

**A STORM AT SUNSET.**

I stand upon the ocean shore,  
And hear her deep eternal roar,  
And view across her beating breast,  
A gorgeous pageant in the west.  
For marshaled there in radiant light,  
Along the very verge of night,  
Are bright battalions, massed on high,  
Moving across the evening sky.  
I mark the gleaming coats of mail,  
The waving plumes, the faces pale,  
I see the flaming falchions flash,  
And hark! the loud artillery's crash,  
As the guns' rapid lightning leap  
From level plain, or lofty steep,  
The while the trees move tremulously,  
'Tis a steady rain of musketry.  
I see the wild war-horses rush  
Swift to the fray; the overwhelming crush  
Falls their impetuous way to bar;  
They scent the carriage from afar.  
But soon the gathering shadows hide  
The battle's swaying, surging tide;  
And all the grandeur of that night,  
Is swallowed in the shades of night.  
Ah! silent now the battle ground,  
The pale tents cluster in a row,  
Ere from the lonely shore I turn,  
Afar, the glowing campfires burn.  
—Ingraham, in *Minnesota House-keeper*.



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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 "Industry" bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, deniers a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the Industry's guns. The Industry is little damaged, but Houthwick and one of the crew are killed. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into St. Thomas 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 buccaner Morgan, who is sailing under the king's commission to the Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, Ardick learns of a plot among the crew, headed by Pradey, the new mate, to take the Industry and join Morgan's fleet. 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 new barricaded door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Sellinger is for immediately falling upon the mutineers, but Tym argues that they are a light crew but still more than two to their having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves not 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, instead of constructing a raft get away just before their vessel sinks. The next morning a Spaniard draws near them. 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, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama. The ship's cook they find to be Mac Ivraich, "Frae Clagvarloch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaner frigate, the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraich plan to escape to the buccaner on a rickety raft. Sellinger, the least to attempt to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the other part off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Hailing the buccaner, 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 but remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The Black Eagle, Pradey's ship, comes to Chagro, Cuba, which town they find Morgan has taken under the English flag. From there the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. The command consists of about 150 men. Having landed, they march on to the city. The assault on the city is begun. Many of the buccaners fall, and Ardick is wounded. Through the smoke he sees Pradey approaching. The city at last falls. Ardick, coming to, finds Tym had reached him from Pradey's murderous hand by killing the villain. The Spanish flag has been hauled down from the castle, and the men sworn to plunder the city at will. Mac Ivraich spies a figure coming toward them, and exclaims: "The gale of the captain." It is indeed Sellinger. He recounts his late adventures, then he leads them to the case of Don Enrique de Cavendish, who had been kind to him on the Pilanes, the Spanish vessel on which he had been a prisoner. Fight is the only course open to the don, his wife and daughter. Gloria, Carmen, they just manage to leave the building when Capt. Towland comes to claim the don as his prize, under the buccaners' rule. Mr. Tym parries to gain time for the flight of his party, then allows the men to enter. Seeking shortly to join the don, they come upon his body. Tym also his wife has been slain and the young don taken prisoner to the castle, and immediately conceive a bold plan to rescue, and Mr. Tym goes to spy out her whereabouts.

**CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.**

"All is well," he said, with a careless-seeming nod—it was marvelous how my blood started in my veins at the words. "How fares it with the other?"  
"Likewise well," I almost falteringly answered.  
He drew a bit nearer, that chance passers might not hear.  
"This is the gist of the matter," he said: "She is shut up in one of the first-story chambers. To reach it you pass up the chief staircase, and so by an outside passage. The chamber is at the end, and is directly above the work. It therefore overlooks the water."  
"And how learned you all this?" I asked. He seemed dared believe we had gotten so far along in the undertaking and nothing contrary happened.  
"Why, pretty simply," he said, with a smile. "As I was passing through the hall I met Morgan, and, if you will credit it, he delivered to me the whole matter."  
"This made me fetch a little breath. "It was an easy matter," went on Mr. Tym, coolly. "I did but meet him, as I say, and after we had talked a little—he running on rather loosely, being somewhat in wine—he spoke of his own accord of the senorita. He raised her beauty and swore that it were a shame to deal with her save gently, and more to like purpose. I finally drew him on to disclose where

