

THE GOOD-BYE KISS.

A kiss, and he took a backward look. And his hair grew suddenly lighter. A trifle, you say, to color a day. Yet the dull gray morn seemed brighter; For hearts are such that a tender touch May banish a look of sadness.



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SYNOPSIS.

Master Ardick, just reached his majority and thrown upon his own resources, after stating his case to one Houchwick, a shipmaster, is shipped as second mate on the industry, bound for Havana. Mr. Tym, the supercargo, describes a sail. The strange vessel gives chase, but is disabled by the crew's guns. In the fray one of the crew is killed and Houchwick is seen to fall. The captain is found to be dead, but the industry is little damaged. Sellinger, first mate, takes charge and puts into Sidmouth to secure a new mate. Several days later, when well out to sea, the English merchantman is met, whose captain has a letter addressed to Joseph H. Hays, at Havana. The crew of the vessel tell 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 Ardick's hand by one of the sailors. This is found to be a warning of a mutiny plot headed by Pradey, the new mate. Ardick consults Mr. Tym. They resolve to secure the mate, but Pradey, eavesdropping in the cabin, makes through the door and arouses the crew. Capt. Sellinger kills Ardick and Tym. The crew break through the barred door, but are forced to retire, having lost seven of their number. Finding themselves now too short-handed to manage the boat, Pradey decides to scuttle and desert the vessel, taking his men off in the only available boat. The captain, Sellinger, and second mate soon discover their plight, but hastily constructing a raft get away just before the vessel sinks. The next morning a Spaniard draws near them. The man in the rigging shouts: "If you would board us, take to your oars. Be speedy, or you will fall behind." On board they are met by Pradey, who, being told they will be sold as slaves on reaching Panama, the ship's cook they find to be Mac Ivraich, "franc Clagvarioch," so a friend. Four days later the Spaniard is overhauled by a buccaneer flying the English flag. The three Englishmen and Mac Ivraich plan to escape to the buccaneer on a rude raft. Sellinger, the last to attempt to leave the Spaniard, is disabled. Just after the others put off they see a figure dangling from the yard arm, whom they suppose is Capt. Sellinger. Hailing the buccaneer, our three friends find themselves in the hands of their old mate, Pradey. He treats them kindly and offers to do them no harm if they will but remain quiet concerning the mutiny he headed. The Black Eagle, Pradey's ship, comes to Chagres, Cuba, which town they find Morgan has taken under the English flag. From her the Black Eagle with Morgan's fleet proceeds to Panama. In the plain before the city Morgan's force is met by 2,000 horse of the Spanish.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

It would be much to my mind if I could describe with clearness and precision what followed. Unfortunately it is beyond my power. It was all a whirl and a maze of figures and the putting in and breaking of clouds of smoke, and beyond that little but some clattering of swords and guns and much shouting about. I was not in the front rank, and could only step this way and that, as my companions advanced or retreated, and beyond once discharging my gun did no actual fighting. It was soon over, and I saw that the enemy had broken.

"After them, and take some prisoners!" Morgan roared.

I was immediately left in a little clear space, with only Mr. Tym and Mac Ivraich near at hand. The others had made a dash after the flying Spaniards.

My two companions, like myself, were unhurt. In this respect they were more fortunate than 20 or so of our mates. Nine or ten of these were killed outright, and the others were doubled up with pain or sitting about bloody and bewildered.

The smoke gradually thinned out, and I looked toward the city. I saw the Spaniards slowly but doggedly retreating, stopping at intervals to wheel and fire a desultory volley. Our advance men were at their heels, but did not pursue far, for, having taken five or six prisoners, they let go a parting shot or two and returned.

Morgan now harangued us briefly, saying that victory was assured by our own reach, and that we had but to put forth one more effort to secure it. This speech being well received, he left a guard of 200 with the wounded, and the rest to act as a reserve, and led the rear to the attack. Mr. Tym, Mac Ivraich and myself were included in this assaulting party.

We marched directly toward the enemy, and at once received their fire, losing ten or twelve in killed and several wounded. Then, in a sudden, Morgan sprang to the left, and we, wheeling after him, he led us almost at a run from the road into the meadow. I immediately perceived what he would do, which was to avoid the forts and attack a weaker point of the town, and attack the wrong front. To effect this he had formed to make an assault of the enemy holding the main force of the enemy where it was.

