

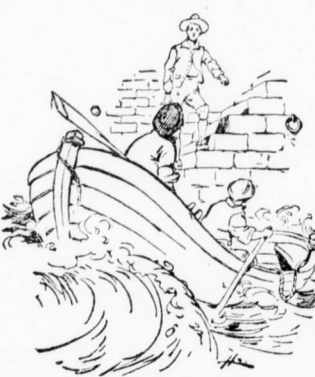


CHAPTER I. OF MY BECOMING A SEAFARING MAN.

I was born in the days of the Lord Protector, so that I was a little past my majority when the things that I have in mind to relate took place. My father was a sea captain, out of Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, and was killed by the Barbary pirates and his ship taken a little time before I came of age. My mother grieved sorely for him, and only survived his loss a few months, and my two young brothers being then put out with a reputable haberdasher, and the little that remained of our fortune turned over to him for their benefit, I found myself of a sudden alone in the world, and brought, for the first time, to depend upon myself for a living. I had made a few voyages with my father, and had come to be something of a seaman, though I knew scarce anything of navigation, and this knowledge, with what I gained from an ordinary round of schooling, stood for all I was now to reckon on to make my way in the world. While I was reflecting on my condition, and casting about to see what I should do—for I did not relish the idea of using the sea, though that was now often in my mind—I chanced to fall in with a certain shipmaster, Daniel Houthwick by name, to whom, after a short acquaintance, I disclosed my case, and asked his advice. We were seated in the taproom of one of the little dock inns at the time, with a pot of old October before us and no one just by. The captain took a pull at his mug, which made his hairy throat give a great throb, and after a little deliberation answered: "I should be blithe to be you, Master Ardick, could I but get my bearings to see how. You know I am an old salt-water, with little run of things ashore. I might come at something by broad reckoning, but no better."

chief features. She stood pretty well out of the water (considering that she was loaded), and, while she had a good beam, was not overround in the bows, and was well and loftily sparrowed. She was painted black, with a gilded streak, and showed no break for ports, which, indeed, was not surprising, as few merchantmen at that time carried their guns otherwise than on deck. All her topsides were to be provided with shields, or barricadoes, and on the poop and along the bulwarks I could resolve the outlines of several sakers and swivels. Besides these she might carry some heavy piece, and, in fact, I caught a glimpse, through an open gang-port, of a shape in a tarpaulin which could hardly be other than a long-range gun. The whole appeared to show that she was fitted to fight as well as to fly, which was passing needful in those troublesome times. Her burthen (as I afterward learned) was 350 tons, and as we approached her, she flashed up her great black side, she looked even larger. As we drew near, some heads showed above the bulwark, and I made out a ladder hanging over at that place. We pulled up to it, and when we rose on the next wave the sailor reached out a boat-hook and steadied us to it, and we were speedily up the side. As I glanced about, taking in the fashion of the deck and such arrangements as had not been visible from the water, a short, broad man, in a kind of Dutch blouse and heavy sea boots, came from some place forward and accosted the captain. I inferred that he must be the mate, and so indeed, it proved, and upon being presented I found his name was Giles Sellinger, and that he hailed from Southampton. He had a resolute, honest-looking countenance, albeit the smallpox had pitted him rather severely, and I thought had the air of a good seaman and competent officer. The captain explained the meaning of my being aboard, and said that he doubted not I should suit him well, though it might be I should halt in some things at the beginning. Master Sellinger received this explanation in a way favorable to my pride. We made no further delay, but returned to the town, and at the hour appointed to be fetched off I was ready, clothes-bag in hand. The tide had fallen since morning, and I had to walk to the edge of the jetty before I could espy the boat, which I then perceived at the foot of the long flight of wet steps. The two sailors, who were the crew, were alone in her, and so I saw that I was beforehand with my companions. I waited a few moments, talking with the sailors (but not too freely, lest they conceive me an easy sort, which would not do), and presently I heard the voice of the captain. The sailors pushed the boat more fairly to the foot of the stairs, and directly the captain appeared at the top. "Aye, Master Ardick is here," I heard him say back to some one behind him, and almost with the words the person he had addressed joined him. The supercargo, for such, of course, the second man was, I found to be a nimble, erect little gentleman, in age perhaps 60, with some gray in his beard, but a good fresh skin, and dressed very handsomely in sad-colored velvet, low-crowned hat with feathers, yellow hose, and high-heeled French shoes, with blue rosettes. His head was covered with a fashionable flowing wig, and his broad sword-belt supported a good substantial sword with a silver hilt. As soon as Capt. Houthwick had put us on our course he presented me to the supercargo, giving his name as Mr. Tym, and informing him with some little pride that he would find me other than the common sort of sailor, being a man of considerable parts, and of a family above the ordinary, my father having been an owning shipmaster and the son of a justice of the peace, and my mother the daughter of a knight. After a somewhat tedious pull, the boat being in part contrary and quite a sea beginning to run, we drew near, and I got up and made ready to seize the ladder. It was of rope, with wooden rungs, the top and bottom made fast, and presently I succeeded in catching it, and drew the bow of the boat as near as was safe. The ship rose and sank and churned about in a troublesome fashion, but I managed to hold on, and first the captain and then Mr. Tym passed me and swung over to the ladder. The old supercargo was as steady and sure-footed as a rope-dancer, and it immediately occurred to me that he might be a veteran seagoer, a conclusion which was confirmed as I saw how coolly he waited on the ladder till the captain was out of the way, though the ship was rolling and pitching and sending frothing flings of water up to the very soles of his dainty shoes. In a moment the captain had passed over the bulwark, and Mr. Tym began to follow, and it was then that I made a surprising discovery. I had noticed that the old fellow had kept his cloak partly about him, and I had marveled at it, as the day was so warm, but now, as he began to climb, the wind caught the garment and blew it out, and behold, he had lost his left hand! The sleeve hung loose and long about the wrist, and out of the drapery—showing queer among the lace—peeped the black turn

