burford kill him.

young lady's picture, decides—perhaps unfortunately for him—to try the venture. He starts out, but scarcely has he begun his voyage when he has the ill luck to fall in with pirates, and is captured. I believe, Mr. McAllister, I state the truth."

"Yes," the young man assented, and it seemed to me that he bore himself manfully and with dignity. "That is the truth, except that, as you say, I had no knowledge of an enemy of whom my uncle lives in fear. Of that I know nothing, for in his letters he has made no mention of it."

The captain smiled a sardonic smile. "Doubtless," he answered with suavity, "your uncle had the best of reasons for not communicating the fact. And now," he added, again turning to me, "having explained these facts with regard to Mr. McAllister, I fear that I must trespass still further on your kindness, and tell you something of an incident in my own life."

Again, with that same hateful irony, he paused, looking around him as if tacitly begging our permission to proceed. And yet all the time he must have known that we would hang breathless on his every word. Since, in spite of his talk of hospitality, we were virtually his prisoners, it was only too evident that he was not talking to amuse us, but that his words bore directly on our fortunes, and in all probability on our lives. And thus we sat staring while he, quite casually, turned and glanced at the door leading from the cabin. The movement was so unstudied that at the time I paid no heed to it; but later I was to remember and understand.

At length he resumed: "Do not fear that I shall weary you with my adventures; it is of one incident only that I shall speak, and that, believe me, not because its memory is pleasant to me, for it is the blackest in my life; but rather because, as you will shortly see, you have a right to know of it. Three years ago I ranged these seas in the company of another vessel, whose captain I called my friend. Like two gray wolves we harried our prey, one on either flank and lucky was the merchantman who escaped our fangs. Ours, of course, was the fortune of war; sometimes we made rich captures; sometimes our gains were not worth the loss in killed and wounded, and only the sharks would profit by our enterprise. But on one great day we captured and sacked a real treasure ship, a prize as rich as those which fell to the lot of the old buccaners. There was spoil and to spare—for once our crews were gladdened with gold—but of the bulk of the treasure and of the jewels only four persons really knew, the captain of the consort ship and his mate, and I myself—and one other."

He paused, and over his face stole an expression I had never before seen there—a yearning, I would have said, for something that had gone from his life forever, but of which even the memory could almost bring back to him past joys. Then the light faded from his eyes again, and he went on: "A lady sailed with me in those days, the most beautiful lady in all the world. Not a lady of the court, too fine to soil her dainty fingers or dirty the tip of her shaven shoe, but a daughter of the sea and of the storm, one who could wield cutlass and pistol, one who was all life and fire and daring and who feared not man nor devil—no, nor God Himself!"

Once more he paused, and his hand went to his throat as if to ease its constriction. I would have said that he had forgotten us, and that for the first time I saw the man's soul laid bare. But in another instant he had recovered himself, and went on: "There was trouble aboard my vessel at the time—a grumbling mate who dreamed of commanding in my place. He may indeed be commanding, but if so it's in another world. Yet just then he was in my way, and the captain of my consort persuaded me and my lady to board his vessel while we gave my mate his head and sent him away, proud of his chance, to capture another prize. His prize was a knife thrust in the throat. And in the dark of the night, near a lonely island in the Antilles, far off the track of vessels, the four of us rowed ashore and over that heavy chest we vowed to keep faith with one another, to come back as soon as might be in a vessel of our own, and then to leave the sea and spend the rest of our lives at ease. Thus we started to bury the treasure, and then—a mighty roaring in my ears, and all was dark. It was the sun on my face that awakened me, to find that I lay on the islet in a great pool of my own blood, and by my side my dear lady looking up at the sky with sightless eyes, shot through the heart. Why they had not made sure of me, I do not know. Doubtless they thought my wound was mortal, and left me for dead. And indeed I should have died, by rights, but I found strength to plant a stick with a rag on it; some fishermen, passing, found me raving for water, and took me with them and nursed me back to life."

