

A THOUGHT OF REST.

In the white mansions of our God
Are the pleasures sweet and fair:
No soul that bows beneath the rod
Hath ever sorrowing there.
Each gale breathes balm, and all the lost
No more—no more are tempest-tossed.
In the white mansions of our God
We must the soul's despair;
Lilies that wither on earth's sod
Bloom in rare beauty there:
And pleasant there, to all our feet,
Are paths that lead to waters sweet.
In the white mansions of our God
Are lights that steadfast beam:
Weary of all the way we tread
We'll lay us down to dream.
To dream dear dreams of peace and rest
Like children on a mother's breast.
—F. L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.



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SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houthwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the *Industrious*, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, desires a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the *Industrious's* guns. In the fray one of the crew is killed and Houthwick is seen to fall. The captain is found to be dead, but the *Industrious* is little damaged. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell strange tales of the buccaneer Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having succeeded on her course, a bit of paper is slipped into Ardick's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plot headed by Pradey, the new mate. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger joins Ardick and Tym. The crew break through the now barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Pleading their services now too short-handed to manage the boat, Pradey decides to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The captain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft get away next morning, a Spanish frigate near just before their vessel sinks. The men, the man in the rigging shouts: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall short." On board they are sent forward with the crew, but they will be sent as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they find to be Mac Irvach, "Trac Ciagvarioch," so a friend. Four days later the Spanish is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Irvach plan to escape by the buccaneer on a rude raft. Sellinger, the last to attempt to leave the Spanish, is disabled. Just after the others put off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Halting the buccaneer, our three friends find themselves in the hands of their old mate, Pradey. He treats them kindly and offers to do them no harm if they will remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The *Black Eagle*, Pradey's ship, comes to Chagra, Cuba, which town they find Morgan has taken under the English flag. From here the *Black Eagle*, with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 1,500 men. Having landed, they march on the city. The attack on the city is begun. Many of the buccaneers fall, and Ardick is wounded. Through the smoke he sees Pradey approaching. The city at last falls. Ardick, coming to, finds Tym has rescued him from Pradey's murderous hands by killing the villain. The Spanish flag has been hauled down from the castle and the men allowed to plunder the city at will. Mac Irvach spies a figure coming toward them, and exclaims: "The ghost of the captain." It is indeed Sellinger. He recounts his late adventures, then he leads them to the rescue of Don Enrique de Cavodilla, who had been kind to him on the *Pilanca*, the Spanish vessel on which he had been a prisoner. Flight is the only course open to the don, his wife and daughter. Our three friends, then he leads them to the rescue of the building when Capt. Towland comes to claim the don as his prize, under the buccaneer's rule. Mr. Tym parleys to gain time for the flight of our party. Then he tells the men to enter the building shortly to join the don, they come upon his dead body.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE FLIGHT OF THE DON AND HIS PARTY AND THE DILEMMA THAT CAPT. TOWLAND PUT UP IN, LIKEWISE OF A DREAUFUL DISCOVERY.

"Senor," interposed Dona Carmen, "it may be that I have thought of something. My house is on the island of Taboga, which is out yonder in the bay. Could we reach it we might hide in a certain wine cellar, which I am almost sure a few moments' labor would make secret. I had remained and hidden in it, indeed, only I was persuaded the city was safer. Could we but reach the water I believe we could secure a boat, and so reach the island."

"You are brave, senorita," I said, for I could not help admiring this command of her wit at such a time. "But I fear your plan would not serve. For one thing, where would you obtain a boat? Our men must have seized them all."

She faltered a moment, but again her wonderful dark eyes lighted, and she answered eagerly:

"But the fisher village? I conceive there must be boats there. It is above half a league from here, and I am sure your hands have not gone so far. Moreover, it has nothing to tempt robbery. Ah, could we but reach the village!"

"Why, so you shall, if the thing is to be mortally compassed!" I cried in a burst of great pity and compassion. "Stay a moment," I went on, "and I will take counsel with my comrades."

In the fewest words possible I repeated our talk and stated her plan.

"I believe they might fetch out upon the beach," said Sellinger, "for, as I have told you, there is a pretty quiet way to it, but the rub comes afterward."

