

# In Sheep's Clothing.



Capt. Ormond Steele

## CHAPTER XX—Continued.

"Do you think, Captain, that that bloody kid is coming up this way?" I am inclined to think he is. "If he does I will fight him," said Fox.

By this time they had reached the shore, where Frenault was waiting with the boat, and Fox and his party started for the Wanderer.

The man who had been favored with the captain's replies at once became an oracle—the most important man in the town for the time, and a central figure about which wondering groups gathered wherever he went.

The reason for Capt. Fox's return was now plain to the duller comprehension. He had been sent from New York to meet and destroy Capt. Kidd, the monster pirate of the oceans.

And it was the general belief that Capt. Kidd had the temerity to come within sight of Capt. Fox's ship that the fate of the former would be sealed to a dead certainty.

Henceforth Ralph Denham had been the naval hero of Sag Harbor, but with an inconsistency and forgetfulness peculiar to the race at all times and in all conditions, they forgot the old idol in the glaring presence of this grand new one.

Captain Fox was the man, and some of the more sanguine residents, Doctor Hedges among them, believed that he would have killed within the week, if he was within reach.

Squire Condit never did run with the crowd; he was eccentric, and he had the boldness to assert himself. As a deacon he could not conscientiously lay a wager, but he told Doctor Hedges:

"I'll give you a farm of two hundred acres, doctor, if this fellow Fox catches Kidd; that is, if Kidd is in these waters, if you'll give me one hundred acres of equally good land, if Ralph Denham catches him."

"I'll agree to that," said the doctor, eagerly.

Squire Condit was sorely perplexed. Like Lieut. Hedges and Lea Hedges, he was sure there was something wrong, and his wife and daughter were also sure, but neither one could say, even indefinitely, where that something was.

Telling Don to show Colonel Graham to the cabin, Fox, on reaching the deck of the Wanderer, drew Frenault to one side and said in a low tone:

"That man Thrasher should be here by this time."

"You mean he should have reached the town, sir?"

"That is just what I do mean. Go ashore again; if he is there, bring him aboard at once; if not, wait till he arrives. You understand me?"

"I do, clearly."

And you will still maintain a strict reticence with your son, Lieut. Condit, you can add to the impression that we are here to watch for Captain Kidd."

"All right, sir," replied Frenault, turning away with much admiration for the adroitness with which Fox was turning this report to his own account.

Captain Fox was prevented from going down to talk to Colonel Graham by the arrival of a gig from the Sea Hawk, bearing Lieutenant Hedges, the officer in command.

The instant Fox saw the fine sturdy sailor, he advanced to him with extended hand, saying the cordial salutation was over.

There will be plenty of work for both of us yet, Lieut. Condit. Lieut. Condit will be here in a few days with a supply ship for the Sea Hawk and Wanderer. In the meantime, how are you off for ammunition?"

"We have a fair supply, sir," replied the Lieut. "I am not in actual command, it is very essential for me to know exactly what I am responsible for."

"That, Capt. Fox, is eminently right and proper," said Mr. Hedges, much impressed with the precaution and evidence of executive ability evinced by his superior. "Might I ask, sir, if there is a possibility of the Sea Hawk being ordered to sea any time very soon?"

"A possibility, but not a strong probability. My belief is, that Capt. Denham will be back before your ship goes to sea. But the chances are that the Wanderer may be ordered to sea any day; it will depend on reports expected from New York. Should I go to sea I will borrow all your ammunition, as I am about out, and you can get a replenish from the supply ship that Capt. Denham will bring."

"I shall do as you order in that matter," said Lieut. Hedges, saluting and turning away.

Capt. Fox watched the commanding officer of the Sea Hawk until the boat that carried him came alongside his own ship.

Fox looked pleased with himself and every one else, as he had good reason to be.

means of terrorizing Colonel Graham, or Lord Pallton, should he refuse to accede to his additional terms.

So far, everything looked to the carrying out of this bold programme with success. The most difficult part of the work was already accomplished, and he was a strong believer in the proverb that "what is well begun is half finished."