It was soft footing, and we ran rather heavily, but still we were making some progress when the foe trained their cannon on us, and though we were in loose format on they brought down well-nigh a score. Their

musketiers also made forward and fired, and before we had proceeded 20 yards further it seemed that not fewer than 100 buccaneers were either slain or wounded.

This could not last. The enemy was having it all his own way, and unless we could turn upon him soon he would lay us all dead or drive us off the field. A man in front of me swung out and fell sideways on the grass. A ball struck the stock of Mac Ivraich's musket, and as I turned my head to make sure that Mr. Tym was safe I felt a sharp, spiteful rap on my own head-piece.

Paul Cradde was a little way on my right, and he had begun to swear in a shout went up from those in front and with great suddenness the whole command came to a halt. I saw three or four of the captains running out into the field, and in a moment their several commands were following them, and now we were wheeled short and faced toward the city.

A sort of glow of relief and satisfaction went round, for at last this playing as living targets was over. We looked to our primings and brought forward our bandoliers.

"Keep close!" cried Mr. Tym in my ear. "This will be the most desperate business of all."

"White arms and pieces of eight!" roared Paul Cradde.

"Aye, aye!" shouted a man near me. The trumpets sounded a quicker note, and we broke into a run.

I could glance between the heads in front of me and see what sort of place we were approaching. Five or six little huts stood out in front, some paddocks or cattle yards ran along in the rear, and still back of these was a long, low stone building. The flat roof of this was mounted with paddocks, and behind the mounds of the paddocks were the crouching figures of soldiers. A troop of horse was drawn up at the right of the long building.

We lowered our heads and made straight forward. Then the enemy's discharge broke, and men went crashing down on all sides of me. Before the smoke had lifted we returned the fire and were immediately among the little huts. I threw down my gun and drew my sword, and fetched a glance around for Mr. Tym. He was not to be seen. Mac Ivraich was a few paces away, and through the smoke were some other familiar figures. I hesitated, being filled with lively anxiety concerning the supercargo, and while I delayed the last of my companions passed on. I glanced hastily about, not really caring to be abandoned, and at that moment felt a sudden and strange shock. I perceived that I had been hit, and staggered toward a hut and leaned against it. After a little interval, it seemed to me that I made out the shape of a human figure breaking through the smoke. I could see but dimly, but I thought the man was Pradey.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE CONCLUSION OF MY ADVENTURE AND THE FALL OF THE CITY, LIKEWISE OF THE STRANGE THING THAT HAPPENED THEREAFTER.

I made a kind of dreamlike effort to come back to myself, and for an instant half succeeded. The advancing figure came out plainer. I saw the face, and it was indeed Pradey's. I struggled to keep it steadily in view, but it insisted on swimming in with the puffs of smoke, and as my giddiness increased it lost all shape and outline. I must have slipped from my position against the hut at this point, for things gave a kind of upward flash, in particular, one object danced out like a bright piece of steel, and then I was conscious of a hard jolt and all was blackened out.

The next that I am able to recall is a great swaying and swinging sensation, followed by an abrupt pause and then a little cold shock. I opened my eyes and found a wet cloth on my forehead, the ends hanging down on my cheeks. I put up my hand and drew the cloth away. As I cleared my eyes a figure close by stepped forward and I perceived with joy that it was Mr. Tym. He was in his fighting gear, wanting only the headpiece, and seemed to be quite unhurt. He smiled as I stared up at him.

"You are safe, then?" I said.

"To be sure, and you, also. It was but a little furrow turned along the skull, but might easily have been serious. Nay, but you had best remain where you are," he pursued, as I would have risen. "There is some heat in your wound, and in this weather it were easy to provoke fever."

I perceived the wisdom of this advice, and settled back in my place. I glanced about, however, and saw that I was in a shelter made of the rails of one of the neighboring paddocks covered with palm thatch. By the brightness of the sun that came in at the door and the oppressive heat I guessed that it must be high noon.

My thoughts seemed now to fall into their natural order, and I made haste to question him.

"How does it happen that I am here?" I said: "and in what manner was I delivered from Pradey?"

"I killed the villain," he answered, quietly. "It were best that you did not talk overmuch now," he went on, "but to satisfy you I will say that I missed you and turned back, and found you wounded, and with Pradey making in upon you. I had scant time, but fired, and was fortunate enough to send a ball through his head. Then I dragged you a bit aside, and presently was able to secure the aid of one of the men, when we brought you hither."

This was great news, to be sure—in especial, the part that related to Pradey—and I was content to remain silent a moment and reflect upon it.

