

In Sheep's Clothing.



Capt. Denham Steele

CHAPTER I.

ALL-AT-SEA.

"A sail on the horizon!" shouted the lookout, clinging to the fore-topgallant stays of the armed cruiser Sea Hawk.

"Can you make her out?" called up Captain Denham, a tall, well-built, handsome young man, in the undress naval uniform peculiar to colonial officers in the service of England.

This was in the year 1896, when the ties between the motherland and the American Colonies were strong; outside foes forcing them to unite for mutual protection, and causing them to overlook the differences that were yet to rend them asunder.

In reply to the Captain's question, "Can you make her out?" the lookout took a longer and more careful view of the strange craft that had attracted his attention; then he spoke again.

"She lies low down, sir. Seems to have rakish masts, and is heading towards Montauk."

As the reader knows, Montauk is the extreme southeastern peninsula of Long Island, where the cliffs rise boldly up from the sea, and where, even at this early date, fires were kept burning at night for the guidance of ships sailing into the Sound, or seeking from Atlantic storms the protection of the Great Bay to the north.

Captain Denham turned to the smooth-faced young man standing near, and in a voice in which authority and courtesy were blended said:

"Lieutenant Dayton, take a glass, go aloft, and see if you can make out the stranger."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the handsome youth, and, taking a telescope from the stand at the head of the companionway, he sprang into the mizen-mast shrouds and went up easily and swiftly till he stood on the topmast-yard, with one arm thrown lightly around the stay.

There was a soft, warm breeze blowing from the south. It scarcely ruffled the surface of the sea, but it filled the upper sails on the foremast, causing the stately vessel to glide with a wonderfully graceful motion, as if propelled by some invisible power.

"Well, Dayton," called up the Captain, who was now standing impatiently by the man at the wheel, "what is she?"

"A war ship, sir," replied the young officer.

"Her flag?"

"She flies none. Every stitch of canvas is spread, and she comes from the south."

"Is that making for Montauk?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is very strange," muttered the Captain.

He took a turn on the quarter-deck, then picking up a telescope he looked in the direction of the stranger, now visible to the unaided eye as a white speck on the far-off horizon, where the blue sky and the blue ocean met.

After an eager survey of some minutes the Captain called out to Lieutenant Dayton again, saying:

"Did you ever see the Adventure Galley?"

"Yes, sir," was the response.

"Where?"

"Last year, in New York." The Lieutenant looked again at the stranger, and added, with some excitement: "And that is the Adventure Galley or her ghost."

"All right, Mr. Dayton," said the Captain. "Come down."

The young officer descended with a speed that to a landsman would have seemed downright recklessness.

But there were no landsmen on the Sea Hawk.

Her crew, one hundred and thirty in number, were all the picked life, stalwart, bearded and bronzed, yet as neat in their attire as if ready for inspection.

The uniformity of their dress would have told the stranger that they were not mere sailors, but even the most practiced eye could see this was not a merchant ship.

Every pin was polished; every brass article shone like a mirror; every rope was taut and in place. The decks were as clean and smooth as the water. The wife's kitchen floor, and such parts as were painted, looked as if they had just been under the brush.

About the masts, in well-oiled racks, were boarding pikes ranged ready to hand, and beneath them, with grappling hooks attached, were neatly coiled ropes.

On either side there were ten port holes, through which—now that the ports were open—twenty great guns looked out.

But these formidable weapons were dwarfed by a long brass swivel gun amidships, which must have been the particular pet of the sailors, for its exposed surface shone like a mass of gold.

Briefly the Sea Hawk was a cruiser, fitted out under the directions of Colonel Richard Livingstone—then in command of the New York Colonial militia—and intended to destroy the pirates, who at that time were plundering the neighboring seas, and even making marauding expeditions into the peaceful bays and harbors on the coast.

Two years prior to the date of our story, Colonel Livingstone had commissioned Captain William Kidd to protect the commerce of the Colonies from piracy, but as that gentleman sailed away and was never seen again, the general belief was that Captain William Kidd had gone to the bottom in some storm, or, still more sad, may have fallen a victim to the pirates he was sent out to suppress.

One thing was certain, the depredations on the seas still continued, and, as a consequence, the Sea Hawk was fitted out and placed under the command of the greatest sailor of the day, Captain Ralph Denham, of Sag Harbor, Long Island.

At that time New York was comparatively much less commercial importance than at present, and the bays of eastern Long Island were more frequently visited by ships than the beautiful harbor into which the Hudson empties.

The Sea Hawk was now on her return from a cruise to the West Indies; and as the officers and the crew were more from what are still called "The Hamptons," on Long Island, they hailed with delight the first glimpse of the bold blue headland of Montauk, that told them they were near the loved ones of the gallant young sailor, Captain Ralph Denham, of Sag Harbor, Long Island.