she was, and this, I may say, I did easily. After some further talk, I took leave of him, and while he passed into one of the under rooms I descended to the dungeons. I did this that I might seem consistent, having declared that I had some small curiosity about these places. From the dungeons I came again to the hall and thence ventured to peep above-stairs, where I found a man on guard, and so turned back. The fellow did not observe me, as I had approached softly and his attention was elsewhere, and this I was glad of, as I did not wish to arouse his suspicions. I could think of nothing more that might profitably be done, and so I returned hither."  
"Why, I count that excellent," I said. "Indeed, it is beyond our reasonable expectation."  
"I grant you," said Mr. Tym. "But now, since we have made an end here, let us see if we can learn how it fares with the captain. In truth, I have some anxiety."  
So, indeed, did Mac Ivraich and I, and I may say that this matter was now uppermost in my mind since the other was concluded. We therefore dropped the discourse and set off once more for the water.

As yet the captain was not in sight, though we scanned the water in all directions for him; wherefore we judged that he had not yet succeeded in his undertaking.  
At last, just as we were beginning to feel some disquiet, a small boat popped out of the concealment of the neighbor jetty, and there, to be sure, was the captain.

He shot his craft up to the beach and leaped out, and as we made forward gave us a cheerful nod.  
"I have secured an indifferent little sloop," he said. "How fared you?"  
We had him into the shade, and in a few words made him acquainted with our success. Then he gave us his account. It seemed that he meant to have no commerce with the buccaners, fearing lest he might rouse suspicion, but instead watched for a native fisherman, and was at last fortunate enough to bring one to. With him, after a little bantering (each had some trouble in understanding the other), he managed to conclude a bargain. The craft was a clumsy affair, it seemed; in length it might be 7 and 20 feet, by above eight in the beam, and was undecked, though it had a rude sort of crew. The single sail was old and patched, but looked to be fit for moderate service, and was set to a boom and a short gaff. She had no vessels or any kind of tools or implements aboard, being furnished solely with a pair of rude oars. Nevertheless she appeared staunch, and would, he thought, be likely to do the work required of her.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Tym, when the matter had reached this stage, "we seem to want nothing now but to complete the details of our plan. Let us go on about it."  
We were at a good deal of pains here, debating many things, but, after all, the matter sifted down to this: Toward the middle of the night, before the moon should rise—which it did now very late—we were to slip up to the passage leading to the senorita's room, beguile and overpower the guard, gar and bind him, and force the senorita's door. A few words from me would explain what was afoot, and, having thrust the guard into the chamber and secured him there, we would quietly descend to the hall and boldly pass out. Of course, our main reliance must be upon the general carelessness and disorder, and upon the fact that nothing of the business was suspected. As for the minor details, it seemed best that Mr. Tym should lead off, and at the point where he wished us to fall upon the soldier should make a certain prearranged sign.

By this time it was close upon sundown, and late enough for us to be thinking of returning to the castle. In fact, we had still some preparations to make, such as bringing down the stores—not forgetting a breaker of water—and an extra supply of clothing and weapons. Included in the clothing must be some for the poor lady, though I was sorry that none of it could be of a sort suitable to her sex. We likewise thought of an iron bar, or pry, with which to force the chamber door. All these matters, I will say in brief, we attended to, in no way encountering any mishap or seeming to arouse any suspicions. Finally, we hid the little skiff, and returned for the last time to the castle. It was now quite dark, the twilight in those parts being exceeding brief, and wanting no great while of the hour we had set for our undertaking. This, it will be remembered, was the early part of the night, before the confusion and disorder were like to have abated, and ere yet it was moonrise. At last it wanted only a few minutes of nine, and as we deemed that nothing was to be gained by waiting longer, we saw to our weapons and made along to the arched gate.

The door at the end of the passage stood open, and we caught a small glimmer of light and heard voices. Pushing on, though I confess with some uneasiness on my part (for I thought of Morgan), we presently found ourselves in the great hall. Here were perhaps a score of our fellows, the most sprawled about or sitting on the long table, and only four or five talking. A few had horns or flagons by them, and others were smoking, but I perceived that nearly the half seemed to be heavily asleep. Perhaps three or four candles were burning, put in a cloud, indeed, by the tobacco smoke, and bringing out little of the immediate surroundings with distinctness. Of the persons who were talking, one lay flat on the table and, by the bandage about his head, should be wounded, and another paced up and down, his arm in a sling.  
"In chief these are fellows who are drunk or disabled," I thought, "and

therefore in the better case, as far as we are concerned."

