

THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND WILL END SATURDAY.

BLENNERHASSETT.



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Aaron Burr, defeated for President by Jefferson, becomes Vice-President, kills Alexander Hamilton in a duel and becomes a fugitive from New York. He is lured into a conspiracy to found an empire in the Southwest by Gen. James Wilkinson, whom he believes has a secret understanding with Jefferson. Kate Emberton quarrels with her lover, Frederic Clarke, because the latter denounces Burr. He enlists Harman Blennerhassett in his enterprise, which fails, and Blennerhassett is left a wanderer. Burr returns to New York. He is expecting his daughter Theodosia, who has sailed on the Patriot from South Carolina, and believing she is in his office, dings open the door.

CHAPTER V. The Fate of Theodosia.

BELIEVING that behind the door awaited his bereaved daughter Theodosia, Burr threw it back, crying: "Theodosia! Theodosia! come to your father!" Mrs. Blennerhassett stood before him. Burr made an involuntary step backward. "Good God! Margaret Blennerhassett! You here?" "Yes, Col. Burr; we intrude upon your privacy as you once did upon ours. Your unwelcome guests are Harman Blennerhassett and his wife, Margaret—your victims."

At that moment, a strong arm was thrown about Theodosia's slight form, and she felt as if she would be crushed in that giant grasp. The cutlass was wrested from her hand and thrown upon the deck. Then a strange scene occurred. Peggy and Sam had stood aloof from the fight, but, on seeing their mistress attacked, they rushed forward. Sam grasped the pirate about the neck with both hands, choking him with all the strength that he possessed. Peggy was like a savage animal. She set her teeth into the man's arm, which was bare to the elbow, time and time again, causing him to yell with pain. Some of his comrades, seeing their leader in such a predicament, came to his assistance. It was the work of but a moment, and when Theodosia turned and gazed into the brutal faces of her assailants her eyes fell upon the prostrate bodies of the faithful servants who lay weltering in their blood.

The pirate thus rescued picked up the cutlass that he had torn from Theodosia's grasp. She faced him proudly, although the next moment she expected to meet her death at his hand. But no; he was evidently the leader of the party, and, at his command, the work of slaughter ceased. While one boat had come up on the side where Theodosia had taken her stand, the other two boats had gone to the other side of the ship and thus the passengers had found themselves between two fires. Of the twenty-four men, including passengers and crew, but nine were living; four passengers and five of the crew. Theodosia was the tenth survivor.

By command of the pirate leader, friend and foe, crew and passengers and pirates who had fallen in the fray, were unceremoniously thrown over the ship's side into the water, after their money, valuables, and the best of their clothing had been appropriated by the pirates.

Then the survivors of the Patriot were bound, their hands being tied behind them with strong cords. The leader of the party came toward Theodosia with a savage leer upon his face. He grasped her rudely by her hands, pulled them behind her back, and tied them so tightly that the cords cut into her tender flesh. Then he looked into her face with a sardonic smile, but she faced him bravely.

The prisoners were taken into one of the boats and were rowed to the pirate ship. The victors left on the Patriot, ransacked the vessel fore and aft. The captain's cabin was gone through and all the letters and everything of value that it contained taken. The cargo was of no particular use to the captors. They could not go into port and dispose of rice and cotton and tobacco, so Jules Drebat, the leader of the attacking party, gave orders to scuttle the ship. This was soon done, and, while the boats were returning to the pirate ship, the unfortunate crew, with water and finally plunged beneath the waves to join the innumerable caravan of ships that had preceded it.

But one person of the Patriot's band was left alive—Theodosia Burr Alston. Thaddeus claimed her for his own, and she was compelled to go with him. Fearing the vengeance of his crew, whose rules he violated in preserving this woman, Thaddeus resolved to leave them. He drew her from her cabin at night, as his ship lay in a harbor off a cove he knew, and placed her in a small boat.

Taking up the oars, he pulled rapidly in the direction of the little cove. It was quite a distance to the shore and it seemed as though the darkness grew deeper and deeper as they progressed. They were just at the mouth of the little bay, having turned one of the points, when suddenly their little boat came into collision with something. Theodosia's first thought was that they had struck a rock or had run aground, but her attention was immediately aroused by the sound of a voice, and the next moment a lantern was turned toward them, the light flashing into their little boat.

