

In Sheep's Clothing.



Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XXVII. Continued.

The sound of the ship's whistle, which had stopped while the officer was present, was again resumed, and Ralph Denham was on the floor, close to the place from which the sound came.

Outside the bustle and noise of boats being lowered, and the deep, guttural orders of the sailors could be heard. Captain Fox was preparing to conceal more of his treasure on shore.

Tired of his position on the floor, Captain Denham went back, and was talking in a whisper with one of his men, his eyes still bent in the direction of the partition, when he saw a light that almost seemed dazzling after the darkness.

Out from the opening, as if carried by this stream of light, came Don the cabin boy.

"I've loosed the plank, and you can come through. Oh, I am so glad that you know your danger, for my heart has been sore for you."

"We came with a full understanding of the danger. I do not want to get on deck now, but when the time comes we desire you to be near to guide us," said Captain Denham.

"How shall I know the time?"

"When you hear a gun fired on board the Sea Hawk. She will be close by soon after daylight."

"I'll try, sir," said Don, who recognized in the voice of the man addressing him a ring of command, such as he could not associate with an ordinary sailor.

"But I'll go back and collect the place from the other side, and if I am not near when the signal is given, go through and turn to the right; there will be plenty of daylight then. You will pass through the store-room and armory, where you can get arms if you'll need them. To the left are the steps leading to the deck."

"God bless you, Don. We'll find the place, and reach the deck. Now go, go!" The Captain's voice was so imperative, for in the distance he could hear a vigorous knocking, accompanied by the call:

"Don! Don! What the blazes are you sleeping for when the Captain wants you?"

Don darted through the opening, and put out the light. As he pushed the plank into place, he called out with admirable presence of mind, for his voice sounded like that of a sleepy boy:

"Aye, aye, sir! Coming!" and the next instant the banging of a door could be heard:

As Don ran out, a man shouted to him:

"The Cap'n's been a callin' for you, youngster; you'll be mighty lucky if you don't get a right good lashin' with a rope end."

Don heard, but made no inquiry till he stood before Captain Fox on the deck. With a savage oath the captain demanded:

"Where have you been, you dog?"

"I was about to turn in, sir," replied Don.

"Did I tell you to?"

"I thought you did, sir."

"You have no right to think. Next time you are not on hand, you young dog, I'll keelhaul you. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Leap into that boat and bear a hand," said Fox, pointing over the side, where in the darkness the dim outline of a longboat could be seen, with a number of men in it.

Don leaped into the boat and took the post of coxswain.

All night long Lee and Ellen, who occupied the same stateroom, could hear the boats coming and going. To say they were frightened would but wrongly express the state of their feelings. Could they have seen their own white faces, a common sympathy would have increased their terror.

But they knew that Ralph Denham and his gallant crew were on board, and they tried to cheer each other by reiterating their knowledge of this fact.

Had they known Ralph Denham's actual condition they might not have drawn so much comfort from his proximity.

At length the boats took their last load to the shore, and Captain Fox, who had been superintending the concealment of the booty, came back with them.

Day dawned, and the distant headlands and the island under the sea seemed to lift from the dark waters by the power of light.

Two of the boats were left alongside; and now Fox and his men entered the cabin and called in excited tones for their visitors to come out.

Lee and Ellen tried to obey, but they found to their horror that they were locked in.

They raised their voices, but amid the din and uproar outside they could not be heard.

Doctor Hedges, supposing that his daughter and Ellen Condit had preceded him, was about to descend to the boat, when an eager glance told him they were not there.

Turning to Frenault, who stood near, he asked:

"Where is my daughter and Ellen Condit?"

"They will follow you. Hurry up. There is not a moment to spare. Captain Kidd is in sight!"

A number of sailors on hearing this burst into a loud roar of laughter. The Doctor, now completely beside himself, was seized bodily by strong hands and lowered into the boat.

"Pull away, my lads," shouted Frenault to the men in the boat.