"Captain," put in Mac Irvach, who had been quietly listening, "what think ye of a disguise? Clap the hale three into wad caps, pitting the women in breeks, and daub a bit o' smut on their faces. Our laddies will have their drop lang syne, and gae aboot w' no sharp een."

"Why, that is not so bad," said the

captain, brightening. "What say you, Mr. Tym and Ardick?"

"It is at least something definite," said Mr. Tym; "I am for trying it, on the whole."

I agreed with him, and without more ado turned to Don Enrique and the ladies and put the business into Spanish.

They listened eagerly and lost no time in deciding. Indeed, they barely took the words off my tongue ere they broke out in consent. But, in fact, it was easy to see by their anxious looks and pale cheeks that they were desperate enough for almost anything.

"This was a great relief to us, for certainly we had nothing left to turn to, unless it might be some desperate action, and that with no reasonable hope of success."

I saw the senorita and the other incline their heads a moment, as though in prayer, and the don murmured something under his heavy mustache. I think we were not two minutes off the stairs when we heard a confused and swelling sound of voices, and on unbarring one of the neighbor windows I immediately detected the loud rough tones of some of the buccaneers. They were approaching the house, though as yet the high wall hid them from view.

"The fellows are upon us," I called softly to the others.

They hurried into the room and stood by my shoulder.

There could be no mistake about it. The buccaneers were coming along by the wall and were already close upon the gate. Where we stood the trees cut off the view, but the sound was certain and distinct.

"They will scarce give this place the slight, whoever they are," said Mr. Tym. "Should they be the same rascals that fell upon the don we must hear speedily from them."

"In that case they shall hear from us, also," said the captain, grimly.

"Hark!" I cried, "they are already at the gate!"

This was indeed true, for now we could hear their banging and bawling.

"It will be a bit before the gate yields," said Mr. Tym. "Pray Heaven they batter at it awhile, and give our friends the better start!"

"But they will not long back and fill there," said Sellinger. "If nobody opens they will be over the wall. I wish the don would hasten."

"They are coming at last," I said, much relieved, as the door into the rearward rooms opened.

The don, followed by the others, came out, and I perceived they were ready.

This was the manner of their disguise—the old don wore a kind of Dutch coat belted about the waist and extending to the tops of a pair of rough sea boots, and on his head was a great flapping hat with the fore-brim lopped down. His face and hands were smeared with dirt, and under his arm he carried an old basket.

The ladies were attired in a somewhat similar fashion. Dona Isabella wore a long coat and heavy boots (her skirts she had, of course, discarded), and the rest of her visible dress consisted of an old cap with side flaps and a curly wig. The wig was tucked chiefly under the cap, and at a glance might well pass for her proper hair. She had bedaubed her face and hands and carried a fisher's spear. As for poor Dona Carmen, I observed that she had put on a kind of mixed garb, consisting of a high straw hat, a blue jacket, a long knit vest, coarse hose and well-worn jackboots. She had smudged her face and hands, and carried over her shoulder a well-stuffed bag the seeming weight of which made her stoop a little, so that her face was not quite revealed.

"They must hasten," exclaimed Mr. Tym. "It is a wonder our fellows are not already at the door. Fetch a good lock rearward, Ardick, to see that the coast is clear, and after that no delay."

I was only too willing to obey, for the case indeed pressed, and with the single word "Come!" to the don, I flew to the rearward door and unbarricaded it. A glances out showed no person in sight. A considerable court, walled in on both sides, extended to the little rearward street. From here it was the first and most dangerous stage of the journey to the shore.

"God reward you all!" said the don, with a sign of his hand in farewell; and he stepped bravely out. His companions followed, not forgetting a fervent "Adios!" and we stood in the door and in a silence of anxiety saw them pass down the court.

Nothing as yet appeared, and presently they were at the opening of the street. Another breath of suspense and they had rounded the corner.

"By heaven, happily compassed!" exclaimed the captain, with a great breath of relief.

"It is, indeed, a good start," said Mr. Tym, himself giving over something of his anxious bearing.

"I trust the disguises will serve," I said, with a sigh. "In truth, they were not of the best."

But at this point we heard a loud shouting from the front of the house.

"Ah, our fellows are in," said Mr. Tym; and forthwith we shut and barred this door and hastened to the other.

Mr. Tym proved to be right. On opening the wicket we saw one leaf of the gate open, and the buccaneers crowding in.