We were past them presently, none hailing us, and having gone out by the rearward door were at last in the hall of the stairs. Here it was dark, save for the little illumination of the buccaners' candles, and all deserted and quiet. We did not close the door after us, both because the light was of some use and because we thought the act would seem suspicious, though, indeed, the fellows had scarce appeared to notice us. One thing now puzzled me a little, which was that it seemed so dark at the top of the stairs. To be sure, the guard might have deposited his lantern, or candle, at the far end of the passage, but even then, I thought, some faint light would show. However, there was little time to think on this, even supposing it to be of import, for Mr. Tym had already begun to ascend the stairs. We fell into his train, the captain first, I next, and Mac Ivraich last, and all crept softly up. I now thought a faint bit of light was stealing down from the passage, but guessed that it might be nothing but starlight. I glanced as well as I could by the captain, and kept Mr. Tym's figure in a vague way in view, feeling, with some quickening of the pulse, that it must now be soon that he would reach the top and come under the observation of the guard. The flight was long, but presently I saw his figure cut out black and more distinct, and knew he was in the passage and obstructing a window. It was now certain that there was no light, save of the stars, and this must be the reason why the guard had not as yet perceived him. He turned, for I caught the narrowing of his shape, and immediately the window was free again, and now he had surely advanced down the passage.

I slipped alongside the captain, and he looked at me, the wonderment on his face coming out in the faint light. We were now close to the top of the flight, but as yet could not command the passage, the continued wall cutting us off. Of a sudden I heard a soft, long step, and the window above darkening. I looked up and saw Mr. Tym.  
"All's well," he said, in a sharp whisper full of relief. "The coast is clear."  
This was such brave news that for an instant I fairly brought the captain and me to a standstill. Yet only while one might catch his breath. We made a straddling bound of it to the top. Mac Ivraich close behind.

"We must improve the opportunity," went on Mr. Tym, as soon as we were fairly beside him. "Yonder is the door; Master Ardick, do you halt the senorita, and then proceed as speedily as you can with the breaking in."

The business wanted no more discussion, and quickly we were all be-



fore the door. A very faint bit of light came from the open keyhole, but all within was quiet. To make quite certain that the door was locked, I first gently tried it, but found, as I expected, the bolt shot. Stooping then to the keyhole, I spoke the senorita's name, raising my voice as high as I dared.

There was a little stir, and presently the lady's voice, low and shaken, answered:  
"Who is there?"  
"Friends, lady. Capt. Sellinger and others that you wot of. We have come to deliver you."  
I heard her give a little cry, and she seemed to have come up close to the door.

"We are about to break in," I continued. "Yet, stay—are you dressed?"  
"Yes, senor. Ah, the saints have heard my prayers!"  
"She understands the matter," I said back to my companions. "Hand me the pry, Mac Ivraich."  
The Scotchman had fetched along this implement—a short bar of iron, with one end flattened into a splay—and now passed it over. I jammed it in midway up, near the lock, and gave a heave. The door was of wood, but heavy and strongly set, and this first effort only made it strain and crack. Pushing impatient and anxious, I gnawed again, and this time threw my weight against the bar. The bolt instantly snapped and the door swung quivering open. The light within—a single candle—hardly brought out the place with distinctness, yet one glance resolved nearly all. Just within the entrance stood the senorita, pale, and with her yellow hair falling down her shoulders. At her back were the details of the room, mainly a little cumbersome furniture and the scant drapery of the barred windows.

As soon as the poor creature got the light fairly upon us, and especially as soon as she made out the captain, she ran forward and fell on her knees at his feet.  
"Oh, senor, may Christ reward you! I had all but given up hope!"  
"Why, it is all right, senorita," said the captain, awkwardly. He forgot that the lady did not understand

his English. He gave her his hand and she rose, looking sweetly and gratefully at the rest of us.