of an iron hook. He caught this over the rungs of the ladder, alternating with his right hand, and without any difficulty mounted the unsteady side and swung himself lightly over the bulwark. This lively breeze was a fair one for our sails, and we must all needs look alive, and walk up the anchor and get the Industry under canvas. The captain mounted the poop, a man was sent to the tiller, and the mate stationed himself just abaft the fore-castle to pass the word along. "Heave her short!" shouted the captain. "Heave her short!" repeated the mate, and the pawls of the windlass began to rattle. "Loosen sail!" followed, and the men sprang into the rigging. Everything was cleared to let go, and all hands, except a man on each yard to stay the hunt, scampered back to the deck. "All ready aloft?" hailed the mate. "All ready!" answered the fellows on the yards. "Let go!" and the ship flashed out white, and stood clothed in the waves of loose canvas. Then the chief topsails were set, the yards trimmed, and the anchor finally brought to a head. She steadied quickly to her work, and as she climbed away the light canvas was rapidly put out. In a short time the watches were appointed, and the business of putting the ship in order and otherlike things of the beginning of a voyage attended to, and after that I had a little breathing space and slipped down to my cabin. I had a small berth in the aftermost part of the 'tween decks, and here I found my clothes-bag and other effects, and proceeded to sling a hammock (preferring it to either of the bunks the berth contained), and sat down to have a brief smoke. My smoke over, I strolled for a bit into the fore-castle, and then went again on deck, where I found the wind rather gathering strength and quite a stiff sea running. We reefed the topsails, and by that time supper was called. The rest of the evening passed without incident. I turned in early, as my watch was to be called at eight bells, and when the time came, crawled out mighty sleepy, but full of zeal, and so kept my four hours. At daylight all hands had to be called, as there was a heavy wind, which was verging on half a gale, and we whipped down the mainsail and the great lateen, and before we were done had to be satisfied with a reefed main-top-sail, a bit of foresail, and a reefed sprit-top-sail. "Marry, but this is something boisterous for the narrow seas," said a high-pitched voice behind me, as I stood holding on by the lashings of the big gun and watching the turmoil. I turned and saw the little supercargo, who had just come out of the cabin. He was balancing himself fearlessly on his straddled legs, a long sea-coat whipping about him, and his hand clasped upon his hat to keep both that and his great curly wig from blowing away. "Aye, sir," I said, "this is rough weather for the chance." "I saw worse once!" he shouted, with a kind of chuckle, and then immediately sucking in his lips, which I found was a way he had. "And how was that?" I asked, willing to forget the weather for a moment if I could. "Why, it was a matter of above 20 years ago," he replied. "Things so fell out with me on that occasion that I put to sea on a day even worse than this in only a small fishing sloop." "It was beyond account rash," I commented. "It must have been a strait, indeed, to bring you to it." "It was to save my neck," he answered, speaking this time close to my ear, that he might talk with less strain. "You see, it was in the days of old Noll, and I had ventured into my native Sussex—I had forgotten to say that the old tyrant had set a price on my head—and was forced to get speedily out. Luckily, a fellow-royalist was at hand and lent me a horse, and on that I reached the seaside and thence boarded this fisherman, upon which I put out, as I said." "But the master of her," I queried, a little puzzled by that point in the story, "how did you prevail on him to take such a risk?" "How? Why, to be sure, with a pistol at the head. He would listen no otherwise." "And the crew? Had you no trouble with them?" "Nay, not a whit. I did but point another pistol at them—I had two hands in those days—and they became most tractable." "You deserved to escape!" I cried, admiringly. "But what then? Did you come to close straits before you made the other side?" "Yes," he answered, shaking his head, "and at last we had to cut away the mast. It was too long to dwell upon, but the wind-up was we finally made France. It was hard by Calais, and had started from Eastbourne. There was much tedious pumping to do, and right slow progress under such sail as we could put upon a jury-mast. "Is not that a sail outlander?" He broke off, and pointed to a white speck on the northwestern seaboard, which



