In Sheep's Clothing.

By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER XI.

SOME REFERENCES TO THE PAST WHICH IT IS NECESSARY TO UNDERSTAND.

Colonel Graham was a very weak man, and at best a very angry one, though it would not do for him to show it.

He played sick and he cursed—to himself—the doctor who had turned his mean pretense into a frightful reality.

He was in no amiable mood when Othello came in on tip-toe, and, in response to his master's demand to know "who was making that noise out there," made answer:

"It's my granny, sah."

"May the devil fly away with the black hag! Why he hasn't done so before is a mystery. What does she want?" The Colonel pushed himself higher up on the pillows and glared at the black man, as if ready to slay him if he did not at once give a satisfactory answer to the question.

"She wants foh to see yeh," said Othello, his tremulous voice indicating the fear he felt of his master.

"Yes, en I'ze got to see ye. No use a tryin' to keep me out Ef yer sick, I've got yarbs to cure ye; so in I comes—en ow does yeh do, me lod?"

The door was opened and closed with a sudden bang, and Dinah stood in the middle of the floor, bowing in a way that to any other man than that sitting bolt upright on the great "four-poster" bed would have been extremely ludicrous.

"I am sick, woman, and want to be alone," said Colonel Graham, but even Othello noticed that he did not speak with the peremptory voice that usually distinguished him.

"So ye does." The old woman turned to her grandson, and enforcing her command by extending her lean, black arm in the direction of the door, she continued: "Git out, 'Thello; me en yer mas'r wants to be 'lone. Don't ye go foh to stan' dar grinnin' w'd yer mouf open, but go out. Tell 'im to go out to once."

Dinah turned to the bed, and the colonel, falling back on his pillows with a sigh of mingled wrath and pain, said: "Leave me alone for a little while, Othello."

Amazed at his grandmother's audacity, Othello went out, but he did not go out of hearing. His curiosity was aroused, and he made up his mind to learn, if possible, the secret of the old woman's power. So far it had been his firm belief that there was not in all the world a being who would dare to oppose the wishes of his fierce master.

Dinah had not been in town for some days, and though she had heard of the departure of the Wanderer, she as yet did not know that Capt. Denham had left on that ship.

"I have offered you gold to leave me alone and to keep your cursed tongue quiet," said the colonel. "Now, what do you want?"

Before replying to this the old woman drew back the bed curtain, so that she might get a better view of his face, and then, coming so near that she could look into his cold, glittering gray eyes, said in a voice that was not a whisper, but which sounded far away and sepulchral:

"I want to keep on leadin' of a bettah life, en I can't go foh to do it w'en yer roun'."

"Leave me alone, and I'll soon be away." The colonel threw a pillow under his shoulder, so that he could rest on his elbow, and returned the woman's look without flinching. Suddenly, as if he had decided on different tactics from those he would pursue if he continued acting in accordance with his feelings, he said:

"Sit down, Dinah, and let us have a chat; let us be friends, as we were in the old times. You must excuse me, but I have been sick in mind and body for some time."

"I'd rather stan' up," replied Dinah, and she placed both hands on the top of her long staff, and, resting her chin thereon, she still watched him.

After a pause, she continued:

"Ye'z sick in min' en body, en no wonder dah. W'y ye'z alive arter all de sin' en body sickness ye'z had yarself en made odders foh to hab is de mos' 'sprisin' t'ing I'ze ever heard on, en I'ze been libbin' now nigh onto fou-ah score en ten——"

"Never mind that," interrupted the Colonel, restraining with a terrible effort his tendency to anger. "Let us talk about yourself and what you have been doing since last I saw you. Let me see, it must be one-and-twenty years ago?"

"Jes' dat time. I couldn't forgit it, en you couldn't forgit it. We was bofe in Bermooda den, en I was the slave of de Gov-nah. Does yer remimber who that Gov-nah war?"

The hag cocked her head to one side, and leaned forward on the staff for an answer.