But this was no time for sentiment. We immediately withdrew a little and took counsel together. "There seems to be no new phase to the matter," said Mr. Tym. "The senorita's disguise will still serve."

"Say the captain and I go first," said Mr. Tym. "The lady and you, Ardick, would do well to come next, and Mac Ivraich can bring up the rear. We must all take care to stroll along carelessly."

We fell into the understood order accordingly, and in silence passed out into the passage. Mac Ivraich lingered a little, and took the precaution to close the door, and we were thus, for the time, in comparative darkness, the stars fetching the place out only in a faint glimmer.

I touched my elbow to the senorita's to encourage her, and in this fashion we slipped softly along, and without hearing an alarming sound reached the head of the stairs. Here Mr. Tym halted, but after a glance began to descend, and we, catching the noises now plainer from below, but still nothing menacing, quietly followed. As before, we found this rearward hall safe and deserted. Mr. Tym gave a glance back at us, as though to see that all were ready, and with a bold step passed on and turned in at the door. Capt. Sellinger fell a careless pace or two behind and followed. I did not hesitate, but as I felt the lady tremble whispered to her to take heart, for there was but small danger, and so saying pressed her arm hard with mine, and with that we passed in.

All was as we had left it. The buccaners were still sitting or lying about, save he who nursed his arm and walked up and down, and the haze of the tobacco smoke continued. We marched down the hall, I, as must confess, in some perturbation, and made toward the vaulted passage. It seemed an interminable distance, but to my tremendous relief, no attempt was made to stop us, and the first part of the strain was now over, and with a congratulatory look or two, but no words, for those were too risky, we continued on and entered the court. Here we found the former disorder and confusion, some of the buccaners struggling about laughing or roaring drunken songs, some ordering their arms, and others in groups talking. Morgan was not in sight, but Towland's rival, the savage and hard-fighting Capt. Blyte, was sprawled near by on a bench. His back was luckily towards us. There was but a single other captain in sight, one Steeves, who was lounging in the main gate. This last person, as I thought, was the officer of the guard, for I noted that three of his company were close by, and that one carried a lantern. Two more buccaners, though I could not say who, seemed to be stationed at the other gate—that is, the postern—for I could catch the gleam of their armor as they paced to and fro.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**The Drift of a Derelict.**

If a derelict is full of lumber, she is like a rock. If water-logged, these silent freebooters cannot be sunk unless broken in such a manner that the cargo is released. Fire has been found effective in destroying derelicts. It was successful in all but four cases in forty-five. One of the failures was with the Fannie E. Wolston, an American schooner, one of the most remarkable derelicts of which we have record. She was abandoned October 15, 1891, between the capes of Virginia and Hatteras. She drifted about half-way across the ocean (the hydrographic office received numerous reports of her), her course veering to the south, until she was about opposite Madeira. There she zigzagged until February, 1893. Then she drifted south until May of that year. From May until early in 1894 she was drifting towards the Bahamas. February 1 she was about north of Nassau. On the pilot chart for June, 1894, she is located on the eastern border of the gulf stream and southeast of Cape Hatteras. In June, 1894, she had been a derelict 959 days, and had drifted over 7,000 miles, the longest track of the kind on record, to find herself within a few miles, comparatively speaking, of the point at which she was abandoned.—Gustave Kobbe, in *St. Nicholas*.

**Easily Deduced.**

"What does the crowd that congregates here evenings think of the policy of expansion that has developed during and since the war?" inquired the grocery drummer of the store keeper at Basswood corners.  
"Haven't paid much attention to what they've said on the subject," replied the proprietor as he looked in the dried apple barrel which had stood uncovered in the midst of the crowd that had just departed, "but my opinion is that every man of them is in favor of taking everything in sight."—Judge.

**An Unfamiliar Object.**

Bill—Did you read about that fellow writing a poem on a \$50 bill?  
Jill—No; the editor kept it, of course.  
Bill—No; he returned it.  
Jill—What! An editor return a \$50 bill?  
Bill—Yes; he didn't know what it was.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Had Its Effect.**

Laura—How do you get along with your husband?  
Corah—Just lovely; we've had only one quarrel since our marriage.  
Laura—I suppose you gave him a good scare by threatening to leave him then?  
Corah—No; I threatened to send mother.—Up to Date.

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