



Ardic

BUCCANEER
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SYNOPSIS

Master Ardic, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, he became a shipmaster, and was second mate on the industry, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, described a sail, the strange vessel given chase, but is disabled by the industry's guns. In the fray one of the crew is killed and Houthwick is seen to fall. The captain is found to be dead, but the industry is little damaged. Several days later, when well out to sea, an English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Jeremiah Hope, at Havana. The crew of the vessel, led by strange tales of the king's commission to take Panama. One night a little later, the English vessel having proceeded on her course, a bit of paper is slipped into Ardic's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plot headed by Pradey, the new mate. Ardic consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and accuses the mate of plotting. Ardic and Tym, the crew break through the door, but are forced to retreat, having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves now ten short-handed, they manage the boat. Pradey decides to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The captain, supercargo and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft got away just before their vessel sinks. The next morning a Spanish frigate was seen. The mate in the raft shouts: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall short." On board they are sent forward with the crew, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

I got below, and in great weariness put down Mr. Tym's box and fetched a glance around. By degrees, as I became accustomed to the duskiness, I made out the features of the place.

It was low for the bigness of the ship, and was furnished after a very poor and rough sort. The bunks and hammocks were old and fit to drop apart, none of the timbers or work of the ship were smoothed except by the friction of use, and a mere dilapidated fence served as a bulkhead to part off the cook's quarters. Luckily the smells of the place, ill as they were—not of the worst, for at this time both a windward and a leeward port stood partly open, and the passage of the small breeze through served to sweep out the chief of the odors.

We did not come by a good knowledge of the place instantly, for it was somewhat dimly lighted, the port on the larboard side being closed and that upon the starboard standing scarce two inches upon the hook, but upon peering about a bit at first one feature and then another came clear.

We had taken two or three steps forward, and I was casting a glance in the direction of the cook's furnace, when an object nearly concealed by it moved, and this I presently saw was the cook himself. He had been sitting on a box, with his elbows on his knees, or in some manner bowed forward, and now as we stepped and looked alertly at us. He was a little fellow, inclined to be puffy, and near all his figure was hidden by a long white apron, his face, however, coming out in the wrinkles of a short pipe. I discovered that he had light hair, which is not common among the Spanish, and this made me notice him a little more than I should otherwise have done.

He came out from his place, seeing us halt, and made a little civil gesture, upon which I bowed gravely and gave him good morning.

"Buenos dias," he responded, and then, to my great surprise, softly added: "But gude morning in the auld tongue, if sae ye'll hae it."

He took out his pipe as he spoke and crossed over to us.

"And what is he doing here?" I seized his hand and gave it a most cordial grip, as did also my companions. "Gae a bit cautiously," he whispered, "and with a meaning nod toward the fore-castle. 'Ye mauna seem over-pleased. You'll find this a pleasant ship,' he added in Spanish, 'and able in all weathers. I take it yonder is where you are to sling your hammocks.'"

My companions caught the point he would make, which was to avoid the jealousy or suspicion of the boatswain, and they did not interrupt, while I returned a suitable answer.

"Petition to sling your hammocks noo," he softly whispered, as I ended. "Likewise say bravely that ye need a mickle rest, and wad hae a bit drink and a sup."

I nodded and asked aloud for a pipe. "Mine is broken," I said in Spanish, "and you know what a seaman is without his clay."

"I am to ask the boatswain to grant us a little time below," I whispered to my companion. "Feign overcome weariness as we pass out."

With this I signed to my companions to follow, and returned to the fore-castle. The boatswain had lighted his own pipe and was sitting on one of the men's boxes, firing away in leisurely puffs.

I made heavily along to him, exaggerating my real weariness, and preferred my request.

"Aye, if you like," he replied, carelessly. "Yonder, in that corner, you will find three hammocks. Sling them and afterward take your bite. Aye, and have a turn with the pipe. A seaman is naught without his clay, and you will be fitter for the work."

I thanked him and translated the talk to my companions.