"Then that villain is gone! Surely we have reason to rejoice," I said at last. "But how think you will the other buccaneers like it? Do they know the manner of his death?"

"Nay, and it were best that they should not," answered Mr. Tym, lowering his voice. "Let it seem that they died in action."

"True," said I, "that will be wise. But now what of the fortunes of the day? In what sort? Have we taken the city?"

"Well, if you will talk," said he, shaking his head, "I trow you may as well have the whole story. Aye, we have beaten the enemy and taken the city. Nevertheless, Morgan has, for a little, withdrawn, fearing, as it is said, mines, poisoned water and other snares, but I think in reality not desiring to trust the men. He will be for waiting till their blood is a little cooled and he can be sure of obedience."

"Well," said I, a little wearily, and withal my head fetching a pang, "tell me one other thing and I am content. How has it gone with Mac Ivraich?"

"Not so much as scratched," he answered. "He was here but a little time ago."

I was glad to give over with this, and lay for awhile quietly. Mr. Tym sat down in the door of the hut and began to care for his arms. I was on the verge of falling asleep. On a sudden there was a far-off noise of shouting, followed by a long drawn, agonized scream.

"What," I cried, starting up, "has the fiends' work begun already?"

"It would seem so," he said, with a sigh. "I conceive they are putting some poor creature to the torture. Doubtless Morgan will have an early word concerning treasure, and also seek to learn of traps and snares."

"Would that God might blast him and all his foul crew!" I cried, in fiery indignation.

Mr. Tym composed his lips, as though to assent, but did not answer.

"I smell smoke," I said, after a little. "Will they be burning the town?"

He stepped to the door of the hut and looked out.

"Nay, I think not, yet a building here and there is burning. Aye, one of the cathedrals is ablaze. I will try to learn what it means."

Here I heard some people hurrying past, and Mr. Tym, going a little farther out, hailed them.

I could not distinguish what they said, but in a moment he returned.

"There are no orders for burning, so it is claimed, yet four or five considerable buildings, including one cathe-



I thought it was Pradey.

dral, are in flames. Morgan has ordered the people of the town to fight the fire, and some of the buccaneers have been detailed to lend aid."

"The smoke smells wondrous strong," I observed.

"I think that comes from the burning of a few outlying huts," he answered. "They are but a short space from here. Nay, they are nigh where I found you."

"I might have been roasted, as well, had you not searched me out," I said, with a long breath. "Yet tell me—how near adjacent to the city are we?"

"It is the space where the paddocks stood," he answered. "The men have pulled the rails down and converted them, as you see, into frames for huts. Philibert and the man I told you of helped me build this one."

"Philibert is a bad fellow," I said, gruffly. "And as for you—truly, how am I indebted to you!"

"Speak not of it," he said, lightly. "I am indebted to you also."

We were silent a moment, and in the interval I could hear the confused noises and cries from the town, though, to my vast relief, no more shocks.

"Do we quarter in the place to-night?" I finally asked.

"Morgan says no," he answered. "He will wait till the morrow. Alas! and I dread that time!"

"And how long will their hell's work last?" I said, dependently.

He heaved a sigh and began to pace up and down, which showed how deeply he was moved, though his judgment told him it was to no purpose. I sighed in response and fell silent, my spirits not a little depressed.

It seemed that Morgan continued to his resolution to withdraw his forces from the city till the next day, this excepting only two or three companies that should search for any concealed fighting men, and should also seize and man the few ships in the harbor. The rest of his command he meant to place about the landward part of the city, guarding it that none should escape.

as to engridle the city, but such was the fervor of the sun that the movement was performed slowly, and with a general mien of listlessness. At last it was completed, and then a little company was to be seen at short intervals, with guards walking between, and at one point Morgan's headquarters, with a body of two or three score in attendance. Mac Ivraich had been summoned to take his place with the other guards, leaving Mr. Tym and me together. Why this latter arrangement was made we did not then learn.

About nightfall Mac Ivraich returned, having been relieved, and then we were told that Philibert had been chosen captain in place of Pradey, and that it was to his good nature that we owed Mr. Tym's exemption from guard duty.