Again he moistened his lips with wine, and again went on: "One thing in the world is stronger than love, and that is hate. Hate made me live, was medicine for my body, meat and drink for my soul. To live to revenge my self on that false-hearted craven; to make up to him one-tenth of what he has made me suffer; to feel, if possible, his breath going out in his throat under my grasp—that is what is left of my life. If I could go through hell with him side by side, suffer each pain that he suffered till they wrenched my heart apart—every second of that agony would be like balm, if only I could see his every torment, watch his every pang."

There was no mistaking his terrible earnestness; the man was talking from the depths of his being. Yet why, I wondered, did he tell all this to us, for he did not give the impression of one who would reveal affairs so private even to those whom he knew best, much less to strangers so youthful and so unversed in the ways of the world. But my unspoken question was to be answered far sooner than I imagined.

"That," he said, "is my story, save for one detail. I have not told you the names of the captain and the mate. The mate is a bald-headed scum of the earth named John Shively; the captain's name—he turned to the youth beside him, then distinctly and with deliberation added—"the captain's name is Andrew McAllister."

In spite of myself, I started as though I had been shot; now, indeed, the whole affair became startlingly plain. But the effect on Robert McAllister was even more pronounced, for it was his own uncle whom he heard accused; and half-leaping from his seat, with crimsoned face, he cried boldly, "You lie!"

I drew an involuntary breath of dismay at the words, for I deemed them his death warrant, and indeed, for an instant, the captain's hand sought his belt; but immediately he mastered himself, and with shrugged shoulders muttered to himself the one word, "Youth!" There followed an ominous silence. Then the captain spoke again. "You would naturally defend your uncle, but I speak the truth. Now I shall ask you one question, which I presume you will answer in only one way; but I must ask it in fairness to you, for on your answer depends your future."

There was purpose in his words; to me it seemed that they were a threat, scarcely veiled, of death. Yet young McAllister, whatever his feelings, carried himself manfully, and sat motionless, with no sign of flinching upon his face, awaiting the question. At last it came.

"Will you, believing that I have told the truth, become an inmate of your uncle's household, learn his secrets, and at the proper time deliver him and his treasure into my hands?"

There was not a second's hesitation. The young man's quiet "Never!" betokened inexorable resolution.

The captain gazed at him grimly. "You would die first?"

The answer came like an echo. "I would die first."

There fell silence. Instinctively my eyes sought Barclay's face, and I seemed to read there, not only indelible resolve, but something besides—resentment, perhaps, at meeting an adversary as steadfast as himself, and yet, withal, a reluctance to force a crisis. And when at length he spoke, it was evident that his conjectures

were correct, for he did what was to him almost unheard of—he chose deliberately to repeat himself, and thus to make his meaning crystal clear.

"Once again," he said, "I assure you on my honor as a gentleman, that Andrew McAllister is unworthy of consideration at your hands. For any fate that may befall him, he has but himself to blame. You need waste no pity, no sympathy, no act of self-effacement, upon him. And once more I repeat that if you choose to disbelieve me, and to cast your lot with your uncle, then for you that means but one thing—death!"

As he finished speaking, I glanced quickly at McAllister, and instantly hope died in my heart, for he sat gazing at the captain without the tremor of an eyelid, and with an air of half-amused contempt, as if this pirate, despite his power and force of character, were far removed from the other's world. He did not even deign to speak; a faint, half-tolerant shake of his head was his only reply.

The result was immediate, for he could not, I think, have chosen surer means to antagonize and enrage the captain. Like a flash Barclay was on his feet, his face livid with wrath, and turning to me, he uttered the curt command, "Go on deck!"

I rose slowly to my feet; then paused, irresolute, striving desperately to think of some expedient by which I might aid McAllister. Yet the case seemed hopeless. We were two stripplings without weapons; our captors were picked fighting men, in the prime of life, and not merely immensely our superiors in strength, but slayers by profession, and armed to the teeth. Again my eyes sought McAllister's, and he seemed instantly to divine what was passing in my mind, for once more he shook his head, and with his hand made the slightest possible gesture toward the companion way. There was no time for more, for our interchange, brief as it was, had not escaped the captain. His face, as he glared at me, was like a storm cloud, and I perceived that his hand had dropped, threateningly, below the level of the table. He snarled, rather than spoke the words, "On deck!"