We were not long, seeing that we dared not mend our pace too suddenly, in slinging the hammocks and disposing of our few effects.

It was now the beginning of the first dog watch, and one of the men were in the fore-castle. The time was seasonable, and we hastened to begin our confab with the cook. We asked him first what had brought him on a Spanish ship, for we Britons are not often found on such, and in answer he gave us a brief but consistent story of shipping from a Scotch port and in a smart blow falling overboard, to be picked up just in the nick of time by a Spanish coaster. She carried him to Mala-

ga, he said, his original port being Cartagena, and from there he had been glad to ship on the Pilanca. His story ended, we fell to questioning him on our present surroundings. What was the Pilanca, and who were these fine people she carried?

"Aweel, the Pilanca is naething but a common sort of merchantman," he answered, "and her trade is maist times betwixt Havana and the straits, but just noo she is a special chartered frace the king. She is carrying Don Perez de Guzman, governor of Panama, to Chagre, and the auld noble ye clavered wi' is the man."

"But now a word as to our own state, Sandy," I began. "Or, first, I should be thankful for a better grip of your name."

"It'll be a cordial to hear ye speak; these loons canna," he answered, with a sniff. "It's Donald Mac Ivraich, frae Claggarloch."

"Then, friend Donald," I went on, "what think you of our prospects? Are they not something dubious?"

"I canna say nae," he answered, "Ye are like to be ser'd wi' no sweet sauce ance ye reach Panama."

"Let it rest so," said Mr. Tym. "And now another question: Who are all these other bravely dressed people? I noticed both men and women."

"Will it be brawly dress folk?" said Mac Ivraich, brightening. "Nay, but we hae the governor's ledy—the auld dame wi' the dour look and the bit whiskers—though it's no sure ye wad see them, either, along wi' the mantilla, and sic like—and for anither grip, don Luis Delasco, a count by title, and rich in land and gowd, but sma' in body, and an ill tyke to look upon. He is the governor's son-in-law, and is not to be envied, they say, sic a dell's ane sculd is her ledyship. Among the others are Don Lopez Castillo, Don Enrique de Cavodilla, and Don Leon de Cruzon. They are hidalgos, and friends of the governor, and three mair proud, preceese auld cocks ye'll gae far to find."

We were very well satisfied with this description, and indeed, somewhat surprised, especially in view of the temporary amie from the cookery. Mac Ivraich hastily inverted another box, hunted up three panikins, with spoons, which he placed upon it, and poured out the mess from the pot. It proved to be a delicious onion stew. We lost no time in proving it, which I will say now pleased my palate more than anything I ever remember of eating, and in this wise I continued—being no whit before my companions—the tip the pot was empty.

Mac Ivraich now crowned his hospitable efforts by producing pipes and tobacco, and when we had smoked the boxes about, that we might take more comfortable posture, we raked a coal from the furnace, and with great ease and pleasure proceeded to light up. Our stomachs were satisfied, we were cozily by ourselves, and the ship was traveling very pleasantly along, so that, for the time at least, we might be said to be in a state of comparative content. This was all the more grateful after the long hardship and exposure of the raft. In the discourse that followed we answered freely Mac Ivraich's questions, he having till now but a scant knowledge of us, and contrived to impress him, as I thought, with the advantage to himself in continuing his friendship and good offices.

Not long after this some of the crew came down, and though none forced their company on us we conceived that it might not be wise to prolong our confab, and accordingly gave the cook a sign and broke up. In no great while afterward the boatswain summoned us, and we learned that we were presently to be sent into the watches and report for duty. This was done, and we found that the captain was chosen for the first mate's watch, and Mr. Tym and I for the second mate's, or starboard watch. It seemed that we had four hours each, continually—that is, watch and watch.

At four bells Mr. Tym and I were called, and we left the captain to turn in (he being weary enough, as indeed, were we), and repaired to the deck.