Feeling very much pleased with himself, as from his peculiar standpoint he had certainly a right to be, Captain Fox went down to the cabin, where sat Colonel Graham, looking anything but happy.

"You don't look well, Colonel," said Fox, with more familiarity of manner than he had ever before assumed to the man who now felt sure that in law, as well as in fact, he was Lord Pallton.

"You know I have been sick," "I know that, my lord."

"Could you have waved his hand in a deprecating way, and continued: "That idiot of a Doctor Hedges drained me of my last drop of blood—cursed his barbarous method—and I did not then and never had any blood to spare for these leeches."

"But what blood you have in your veins, Colonel, is the best in England," said Fox, with a sly wink.

"You persist in bringing in matters that I would rather not have discussed. Now, will you permit me, Captain Fox, a while without any of those irrelevant interruptions?" asked Graham, pettishly.

"Certainly. Are you not my guest? Therefore, talk at night if you find the exercise pleasant and healthful."

Without heeding the rudeness, for Graham, villain though he was, had the breeding of a gentleman, he went on to advise Captain Fox.

"I have finished your work here, Kidd."

"I beg your pardon, Lord Pallton; sorry to interrupt you again, but my name is Fox, F-o-x. Captain Kidd is another fellow. He is a cursed pirate on the raging seas. He's a man that a thousand gendarmes are creaking to hang. He's a man that Lord Pallton could not assert."

"Well, well, I ask your pardon," said Graham, with a smile as grim as the pirate's humor. "I am at fault, but I was going to say that the rumor is out that Kidd is in these waters, and very soon there will be a hot chase. My advice, therefore, is to show your heels while you can do so with safety. I will remain here a short time on a little private mission, and if I do not succeed I will go to New York and thence home to England."

"Be sure you go. I have some more business with you," said Fox, with that startling, decisive manner which he could so suddenly assume. "But before seeing to that I have business of great importance to myself to attend to. I come with one ship; I propose to leave with two. I'll give you a dining man; I propose to go away with a wife."

"With a wife?" echoed Graham. "Certainly, I am old enough to marry, so are you. The face of the charming Indian princess—I admit your taste—has struck your fancy; the face of the daughter of the man that bled you so freely has impressed itself on my too susceptible heart. The father is willing, and the lady will be; but if she is n't, and I'll play the part of Romulus and the Sabine."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Don, putting his head inside the cabin door, "but, sir, Mr. Frenault wants to see you at once."

"Tell him to come here."

Frenault came in looking very much excited, and said:

"I have brought Thrasher on board, sir."

"That is right. Has Thrasher frightened you that you look so shaky?"

"No, Captain; but there has a post-rider just come through from New York with letters for Captain Denham. He swears that Denham never was in New York."

"Hold!" thundered Fox. "Back to your boat, at once, man, and away to arrest this fellow, and bring him on board. Tell the people he is a fraud and an impostor—the murderer of the Wanderer. Do not lose a second. This should have been done at once."

Frenault sprang into the boat, and the puzzled sailors rowed back with all speed for the town, over which the shadows of night were settling. And Fox went back to the cabin, but there was a cloud on his brow, and his confident manner was gone.

CHAPTER XXI. CAPTAIN DENHAM'S GHOST.

Uncas, chief of the Montauks, was to remain in Sag Harbor until he had had another meeting with Captain Fox.

It may be said, not in extenuation as much as in explanation of the Indian's conduct, that he believed in Captain Fox as a friend, as did Doctor Hedges, and that is saying a great deal for his credulity. Until recently he had kept his dislike for Captain Denham, a dislike which had sprung from love for Lea Hedges, to himself.

But Fox had discovered his feelings, and with that rare skill he had for binding men to him through their weaknesses, he had explained to himself of the passions of the Montauks.

It had been Uncas's desire to meet Captain Denham in combat, man to man and blade to blade, foolishly believing—as had been the custom of his race—that he could win the hand and heart of the lady in question would be at once given to the victor.

Captain Fox destroyed his thought, or rather supplanted it with another, and was much safer, if not equally heroic.