I saw I was beforehand with my companions.

with such steadiness that I soon decided that it was, indeed, a sail. It was nothing surprising or unexpected, of course, here in the channel, and I gave no more heed to it at the time. Mr. Tym shortly retired again to the cabin, and the hard weivering of the ship through the heavy seas went on. The forenoon wore away, and it was about seven bells when, happening to think of the sail I had seen, I went to the rail to look for it. It was now about on the lee bow, and much nearer, and soon I could make out a large ship close hauled on the starboard tack. I continued to watch her, and presently I saw that she had altered her course and was now steaming directly toward us. I happened to glance toward the poop where the captain and mate were standing, and saw that the skipper was pulling out and pointing his glass. He took a long observation, and then, to my surprise, shook his head energetically and passed the glass to the mate. Sellinger looked in turn, and almost at once lowered the instrument and began bawling something in the captain's ear. Houthwick answered by a nod, and turned sharply and ran a little way aft. He gave a command—I could not tell what—to the man at the helm, and rapidly returned and descended the poop ladder. The mate followed, stopping at the bottom to hang the glass in some becket, and came to the confines of the quarter-deck. Houthwick, on the other hand, turned short at the companion, which he opened, and from a strap just inside took out his trumpet. He made no stop, but scurried out to the ladder again, and went up with long, eager strides, the pace faster than I had ever observed him use before. He was not yet at the top when the mate roared to me, using his hand to guide the sound: "Call all hands!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

WRECK OF A ROMANCE.

The Fair Cassimere Could Not Be Happy with One Who Mispronounced "Derby."

"No, Henry, it is useless to plead. I mistook the strength of my feeling for you."

"And this is the end?"

"It is."

The agitated young man strode up and down the parlor.

"If anybody had told me a week ago," he began bitterly, "that my dream of happiness—"

"Henry," she interrupted, "what happiness could you expect in marrying a woman who does not love you?"

"How can a woman's heart change so quickly?" he groaned. "Cassimere, is this the result of treachery, of envy? Has anybody—"

"Nobody has traduced you, Henry. There has been no interference by any third party. Believe me when I say that no shaft of slander could harm you in my esteem. My admiration for your character, my sincere friendship—"

"Prate not to me of friendship, Cassimere McGinnis!" he broke in, fiercely. "You who only a few days ago told me—"

"I know I did. But I repeat that I did not know the real depth of the feeling which—"

"You who no longer ago than last Saturday when we were on the way to the races—"

"Ah, Henry, you unwittingly recall the hour when the scales fell from my eyes—when I found that I no longer—"

"What do you mean?"

"Henry," said the young woman, with infinite sadness, "I never could be happy with a man who pronounces it 'Derby'!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

One Can Never Be Pleasant to Look Upon Unless in Good Health—Means to That End.

The most helpful and agreeable bath is that of tepid water. Few people can stand absolutely cold baths, and no matter how strong one may be such a bath should not be indulged in unless a thorough rubbing be taken afterward. To speak plainly, it must be remembered that while a cold bath may be more or less invigorating it is not cleansing. I can easily understand the desire of every woman to have a clear beautiful skin, but I confess to being provoked when I think of the amount of money spent on lotions, creams and powders to be applied externally, and which have nothing like as good an effect upon the skin as a tepid bath with good soap taken at least once a week. The condition of the skin depends almost entirely upon the care given to the general health. The girl who is up late at night, gives no care to her diet, indulges in various stimulants, bathes but seldom, and exercises less, is certain to have either a dull, muddy-looking skin or one covered with disagreeable-looking black and red spots. One should avoid many sweets and much pastry, and not allow herself to become a slave either to tea or coffee any more than she would to some vicious drug or strong stimulant. She should also remember that unless she is in good condition internally, she will be anything but a pleasant object to look upon externally.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Well Drilled.