Under Captain Denham's directions, the Colonial flag of New York was run up to the foremast head, and from the mizen gaff the royal ensign of England fluttered in the breeze.

By this time the strange ship—head-

ing and her going. And though she often set the idle tongues of the gossips to wagging at what they considered her mad frolics, she was beloved for her nobility of heart as much as she was admired for the rare beauty of her person.

It might be added that Lea Hedges—thanks to the teaching of her father, who was thought to be a prodigy of learning, she was beloved for her nobility of heart as much as she was admired for the rare beauty of her person.

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Mr. Hedges was a middle-aged, slow-spoken man, with a bright blue eye and a sturdy figure, such as we always associate with the model sailor.

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The men on duty eagerly watched the stately stranger, and they saw in her what delighted the sailor's heart more than the most exquisite form can the eye of an artist.

To make amends for his tardiness in showing his colors, the stranger, by way of salute, dipped his flag three times, and the Sea Hawk speedily responded to the courtesy.

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The sun was setting as both ships, now not a half a mile apart, headed down the bay.

The wind was barely sufficient to force them through the mirror-like water at a four knot speed.

The scenes on either hand were inexpressibly beautiful and animated.

The islands, rising in dark emerald masses from the lighter green of the Sound; the shores, wooded down to the water's edge; and the forest-crowned hills mirrored in the placid expanse were of indescribable loveliness.

Over the forests the blue lines of smoke marked the peaceful settlements. Here and there a white house could be seen near the shore, with a rosy or brown in the background, for the season was spring, the last week of May, when Nature in our zone is in her loveliest attire.

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The residence of the leading man—though in a community where all were ambitious and of a decent equality each thought himself a leading man—was just outside the village.

Squire Condit's home was certainly more pretentious than any other building within miles and miles.

It was a cluster of low buildings all joined by covered passage ways. The first log hut built on the site with an outer block-house pierced for muskets was now used as a kitchen. The next building was a one-story frame with a roof and quaint gables, and with this structure additions were made to suit the wants and tastes of the proprietors.

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The old squire loved the boy as though he had been his own son, and he educated him to the best of his by no means mean means.

There were gossips who hinted that Ralph's guardian got money for his support from people beyond the sea.

Between Squire Condit's residence and the village was the fine old home of Doctor Hedges, the brother of the first officer of the Sea Hawk, and the uncle of Valentine Dayton, the second officer of the same ship.

It was often mentioned as something remarkable that Doctor Hedges and Squire Condit, two of the richest men on the island, and certainly among its foremost citizens, should each have only one daughter and no son.

Lea Hedges was a great beauty, and some of the old maid ladies who professed to be very often shocked at the girl's dashing ways, thought it was the greatest of pities that Lea Hedges was not a boy.

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A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

To Prevent Waste in Feeding—Profitableness of Crops—The Whip is a Kettle of Barbarism—A Serviceable Log Sled—New Breed of Poultry.

Combined Stock Yard and Manger.

Most farmers utilize the straw more than they did twenty years ago, and many of them consider good bright oat and barley straw to be worth, for feeding purposes, quite as much as over-ripe clover, or timothy hay.

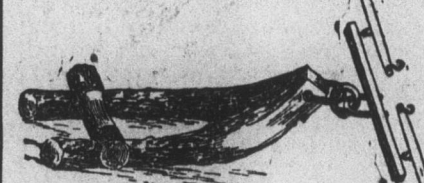


DEVICE FOR PREVENTING WASTE.

and, pound for pound, worth fully half as much as any good hay. Hence, instead of wasting the straw by building flat topped stacks and allowing the cattle and other stock to have free access to them, a yard is built around the stacks, and the straw fed out as regularly as hay or grain. To make all secure, a log pen is built, like the one in the illustration from a sketch by J. D. Snook, in the American Agriculturist. The logs rest upon a foundation of stone or wood, the lower log being one foot from the ground, and three logs on each side, the extreme height of fence being not less than four and a half feet. On the leeward side of the stack pen, a permanent and durable manger can be easily made from small poles. This may extend the entire length of the pen, and be built upon one or more sides. The straw is thrown into it directly from the stack, and, if a ration of hay of straw be fed at noon, it will prove equally valuable, the only objection being that it is located out of doors. However it is more convenient and economical than to throw the food upon the ground or in the nearest fence corner.

Skidding Sled for Logs.

Many lumbermen use a skidding sled of their own manufacture, which farmers who have many logs to haul from the woods would do well to make. It consists simply of a croch of a tree, eight to ten inches in diameter, with two branches, as shown in the sketch, leaving the



A SERVICEABLE LOG SLED.

branches four feet in length. The bark is peeled off. Trim down the trunk end for the attaching of clovis or chains, fitting on a wooden saddle for the end of the logs to rest upon, and the equipment is complete. Attach the saddle with tough wooden pins, which will be found more serviceable than iron ones.