Colonel Graham shot a glance at the door and saw it was closed, then he threw back the curtain still further and looked over the room before he said:

"The Governor of Bermuda, at that time, was my brother."

"En dey called 'im Colonel Gra'am, too?"

"You know they did, Dinah."

"En if he'd libbed den dat Gov-nah'd been Lo'd Paliton?"

"What of it?"

"But dat Gov'nah didn't lib. Kaze w'y? Doan't you know, sah?"

"He died," replied the Colonel, with another impatient glance about the room.

"En w'y did 'e die?"

It is so difficult to reproduce with accuracy the strange dialect of this woman, that for the present we shall discontinue it, and give a summary of the facts developed by her shrewd questions and her ready and frequently grotesquely humorous answers.

Twenty-one years before the date of our story, Colonel—the Right Honorable Ralph Denham Graham, the eldest son of Lord Paliton of Ayr and Cumberland—was the Governor General of the Bermudas.

He lived at Hamilton, the capital, which was located on one of the Bermuda group, known as "Long Island," though it is much less in area than its namesake in New York. Col. Graham was a knightly man, greatly devoted to his wife and only child, a son, at that time aged between five and six years, and named after his father.

The climate not agreeing with Lady Denham, she went to England, but at the earnest request of her husband she left her little boy with him.

Capt. George Graham, a younger and only brother of the colonel, lived in his family, and acted as "colonial secretary," a position which had but little labor connected with it and considerable emoluments.

As the Governor was a man in good health and on the sunny side of forty, there was every reason to believe that he would survive his father, then an old man, and fall heir to his titles and the large estates thereunto belonging.

But should the governor die, his little son, Ralph, would, in the natural course of events, succeed to the rank of Lord Paliton, Earl of Ayr.

But should the governor and his son die, then Capt. George Graham would inherit the titles and estates.

Many thought it was a good thing that Capt. George Graham's chances were so small, for he was a harsh, cruel, domineering man, who seemed in rebellion against his Creator because he was not born first.

Capt. George Graham was, however, an accomplished hypocrite, for he succeeded in making the Governor believe that he was the most devoted brother that ever lived.

Bermuda does not bubble over with excitement even in these days of electricity and steam. It is a by-way off the great ocean routes. At this time the officers sent there on duty looked on it as a mild sort of exile, and did everything they could to get ordered home.

Yachting was a sport in which Col. Graham delighted at home, but here he found in it one source of amusement on which he could depend to break up the ennui.

His brother George was also fond of yachting, and the sloop in which they took their pleasure was commanded, or rather sailed, by a daring, handsome young Englishman of sixteen or seventeen named William Kidd.

Young Kidd was a great favorite with Capt. Graham.

He was a bold, ambitious youth, with a natural aptitude for his calling, and a mind far above the average.

Having acquired no principle of right, and being wholly deficient therein by nature, William Kidd had no scruples that would lead him to resist the schemes of the Captain.

They held their consultations at the cabin of an old negro woman, the Captain's slave, named Dinah.

There it was decided that the next time the Governor went out with them to sail that the boat should capsize, and that the father and his little boy should be drowned.

This programme was carried out. The Governor could have saved himself had not his unnatural brother leaped upon him and held him under water.

The little boy, Ralph, clung to the sailor, Kidd, but when the Captain motioned for him to drown the child, the latent spark of humanity in the fellow's breast fired up.

With a dangerous light in his fierce blue eyes and a savage oath on his beardless lips, he said:

"No, sir! We've done enough for one day. The youngster's arms are about my neck, and may I sink to the bottom with his father if I do not save his life. You can hide him away."

"But it was your bargain," urged the Captain.

"Men that bargain to murder cannot be held to account if they do not fill the contract. This boy must live, and I must know that he lives, otherwise I will turn Queen's evidence and tell the truth," replied Kidd.

The result of this peculiar bargaining, under such circumstances, was that the child was carried ashore and given into the charge of the old negro woman, Dinah.