Nothing noteworthy happened during our watch, little, indeed, pressing to be done, and the Spaniards too lazy or too indifferent to set us tasks. I had Mr. Tym always in my eye, ready to give him a lift should need be, but all passed without the call.

That night passed uneventfully, and as I may as well add, to be brief, so did the next three days. The weather held fair, with moderate winds, and there was nothing to put a strain upon anyone.

Meanwhile that this time was passing my companions and I had come by a better knowledge of things touching the voyage and the governor's plans. It seemed we were to make but one more port before reaching Chagre, that being a place called Baracon, in the eastern part of the island of Cuba. There the governor was to transact some business and obtain such fresh stores as we needed, and thence meant to fetch straight over for Chagre.

On the morning of the fourth day after our rescue something of a thrilling and in part of a dreadful sort happened, and this I shall now proceed to detail. Mr. Tym and I were lying in our hammocks, it being our watch below, when I thought I heard some small stir on deck, followed by the bawling of voices, as though delivering commands. I sat up and listened, for I could not guess what was in the wind, and as I did so the ship suddenly began to sway up and down.

"What is doing?" queried Mr. Tym, and sitting up in his hammock as I had done.

"It is passing singular," I said, and with one mind we rose and scuffed into our shoes, having a keen desire to solve the mystery. In the fore-castle beyond we met the cook, who had just descended the ladder. He was a little out of breath, as though from hurry, and his looks showed something had happened.

"Hoos!" he cried, without waiting for us to speak. "We are a' in a peckle. A buccaneer will be out yonder."

"A buccaneer!" I cried, in surprise and joy. "Are you certain? Nay, that is a pickle that is right enough. When did he leave in sight?"

"He has been showing a' the watch," he answered, "and now we are rising him fast. Gin ye are e'er ase wad pleased, ye wad be wise to hide it," he added, under his breath.

I was quick to see the wisdom of the suggestion and returned an answering nod. "Come, Mr. Tym," I said, in a lower and soberer key, "let us go and have a look at this pirate."

I spoke the word briefly with purpose, knowing that the fellows in the watch—most of whom were now sitting up in their bunks or slapping about in their bare feet—would hear, and so far understand me. "A pirate!" went from one to another. The most sluggish bounced out in a twinkling.

Leaving the book to finish with them—or those who would stay to hear—Mr. Tym and I hastened up the ladder. Truly enough, the sun was in our faces, and the Pilanca was driving eastward, close hauled.

Directly astern, and I guessed now about four or five miles distant, was the well-defined canvas of the supposed buccaneer. There was no saying anything about him, of course, without a glass, and I could merely guess that he was quite a little smaller than the Pilanca. We might be raising him, but of course that would not be apparent without longer inspection.

There was no great change in the weather. The wind had strengthened a trifle since we went below and there was more head to the seas, but otherwise everything stood nearly the same.

In this part of the ship the watch hung about the braces, as though for orders, and there was an anxious, subdued jabber running round, but no particular confusion.

Aft I found the poop cleared of bright gowns and petticoats, the prudent old governor thinking, doubtless, it might be wise to offer as few allurements as possible, and in their place were five or six of the shining, armored guards. Others of these fighting men were disposed about the quarter-deck, and all told, I guessed the entire company was on duty. The governor himself, a somber-lined clock flung over his gray hair, was waiting to lead from the poop, and Capt. Placido was spying with glasses from the wether mizen shrouds.

It went grievously against the governor's pride and that of the dons to run away, but in prudence no other course seemed open. Besides, the safety of the women was to be considered. The foe had the advantage of a nimbler, handier-working ship, and doubtless mustered an equal or larger crew.

We discussed the matter at some length, and decided that a great water-castle like the Pilanca, with relatively small sails and bluff bows, must be inferior at playing, and that some excellent trick of seamanship would be needed if we were to shake off a fellow like the buccaneer.

"And yet," added Capt. Sellinger, "there's one point in our favor—mean in favor of the Pilanca—the wind is stiffening. Should it continue she can carry on to beat this fellow, and may yet escape."