"But my daughter, Oh, heaven, my child!" cried the Doctor. Seeing Captain Fox, he continued: "Send down my child and Ellen! I can see no sign of the pirate!"

"Then I will show him to you," laughed Fox. "Look well at me, my old friend."

herited from their sturdy ancestors. The people carried off by the Wanderer were among the very best in the place, the flower of its society.

No reason could be given for Fox's conduct. It was evident to the most simple-minded that the act was deliberate and therefore malicious.

The people gathered in excited groups, and their spirits rose for a while, when they saw the ship come about and try to beat up the harbor. But their relief from anxiety was only temporary, for again the Wanderer tacked and headed for the open water.

In the midst of the excitement a coach and four, guarded by a number of horsemen, drew up before the inn, and from it, aided by a provincial officer, descended a man in a black coat.

She was about five and forty, and the face still retained its nobility of form, though lines of care had seriously marred a countenance that must once have been of surpassing loveliness.

The landlady came out and the young officer addressing him, said:

"I desire apartments for the Countess of Pallaton."

The overpowered landlady rubbed his hands, bowed himself double and was about to lead the way to the house when the lady stopped him by asking:

"Can you tell me if Lord Pal—I mean one Colonel Graham, is stopping here?"

"He is, my lady," said the landlady. "And a gentleman named Captain Ralph Denham lives here?"

"Yes, my lady, but he is not here now. He is in New York."

The lady looked at the landlady sharply, as if going to deny this, but changing her mind, she motioned for him to show her the way.

As the party entered the inn, old Dinah amazed the crowd by raising her hands above her head and crying aloud:

"O, praise us bress de Lor'. She libe, my lady libe!"

"What do you mean, Dinah?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Conscious that she had been hasty, the landlady seized her staff, and muttered, as she turned away:

"I can't talk en 'splain at de same time."

The coming of the coach with its outsiders did not lessen the excitement.

The arrival of the Countess, her inquiry for Ralph Denham, and the fact that she bore a striking resemblance to the young Captain, were talked about and commented on by those who forgot, for the moment, the departure of the Wanderer.

It was now quite dark, and all the people in town were on the street; women waiting for their lost ones, men armed and anxious to use their weapons, frightened children clinging to their mothers' skirts, and wondering what it all meant.

But the subjects of talk and wonder were not yet over. The boys, believing that they should do something to show their interest, had all gathered all along the street, and by their light the people saw what appeared to their excited imaginations to be a great army entering the town.

The young people had never seen the Montauks in war dress, nor heard their war songs, but the older men recognized in the sound that struck their ears one heard in their childhood, and never forgotten.

The boys, in their excitement, threw more fuel on the fire, and as the flames leaped up they flashed on the noble form of Untilla, who marched at the head of her warriors.

On her head was the plume of Wyandott, and in her right hand the silvertipped spear of the mighty chief.

With measured step, two hundred armed men came down behind her. The red paint that distinguished their fierce ancestors' battle they had discarded, owing to the higher civilization; but the stirring war song which they shouted was the same which the united Montauks and Pequots had sung when they had repelled in days past the invasion of the Narragansetts, or went in their war canoes to the homes of their ancient foes.

Untilla turned neither to the right nor the left, and paid no attention to the salutations that greeted her till she led her warriors to the shore.

When all this was going on in the town, Lieutenant Hedges and Valentine Dayton were not idle on board the Sea Hawk.

They saw the Wanderer sailing away with their friends, but they were powerless to prevent an act that filled them with anxiety.

The moment Fox's ship disappeared from the harbor, Lieutenant Hedges said to Valentine:

"Now, my lad, the time for hard work has come."

"And how shall we begin?" asked Valentine, who had unlimited confidence in his uncle's capacity and courage.

"We must get those cursed pirates out of the way—I'd like to hang them at once."

"How are we to do it?"

"First, how many sets of irons have we on board?"

"Enough to ornament the men sent from the Wanderer," replied Valentine.

"Good! Now have them called in by fours to the ward room for enrollment. Disarm them, for the dogs, as you will see, are armed with knives and pistols; then put them in chains and place a guard over them. And Mr. Hedges, his blue eyes blazing with anger."