Here little Ralph was secreted until the story of his death was firmly believed on the islands and in England.

Then the Captain—now the Right Honorable George Graham—and William Kidd smuggled the child to Long Island, in the Province of New York, where he was disposed of, as has already been stated.

The loss of his son and grandson so prostrated old Lord Paliton that he did not long survive them, and so the Captain achieved the one great object of his ambition.

Soon after this, old Dinah disappeared, and it was generally believed that she was drowned; but, as she was old and not particularly liked, her loss soon ceased to be a matter of speculation.

But Lord Paliton was not destined to enjoy his criminally procured future undisturbed.

The young sailor, Kidd, became a man, and with his increase of years there came an increase of ambition and a decrease of principle, if that were possible.

His old companion in crime was now a great personage in the world, and, having considerable power at court, Kidd was just the man to rise by clinging to his skirts, or, if need be, by placing his feet on his patron's shoulders.

Kidd clung to him, as the old man of the sea clung to Sinbad.

Again and again, Colonel Graham—to give him the name he had assumed for use at Sag Harbor, had tried to put Kidd out of the way, but he was always foiled.

At length Kidd, as a means of security, concealed his friend—Guy Frenauld, a young sailor of fortune—where he could hear himself and Colonel Graham discussing the awful past. Then, with an eye to dramatic effect, Kidd brought Frenauld out, and the Colonel saw he had two opposed to him, and giving up the contest, entered into a compact with the young men.

It was through Col. Graham that Kidd got command of the Adventure Galley, and it was partly through his confidence of his friend's powerful influence in the event of detection that he became a pirate on the high seas, while bearing the Queen's commission.

It is useless further to disguise the fact that Fox and Kidd were one and the same person.

But there were some grounds for change of name in ship and captain.

Kidd, by an act of unparalleled treachery, had murdered a captain named Fox, and all his officers and crew, in the Indian Ocean. Then, appropriating the papers and such plunder as was valuable, he caused the ship to be scuttled, and sailed away to inaugurate a career of crime which, for successful audacity and heartless cruelty, has not been equaled in the annals of marine robbery.

All these facts were not brought out during the talk between Col. Graham and Dinah, but those with which she was better acquainted were elaborated with an attention to detail that placed Graham in a mental treadmill, and proved that age had not dimmed the old woman's memory, while time had made her regret the part she took in the cruel conspiracy.

"I tell you, it took me long 'nuff time to fin' dis odder Long Islan', but I did it, an' I've staid har nigh dat b'y, never portindin' noffin' but jest a-watchin'. En now, I tell ye de time hev come when jestis has got for to be did."

"Dinah, you are altogether wrong. But as I believe you mean to do right, I will tell you now that I came here to do justice. There is only one person who can prevent it, and I think she has got too much wisdom and too much love for Captain Denham, to balk me with her interference," said the Colonel, evidently wearied by the long, agonizing conversation.

"En ye mean foh to say ez I'm dat woman?"

"I do, Dinah."

"Den ef I hole back, what's ye gwine foh to do?"

"I intend meeting Captain Denham in New York in a few days, and I will make him independently rich."

"En w'y doan't ye tell 'im now?"

"He is not here."

"War's 'er gone?"

"To New York."

"W'en?"

"This morning; he sailed with Captain Fox on board the Wanderer."

"Wid Cap'n Debbel! ye doan't mean foh to go eh say to me ez Ralph Den'm hez gone off wid dat red-headed mu'd'rer! Did you sen' 'im? Hev ye come foh dot?"

The hag reached out her long, black fingers, the nails of which were like claws, and gathered herself as if about to spring on the man in the bed, and rend him in her fury.

"I tell the truth, woman!" cried the Colonel, his anger making him desperate. "Make a disturbance here, and I will kill you and throw you out the window. You hag, you forget that you are my runaway slave, and that I hold your worthless life in my hands."

He sprang out of bed and began dressing, calling at the same time for Othello, who came in with an unusual display of white about his eyes, for he had been listening to the whole conversation, and was now in that condition which is frequently described as "thunder-struck."