With an oath, Captain Thaddeus dropped his oars, jumped to his feet, and grasping Theodosia about the waist with his left arm, sprang into the water. As he did so, the light from the lantern was turned full upon them and Theodosia saw that their little craft had come into collision with a larger boat filled with sailors. In the bow stood a young man holding the lantern in one hand and a pistol in the other.

"By God!" he cried, "is Captain Thaddeus, and his voice rang out loud and clear in the stillness of the night. As he spoke, he pointed his pistol and fired; then drawing his other pistol, he fired again. Both shots took effect. His aim had been true. The first had struck Theodosia in her right side, and had been better aimed, for it entered the heart of Capt. Thaddeus and, without a cry, he loosed his hold upon Theodosia and sank beneath the waves.

"Pull, boys! pull!" cried the officer. "There was a woman with him." A few strokes of the oars and the boat was close to Theodosia. The officer had turned his light upon the water and saw her long hair floating upon the waves. He reached out and, as the boat drew nearer, he leaped over the side and with the help of one of the sailors Theodosia was lifted in. The cloak had fallen from her shoulders while in the water and the dress that she wore was stained with the blood from her wound.

"Now, pull for the ship, boys!" cried the officer. "I hope to Heaven this young woman is not mortally wounded. We'll get her to the surgeon as soon as we can."

The boat was driven rapidly forward by the willing hands in the direction of a British sloop-of-war, riding at anchor in the little bay, whose outlines were dimly seen through the darkness. (To Be Continued.)

"THE SPENDERS," Monday's Evening World

By Harry Leon Wilson, Published by Lothrop Publishing Company

A HINT TO THE LOVER.

There are signs patent to the lover who understands how to read them, even though some of them may be written in sympathetic ink, which calls for the warmth of love to render them legible. Says the Pittsburg Despatch. When the lover, who wears a crown of wool, sees his innamorat's eye grow brighter at his coming; when her voice takes on an added sweetness for him alone; when she listens always with attention, not to be mistaken for the well-bred patience which is so often its counterfeit, to his most trivial utterances and quotes his opinions; when she seldom or never pleads a prior engagement to his invitations, he may safely take it for granted that he will not sue in vain. When the fateful question has been asked and the answer is in the negative, the earnest suitor is not obliged to take "no" for the final decision of the court. Women have been known to change their minds, and he who understands the great art of holding on usually arrives in the end. Our forefathers held that a lady should always say "no" to the first time of asking, in the first place, for the sake of her own dignity; secondly, in order to try her suitor; and some faint traces of this tradition still linger among their descendants even yet.

A XVIII CENTURY SHAVE.



This reproduction of an old print depicts an English barber shop in the eighteenth century. The paraphernalia are not vastly different from those in use to-day, the shampoos being concocted apparently along the up-to-date, "scent" "light or dry" line.

A RAINY DAY.

Over the wide, half-emptied lofts of grain, The dusty rafters where the brown bats sling, And gloomy beams with swallows twittering, Sounds the dull thrumming of the ceaseless rain. The wind's low moaning grows, then sinks again; And, harshly creaking, shifts the murmuring; Wet branches sweep the roof with measured swing. And, harshly creaking, shifts the weathering. The pigeons overhead, with frised blue Dim in the faded light flutter and coo Where the great girder o'er the mow is hung. Below, half hid in odorous meadow hay, There lies a boy adream, hearing that day Echoes of songs that never shall be sung. —From the "Sonnets and Songs for a House of Days."

Success in Business from Facial Traits.

BY EDGAR C. BEALL, M. D., the Famous Phrenologist.

THESE HAVE TALENTS FOR STENOGRAPHY.



Miss C. B. A.—Artistic temperament; space between eyes and arching of eyebrows indicate perception of form and color; can excel in drawing, calligraphy, reading music, remembering faces, etc.; have also a keen sense of locality.



Miss M. E. D.—Sensitive nature; find it hard to deal with antagonistic people; are not adapted to commercial life; should save more money than your feelings prompt you to lay away; have excellent memory of happenings; can easily learn history, biography, geography, botany and other natural sciences; mind is much more perceptive than original or philosophical; fineness of lower forehead between eyebrows, separated eye-balls, etc., bespeak talents for observation, memory of faces, also of names if seen written; could become a fine teacher; will excel in any work involving detail and are well fitted to succeed as a literary stenographer.

