

In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER VI. Cont'd.

In passing through a wood, between his house and the farm, Squire Condit heard his name called, and came to see a stop, but did not look around to see who was addressing him.

Out of the shadows there came a tall figure, straight as an arrow, with a smooth brown face, long black hair, and dressed in the picturesque costume for which the Montauk chiefs or "kings," as they were called, were distinguished from the days of the Ugal Wyandouch, to whose sway all "Pan-man-ack-e" as Long Island was then called, was tributary.

The Indian who accosted Squire Condit was the young chief Uncas, a lineal descendant of the great Wyandouch, and now the ruler of the Unnauts, the Montauks, and their ancient masters, the Pequots.

"What you, Uncas?" said the Squire with pretended surprise, and his eyes fixed on the long rifle which the young chief held in his right hand like a spear.

"Is not the season for hunting over, and has not the corn-planting moon come?"

"My white brother speaks truly, but Uncas does not need to watch the corn-fields of his tribe, save the young chief, drawn and dimmed by pride."

"Then why are you armed—there is no game, neither have we war?" said the Squire, his eyes now on the loaded cross belts that supported his silver powder horn and inlaid bullet pouch.

"It has ever been the habit of our chiefs to carry arms, when paying visits to other chiefs, and the white chiefs do the same. I was not asked to the feast given to your young men, when they returned from sailing over the mighty waters."

"Do not deny that you did not want me," said Uncas, waving his arm to restrain the Squire, who was about to speak. "You feared Ralph Denham, your adopted son, and I would quarrel again—his heart is not good to me."

"I beg to assure you that you are mistaken. Ralph Denham admires you, and I am sure he has forgotten the words that passed between you, when he imagined you were intruding, and alarming Lea Hedges. Come to the house to see if I do not tell the truth; or if you will go to his ship now he will give you as royal a welcome as if you were Governor of the province," said the Squire, watching the young, expressive face, and seeing in the dark eyes a light that made him feel uneasy.

"You would not tell me what you do not believe true, but I have my own thoughts. I am now on my way to the other ship."

"Captain Fox's?"

"Yes; he has invited me."

"When did you meet Captain Fox?" asked the surprised Squire.

"Yesterday. He and one of his officers visited us. They came to the Great Field in a boat, and I received them with a feast and games, and Dinah, the Priestess, read for them the future."

"I hope she foretold good things."

"Of that I cannot speak; but say to Ralph Denham that my heart is still sore, and that it is better that we should not meet again."

"I am surprised and strode away before the Squire, who was startled by his manner, could say another word."

That evening Capt. Fox and his officers gave an entertainment on board the Wanderer, and it was invited all the nobles and pretty maidens for miles around, the officers of the Sea Hawk included.

The decks were cleared for dancing, and awnings were stretched over the quarterdeck. The rigging was hidden by flags, streamers and clouds of brilliant bunting.

The cabins were put in order for the ladies, many of the pictures being removed, and more taste being shown in the arrangement of those that were left.

Great quantities of flowers were brought from the shore and displayed with a fine sense of effect, the great gun-ship being transformed into a bank of violets; above which birds in embossed cages hung.

The new wear in their best dress, and the boats that were to transport visitors were roofed with evergreens and lilies, so that they looked like the flower islands of the Aztecs.

There was no need to bring musicians from the shore, for among the crew of the Sea Hawk a band was made up that was something of a marvel, in its excellence, to the simple-minded islanders, to whom the guitar, violin and cello, with the addition on great occasions of a flute or clarinet, were the very perfection of instrumental music.

In order to accommodate the large company, Captain Denham, at the polite request of Captain Fox, sent his own boats, all well manned, to aid in carrying the guests to the Wanderer.

Many a pleasant race was indulged in the crew, who dashed back and forth between the ship and shore. Not a man at oar or helm dreamt that this rivalry could ever deepen into one of hate, when the crews with arms bared, would stand at opposing pike or cutlass in hand, into the rigging of the rival, nor leave till valor had given the victory to one or the other.

No wonder that Captain Fox became at once a lion. His presence, his winning manners, his evident eligibility—as a husband—his culture and his taste, as shown in his entertainment on board the Wanderer, were all calculated to win the esteem and admiration of people even less unscrupulous than the genteel-hearted islanders.

Every arrival was perfect. The supper—served on dishes of silver and gold, fit for the queen and her royal household.

There was not a jar from first to last.

Every young lady believed that Captain Fox spoke a little more to her and showed her a little more attention than he did any one else; and this proved that he was gifted in no common way with the very rare faculty of knowing how to entertain.

He led the dance with Lea Hedges, and he found frequent occasions to drop a complimentary phrase into her ear afterward, but even the most observant could not construe this into partiality.