"I conceive," said I, "that we three should arrange some definite plan of action. Let us do so while yet we have the time."

"That I say amen to," said the captain. "Mr. Tym, as your brain is more fertile than mine, conceive something."

"Let us rather all consider," answered the supercargo. "Say that we do so while this watch lasts, and then presently confer."

"Agreed," we said; and in order to get the use of our thoughts the better, as well as to avoid suspicion, Mr. Tym and I thereupon left the captain and mingled with the crew.

The Spaniards looked rather more sourly than usual upon us—which, perhaps, was no great wonder—but nothing was said, and we secured a quiet room upon the 'midships weather-lark.

Mr. Tym and I did not talk, for when we were not observing the pursuer we were busy in reflection, and I tried to forget the chatter behind me and the dinning aloud of the vessel while I made the most of the time.

I confess my brain refused to resolve anything—or anything of moment—and it was at last with some vexation and doubt of the whole matter that I gave up and jumped off my perch.

The stronger wind, as it seemed, was now helping us, for the sail astern no longer enlarged, after the former fashion. Indeed, I thought the Pilanca was nearly holding her own. In due time our watch went on, and till the other relieved us the supercargo and I were about the deck.

It was now the time that we were to meet to discuss our plans, and accordingly Mr. Tym and I slipped up from below (where we had gone with the rest, to seem the more natural) and joined the captain. He had us to the weather bow, near the fore-deck, where was no one at the time, and without delay we began.

There will be no need to give the fullness of the talk. In the end we decided upon the scheme proposed by Mr. Tym and slightly amended by the captain. It was, in brief, that we should construct a little float or raft, on which, as soon as it became dark, or it was evident that the Pilanca was to escape, we should boldly put off. We could make this cask of odds and ends to be obtained for us by the cook, and the launching would be from one of the 'tween-deck ports.

Our plot laid, the next thing was to begin to carry it out. The cook, as we expected, was blithe to help us. Indeed, he seemed, I thought, inclined to go with us; but presently, as I started to find out more exactly about it, he shifted the subject. He appeared, however, fully enlisted in our behalf.

The materials for our raft being readily found, were put together. Four men were used to form the ends (it is not necessarily very narrow, to pass through the port), and all was made fast with some strong line and a few nails.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Way to a Man's Heart.
"Oh, Reginald," she sobbed, for her husband had sneered at her waffles. "You have no heart." Gathering her tenderly in his arms, he told her the story of his life; how in years long gone he had his stomach amputated. That was to say, while he had a heart, the conventional way to it was lacking.—Detroit Journal.

Real Grief.
Mabel—Did you know Maud was in mourning?
Ethel—No; whom has she lost?
Mabel—I don't know, but it must be a near relation, for she's even changed her tabby cat for a black one.—Moonshine.

Previously Acquainted.
"Our old bookkeeper says he is making 200 a month at his new place."
"Yes—200 mistakes."—Chicago Daily Record.

An Honest Man.
Biggs—Does Dobbs ever bring anything back that he borrows?
Boggs—Oh, yes. He brought back my snow shovel on the first of May.—N. Y. Journal.

Sufficient Grounds.
"I'm going to get a divorce."
"On what grounds?"
"Higamy. After I married him I learned he was wedded to his money."—Harlem Life.

Not an Ordinary Kind.
Dorothy was dining at a neighbor's, and when she was passed the loaf-sugar for her coffee she said shyly:
"No, I thank you; I never use any but congratulated sugar in my coffs."—Judge.

Early Indications.
"And when we became engaged all he did was to kiss my hand."
"Yes, I've heard his mother say he was the kind of a boy who would make one piece of candy last him a week."—Indianapolis Journal.

Would Seem Not.
Brown—There is always fire where there is much smoke.
Towne—Huh! Guess you never tried to build a fire in the kitchen stove at five o'clock in the morning.—N. Y. World.