The captain looked inquiringly at Mr. Tym, and fetched a good courageous breath, and Mac Irvach and I saw to our weapons. Of course we had no wish to fight, but we could not tell what our reckless and angry comrades might attempt, and were resolved to be prepared.

"We must parley with them," said Mr. Tym. "All will gain time."

"Do you be spokesman," said the captain. "Here they come, and well swollen with choler or I have no eyes!"

He stepped aside, giving way to the supercargo, and as he did so I heard

the heavy slap of the approaching feet.

"The leader is that ferocious Towland," Mr. Tym turned his head to say. As he did so the gang appeared to halt, and the voice of the fierce captain hailed us:

"Within there! How dare you hold thus against us? Open, or it will go very ill with you!"

"And why say you so?" Mr. Tym immediately put his face to the wicket and coolly answered, "Have we not a good right to the loot of this place as you?"

"Why, 'tis the little graybeard!" cried one man; and at that they made a stir of their arms, letting the butts of their guns fall, and there was a bit of silence.

"We were not aware that our own people were in possession," I heard Towland then, in a surly and vexed tone, reply. "Nevertheless," he went on, "we have the right to come in, so open the door."

"Why, look you," answered Mr. Tym—and I could see by the wrinkling of his side face that he was smiling—"I can not recall that there is any rule against bolting and barring. Suppose one were intent on the capture of a slave, for instance, must he needs let everybody in while he is about it? Slaves, you are aware, are not common spoil, as are goods and money."

"Nay, this is all idle talk and away from the purpose!" said Towland, impatiently. "Open the door, and be speedy about it, or the business will reach further than words!"

"Let me at least confer with my friends," answered Mr. Tym, still speaking moderately. "I am not alone in this matter."

"Speedy counsels, then," growled Towland. "We will not be put off."

"Well, friends," said Mr. Tym, facing about and preserving his same voice and manner, "what say you? You have heard Capt. Towland's demand."

"For my part," said the captain, raising his voice so that those outside could hear, "I desire a little time for deliberation. I would know my rights, and if I am to lower my colors, wherefore?"

"Aweel," said Mac Irvach, speaking up in his turn, "and see it strikes myself. I wadna come to decide in a blink."

"Which is my thought likewise," I promptly put in.

"You hear," said Mr. Tym, speaking again from the wicket. "My companions are not clear of their course. They would have a little time for reflection. So, in truth, would I."

The fellows broke into murmurs of rage, and two or three roundly swore.

"Look you," cried Towland, in a kind of desperation, and yet with a certain measure of rough entreaty, as I thought, "we will not be cozened. We have rights here. Nay, to come to the heart of the matter, we want the old don and the woman. We pursued them yesterday, and but for a twist of luck at the pinch would have had them. I myself all but secured the young senorita. You will perceive, therefore, that we have the first right here, and, like sensible men, will abandon your contention. Aye, to give you the final proof, the owner of this house is Don Enrique de Cavodilla, and it was his niece—though my memory halts at her name—that I laid hands on. By our laws a slave seized is a slave passed to ownership, and that you well know."

Mr. Tym turned back to us, his countenance grown serious.

"This is not well. I fear the rascal has the right of it—I mean as to the rule."

"I am sure of it," said I, reluctantly. "I have a clear thought of how it runs."

"Then, if they have the right to claim the slaves, I conceive they have the further right to come in and search for them," said Mr. Tym, with a vexed gesture. "Well, say we yield? To refuse would be to avail no one, and I conceive our friends now have a very hopeful start."

We were compelled to agree with him, and without further words he unbarricaded and opened the door.

Towland and his men sullenly pressed in, and we giving back, they quickly filled all the fore part of the hall. Towland looked at us with a lowering brow, but said nothing, and the men after a brief staring about made forward and began to scatter over the house. Towland seemed to hang in the wind for a bit, and at first I thought he meant to say something to us, but if so he changed his mind. For, in the end, he wheeled about and followed some of his crew up the stairs.

We exchanged significant glances, but for a little did not budge, wishing to avoid any dangerous seeming of haste. At last as none of the men returned—the most of them were now above, where we could hear them knocking about and calling to one another—we passed a whispered word, and all stole quietly out. As we made down the walk I heard a considerable noise, and thought that the men were

demolishing some doors or partitions, but fortunately no further heed seemed to be paid to us.