The chief reasoned that if the great Captain Fox—the whites of Sag Harbor—said he was great—could advise assassination, it was not so wrong after all as he had thought.

Fox had showed him that Denham was really a very bad man, and that instead of being a sailor, as the people thought, he was a pirate, substituting his own character with great skill for that of his victim.

dian had to Untilla, the beautiful sister of the chief, asking her to come to her hut.

Dinah at once began preparations for the work she had set herself. About her thin neck she strung a number of shell-necklaces. About her head she wound tightly a white turban, and bound it into place by a snake so naturally preserved, that the eyes and tongue, in the center of her forehead, seemed flashing and darting.

About her lank arms she wound other snakes, and they looked to be held in place by their own contractions.

Over her shoulders she threw a scarlet mantle, decorated with tinsel stars, the moon in all its stages, and queer characters, all the more awful to the ignorant Indians for their representing nothing in particular.

This done, Dinah took a long staff, not the one she usually carried, but another that looked as much like a great serpent as the one she carried, and she tried to palm off on Moses, and her toilet was complete.

She next sat down on a high stool in her cabin door, a sight to alarm the strongest if she appeared unexpectedly, and waited for the coming of Untilla.

In a few minutes a light, quick step was heard approaching, and then a shadow fell across the threshold.

Untilla stood there, but the old black woman, without looking up, said in a voice that seemed to come from some far-off place:

"Untilla of de Montauks—" "Yes, Dinah."

"You en meez got to run a race wid death. We must get ahead of 'im, en drive 'im back to de grave."

"I am ready," said Untilla, eagerly; "let us be going."

The old crone seized her staff, took from the floor near by a basket containing an earthly treasure of parcels of herbs, and then started off.

They bent their course to the west; the Indian girl walking with the light, springy step of a fawn, and Dinah with a vigor that was wonderful in one of her years.

Without an instant's hesitation or stop they hurried on, till the hill, with the vault at its base, rose before them. They saw Old Somonk and his wife cooking before a little fire outside, and Young Somonk and two other Indians lying on the grass and smoking with an air of lazy contentment.

At sight of Untilla and Dinah the men sprang to their feet and Old Somonk and his wife stopped their work and looked up in surprise.

Without a moment's hesitation Dinah walked up to the fire, removed the pot boiling thereon and replaced it with her own.

Into this she put some water and several bunches of herbs, muttering to herself the while. Then she grasped her staff as a drum-ma'or does his baton, whirling it around her snake-crowned head, and began to dance about the fire, shouting out a wild song, of which the terrified listeners could not understand a word.

Stopping suddenly, she drew Untilla near to her, and facing the terrified Indians, she said aloud:

"De spirits of de dead command dat all leave but de spirit of de chief en Dinah, de servant of de spirits. Go, Somonk, en yer family; go, ye Montauks watchin' nigh; go to de village of de Montauks, en stay dar until we jine ye."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Calling a Halt.

"I cannot imagine why I am so tired all the time. It seems to me that I do very little," said a woman, dragging herself to a chair and sitting down wearily.

"How many times a day do you go up and down stairs?" inquired a friend. The house was in a city, high and narrow, with four long stairways, three of which intervened between the kitchen and the mother's "own room."

"Why, not very often; I don't know. I have a good many errands about the house, here and there, and my impulse is usually to wait on myself. I suppose I spend a good deal of strength on the stairs, now that I think of it."

"And, pardon the suggestion, but you are always looking for others so much and so generously that others ought to look out for you. Have you ever thought how often you are interrupted in the progress of a day? The ordering of supplies for the house is the first thing; but some trifles forgotten, pepper or salt, flavor or seasoning, and you are consulted about that. Then your big boy comes to you with his necktie or his cuffs, and your four-year-old has pinched his finger and needs comforting; your daughters have no end of affairs in which you must be the counselor, and your husband leaves the weight of his perplexities and irritability that grows out of his overwork on your every nerve. Dear, it is not wonderful that you are tired! The wonder is that you rest so soon, after a nap, or a little time by yourself, coming out to the family made over again."