Profitableness of Crops.

The price of all kinds of farm crops and products is governed by the law of supply and demand, but the cost of production is the only source for determining profitableness. The law of supply and demand is variable and bears an uncertain relation to the question of profitableness. A large product may be secured, but the demand for it may be so weak as to render a sale almost impossible at any price, in which case the crop would result in no profit, and possibly an expense in the cultivation. But again, there may be a demand far exceeding the entire supply, in which case there will be quick sales at high prices and a good profit realized. But these are chances that come to the farmer and cannot be anticipated when favorable, nor avoided when in the reverse line. The only rule that would seem to be safe and to be largely recommended is to aim at production at the least possible cost. So long as the price is uncontrollable, all the reduction in cost of production that can possibly be secured will add to the profitableness of the crop, for if corn that sold for 50 cents per bushel was produced at a cost of 45 cents per bushel, there would be a profit of 5 cents per bushel. If the cost could be reduced to 40 cents per bushel, the profit would be doubled. Saving in production is what counts in profits.

Discard the Use of the Whip.

It is a noticeable fact that the most successful drivers of trotting horses seldom use the whip. Even when hard-fought races are on and sensational finishes are made the extreme limit of speed is secured without the use of the lash. There is a lesson in this, not only for the drivers of trotting horses, but for those who handle any kind of horses. With the proper training a draft horse will reach the limit of his power and exert every muscle in his body under kind treatment as quickly as he will when abused with the whip. A horse that will respond to the request for his best effort in a kind way is one that can be depended upon in any and all circumstances. It is the fault of the driver in nine cases out of ten when the use of the whip is made necessary. When horsemen once understand that kind words are worth more to urge a horse to his full capacity in any direction the use of the whip will be very limited.—Clarke's Horse Review.

What Seeds Will Do.

As a guide to what certain seeds will grow by quantity, an ounce of beets will give fifty feet of drill; carrots, 150; cucumbers, fifty hills; musk melon, sixty hills; water melon, thirty hills; onions, 100 feet of drill; spinach, 100 feet; turnip, 150 feet; cabbage family, 1,500. A quart of peas will give seventy-five feet of drill; snap shot beans, 100 feet; pole beans, 150 hills, and so on. A paper of radishes is enough to sow at a time, and a paper of lettuce is enough for sowing several times.—Prairie Farmer.

Soil for House Plants.

A good soil for house plants is made by procuring some of the black earth

found in decayed stumps. Sift it and see that there are no worms in it, and mix it with some dry garden soil. With this soil and good drainage plants will grow finely and will require little or no stimulating. Sometimes a fence rail or a stick of wood becomes imbedded in the earth and decays. This soil is excellent, when fine, to mix with common earth. Burnt bones mixed with pieces of broken flower pots are very good for drainage.—Indiana Farmer.

Trellis for Dewberries.

A correspondent of American Gardener in describing his way of making a trellis for dewberry vines says: "I take stakes two or three feet long, and drive them into the ground about half their length, three feet apart, and across the dewberry rows. Scantlings (2x1) inches in large enough 10 or 12 feet long are nailed along the tops of the posts, and cross-pieces about two feet apart are nailed upon these. Any light material will do for the trellis. Train the vines over them and put straw underneath to keep the weeds down."

White Wonder Fowls.

The new breeds of poultry keep coming, and they range all the way from dunghills arrayed in plumage as gorgeous as Joseph's beautiful coat to solid buff, white or black. One breed that is attracting quite a bit of attention has been produced in Vermont, and has been named after the originator White Wonder fowls. He claims that they are just what the



WHITE WONDER FOWLS.

farmers have been waiting for, for years. Having bred market poultry for more than twenty years, he combined the good points of all the varieties he ever bred and is satisfied that his new breed shows more good qualities than any of the others. The White Wonder fowls, says a correspondent, are hardy, quiet, easily confined, large (cocks weighing 9 to 11 pounds, and hens 7 to 9 pounds), compactly built, low combs, not liable to freeze, white plumage, and yellow legs, beak, and skin. They grow very rapidly and feather well at an early age. Looking at them from a market poultryer's standpoint the description would indicate that they are well suited for use in towns where people are willing to pay a good price for fine dressed fowls. In many markets they would not bring so good a price as an equally good fowl that did not have feathered legs.—E. E. Dawley.

Poultry Cackles.

The best profit from eggs is in the winter and good treatment must be given to secure.

KEEPING FOWLS UNTIL they are too old is one cause of poultry failing to return a good profit.

WHEN the house is made warm, care should be taken to see that it is well ventilated daily.

RUSTY nails in the drinking water will often prevent the fowls from losing their feathers.

SELECT the food for your fowls with care and do not confine them in uncomfortable quarters.

SWEET oil is recommended for rub well over the heads and give a half teaspoonful inwardly.