The old woman did not move, did not manifest any fear; on the contrary, she bore herself like one who was conscious that she had proved herself to be the mistress of the situation, and was confident of her ability to maintain it against all comers, and more particularly against the opponent now in the field.

"Ef 'arm should come to Mars Ralph Den'm, en if so be it so, we'll soon know it, den dar'll be lots en lots of trubble to dem ez as brought all dis on. Mark dem words ez I 'as jest spoke," said Dinah, moving in the direction of the door, but still keeping her wild, bleared eyes fixed on the Colonel's face.

"Where is your home; where am I to speak to you without being disturbed?" asked the Colonel, desperately, yet pleadingly.

"Ef so be ye wants foh to fin' me, ax any of de puckras at de inn; but doan't ye go foh to feah ez we won't meet agin. Ye can't git away, en I not know it. Ef so be I was to ax foh yer life, a 'unerd Montauk men 'ed git um dar bows and lie in de woods war ye was gwine. Mars Ralph Den'm ee'ez got to come back safe en soun'. You 'ears dat?"

"Go, Dinah, go, and I will come to see you."

The Colonel looked as if he were going to faint, and the old woman went out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pneumonia.

Very many of the cases of pneumonia which are constantly reported owe their existence to negligence. The disease, which consists in an inflammation of the proper substance of the lungs, is often brought on by prolonged exposure to cold; and it is always dangerous, as can be seen by the weekly records of mortality in this city, which shows that it destroys more lives here than any other disease. The ordinary symptoms of it are coughing, pain in the side, feverishness, accelerated breathing; and just as soon as any one is affected by these symptoms a doctor should be sent for, while the sufferer must keep indoors. The doctor will at once order the patient to bed, if he be not there, and then try to give him relief by the administration of those drugs that have the approval of experience. A cure can thus be effected in a good proportion of the cases of pneumonia.

Many of the diseases that prove fatal can be successfully treated, if treated in time. Americans, when taken ill, are apt to postpone the duty of sending for a doctor, fancying that they will soon be well again; they dislike to be ordered to bed and kept away from their business, they can't bear to make a fuss over their ailments; they hate to take medicine; they would rather not run up doctor's bills. Lives are very often lost because of such foolishness. Innumerable people would live through diseases that prove fatal to them if they would act with judgment and prudence when first taken ill.

Better be particular about catching a cold at this season of the year, and in all the other seasons. If you catch it, better try to get rid of it as soon as you can. Many are the diseases to which it renders people liable.—New York Sun.

Figures on Coal.

The production of bituminous coal in the United States is now double that of anthracite. In 1892 there were 110,000,000 tons of bituminous coal mined, against 52,000,000 tons of anthracite. The area of production of soft coal is ten times greater than the area of production of hard coal. In the form of coke, bituminous coal is constantly encroaching upon the field of anthracite production.

EXPRESS TRAINS IN A RACE.

Fine Burst of Speed for Twenty-five Miles Near St. Louis.

Webb Ross, the unfortunate engineer on the "Big Four" who perished in the accident recently, was noted for his bravery and skill in handling a fast locomotive, says the St. Louis Dispatch. His record for making up lost time is common talk along the division over which he ran. In an article written by Agent H. C. Rood of the American Express Company, some years ago, he gives a vivid description of a race between the "Big Four" and the Wabash between East St. Louis and Alton. Between these stations the roads are parallel and the two trains from St. Louis leave almost the same time. Exciting races often result from this arrangement.