Wholly against my will, therefore, I yielded, and reluctantly ascended the companion step by step. But at the top, moved by an impulse that I could not resist, I turned and cast one final glance below. In these few moments the whole scene had changed; Captain Barclay had lost no time. The door leading forward from the cabin was open, and from my outlook the space beyond loomed like a dungeon, black as night. Through this door McAllister was in the act of passing, but whether of his own free will, or whether, as it appeared to me, through the compulsion of Burford and the captain, I could not say. Then, realizing that I was powerless, I turned, once more and regained the deck. Yet in the moment that I stood there, without moving, I heard, or seemed to hear, the scuffling sounds of a struggle, and then one shrill, high-pitched scream. For an instant I think my senses actually deserted me, for when I became once more conscious of my surroundings, I stood gripping the after-rail gazing fixedly at our foaming wake. And for the first time in my life I realized that I was talking aloud to myself. "You heard no scream," I was saying, half angrily. "You heard nothing. Nothing at all."

CHAPTER IV

Another Man's Shoes

Presently, as I stood gazing blankly forth over the blue waters, I felt a hand upon my arm, and wheeling about with a start, I found Burford at my elbow. Instantly I searched his face for some sign of what had happened, only to find that his expression was as inscrutable as ever. Yet almost with his first words I was to learn the truth, and, as he spoke, I perceived, further, that Barclay himself had also come on deck, and stood by the weather-rail nonchalantly surveying the receding land.

"The captain wishes speech with you," said Burford, and added, not



"The Captain Wishes Speech With You."

unkindly, "Do what he asks, no matter what it is. I know him well; I know his moods. If you cross him now, you die before an hour is past." And—he added significantly, "you will not die as speedily as the other lad; you will pray for death a score of times before it comes to you."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

HITEON.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hite and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams were in Hillsboro on business Monday.

The Tigardville Rebekah sewing club met Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Mamie Tigard, of Tigard. Those attending from Hiteon were Mesdames Christ Christensen, Charles Van Kleeck, George Anderson, and Miss Effie Van Kleeck.

The Girls "4H" sewing club met Thursday at the home of their leader, Effie Van Kleeck, Vivian Nelson gave a talk on "Choice of Materials When Making a Dress" and Ethel North and Grace Behm a demonstration on "How to Make French Seams." Following the meeting Florence Selander served a delicious lunch.

Mesdames Ernest Hite, Herman Metzentine, Charles Van Kleeck, Roy Bacon and John Caldwell, of the Hiteon Progressive club met with the Scholls' Study club Thursday. Mrs. Frankel, president of the Federated Women's clubs of Oregon, gave an interesting talk on phases of club work. Lunch was served.

The primary class of the Sunday school gave a surprise party for their teacher, Mrs. Charles Van Kleeck Saturday afternoon. The afternoon was spent in games and an Easter egg hunt. Dainty refreshments were served. Those present were Ardis Nelson, Frances Hansen, Dean Willoughby, Everett Metzentine, Chester Robinson, Maurice Willoughby, and Billie Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Kleeck and daughter, Effie, spent Sunday with Mrs. Van Kleeck's mother, in Portland.

Misses Ethel North and Elizabeth Struthers were Sunday guests of Misses Mabel and Grace Behm.

An Easter program was given by members of Hiteon Sunday school. We were sorry that Mr. Everett was unable to conduct Easter services and hope he will be with us in the near future.

Mrs. Flora Leedy, Mrs. Charles Van Kleeck, Mrs. Herman Metzentine and Miss Effie Van Kleeck, of the Hiteon Progressive club attended the Public Welfare Institute meeting given by the Oregon Federated Women's club in Portland Friday. Luncheon at the Y. W. C. A. was enjoyed as well as a playlet, talks and a trip to the Doernbecker hospital.

GARDEN HOME.

The regular meeting of the Garden Home P. T. A. was held Friday evening. The program was in charge of Miss Ellis, the principal.