The Wanderer's men on board the Sea Hawk were comforting themselves with the belief that not a shade of suspicion attached to them. They expected to be enrolled, as their names were not yet taken by the officers of the Sea Hawk; but they were somewhat astounded when Mr. Dayton ordered them to the ward room by fours.

Those who were coming from the search and ironed at once, and so could not communicate with their mates on deck.

But even if they had been able to do so they could not have made a successful resistance, for the Sea Hawk's men were at their posts, ready to shoot down the first man who showed a sign of insubordination.

At length the fifty men, who had expected to play so important a part in the capture of the Sea Hawk, were all prisoners in the hold of the ship, with armed men to guard them.

Valentine Dayton having completed this task reported the fact to his superior.

Mr. Hedges had received Fox's instructions just before he sailed to follow in the morning. As the understanding with Fox was that the Sea Hawk should not sail till the supply of the pirate had changed his mind. However, as he had planned with Captain Denham to follow at daylight, and begin to fight with the Wanderer the moment he came within reach, Fox's order did not annoy him.

"And how do the wretches take the situation?" asked Lieutenant Hedges, when Mr. Dayton returned.

"They don't like it; they are swearing like pirates," replied Valentine, smiling at his unimpeachable joke.

"The dogs! I am glad they can be true to themselves in something. Now, Mr. Dayton, get all the boats ready to transport Untilla and her people on board," said Lieut. Hedges.

REAL RURAL READING

A DEPARTMENT FOR OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURISTS.

Farmers Should Carefully Consult the Markets—A Homemade Row Marker—Variety in Pasture—Cheap Feed Rack—Gooseberries and Currants—General Farm Notes.

Consulting the Markets.

To meet a demand for special products, one must know what the demand is, writes a correspondent of an agricultural journal. The special requirements of a market may be nothing better than a mere whim or caprice, but they must be met if a ready sale is expected. If the market requires brown-shelled eggs it is folly to offer those with white shells. The latter may be just as good as the former, but so long as the former have the call they are the ones to be furnished. Or if the market requires yellow legs and yellow skin on dressed poultry, it is unwise to offer poultry with white skin and dark or white legs. It is true that people do not eat the shanks of fowl, and some of the best table fowls in the world have white, not dark shanks and a white skin, but so long as the fancy of the buyer demands the yellow color, that is the color to supply. One cannot afford to spend his time educating people out of their whimsical notions, if he expects to make money out of his trade. So long as no principle is sacrificed, so long as their notions can harm no one, not even themselves, the poultry raiser is not bound to sacrifice his profits in attempting to remove the prejudices of his customers. He is raising fowls for business, not for fun, and must adopt business methods, always remembering there is some good reason for the public taste and fashion.

A Row Marker.

To insure straight rows in field or garden, the ground should be marked before planting. A convenient implement for this purpose is shown in the accompanying illustration, from the American Agriculturist. A six-inch pole twelve feet long, of red elm or white oak has a tongue pinned below it and braced by an old arch of a two-horse cultivator morticed through the pole and pinned above the tongue. A second pole four inches through is attached to the first by pieces of one-fourth by one and

one-fourth inch strap of iron passing loosely around the front pole, but bolted to the blocks which are twenty inches long and six inches through, and pinned above the back pole. The holes for the marker pins should be bored where needed. Wood pins need one and one-half inch holes, iron pins one-half inch. These holes should be so bored that the pins will slant back while marking. The pins which fasten the back pole to the connecting blocks should be made six inches longer for this purpose. A double tree can be attached to the tongue in the usual manner. By using a heavy back log, an excellent clod crusher, leveler or weed and cornstalk breaker can be made.

Farmers as Speculators.