Drill Sergeant—Now, then, Dyle, what is the first-st movement in "Dout face?"

Recruit—When the command is given yez advance the face three inches to the rear.

"Right yez are. If all the min was the loikes of yez, we'd soon have the best drilled company on the grounds."—Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.

Proverb with an Addition.

Watts—One-half the world does not know how the other half lives.

Potts—Nor why.—Indianapolis Jou-nal.

"Courage and Strength in Times of Danger."

Read the warning between the lines. What is that warning? It is of the danger from accumulation of badness in the blood, caused by the usual heavy living of the Winter months. Spring is the clearing, cleansing time of the year; the forerunner of the brightness and beauty of glorious Summer.

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Tumors—A tumor as big as a large marble came under my tongue and instead of letting my physician operate on it, I used my favorite spring tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The tumor disappeared. Mrs. H. M. COMBES, 579 Merck St., Lowell, Mass.

Rheumatism—I had rheumatism for five years and can conscientiously say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has given me entire relief. As a blood purifier, it has helped my children wonderfully. Mrs. S. A. SAGAR, 83 Franklin Avenue, Passaic, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WANTED PAUL TO TELL.

A Topsy Wayfarer Who is Familiar with the Scriptures Asks a Question.

A man of the North side saw a masculine member of the human race tumble down on the sidewalk the other evening, hopelessly intoxicated. Disgusted at the sight, he was about to pass on unheeding of his neighbor's misfortune when the story of the good Samaritan flashed across his mind and he resolved for once to be charitably helpful. He accosted the fallen one and assisted him to his unsteady feet, and after much persistent interviewing succeeded in ascertaining the number of his home. Thither he piloted his wayward companion, and was rewarded on the doorstep by a volley of thanks and a most importunate invitation to enter and take a drink.

"No," responded the modern Samaritan, emphatically. "I won't go in and take a drink, and you'd better follow my example and get to bed as quickly as you can."

"All right, I guess I will," muttered the tipsy hobo, drowsily. "But tell me your name, anyway. I want to know the name of the man who brought me to my door."

As his eloquence and voice were waxing in strength, the Samaritan thought it wisdom to comply in some way with his associate's desires, and at the same time had no intention to reveal his own identity.

"Paul is my name," he answered, at last, in compromise, turning to go down the steps.

"Come here, Paul," eagerly called the other man at once. "Come back and answer the question I've had it in my mind to ask you for years. Paul," he continued, impressively, "did you ever get an answer to your letters to the Ephesians?"—Chicago Chronicle.

His Philosophy.

"Mis' Johnsing, w'y doan' yo' git dat meaz o' youahs to atten' Divine wo'ship once i' while?"

"Fo' de good lan's sake, Pa'son Green, dai no count nigh it. I've married to sin' bin in wide a ch'uch fo' mo' ten year."

"Yo' doan' mean t' tell me dat he ain't nevah 'sperienced religion, Mis' Johnsing?"

"I guess dat's 'bout right, pa'son, doat don't 'ink t' say it."


"Ef he ain't in de faith, den wha' doctrine does he cling to, Mis' Johnsing?"

"Well, pa'son, I ain't got much opinion in de mattah, but I kind o' reckon dat de only doctrine he hangs onto wid any very great amount o' tenacity am de one dat sez: 'A bird in de bag am wuch bet' on de roost, when de doab' de coop' cot a sprin' lock an' de dawg's unchained.'—Cleveland Leader.

The Fourth Dementia.

"Golf?" the physician said, with a sigh "Golf, or, more correctly, golficitis, must be designated the fourth dementia. Golficitis is a permanent addition to English manias, and is attracting the attention of thinking alienists. This mania differs from others in that it is not acute in its chronic stages and is curable. The symptoms are a loathing for legitimate business, an abnormal disposition to copious profanity and nervous irritation, a passion for giddy and eccentric garments, a profound contempt for truth, a hatred of domestic restraint, accompanied by flushed face and a depraved love of out-of-doors."—Golfing.

Slander is like mud; it only sticks where it finds affinity.—Ram's Horn.



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