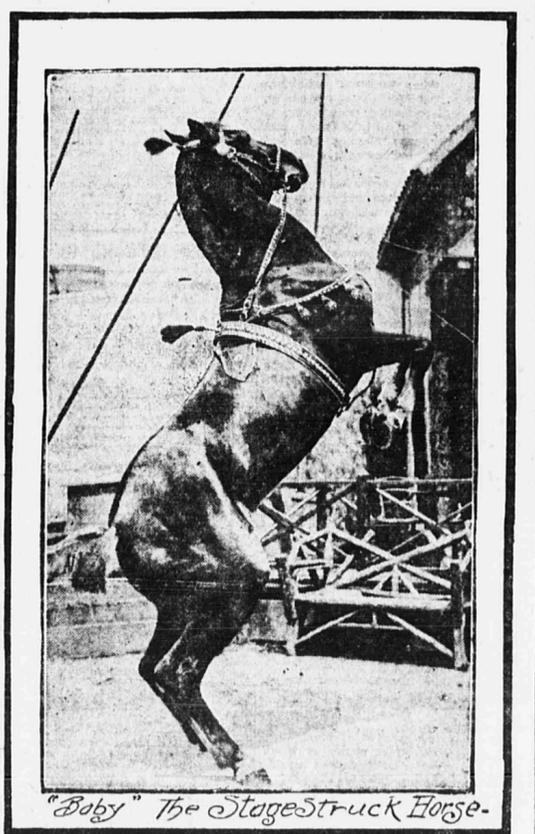


Miss G. B.—Physical fiber is closely woven and character is equally solid and firmly poised; nothing about you goes to waste; feelings are under good control; are never flighty; see the world in its true proportions; have a keen sense of values; instinctively know how to take people; can study phrenology with pleasure and profit; affections are strong and steady; would assist your husband in many ways; would save money if income were ever so small; space between eye and temple is a sign of talent for mathematics; all perceptive faculties are well developed; mind is eminently practical, logical, analytical and critical; would make a very reliable commercial stenographer; could succeed also in general business or as a book-keeper, dentist or pharmacist.



Miss A. E. W.—Great activity, love life, energy, ambition and positiveness; are decided in all feelings and views; do nothing by halves; mind is penetrating and analytical; are a born chemist; like to know the elements of everything; are rarely deceived in people; can easily adapt yourself to different characters in outward matters, but are critical and exclusive in affection; have marked ability for science and art; colors speak to you like words; could master any subject that demands attention and details, such as a foreign language, pharmacy, anatomy, physiology, etc.; some talent for portrait painting; could certainly become a fine stenographer.

HERE'S A STAGE-STUCK HORSE JEALOUS OF HIS UNDERSTUDY.



"Baby" The Stage-Struck Horse.

In an effort to restrain Baby, one of Signor Riccobona's performing horses at the Victoria Roof Garden, from a too ready response to the music cue that signals his entrance to the stage, Thomas Melcham, one of the stage hands, was kicked by the horse last night. Baby is a stage-struck horse, and last night's trouble was the outcome of the frequent necessity to prevent the animal from rushing upon the stage whenever the opening bars of music for his entrance are heard. Baby is a chestnut horse, seven years old, and was purchased by Sig. Riccobona in Dublin. His fondness for the stage was proved several nights ago when it was intended to substitute a truck for other horses since it was feared that Baby would be unable to appear.

ONLY FIFTY CHINESE BABIES TO BE FOUND IN NEW YORK CITY.