"Talk about speculators," said a produce dealer the other day; "there isn't a greater speculator out than the farmer. If the price of any product goes up he never wants to sell; no matter how high the price, he always wants more. After the price begins to go down he wants to sell, and usually gets a lower price than he might have obtained." Unfortunately there is too much of truth in this statement. The dealer in question cited several instances in support of his statement. Every seller wishes to get all possible for his wares. This is natural and right, but it isn't always easy to tell just when the right point has been reached. It is generally better to sell on a rising than on a falling market. When an unusual high figure has been attained, it isn't reasonable to suppose that that price will be long sustained.—Rural New-Yorker.

Gooseberries and Currants.

Gooseberries and currants do best when planted on a north or east slope. Too much sun is not good for them. But both gooseberries and currants must have good culture and the worms must be killed as soon as they are hatched. They hatch out of the lower leaves about blooming time, or a little later. The grower must keep his eye peeled, for it only takes these pests about two days to strip off every leaf, and that means no crop. There are several broods of them in a season. The first coming before the fruit is formed may be killed with paris green; later broods with hellebore. The successful grower of any of these fruits for market demands constant care and attention, and also knowledge and skill.

Variety in Pasture.

Farmers do not either for meadow and pasture seed down with sufficient variety to make the best feed. Only amateur wealthy farmers sow the sweet-scented vernal grass. Yet who has been over a field that has had even a little of this in hay time, who has not been delighted with its fragrance. It is good, too, in the hay mow, for the sweet perfume permeates the entire mass, and stock of all kinds eat it better. Besides, with a variety of grass there is sure to be a good stand, one succeeding where another has failed. It is far better to have a variety of the best grasses in pasture than a scattering of timothy and clover and all the bare spaces filled with weeds.

Over-Manuring Grain Crops.

The fact that stable manure contains too much nitrogen and too little potash and phosphate makes it unsuitable for manuring the small grains. To furnish the mineral elements that grain crops require an overdose of manure must be given, and this makes an excessive growth of straw. If the stable manure is applied to corn and potato crops, crops of oats, barley, or wheat grown

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A STAGNANT COUNTRY.

The Sultanate of Morocco, Africa, Under the Curse of Inaction.

One of the most stagnant countries in the world is the Sultanate of Morocco, Africa, a territory that under an enlightened government and

An Idea for a Feed Rack.

This feed rack, described in Farm and Home, is simply a square box, no bottom in, and open at top. It is 10 ft. long, 3 1/2 ft. wide and 4 ft. high. The letters A show the lower part boarded up 20 in. The letters B show the top boards 1x6 in. The letters C are the upright boards 1x12 ft. long, all well nailed together with wrought nails and clinched. Each side of the rack is made separately, then hooked together with hook and

staples at each corner above and below. The feed is thrown in at the top. Cattle reach in through the spaces between the boards C to eat. This rack is intended for hay, corn, fodder or feed of such kind. It is far better than the old X rail racks, as cattle do not need to reach overhead to eat and get their eyes full of dirt, but reach down, which is natural. Neither can they run over their feed and dirty and waste it. If intended for sheep made the spaces for reaching the feed smaller or the sheep will jump inside.

Clean Cultivation of Small Fruits.

Strawberries, raspberries, and other small fruit plants require frequent and clean cultivation to produce the best results. When grown in large quantities, they should be so planted as to admit of horse cultivation. On land free from stones, a careful man with a steady horse and the use of the improved cultivators the work can be so neatly and closely done that but little use of the hand hoe is required. The great point is to commence the cultivation early, when the weeds are small and easily destroyed with shallow stirring, which disturbs no roots.

Work for Rainy Days.

It is so often necessary to work over hours in pleasant weather that when a rainy day comes in summer the farmer may profitably devote it partly to intellectual improvement. He can at least then take time to estimate carefully what needs to be done and plan as to the best way of doing it. This will require study and prove the best possible intellectual exercise. It at least requires as much executive ability to keep everything on a large farm in order and working smoothly as it does to manage a manufacturing or commercial business.

Rapid Cooling of Milk.