Under myriads of swinging lamps, the young people danced until midnight, while in the main cabin, about a well-filled board, the elderly gentlemen discussed wines of rare vintage, or gave their opinions with candor tempered by courtesy, on the political questions, which were even then causing a ripple of feeling between the colonies and the motherland.

Two companion figures at the entertainment—figures that took no part in

the dancing—were Uncas and his sister Untilla, or "The Princess," as she was generally called.

Untilla was a strikingly graceful girl, with a lighter complexion than her brother, for the carmine of youthful health shone through her rounded cheeks. Under the glow of the colored lamps, she looked more radiant than the white girls, who might be called the "daughters of the sun," while she was the "daughter of the night," the more brilliant for the darkness that surrounded her.

Untilla was the neglected of the officers. Though she did not dance, she promenaded with many of them, talking freely, and even gayly, in her simple, unaffected way.

Untilla's love for Captain Ralph Denham was an old story in the settlements, a topic on which the gossipers were always sure to fall back when all others were exhausted.

She at first could see no wrong in her preference, and it was only when she began to feel that her love was not returned that she drew back and took on that reserve which distinguishes her race, and which the whites, for the want of a better name, call "stoical."

To-night, Ralph Denham gave more food to the gossips; he promenaded with Untilla again and again, only yielding her arm to some other when courtesy required. It was he who took to support, and when the time for dancing came, all to see that it was Ralph Denham who took the princesses home in his cutter, and waved her four miles to the little cove on whose southern shore was the dwelling of herself and brother.

Untilla bade Ralph good-night and hurried to the light that marked their abode; and Captain Denham was about to order the boat from the beach, when the well-known form of Dinah sprang through the shadows into the moonlight, and called out:

"Ralph Denham, Ralph Denham, have you?"

"Have care of what, Dinah?" asked Ralph, who, since his first knowledge of the old woman, had always treated her with deference, and when, as a boy, other youths showed disposition to annoy her, he would become her champion, and still his companions by shame, or, failing that, by force.

"Have kee of de wolf!" croaked the old woman.

"Not at all; but Lea Hedges is not a subject for our light or serious conversation. She and I are simply good friends, and she is free to receive the attentions of Captain Fox, or of any other man, without cause of complaint on my part."

"Ralph Denham!" said Valentine, rising and laying his hands on the shoulders of his friend and commander, "you and I have never kept our hearts locked each other."

"Never, Valentine."

"When I first felt that I loved Ellen Condit to whom did I come and confess and ask advice?"

"To me; and I only wish you could pluck up courage to tell Ellen the same. I am sure she would give you no reason to regret it," said the captain, trying to smile.

"Perhaps not, but the uncertainty fills me with fear."

"And you a brave sailor?"

"A fight would follow with the equal who dared to doubt my courage; but between us, I would rather attempt to cut out a pirate single-handed than tell Ellen how I feel toward her. Here we are steering away from the question."

"And I am glad of it, for the other tack is in the teeth of the wind."

"No, Captain, I am sure you love Lea Hedges, and, so far as I can see the chart of her heart, all its safe sailings are in your direction. See, Valentine, reading the Captain's words, "she and Ellen are down there by the shore, talking to that cracked old Dinah; let us go out and join them."

Captain Denham put on his hat and permitted himself to be led out by his lieutenant.

the Wanderer that impress me as irregular, according to my ideas of the service. I am willing to concede, however, that I am only a volunteer sailor, and so cannot claim to know everything about the regular service," said the captain, rising and glancing about the room, as if he were expecting some one.

"One thing we can say, Captain," said Valentine, "Captain Fox appears to be a thorough sailor."

"There can be no doubt about that."

"And his acts as frank as any man that ever sailed into these waters."

"You are right again."

"He is in the same service as ourselves."

"Yes."

"So why speculates about his wealth?"

"I don't speculate about his wealth, Valentine," said Captain Denham, who, when off duty, always called the lieutenant by the name he had used when they were boys together. "But I hold that any stranger who makes himself conspicuous among us becomes an object of legitimate inquiry. I like Fox, and don't like him."

"Jealousy, Captain, jealousy!" laughed Valentine Dayon. "Fox has been paying too much attention to my fair cousin. Let me tell you, I am the victim of a coquette, but depend upon it she cares more for one of your hair than she does for this man, and all his wealth. Lea is dashing, but she is steady; she is rippled over with fun, but she is not shallow—"

"See here, Valentine," said Ralph Denham, with some sternness.

"I hope I have not offended you, Captain?"

"Not at all; but Lea Hedges is not a subject for our light or serious conversation."