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A Horrible Revenge.
Briggs—That was a sad thing about young Smith, wasn't it? His rich aunt died and left him nothing but her piano.
Griggs—Dear me, how cruel of her. But what is he going to do about it?
Briggs—Oh, he is getting his revenge. He had it moved out near the cemetery, and he is taking lessons on it.—Harlem Life.

Arithmetic.
Tom asked of Dick, with smile so silk, "This question in arithmetic: 'Were you possessed of dollars ten, And I asked for a V, How much would be left to you then?' An answer give to me."
"Was easy and Dick hesitated not. But answered: 'Just ten dollars' on the spot."
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Patriotic Orator—Remember George Washington! When you want a thing well done you must always do it your self.
Voice from the Crowd—How about getting your hair cut?
The Last Straw.
It's bad enough to have the little German hand break loose, And pile the misery on you Without the least excuse, But what is infinitely worse Than all the tenses they play Is to have them come round with the hat, Suggesting that you pay.
—Philadelphia North American.

Lost His Temper.
Terrence (with the hod)—Yer not workin' Dannie. Are yer out of a job?
Dennis—Shure. Of fell off of a nine-story buildin' yesterday an' Oi got mad an' quit.
Terrence—Aw, go on! Yer too sinah-tive.—Judge.

Making It Easier.
"Yes," said Mrs. Nixdore, "as a conscientious woman I always feel I am bound to love my neighbor as myself. When they are so downright mean that I just can't do it I move into some other neighborhood."—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing to Live For.
Officer—Come out o' that! No swimmin' in here.
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VAIN REGRETS.
The Lone Fisherman.
He fishes for "suckers" from morning till night, And robbin' but "suckers" come near him to bite, And only one "sucker" is there, we opine, And that is the one at his end of the line.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Luxury.
"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's only one time when I eat de rich."
"I'm ashamed of yer weakness."
"I don't blame you. But when I read about dese swells comin' all de way from Europe as saloon passengers, I can't help feelin' a pang o' jealousy."—Washington Star.

Not Necessary to Throw It.
"You are not angry with me because I threw a kiss to you, are you?" he asked.
"Yes, I am," she replied.
"Why?" he inquired.
"Because there was no impenetrable barrier between us that made it necessary."—Chicago Post.

To the Sweet Girl Graduate.
"It's not by logic's power that you will rule this world of ours, my dears; But just as often women do You'll sway mankind with smiles and tears."
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DOMESTIC LIGHTNING ROD.
"And when we became engaged all he did was to kiss my hand."
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Designing Wretch.
The Artless Girl—O, Mr. Spoonmore, your necktie has gone all awry. Shall I tie it for you?
The Artful Youth—If you will be so good. Will you fix it any way I want it? Thanks. Please stand right in front of me and tie it at the back of my neck. I'll shift it around myself.—Chicago Tribune.

Walks When Other Sleep.
"Does your husband walk much during the day?"
"No, I think not; he does most of his walking at night."
"Is he a policeman?"
"Oh, no; but we've got a year-old baby at the house, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

Usually the Way.
"I used to buy neckties for my wife," he said, "but I had to quit it. Those I bought for her never suited her."
"So she buys them herself now, does she?"
"No; she takes those I buy for myself. They always seem to suit her."—Chicago Post.

Good Customers.
Horse Dealer—Yes, sir; we sell most of our horses through the matrimonial advertisements!
Friend—How is that?
Horse Dealer—Why, when we see a fellow advertising for a wife we know he's a good thing to stick on a horse!—Puck.

Out of Style.
In these days when the ladies fair are strong in outdoor sports, And learn to box and row and shoot and ride, To golf and run and do great stunts within the tennis courts— There's no such thing among us as the erstwhile bushing lunge.
—Philadelphia North American.

IN A SOUTHERN VILLAGE.
Gentleman (who has engaged aged colored huckman to drive him from the station to the hotel)—Say, uncle, what's your name?
Driver—My name, sah, is George Washington.
Gentleman—George Washington! the name seems familiar.
Driver—Well, 'er de Lawd's sake,