Dave I. Stanford read his prize

winning essay on "Oregon Products." Kathryn Williams gave a piano selection. Chorus by school directed by Miss Kockrun. Miss Partridge, first and second grade teacher, gave the "Pied Piper of Hamelin."

The dumbbell and wand drills given by the school. The leaders were Florence Johnson, Ruby Webber and Glenn Stevens directed by Miss Zimms.

The program was largely attended.

TUALATIN.

Johnny Owens, mail carrier of route one, Sherwood, had a very severe cold and took what he supposed were quinine tablets but turned out to be poison tablets. Two doctors have been looking after him and his many patrons and friends are looking forward to his recovery. Floyd Shook has been on the route for the past few days.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Harry Harding, of Bremerton, Wash., were at Hillsboro Saturday. Mr. Harding visited his mother, Mrs. L. S. Harding Sunday leaving for home the same day. Mrs. Harding will prolong her visit for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Alden and Mrs. E. S. Page, of Salem, Or., with Mrs. Frank Gillis and daughter Frances, of Anoka, Minn., were guests of Mrs. E. C. Richardson Monday.

Mrs. Benjamin Levene has returned from a visit of ten days with friends at Nampa, Idaho.

Mrs. John Say and daughter, Margaret from Portland were here visiting Mrs. Say's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Nyberg, last week.

Mrs. L. S. Harding entertained Mrs. Hawthurst, of Tualatin and Mrs. Amanda Kerr, Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. Quist, prominent ladies of Portland at a luncheon given at her home Thursday.

Mrs. J. E. Biggs and Mrs. L. L. Clark, mother and sister of Mrs. J. W. Mills of Mulloy were Mrs. Mills' Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wheaton and two children, have moved back to their home at Mulloy after living for four years at Bandon "By the Sea."

Mr. and Mrs. Thad Sweek, of Seattle were callers at the L. S. Harding home Thursday enroute for home from a vacation trip to California.

A miscellaneous shower was given at the home of Mrs. John Nyberg Wednesday evening complimentary to Mrs. Clarence Vanvenhee. The rooms were prettily decorated in blue and white. The new bride received many beautiful and useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Vanvenhee have an apartment over the M. A. Kilpatrick store.

SHAHAPTA.

Wendy Butler, Correspondent. Miss Susanne Thomas spent her Easter vacation with her parents at Scio, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Beasley and family have moved to their new home in Multnomah.

Mrs. J. H. Schwingly of Hood River, spent a few days at the home of her mother, Mrs. I. H. Wendland.

E. E. Thayer took a trip to Devils Lake.

Mrs. J. W. McCuen entertained a few Portland friends with a bridge party Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. W. McCuen, her son Teddy, and Margaret Wendland spent Easter Sunday with Mrs. McCuen's parents at Scholls, Oregon.

George Butler accompanied Mr. Harrison and Vernon Ross, of Portland to Newport, for the Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Povey are the proud parents of a baby boy which arrived April 17 at the Wilcox Memorial hospital. Both are doing nicely.

Mrs. Roscoe Swayze's brother, William Hugill, who was killed near Centralia, by a tractor overturning was buried at Mt. Scott cemetery, April 17.

The last Parent-Teachers meeting was very interesting. Dixies were promised to the room having the most mothers present which was a tie so Dixies will be given to the entire school.

CAPITOL HILL.

The Capitol Hill community club will hold their annual bazaar and chicken dinner at the clubhouse Saturday, April 30. Dinner will be served at 6 o'clock. H. L. Cleaves has been appointed general chairman. Mrs. Bert Duncan is to be in charge of the dinner, assisted by Wayne Jensen and the Junior auxiliary in the kitchen. Tickets are 50c for adults and will include dinner, dancing and door prizes, children 25c. A number of splendid prizes have been donated by merchants of Multnomah and Portland.

The regular meeting of the Capitol Hill Community club will be held Wednesday evening, April 27, at which time officers for the coming year will be elected and other important matters will be brought up. All members are urged to attend.

Capitol Hill will be represented at the Rose Show to be held during the Rose Festival. Mrs. N. R. Kyser has been appointed chairman.

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MEANS

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