Fetching at last into the street, we turned in the direction of the water and pushed along at a sharp walk. It was in all our minds, though we stayed not to talk about it, to gain the first leftward street or passage, and thence continue till we obtained some knowledge or were satisfied of the safety of the fugitives. We at last came to the leftward turning street, and gladly turned the corner, and broke into a run.

"I think they have got fairly off," said the captain with a breath of relief. "It is clear the buccaneers have not yet penetrated to this quarter, and the time is more than sufficient to fetch the beach."

"I would not croak," said I, "but I am less hopeful. There is the guard on the ships, who might easily spy them, and then our straggling parties are poking about in all directions."

"We can soon learn how the matter has gone," said Mr. Tym. "We have but to continue to the water side, and proceed a little way from there toward this fisher village. If we see and hear nothing amiss we may rest in reasonable content that they are safe."

"Well, we would not turn back without that assurance," said I. "Let us proceed."

We pushed on down this street, accordingly, and when we had come into the next turned to the left, and so continued to the outskirts of the town. We learned nothing of moment, or touching the business in hand, and, thinking it of no use to proceed farther, and, indeed, supposing it might not be prudent to do so (lest we might be spied upon by some of Towland's party), we descended to the beach, and so walked for a time up and down.

After some little time, it being now near noon, and we beginning to be hungry, we thought it best to return to the castle. We bent our steps that way, therefore, and might have proceeded a fourth part of the distance when Mac Irvach suddenly gave a little cry.

"Look yon! Nay, nay! 'a' amiss!"

We hastily sprang to his side, for he was standing at the moment on a bit of ledge, while we were below, and to our horror discovered what it was that had fetched out the cry. In a kind of little depression, and partly hidden by the overhanging crest of the ledge, lay the corpse of Don Enrique de Cavodilla!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NIGHTCAPPED BEFORE QUEEN.

The Complaining Earl of Sussex Was Given a Most Extraordinary Privilege.

To the earl of Sussex was granted the privilege of wearing a nightcap in the royal presence of Queen Mary. The fact is mentioned in Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" as being one of the odd rewards bestowed by Mary upon her friends after her accession.

The earl was a valetudinarian, and had a great fear of uncovering his head. Considering, therefore, that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned Queen Mary for leave to wear a nightcap in her presence.

The queen not only gave him leave to wear one, but two nightcaps if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is unique in royal annals.

"Know ye that we grant to our well beloved and trusty cousin and councillor, Henry, earl of Sussex, license and pardon to wear his cap, coil or nightcap, or any two of them at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person within this realm, or in any other place in our dominions whatsoever during his life, and these our letters shall be sufficient warrant in his behalf."

The queen's seal, with the garter above it, was affixed to this singular grant.

Three persons in Great Britain alone enjoy the privilege of remaining covered in the royal presence—namely, Lord Forester, Lord Kinale and the master of Trinity college, Cambridge.—Green Bag.

Life-Time of a Book.

Books printed four centuries ago still exist, with their paper in good condition, but if the committee recently appointed by the Society of Arts in London to study the deterioration of modern paper is not seriously mistaken, multitudes of books printed to-day will be very short-lived. Perhaps, in many cases, that fact is not to be regretted. If bad and worthless books could always be printed on paper that in a few years turns to dust, and good books always on enduring paper, the makers of bad paper would, after all, be benefactors of the public. The committee referred to finds that paper containing mechanical, or ground, wood pulp especially, tends to both disintegration and discoloration. Papers consisting mainly of fibers of cotton, flax and hemp are the most lasting.—Youth's Companion.

They Are Queer.

Kissing was unknown to the Australians, the New Zealanders, the Papuans, the Eskimos and other races until comparatively recently. The inhabitants of Mallicolo, an island in the Pacific ocean, show their admiration by hissing; a Chinaman puts on his hat where we should take it off, and among the same curious people a coffeee considered a neat and appropriate present for an aged person, especially if he be in poor health.—Detroit Free Press.

Eavesdroppers.

The Gusher—Women are not good listeners. The Goyer—Evidently you've never had 'em for servants.—N. Y. Journal. Every woman is as old as the neighbors remember she is.

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