"But what can I do? All that you mention forms part of the every-day duty of a woman like myself, whose main work in the world is to keep her home happy and comfortable."

"Once in a while you might call a halt. You should pack a little bag and run away for a three days' visit, leaving the housekeeping to the young shoulders, which will find it out a slight burden. It is an imperative duty, occasionally, to take care of one's capital, if one be a wife and a mother."

In the interest of the rest, for the sake of the days that are coming, a matron must be provident of her own health, not suffering herself to drift into nervous prostration or wearisome invalidism.

There are graves, not a few, over which the inscription might be written: "Here lies Mary—, the beloved wife of Theodore—; tired to death." And in most cases the blame is not Theodore's, but Mary's own. She should have called a halt in time.—Harper's Bazar.

Exaggeration.

John Fitzgerald is a hard-headed, matter-of-fact boy who has just entered the high school. If you talk with him you must be careful how you express yourself.

## LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Printed Here for Other Little Folks to Read.

The Frog's Song.

Early one bright morning a little frog hopped from the water, opened his music-book and sang this very strange song:

"If I swallow you and you swallow me, Who's going to swallow the bumble-bee? He was about to sing another verse when a big pelican swooped down on him and froggy disappeared."

After a while he popped his head up again, looking angry this time, for he was fond of that song and wished to finish it. So he began once more, "If I swallow you and you swallow me—but he got no further, for swoop came the pelican, splash went the frog, and the pelican missed him again. "Oh, let him finish it," said a sly old water-rat, who was combing his hair with a porcupine quill. "I don't believe he knows the rest of it."

He was a small, wee frog, who was jealous of the other frog because he had green legs and a better voice.

"I never did like that song," buzzed a fussy bumble-bee. "Swallow me, a fussy bumble-bee. I'd stick something in him if he ever swallowed me." Nobody blamed the bee in the least for talking so. They knew just how he must feel about it, and it is rather disagreeable to have any one swallow you, as everybody knows.

After a while they all left but the crafty old rat, who, having finished his toilet, fastened his wicked little eyes on the place where the frog disappeared and waited. Pretty soon froggy came up, peered cautiously around, and, as no one, he opened his mouth wide and began to sing:

"If I swallow you and you swallow me, Who's going to swallow the bumble-bee?" "Excuse me," interrupted the rat, "did you ever swallow a bumble-bee?"

"Yes, sir," croaked the startled frog. "I have just swallowed one."

"Don't they hurt?" anxiously inquired the rat.

"Not when you're used to them," replied the unsuspecting frog.

"So glad to hear you say so, for I expect to swallow one myself very soon, but he will be seasoned with something nice, so I shan't mind." Then he looked at the frog and licked his lips.

"Now, will you please come a little closer," said he, "and sing all the verses of your charming song?" The frog, smiling from ear to ear with pleasure, and bowing low to the rat, sang:

"If I swallow you and you swallow me, Who's going to swallow—"

but, sad to relate, he never finished his song, for when he sang, "Who's going to swallow—the rat cried, "I am!" and seizing poor froggy by the legs swallowed him, bumble-bee and all! Then he smiled a contented smile, and sat the rest of that day gazing dreamily in the water, laughing softly to himself, and singing, "Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! who's swallowed froggy and his bumble-bee?" until he went sound asleep, for it was now bedtime, and in his dreams he sang froggy's song. Meanwhile the pelican had been sitting on a log near by watching, and as the rat sang:

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hind legs of the bee there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket.

The Hard Part of It.

"It wasn't hard learning how to write," said Bobbie one morning, when he was trying to write a letter to his father. "What bothers me is learning what to say when I write."

A New Guinea House.

In some parts of New Guinea whole towns are built in the sea. The inhabitants live in constant fear of the bush tribes, and as a protection against them construct their houses just off the shore. A traveler describes a summer villa which he built after the native pattern at a cost of about \$20.

Two chiefs undertook the work, and received a little more than half the money, and the laborers got the rest.