WHILE hens will go in a dark place to lay eggs, they will rarely hunt in such a place for something to eat.

ALLOW the setting hen at least fifteen minutes liberty each day, so she can get the crumbs out of her body.

WITH poultry, as with many another business, the first year is the most trying. Once fairly started, the road to success is easier.

WHILE the returns from the poultry may seem small in themselves as compared with other crops they often prove quite an advantage.

Kitchen Recipes.

BOILED SWEET POTATOS.—Cut cold boiled potatoes lengthwise into one-quarter inch slices; season and brush over with melted butter. Broil three minutes over a clear fire.

PLAIN COTTAGE PUDDING.—One pint of flour, one cup of milk, one egg, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake twenty minutes or half an hour and serve with a liquid sauce.

SQUASH PIE.—To one pint of sifted squash add one quart of boiling milk, one egg, two crackers rolled fine, one large cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of corn starch, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, salt, and a little nutmeg.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two cups of graham flour, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful each of salt, soda, and cinnamon, half a teaspoon of cloves. Steam an hour and a half and serve with a liquid sauce.

HOARHOUD CANDY.—In one and a half pints of water boil two ounces of the dried hoarhound for half an hour. Then strain and add three pounds of brown sugar and boil until it is sufficiently hard. Grease some tins lightly and pour in the candy; when slightly cool mark in squares or sticks with a knife.

BROILED OYSTERS.—Select large sized oysters, drain, wipe dry, and dip each oyster first in melted butter then in fine bread crumbs or cracker dust, seasoned with pepper and salt. For broiling, a fine double wire broiler is requisite. Turn frequently and when the beads are curled take up on a hot dish. Pour over a sauce made by melting a tablespoonful of butter and mixing it with the same amount of tomato catsup.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—Take one quart of black beans, boil in four quarts of water with a little salt and pepper. When well boiled, press through a colander into the water they were boiled in. Add not quite a teaspoonful of allspice, mace, and a well pounded onion. Boil again for half an hour. Have ready three hard boiled eggs, chopped fine; put them with a tablespoonful of butter in a

INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

ALL FOUND WITHIN THE BORDERS OF INDIANA.

Senator Gage's bill, increasing the price of convict labor to ninety-five cents per day, was, Monday, referred to the Committee on Labor.

In the House the "Age of Consent" bill, changing the age from 12 to 14 years, was passed. The House after much debate, passed the Hensch bill, punishing persons who bring stolen property into the State.

Several amendments were reported by the Committee on Constitutional Amendments. Among them were making the terms of all County officers four years, and rendering the incumbents ineligible for reelection for eight years; enabling the State to tax gross and net receipts of corporations; to increase the regular legislative session to 100 days.

A Judiciary ripper bill, cutting the number of circuits from fifty-four to forty-four, has been passed. The bill was introduced by the Prison North affair, return with nothing but praise of the management. At a caucus it developed that the bill was introduced by the Prison North affair, return with nothing but praise of the management. At a caucus it developed that the bill was introduced by the Prison North affair, return with nothing but praise of the management. At a caucus it developed that the bill was introduced by the Prison North affair, return with nothing but praise of the management.

The Senate, Tuesday, discussed several bills, and the Senate was entirely without feature. The House passed a bill to limit the powers of townships and counties, and to prevent the commissioners to purchase property, erect buildings and pay for the same, was passed. The Committee on Railroads recommended that the Pullman bill be amended by asking that passenger trains stop at all county seats.

The House, Wednesday, passed the Cullip bill, increasing the jurisdiction of the Appellate Court, sending it to all cases involving \$3,000 or less. After a long argument it killed McMillin's bill, requiring that school boards be elected by the people, instead of by the city councils, as at present, and after a long controversy, it killed Magnolia's anti-prize fighting bill, which imposes heavy penalties on prize fighting, but defines prize fighting as "fighting with less than two-ounce gloves."

The Senate passed the Union Label bill, introduced at the instance of organized labor. This bill is designed to protect labels and authority of labor unions from use by unauthorized parties.

Among the new bills was one leaving it optional with County Commissioners whether they issue a license to sell intoxicants in the County or not.

There was also a bill to prevent the piping of natural gas outside the State by limiting the pressure in mains to 200 pounds per square inch.

The Senate spent several hours discussing McLean's bill conferring upon the Governor the appointment of the Benevolent and Penal Boards. The bill was ordered engrossed. Mr. McLean styles the bill as "a bill to prevent legal log-rolling."

Both branches of the Legislature, Friday morning, adjourned until Monday out of respect to the memory of ex-Secretary James C. Blaine.

The Telephone in Spain.

The American managers of the telephone have not given your people the full benefit of their invention," said Seraphino Yglesia of Madrid.

"Now, we in Spain have a much better system than you have here, and we use it to a better advantage. We have a grand