

In Sheep's Clothing.



CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Off Montauk Point it was discovered that one of the middle chains was broken, and the better to repair it sail was taken in, and the Wanderer came to anchor.

Capt. Denham and every man on board the ship, with the exception of Fox and Frenaud, believed that the break in the middle chain was the result of accident.

Capt. Fox and his Lieutenant arranged the accident in advance, and they even knew the point where it was to happen. "The Wanderer needs overhauling, and I hope to be able to do so in New York," said Capt. Fox, coming down to the cabin where Ralph Denham was reading.

"How long will this break detain you?" asked Ralph, who was naturally anxious to report in advance of the time named in the Governor's order.

"It is worse than I at first supposed, but we shall be under way again early in the afternoon. The only way is to have patience."

"Patience is very essential to the sailor. But this is not a bad place to be imprisoned for a few extra hours," said Ralph, looking admiringly at the luxurious cabin.

"Consider it as your, my dear Capt. Denham. We shall have dinner in an hour, and if you feel like turning in after that, Don, nodding in the direction of the bright-looking cabin boy, 'will show you to your cabin; by the way, it was occupied by the province Indian princess, the daughter of the King of Oude.'"

"That certainly will not be an objection," laughed Ralph, his thoughts going back to his own beautiful princess, to whom, he felt, he should be the rest of the world could not produce an equal.

It was the custom in this era, on land and sea, when the elements permitted, to dine at high noon.

Promptly at noon, Don came to announce dinner. It was served in another cabin, with plates for three.

At the table given on board the Wanderer, Ralph Denham was amazed at the lavish display of costly plate, and the extravagant liberality of rare wines.

He then supposed that this was the grand effort of a great occasion; considerably then was his surprise at finding the cabin table as richly set as at the fête, while the dinner itself was such as the Governor of the province could not duplicate with all the resources of the city at his command.

"I am afraid," said Ralph Denham, when he, Fox and Frenaud were seated at the board, that if I were to remain long with you, that I should be able to employ it. Confound it, I am as wicked as the next man, I dislike sneaking methods. I'd rather knock a man on the head than drug him to death," said Fox, as if he felt that he was saying something rather commendable.

"That is a matter of taste; I look at the end rather than the means. If you desire to carry out Colonel Graham's plan we could toss him into the sea through an open port to-night, and that would be the last of it."

"But, Frenaud, I told you that I do not intend carrying out Colonel Graham's plan. You know the whole story of my first interest in Denham."

"Yes; when he was a little boy and his father was drowned you said he was, and with the uncle, took him off to another Long Island. Oh, I could sit down and tell you all from A to Z, and put it all down in the log as straight as one of them lawyer sharks."

"Yes; well, my heart was tender then—it's tough enough now," said Fox, with a laugh that told he felt no sense of degradation at the change in his feelings.

"Then it is not a feeling of humanity that leads me to save his life?"

"Did I say I was going to save his life?"

"I so understood you."

"I told you, Frenaud, that I would save him until I had drained Graham of his last dollar, or exhausted his last vestige of power."

"You don't like the old Colonel?"

"Fudge, Frenaud, you know with us it is not a matter of like or hate, but of success. We want to win, and when we are rich enough to retire, we can sink the ship and go home to England, and live in luxury and all the glory that wealth brings, to the end of our days," and Fox's blue eyes flashed at the picture he had conjured up.

"But, Frenaud, I told you that I do not intend carrying out Colonel Graham's wish and get rid of this fellow," Frenaud nodded towards the room in which Captain Denham was sleeping, "don't you think you would make him more securely your friend?"

"Yes, he has the power."

"I know he has, but he never has and never will use his power, or his wealth, from a sense of friendship. If Graham were sure that Denham was dead now, he would hasten to give warning that I was a pirate in these seas, and he would exhaust every power to destroy me."

"He does not like you, then?"

man of large intelligence, had not the intellectual grasp to seize his superior's plans, or the penetration necessary to see through them.

His being alive or dead forms important factors in the case. There has long been a belief in England that Colonel Graham is criminally responsible for his brother's death, and there is a very general belief that the child was not drowned.

Through the open port-hole that admitted light and air to his room, he heard the splash of the rippling water against the ship, but it was transformed into music, more soothing than was ever blown from the shell of a triton or fell from the seductive but treacherous lips of the fabled mermaid.

The music and the swinging kept on till the cabin expanded into a gorgeous arcade, down which he floated to music of increasing rapture, while maidens of exquisite beauty, dressed in robes that shimmered in the rosy light, beckoned him on, and Lea Hedges led them; he could not be mistaken in the cornelian lips and teeth of pearl.