Speaking of one of these races Mr. Rood told how he had sat in the locomotive cab and watched Webb manipulate a fast-flying locomotive. He boarded the engine at East St. Louis and was greeted with a smile by the engineer whose face was so familiar to everybody along his run. He asked him if he wanted to take a ride, and he said he had no objection to making the run to Alton, a distance of twenty-five miles. He accepted the invitation, and the train started out at the normal speed up north. Only a few miles had been made when the engineer noticed that the Wabash was only a short distance ahead. A storm was raging at the time, the lightning flashed vividly and the thunder rolled at frequent intervals. Webb spoke of the storm and said it was a good night for a race. Manager Rood, as he writes, said he was ready for it, and Webb then let go the throttle and, as he remarked to his guest, "gave her a full head." The fireman was kept constantly employed, fuel was thrown in the box unsparingly and extraordinary time was made. The Wabash engineer, aided by his fireman, worked hard and the passengers on both trains excitedly watched the race. For miles it was neck and neck and both engines rocked and threw out sparks as they had never done before. On Webb's train, as Mr. Rood's description covers it, the steam gauge registered its full capacity. During all the time Webb was cool and collected and when he was not working the machinery he kept telling Mr. Rood that the locomotive would win out. When Alton Junction was reached Webb's locomotive was away ahead and ran into the depot far in the lead of its competitor. The passengers on Webb's train applauded and jeered at the travelers on the other train as they rolled into the depot.

Not Serious.

"I maintain," said a shrewd observer, recently, "that the American people are becoming frivolous."

When he was asked what evidence he could bring to prove his assertion true, he replied:

"I want no better evidence than their indifference to serious public affairs. Our political system has developed certain defects, but no effort is made to get rid of them. The people of some of our largest States submit to 'boss rule' which they could crush forever by giving attendance at caucus and the polls for three consecutive years.

"See, too, how a system of frequent and prolonged holidays has developed. We work fewer days and fewer hours in the day than our fathers, or even our elder brothers did. Every one seems to be forever looking forward to vacation, like a schoolboy.

"And what do they read? What do you read? When you open your paper in the morning to what do you turn first? To the proceedings of Congress, or the great happenings at home or abroad? I trow not. You look at the score of the base ball games, or the discoveries of reporters relative to the latest sensational murder, or at some other personal stuff about people of whom you never heard before and who are dragged before the public by circumstances in which the public ought not to have the smallest interest."

This is a harsh judgment, but it cannot be denied that there is enough truth in it to cause us to pause and remember with the poet that "life is real, life is earnest."—Youth's Companion.

Clerical Stories.

Dean Hole tells of a Sunday-school boy who answered the question "What proof have we of St. Peter's repentance?" with "Please, sir, he crowed three times." His sister while teaching in the Sunday school asked her class what was meant by the law and the prophets. A bright little girl immediately responded: "If you please, ma'am, it is when you sell anybody up." At a certain service the rector, seeing there was only one alms dish provided, asked a rustic to bring a dish from the dining-room table of the rectory and pass it up and down both sides of the north aisle. When the command was carried out the rustic whispered in the rector's ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yer side of the aisle and up t'other, but they'll none o' them have any." Judge of the worthy rector's amazement when he discovered that the dish was full of biscuits!

Brooks' Advice.

The late Bishop Brooks received a great amount of affectionate attention from women of whose existence he was probably unaware, except as it lay in his power to do them some Christian service. A story has been told by a woman, who had met Dr. Brooks at dinners, that she knew of a lady who asked him to marry her. His reply was: "Madam, give your heart to God and your hand to the man who asks it."

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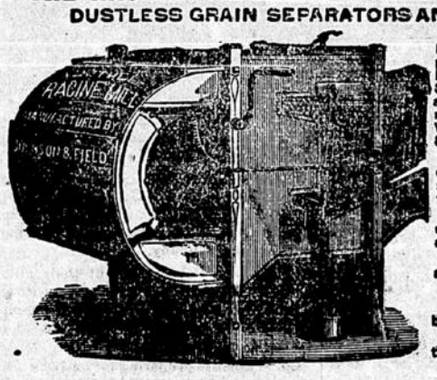

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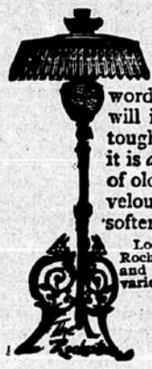

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