"She and I are simply good friends, and she is free to receive the attentions of Captain Fox, or of any other man, without cause of complaint on my part."

"To me; and I only wish you could pluck up courage to tell Ellen the same. I am sure she would give you no reason to regret it," said the captain, trying to smile.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letter-Carriers Must Not Talk.

The man nowaday who wants to learn the address of a friend need never talk the letter-carrier who serves his friend's mail. If he does he will receive scant satisfaction, for the letter-carrier is not allowed to tell, even should he be inclined to oblige.

"Do you know John Blank?" asked a stranger out in Tacony one day last summer, as he met one of Uncle Sam's custodians of the mail. The letter-carrier replied that he did.

"Where does he live?" next asked the stranger.

"I cannot tell you," said the letter-carrier, as he moved on. "It's against orders."

The stranger looked incredulous, a little at what he considered a lack of courtesy, and, after considerable trouble and inquiry, reached his destination.

But the letter-carrier was only following out his instructions. Inquiry at the postoffice yesterday disclosed the fact that such an order really does exist.

No letter-carrier, said an official of the department, is permitted to give any information whatever about any person upon his route, either as to the place of residence, business, or any other matter. The rule is very strictly enforced, and probably has some connection with the law prohibiting the dunning of a creditor by mail. The letter-carriers are not permitted to disclose the residence of a man any more than the clerks in the office are allowed to tell who rents the various boxes.

PHILADELPHIA RECORD.

An Awkward Question.

How a man shall salute his women servants when he meets them in public is an awkward little question of etiquette. An English magazine suggests that the way out of the difficulty is for the master to take off his hat to the maid, just as he would do to a duchess. Old-fashioned persons may murmur at the notion of carrying equality as far as that, and it must be remembered that the girl's mistress might have something to say about it. On the whole, it is more probable that our present shame-faced method will endure than that "capping" will come in.

Many men are almost as much embarrassed when they accidentally meet their wives in the street, as when they meet the house-maids. They do not quite know whether they ought to take off their hats or to presume upon their close relationship to make no salutation beyond "hallo!" and at once fall upon conversation.

"Hats off!" whenever man meets woman, whatever her relation toward him, may be, is a safe rule for all men who have eyes and hair.

What strikes you as strange about the Wanderer?"

"Hang me, Cap'n, if I can tell. Everything seems taut and shipshape, and yet I don't feel satisfied, even though her papers and commissions of her officers seem to be straight from stem to stern. Why, confound it, I've heard of Cap'n Fox ever since I was a boy, and I'm two score and five next Guy Fawkes day, and, lo and behold, here comes Cap'n Fox a crusading into these waters, and he don't look to be a day over five and thirty."

"But you know, Uncle George," said Valentine Dayon, "that in the regular navy it is not at all uncommon for fathers to be succeeded by their sons; and then Cap'n Fox may be older than you are."

"That is true," added Capt. Denham.

"And another thing, Fox is not a rare name; for we might see there may be a dozen officers named Fox in her majest's service."

"There is no dozen men in any service—no matter what their names are—that lives in the style that Cap'n Fox does," said Lieutenant George Hedges, putting away his extinguished pipe.

"Why, his ship is a palace, a floating treasure house. If he was a pirate chief instead of an officer in the service of good Queen Anne, whom may heaven preserve, he could not live in grander style than he does. I've noticed the uniforms, the material of the men's dress, the furniture of the ship, and may have no idea of fire or its uses. Their astonishment know no bounds when they saw it applied to wood, most of them supposing it to be some kind of animal which had been brought with them and which must be fed on wood. To this day they designate it by a term which signifies "wood-eater."

Travel in Hungary.

Hungary is stated to be the country where railway traveling is the cheapest. It is said to be possible to journey from Buda Pesth to Kronstadt, a distance of 500 miles, for 6 shillings 8 pence, being at the rate of six miles a penny. Low as this price is it liable to a reduction of one-half in the case of laborers journeying in parties of not fewer than ten.

Important, If True.

A confectioner, being curious as to the weight of 500 pennies, placed them in a paper bag on a confectioner's scales and found that they weighed three pounds five and a quarter ounces.

BRING a good business man?" I

should say he was. He was born with a fortune, you know." "Well?" "He's got it yet.—New York Recorder.

TRUTH should be tempered by expediency.

Central Schools in Country Towns.

Which would be the harder, to get into a nice covered vehicle with plenty

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

With Proper Management Hens Will Lay

Nearly all Winter—a Plea for Central Schools—Device for Teaching a Calf to Drink—Storing Ice.

Winter Management of Poultry.

If young and vigorous hens are

provided with a nice, dry, comfortable

house in winter, and not crowded too