What cared he now for earth? He would revel in more refined and glorious than Mahomet promised to his faithful followers.

The earth had sunk beneath him; it had rolled up like a vesture and passed away, and he had become a part of that illimitable space, about which he had often thought, as if he were lying down there beside the anchor.

"Is he asleep?" asked Frenaud, coming into the cabin on tiptoe about the middle of the afternoon, and addressing Don, who had been ordered to remain in attendance on Captain Denham.

"Yes, sir, dead asleep," was the reply.

"Then," said Frenaud, "go on deck and tell the captain to come down."

CHAPTER XIV.
CAPTAIN FOX AND LIEUTENANT FRENAUD
FURTHER MEASURES FOR THE COVENANT.

"Asleep, did you say?" said Captain Fox, who he joined. Frenaud in the cabin, and made sure he could not be overheard by the unconscious man in the next room.

"The hashish has had its effect," replied Frenaud, "and he is as indifferent to what is going on around him as the dead." Frenaud, lying down there beside the anchor.

"Good; the point is to keep him in that condition till I am ready to act."

"That can be easily done. While in that sleep he will obey. If I were to tell him to go, he would go, and leap overboard, he would do it."

"But the effect will soon wear off. I had an opportunity to look into the workings of the drug, as given in that wine, when we were in Bombay; but I had no idea that it would ever need to employ it. Confound it, I am as wicked as the next man, I dislike sneaking methods. I'd rather knock a man on the head than drug him to death," said Fox, as if he felt that he was saying something rather commendable.

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phonic publishing department, where experienced speakers, each possessing a soft but distinct voice, transmit through the instruments the contents of the manuscripts delivered from hour to hour by the first department.

There are two languages used, German and Hungarian. The news includes stock exchange quotations and financial articles, reports of theatrical performances, book reviews, and paragraphs on all the miscellaneous topics found in a daily newspaper.

The subscribers who receive the news have a square wooden tablet before them, from which are suspended two tubes long enough to reach their ears when they are sitting in an easy chair or at a writing desk, or even when lying in bed. The service commences at 8 o'clock in the morning, and lasts until 10 in the evening. The novelty has so far been very well received in the Hungarian capital.

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.
They had just settled down for dinner, and the nervous spinster who had the guest's seat was still primping, as persons of her class will, when the family infant let out a whoop that told of grief and terror which could no longer be suppressed.

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired the visitor, in a voice of the deepest solicitude. "You go away from our house," was the shrill and startling response; "you're just killing my mamma, so you are." "Why, Mary dear, how you talk," from the mother. "What do you mean anyhow talking like that?" "You sa-said, mamma, if that old-maid m-a-m-m-a-st-stayed for dinner she would b-be the death of you, so-yo-you did, boo-hoo!"

Then there was a scene that beggars description, and when the ancient maiden flounced through the front door she was coldly congratulating the mother upon having so charming and so courageous a little child as the one who had just saved her life. A minute later the merry sound of the maternal slipper in active service was mingled with the cries of the infant terrible.—Detroit Free Press.

Chronicle in a Woman's Album.
Pierre Loti's likes and dislikes were described by him lately in a lady's album. His favorite color is "changing mother of pearl," his favorite perfume the wild "pinks of the dunes," his favorite animal "the cat," his favorite color for eyes and hair "it has often changed; it depends upon whom I care for." In answer to the question, "Which is the vice you most detest, and why?" he writes: "None. I have immense pity for them all."

His favorite occupation is "to wander about in the open air in the East," his favorite pursuit, "riding or gymnastics." His ideal of earthly happiness is "to be handsome, young, agile, and strong," the pleasantest time of day, "the evening on shore or very early morning at sea," the country to live in, "India, Persia, or Mohammedan country;" his favorite nation, "the Arabs, because of their tranquillity." As to his hero of history he writes: "I know little of history." As to his hero of fiction: "I have no interest in any." As to his favorite virtue: "I do not read."

Practical Boston.
Boston notions are numberless and very apt to be good. In that city notices in English, French, German, and Swedish are hung in the waiting rooms of the railway stations and pier sheds warning young girls against strangers and stating at what hours a matron, who will be recognizable by her prescribed badge, may be found to give all needed information and advice.

In the same city, which is peculiarly the home and originating place of practical charities, a second good scheme is that of the Young Travelers' Aid Society. Under its auspices matrons meet the chief trains, both incoming and outgoing, and aid by suggestion or information the traveler who needs it. A country girl, a foreigner, a mother wrestling with an unwieldy family of slippery children, particularly if she is a stranger in a strange land—these and similar helpless and distracted wayfarers are righted, relieved and sent on their way rejoicing.