Night finally drew on and the watch fires of the guards were lighted. The moon had not yet risen, and the mounting flames, driven presently by a wind from the sea, flared up with a landward slant, and partially obscured with clouds of smoke the white walls of the harbor houses. In the pale radiance, showing where the ships, and doubtless the quays, had been set off with prudent lights. The city itself was nearly quiet. Now and then a dog barked or a horse could be heard galloping along a hard street, and once a bell rang and we heard the faint, sweet sounds of a chant, as it might be the priests were tunelessly asking mercy of God, but there were few other sounds through the night than these.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHIVALRY AT CHAPULTEPEC.

The True Heroism of a Young Mississippian Soldier in That Historic Battle.

The war with Mexico is a part of our martial history. Taylor and Scott and Davis and Lee came out of it immortal. The epic of that great struggle was the storming of Chapultepec. That frowning fortress was the Gibraltar of Mexico. Its massive walls seemed impregnable. But American daring and audacity led to its capture. The first of the dauntless few who braved their way through shot and shell to the fort was on that dreadful day a young Mississippian, handsome as Alcibiades, proud, confident and thrilling with patriotic fervor. He was among the first, if not the first, to scale the wall, and in hand, dashed along that storm-swept rampart in advance of all his fellows to cut down the waving flag of the enemy and reap the immortality of the deed. He was the first to reach the flag; his sword was raised, when he heard swift footsteps behind him. He paused, turned, and saw his commanding officer, to whom he was tenderly attached and deeply obligated.

And then this gallant Mississippian, without a moment's hesitation, with the bow of a Chesterfield, lowered his sword, and with the point at rest stood aside while his friend and commanding officer cut down the flag of Mexico and was bulletined for the laurels of that splendid day.

In the history of battles there was never more gallant, more chivalric deed than that. And the real hero of Chapultepec, maimed and gray, but glorious still, sits just before me here to-night in this person of my noble and beloved friend, Gen. William S. Walker, of Atlanta.—From an Address by John Temple Graves in Atlanta.

Tramping for Fun.

Not long ago three shabby tramp musicians played on the terrace of a hotel in a fashionable watering place in Germany, after which one of them took up a collection in his hat. A famous physician who was present recognized in one of the shabby-looking fellows a former comrade, who had served with him in the same regiment 30 years ago. Astonished and pained, he approached the poor fellow, full of sympathy, but soon he burst into laughter. The three men turned out to be a high Berlin police official, a sculptor and a doctor, who had conceived the original idea of traveling as Bohemian musicians through all the watering places, to earn money for a monument to Brahms, the composer, in Berlin. They slept for three or four pennings per night in lodgings of doubtful character, and had many amusing adventures. Several times they were arrested on suspicion, but the Berlin official always got them free.—N. Y. Sun.

Savages Suicide.

The notion that savages do not commit suicides has often been exploded. Lionel Deele says in his new book on savage Africa that among the Barotse, north of the Zambesi, a man will kill himself on the tomb of his chief, fancying that he hears the dead man call him and bid him worship him water.—N. Y. World.

Immortalized.

She—Why don't you try and do something for the good of mankind? He—What's the use, my name will live forever.

She—And why? He—Because it's Jones.—Philadelphia Press.

Critical.

"That musical young man's voice is remarkable for its volume, isn't it?" remarked Mrs. Blykins.

"Volume!" echoed her husband; "when he gets to telling you what he knows it's a whole library."—Washington Star.

In Dear Old Paris.

Mrs. Lakeside—Garcorg, garcong, don—don—don—dun—donnez moi—oh, why don't you waiters understand English? Walter (politely)—Why doesn't madam speak it?—Harper's Bazar.

The "White"



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I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly every week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by the teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements for Ripans Tablets in all the papers and had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. I have had two of the small sized boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DE WITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken about three weeks and there is such a change in me now compared with my former self. I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. MARY GORDON CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and I had about a dozen of them. I saw Ripans Tablets in an advertisement and was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from them that she advised me to take them, too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have not only cured my headaches, but I am twenty-nine years old, I was once welcome to use this testimonial. Mrs. J. BUCKLEY.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and a swollen abdomen. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he ate did not agree with him. He was thin and of a sallow color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, and completed of his stomach. He is now a real, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one from the cradle to old age if taken according to directions. E. W. FRANK.

Advertisement for Ripans Tablets, featuring the text 'ONE GIVES RELIEF' and 'RIPANS TABLETS' with a small illustration of the product box.

A new style pocket containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at 50c. The 50-cent cartons (20 tablets) can be had by sending forty-eight cents to the Ripans Tablets Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York, or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. Free of charge. You may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and 10c shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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