HERE they are, the little Chinese babies that add variety to the doll counters of department stores or give tone to the array of meaningless blond beauties in the toy shops of New York. But these are real live little girls and boys, human dolls hid away in dim back rooms of Mott and Pell streets, where the eye of the foreign diplomat seldom penetrates, and the camera, hated of all good Chinamen, has never reared its hooded head. To every Chinaman faithful to the tenets of Confucius it is known that the camera is an instrument of the devil and that the image the sun develops on the sensitive plate is wrought by the Evil One. A Chinese child under ten years of age who has been photographed is regarded by her parents as doomed, and from their earliest infancy the little human dolls of Mott street are taught to run from the photographer as their better informed neighbors of Madison and Clinton streets are instructed to avoid the cop.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of penetrating the Chinese home, harder of access to the unknown intruder than the residences of exclusive New York society, The Evening World photographer yesterday photographed eight of the most secluded Chinese babies. In Chinatown, where nearly ten thousand slant-eyed Celestials are gathered, there are perhaps twenty-five Chinese women and fifty Chinese babies. The Chinese baby doll is provided with a special apparatus by which he is made to cry upon the slightest provocation. A pressure on his responsive diaphragm yields a plaintive wail which even the most accomplished Parisian doll falls to duplicate. But in reality the Chinese baby cries less often than his Christian prototype. The calm philosophy, the unmoved stoicism which Confucianism has installed into his race, seems to be born in him. "Face," which to the Chinaman means the unmoved front which he believes should be presented alike to good or evil fortune, comes natural to him, and where the Christian baby cries the little Chinese boy or girl blinks reflectively two or three times and thinks about something else. The devotion of the Chinese mother to her children quite equals that of the American woman, but in one respect she is superior to her Western prototype. For in Chinatown the "spo-oo" language is unknown. Baby talk is happily absent, and the smallest Chinese boy or girl would fail to understand a reference to his honorable feet as "tootsies" and would assuredly resent the appellation to his honorable self as "Mamma's little tootsie wootsie."

Nevertheless, the small babies of Chinatown are among the happiest as well as the most picturesque of New York's adopted children, and The Evening World photographer seems to have caught them in their coolest, most child-like poses. These little Orientals seldom leave the dark rear rooms in which their parents reside till they are taken to the Five Points Mission or the Morning Star Mission in Doyers street. When they have reached the age of five their parents reluctantly concede them for a few hours daily to the teachers of these missions that they may learn English and get a sufficient knowledge of foreign ways and customs to enable them to reside comfortably and profitably in New York. Strange to relate, there is a premium upon little girls in Chinatown, due to the fact that Chinese wives are scarce and that their importation is prohibited by the Gary Law. So even Mott street has witnessed the triumph of the new woman, and the female baby that in China would be greeted with lamentation is hailed by Mott and Pell street with delight.

Amusements. MANHATTAN BEACH TO-DAY AT SHANNON'S REGENT. 3.30 TO-NIGHT. PRIN'S POMPEII AND GRAND FIREWORKS. LEW DOCKSTADER AND HIS GREAT MINSTREL COMPANY. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 4. GREAT POPULAR CONCERT BY LEW DOCKSTADER. JULY 27 A CHINESE HONEYMOON.

Amusements. BROADWAY THEATRE. 41st St. & Broadway. LAST 2 DAYS! LAST 3 TIMES! Henry W. Savage Presents the Musical Comedy, 15TH WEEK—5TH MONTH. JOHNSTOWN FLOOD. CONEY ISLAND. FLOATING ROOF GARDEN. Str. Grand Republic. High Class Vaudeville. 112th St. S. P. M. W. 2:30 & 8:30. Battery Edg. 9. Ever Evening Except Friday. Fare 60c.

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Amusements. CASINO THE RUNAWAYS. TERRACE GARDEN. FRA DIAVOLO. LUNA PARK THE THOMPSON AND DUNDY SHOWS. PASTOR'S. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. DUSS ORCHESTRA. WIZARD OF OZ. MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCUS. PARADISE ROOF GARDEN. BOSTOCKS CONEY ISLAND'S BEST.

Amusements. Going to PROCTOR'S? TO-DAY, 25c, 50c. 23d St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. DUSS ORCHESTRA. WIZARD OF OZ. MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCUS. PARADISE ROOF GARDEN. BOSTOCKS CONEY ISLAND'S BEST.

Dac-T-Ra Eyeglass Clip, 50c. Amusements. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. JAPAN BY NIGHT. KEITH'S.

Amusements. CASINO THE RUNAWAYS. TERRACE GARDEN. FRA DIAVOLO. LUNA PARK THE THOMPSON AND DUNDY SHOWS. PASTOR'S. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. DUSS ORCHESTRA. WIZARD OF OZ. MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCUS. PARADISE ROOF GARDEN. BOSTOCKS CONEY ISLAND'S BEST.

Amusements. BRIGHTON. SEAT: BEACH.