Now, Boys, Now.
Boys, above all, don't by will or deed, add to the burdens of your mother; remember that she loves you as deeply as when you were a clean, white little babe, though you may now be a "tough kid" whom everybody dislikes. She is not so strong as she once was; the hand of time, maybe, has touched her hair and left it gray and streaked where it was once beautiful and glossy. Her step is slower than it used to be. Be a man; respect her, live right, and when she dies, who loves you more than any one will ever love you again, when the wasted, tired hands have been folded for unbroken sleep, there will go with you sweet and tender recollections like guardian angels along the rugged road of life. Now is the time to begin to be a man; don't wait until you are grown up.—Cass County (Ia.) Democrat.

"Nothing Like a Good Old Mother."
An English paper tells a story of a well-known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently held a levee. At length a guest approached and said: "How do you do, my lord? My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you." "Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother! Be sure to take care of your old mother. Good-morning." The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was, and said to his footman, "Who was that?" The servant replied, "The last gentleman who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."

The Queerest of Railroads.
One of the queerest railroads on this continent is the Salisbury and Havey, in New Brunswick. It is but twenty miles long, and although it connects with the Intercolonial Road, an admirably constructed line, it is confessedly unsafe. A printed notice hung up in the cars cautions passengers that it is well to get out and walk on reaching a certain bridge, and it was long the custom to push the cars over this crazy structure before the mighty engine was trusted upon its rotten timbers.

Poor Kansas.
There is danger of a rabbit plague in Kansas similar to that of Australia.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Let Us Laugh.
If the ballet dancer didn't kick for her salary she wouldn't get a cent.—Troy Press.

It's odd that when we want a watch to run we have to set it.—Yonkers Gazette.

Any euchre-player knows that hearts beat quicker when they are trumps.—Troy Press.

The candidate who shakes hands is not necessarily in touch with the people.—Galveston News.

A GERMANTOWN poet is writing a poem entitled "The Lay of the Easter Egg."—Philadelphia Record.

Too many men try to pull themselves out of trouble with a cork-screw.—Philadelphia Record.

A BALD-HEADED man's powers of reflection are greatly increased under an electric light.—Boston Transcript.

While some things find it difficult to get along, the measuring stick does pretty well, as a rule.—Troy Times.

Hot Head—Then I'm a liar? Cool Head—On the contrary, my dear fellow, you have just spoken the truth.—Cincinnati Times.

"How is your little brother? Likely to get better?" "Oh! yes; he got his first thrashing to-day since his illness."—Deutscher Reichsbote.

The donkey is generally regarded as the most stupid of animals, which is odd in view of the fact that it has the most brayin' power.—Philadelphia Record.

JENNIE PREMIER (at the amateur theatricals)—I say, old man, have you got the stage fright? Heavy Villain—No, I think she's in her dressing-room.—Truth.

INFLUENCE will make itself felt in politics. Even the humble letter-carrier when he comes to the door shows what it is to have a pull.—Philadelphia Times.

"SAY, Chimmy," said one messenger boy to another, "if there's anything I hates it a crowd." "Why?" "Cos yer got ter hurry er git walked over."—Washington Star.

A MAINE man will send to Chicago a fir sap six feet in length and without a bend or crook in it. It would make a fir straight flag staff.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAYS a fashion note: "The return of the shawl is prophesied." And now will somebody be sufficiently brave to predict the return of the umbrella?—Boston Transcript.

FIRST CHILD—What's the matter with Nellie Newcomb? Second Child—She's got the chicken-pox. First Child—I guess she can't have it very bad. She lives in a boarding-house.

It is a little discouraging to a man to carry a yowling, squalling baby around for half a night, then sit down and reflect that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"AND now, my dear children," said the professor, "will you tell me what velocity is?" "Please sir," said a bright youth, "velocity is what my father puts a hot potato down with."—Quips.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"As I wish to make the tea agreeable, will you gentlemen please say with or without cherry brandy. Well, Mr. Forester?" Mr. Forester—"If you please, I should like line without tea."—Bar.

Mrs. STACKSLEY—"Ah! you ashamed to talk like that to me, John? Why, before we were married you used to say I was an angel!" Mr. STACKSLEY—"See here, Mary, it isn't fair to twist a man about the lies he told ten years ago."—Quips.

QUEEN VICTORIA was so charmed by a piece of music recently played in public by the band at Osborne that she sent an attendant to learn the name of it. He returned with the information that it was entitled "Come Where the Boozie Is Cheaper."