The housekeeper always sets milk in a cool place, not merely as she says "to keep it better," but to insure the more rapid separation of cream from the water and casein with which in milk it is always mixed. The creamery does this by enclosing the milk in ice, so suddenly cooling it that the cream rises without having the milk soured. Its process is patented, but the idea is not, and explanation of the principle will help housewives to make more and better butter, even though they cannot afford to buy a creamer.

Cause of Sour Silage.

One of the principal causes of sour silage is cutting corn too green. Dr. Miles tells us that sour silage may often be caused by too rapid filling, excluding the air, so that the temperature is not allowed to rise high enough to kill the bacteria causing the fermentation. Bases are cited where slow filling and loose packing have resulted in excellent sweet silage. It is probable, however, that the maturity of the corn has more to do with its acid condition than the manner of filling.

Planting Trees in Orchards.

The idea that by any care in management young peach trees can be planted in squares between the center of rows of fully-grown apple trees, and made it to grow, is a grave mistake. No matter if you "intend to dig out the apple trees next winter," the tree will not grow any better for that this year. If young trees are bought for such places, plant them in some rich location where they will have all the ground to themselves, and transplant in the fall or spring.

Sheep and Wheat.

Where plowing is done for wheat, sheep are the best stock to keep on the plowed land to compact its surface. They will eat down weeds and the growth of scattered grain, and thus prevent any need of cultivation which makes the soil too light. Their manure is scattered everywhere, and that of any other stock. Sheep can be put on wheat in the fall to crop its growth with advantage to the crop.

Poultry Notes.

DUST is death to lice, and the fowls should have free access to it.

ONCE a week parch a little cracked corn, quick brown and feed to chicks.

CHICKENS, like sheep, cannot be crowded together in large flocks without breeding disease and becoming an easy prey to death.

A FEW dry days from 120 to 150 eggs in a year, and it is not hard to make a pair of young Pekins weigh ten pounds when ten weeks old. They are a profitable fowl.

LINSEED meal is excellent for poultry, containing, as it does, portions of nitrogen that is of benefit to fowls. It is not intended as a regular daily food, but once a week is not out of place.

The annoyance of having too many males among the flock of hens ought to cease soon after the egg for early chickens are dropped and set. Few people make anything from the late-set eggs, and the hens will produce more eggs if not made fertile than they will if the rooster is always in their company.

GREAT numbers of moderately good people think it fine to talk scandal; they regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness.—F. W. Faber

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF INDIVIDUAL NEWS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianians.

Not Exactly Enoch Arden.

Twenty years ago Aaron Steinbach was a prominent farmer near Plymouth, Marshall County, this State. He owned a farm of fifty acres and had considerable cash deposited in the county-seat bank. About that time he decided to leave the farm and abandon his wife and two baby boys, but before he did that he decided the farm to his wife and gave her \$500 in cash. He was not heard from until the other day, when he appeared at the doors of the Home for Feeble-minded Youth in Fort Wayne. He stated that after he left Marshall County he went to Kansas and purchased a farm, and there married a second wife. Years rolled on and the deserted Mrs. Steinbach married again. Her second husband was not thrifty, and squandered the farm, and she died a broken-hearted woman. The twin boys were sent to the Soldiers' Home at Knightstown, and afterwards transferred to the Feeble-minded Home. The boys always thought that their parents were dead. The gray-haired man at the Feeble-minded Institute said that he was Aaron Steinbach, and the father of the twin boys, and he wanted to take them back to Kansas. The officers of the institution will release the boys as soon as they are assured of the identity of the old man.

Brief State Items.

JACKSON COUNTY's melon crop is good.

THE new town of Ingalls has annexed 240 acres.

GAS CITY and Jonesboro are now called the "twin cities."

THERE are fifty-three inmates in Franklin's Orphan's Home.

A VALUABLE mineral spring has been discovered near Charleston.

TIPPICANOE COUNTY wheat is said to be almost 20 per cent short.

THE Second National Bank of Vincennes has commenced business.

TOLLS roads in Wayne County have been abolished by a popular vote.

PIKE COUNTY Commissioners have ordered the building of a new jail.