The traveler says: "I drew on the beach a rough ground-plan of the house, showing the length and breadth, the division of rooms and the two verandas. Peter, one of the chiefs, measured the plan with a piece of cane, marking the length and breadth, and then rolled up the cane and put it in his pocket, or rather in his bag, for of course natives are not provided with pockets."

"He went home to his island, and in a few days came back with several large canoes with all the necessary logs, timber, and other materials lashed to them, including the sago palm-leaves for the roofing, and the cane for splitting into laths; and when the house was finished there was very little material left."

"How he calculated so nicely I cannot say, but of course he had had much experience in building native houses. Not a nail was used in the building."

"On the sea side the house stood in about four feet of water at low tide, and on the shore side was connected with the beach by a gangway. The people had a curious way of driving piles. We gave them a rope, which they fixed round the head of the pile, leaving the two ends dangling."

"Several natives got hold of each end and pulled alternately, until the pile was worked down to the required depth. The piles are made of white mangrove, and in order to prevent the ravages of the cobra insect, it is best to tar the piles well—or, better still, though very expensive—to copper them all over."

The flooring is of cane, the walls are made of the skin of the palm, and the roof of the leaves of the sago palm, which have to be put on separately, the leaves overlapping a little, and on the outside are placed some branches of the cocconut palm."

"A house of this kind is quite rain-proof, and if well constructed will keep in good condition for at least two years."

A German Fiddler Who Was Determined to See the Great Napoleon.

Wonderful as are the parts which a modern reporter will play, in order that newspaper readers may gratify their curiosity, he never, according to Joseph, did anything bolder than the part a German violinist played to gratify his personal curiosity.

In 1808 Napoleon held, at Erfurt, the congress of princes. In the evening the emperor amused his guests with music and a drama played by a French troupe brought from Paris. Spohi, the violinist, was intensely curious to see this assemblage of royalties, and betook himself to Erfurt, thinking he might wriggle himself into some corner of the house. He discovered, however, that the public were excluded, blue blood alone being allowed to enter. The fact that the whole house was reserved for sovereigns and their suites would have discouraged a less determined man. But Spohi was persistent. Having a friend who was second horn player in the orchestra he persuaded him to feign illness and to ask the bandmaster to allow his friend, the violinist, to take his place.

The request was granted, and Spohi set himself to work to acquire his friend's part. On taking up the horn he discovered that he had set himself a difficult task. It took him a day and a half to produce the simple notes. On the evening of the performance the musicians' faces were strained and stiff, his lips swollen and back, and he could hardly get through his part, which fortunately was not very elaborate. One thought cheered Spohi as he took his seat in the orchestra, he would enjoy a fine view of the princes, and especially of Napoleon, who was to sit in the center stall of the first row. But to his dismay he learned that the emperor had issued a formal order directing the musicians to play with their backs to the audience, and under no circumstances to turn their heads.

The violinist was equal to the emergency. Pulling up a pocket mirror, he placed it before him in a proper position, and thus obtained an excellent view of the audience of sovereigns.

His English Betrayed Him.

The following story is told in England of the Rev. John Sheepshanks, who was recently made Bishop of Norwich: "One evening a young Cambridge man, afterward head master of a well-known grammar school, but tutor for the nonce to a Russian prince, was smoking a cigarette in his rooms in St. Petersburg when a servant announced that a moujik wanted to see him very urgently. The unknown visitor was shown up and appeared in the well-worn garb from which Brian O'Connell derived his simple but practical sartorial notions. To his host's utter bewilderment this uncouth being addressed him in refined English, and presently explained that he was a brother Cantab desirous of securing his good offices.

The man, in short, was the Rev. John Sheepshanks, who, having landed some six months before near the mouth of the Amoor River, had made his way alone and on foot through Tartary, Turkestan and Siberia to the banks of the Neva."

Up to His Neck That Way.

"I fell into the pond to-day, and it was up to my neck," said Walter. "Nonsense!" said Jack. "The water in the pond isn't more than a foot deep."

"Ah, but I went in head first," said Walter.

She Was Enough.

The small boy was sitting on the doorstep whistling when the policeman came up.

"Can I see your father?" inquired the officer.

"No, you can't," replied the boy promptly