Miss PORTKUE—"How dreamily delightful is the soothing sound of old ocean's waves rolling up in the moonlight upon the silver sands!" Miss PRACTICAL—"Yes, I always did like to hear the water sloshing 'round upon the beach."—Somerville Journal.

AT A SWISS HOTEL.—Landlord—"Go and wake the gentleman at No. 1." Boots—"But he told me to waken him in a couple of hours." Landlord—"Nonsense! Wake him now. He neither eats nor drinks anything so long as he is asleep."—Dorfbärber.

LITTLE DOT—Grown folks don't care anything for circuses. Little DICK—Yes, they do. Little DOT—No, they don't. They only go so as to take the children. Little DICK—Yes, that's what they say; but they never takes any books along to read.—Good News.

FIRST ARTIST—"Well, old man, how's business?" Second Artist—"Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly." First Artist (pleasantly)—"Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."—Life.

DUSTY RHODES—This paper says surgeons cut open an elephant's stomach and took out a chain belt weighing ninety pounds. Fitz WILLIAM—How do they account for its being there? Dusty Rhodes—"The supposition is that he swallowed it while eating in the dark, when the chain was young and very small.—New York Times.

Wary.
Mr. P. H. Winston and Hon. H. A. Gilliam were for years leaders at the Bertie County (N. C.) bar, and had each a full appreciation, from experience, of the skill of the other. At one term Mr. Winston was suddenly called away, and placed his business in the hands of his nephew, Duncan Winston, a recent acquisition to the bar. "Now," said he, "Duncan, if Gilliam makes you any offer of a compromise, decline it. If you make him one, and you find he is about to accept it, withdraw it immediately."



ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.

served with the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Infantry. He began life as a dry goods merchant in Union City and afterward studied law. At the outset of his political career he was a Republican. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant Governor on the Democratic ticket and in 1884 was elected Governor. He was a candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1888 and was a Presidential possibility last year.

Robert A. Maxwell is 55 years old and has acquired considerable money as a malster. In 1881 he was elected State Treasurer by the Democrats, and after two terms retired to become Superintendent of Insurance, an office of which he was deprived by Gov. Hill.

Patrick A. Collins was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1844. When 4 years old he came to this country. In 1868 he became a student in Harvard Law School, and three years later was admitted to the bar. Meantime he had attracted the attention of the Democrats and in 1868 and again in 1869 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives. In 1870 and 1871 he served as State Senator. In 1875 he was chosen Judge-advocate-general of the commonwealth. In 1880 he declined the nomination for Congress, but was induced to accept it and was elected in 1882. He was returned to Congress in 1884 and 1886. In 1888 he was Chairman of the National Democratic Convention. For six years he was at the head of the State Democratic Committee.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUN.
A Snap Shot Will Portray the Swiftest Movement of Any Living Thing.

Recent years have seen great improvements in photography, and it is daily becoming more and more indispensable in many fields of science, art, and industry. The camera now does work that was deemed impossible only a generation ago, and does it without exciting very much comment. People have become so accustomed to the wonders of instantaneous photography that nothing new seems to surprise them. The latest contrivance for this purpose is

using the photographic gun.

A photographic gun, which, it is claimed, will secure pictures at the rate of a dozen a second of any object aimed at, no matter what its position or how rapid its motion. The gun is the invention of a Frenchman, and is a breech loader. The enterprising amateur may now go forth in quest of his game looking like a sure-enough sportsman, a gun on his shoulder and a belt full of cartridges about his waist—only the cartridges will contain extra-sensitive dry plates, which, though sure enough on snags shots, will not prove deadly.

Attacked by Ducks.
The captain of a steam tug, which lately reached Philadelphia from Boston, says that in Vineyard Sound during a tremendous storm, the vessel was attacked by an immense flock of wild ducks, which had apparently been blown off the land by the wind. They fought desperately against the side of the tug's house, and the electric light at the mainmast, which seemed to be the object that had attracted them. The mate, who ventured on deck was knocked flat by a duck that flew directly against his breast. Fully fifty of the ducks were caught.

Hartford's Old Men.
There are some old men in Hartford, Conn. Hubbard Hollister is now nearly 88 years old, yet he takes care of the horse, barn, and stable as effectively as ever. Dr. David Cray, 13 Seyms street, is now in his 88th year, yet he goes out with the Fox Hunters' Club occasionally and bags a fox or two on Talcott Mountain. Deacon Morgan Lewis, 905 Main street, is also 88, and he still drives about, more or less. There are in the town a number of other old people of 88 or along there who keep tolerably lively for that age.

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