

The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1903.

From June 1st the price of The Times-Dispatch, delivered by carrier within the corporate limits of Richmond and Manchester, is 12 cents per week, or 50 cents per calendar month.

Persons leaving the city for the summer should order The Times-Dispatch mailed to them. Price, 50 cents per month.

LAW AND ORDER.

The Times-Dispatch has taken no part in the controversy between the Passenger and Power Company and its employees now on strike. Per se it is a dispute with which the newspapers and the general public have nothing to do. The men had the right to strike, and they are conducting themselves in an orderly manner. Whether the men were right or wrong in striking, and whether the company was right or wrong in refusing to accede to the demands made by the men is not, we repeat, a proper subject of discussion in the public print.

But the right of the Passenger and Power Company to operate its cars; the right of motormen and conductors to work for the company; the right of citizens generally to ride on the cars without molestation or even intimidation by a mob is a matter in which the public are vitally interested, and not only is it a proper subject of newspaper discussion, but a subject which every honest newspaper must discuss as occasion demands, and speak its mind definitely and unequivocally.

When the company attempted yesterday to put its cars in motion crowds of men and boys assembled along the route, some of whom applied vile epithets to the motormen, and even threw missiles at them. Excitement ran high, and an ugly spirit was manifested. There is reason to believe that the trouble would have been more serious, if the company had succeeded in running the cars with imported men.

As we have already said, these acts of violence were not committed by the strikers, but by lawless men who are always ready to take advantage of an occasion like this to give vent to their sentiments.

But they must not be tolerated in Richmond. The good name of the city is at stake.

The Passenger and Power Company was granted a franchise by the city of Richmond, under which it has the right to run its cars over the streets. Workmen who have been employed by the company have the right to operate the cars, and citizens have the right to ride on the cars when they have paid their fare. Not if we as a community will not protect the company, its employees and its passengers in these rights, if we permit mobs to assemble along the line and block the cars and insult or injure the car men and passengers, we had better surrender our charter and acknowledge that we are incapable of self-government.

This is no question of dispute between the street car company and its men. It is a question of natural and constitutional rights, and lies at the foundation of our Christian civilization and our boasted American freedom.

AN HONORED NEGRO.

In our local columns yesterday appeared the obituary of the Rev. Richard Wells, colored, pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist Church, of this city, and it is rarely that any deceased citizen of Richmond has had a higher tribute to his memory through the columns of the press. "On all hands," said the report, "he was beloved and admired. He was in the truest sense of the word a gentleman, and his friends were by no means confined to his own race."

This man was born and reared a slave, but he was trained in a good school; he was educated in manners and morals, and the training which he received from his master and his mistress stood him in good part in the days of his freedom. He was an upright, honorable minister of God, and he was respected and honored according to his deserts.

This obituary, not written for a purpose, but appearing as one of the news items of the day, gives the lie, if we may be permitted to use a strong term, to the statement so often made at the North that all negroes look alike to the Southern people; that all negroes, no matter how worthy they may be, are despised and ill-treated by the Southern whites.

Of course, we do not recognize the negro in social circles; of course, we do not permit negroes to rule over us; but respectable negroes are treated with respect, and every respectable negro in the South will testify to the fact. Occasionally a respectable negro is treated disrespectfully by ill-mannered whites, but as respectable white men are some-

times treated with disrespect by ill-mannered blacks; but as a rule the negro, just as the white man, is treated with all the respect and consideration that he deserves.

CLEAR WATER.

The city is now advertising for proposals for the construction of a settling basin, according to the plans and specifications of Superintendent Bolling, and it is expected that the work will be under way in the course of a few weeks.

The installation of a clear water plant here will be an epoch in the history of Richmond. From the first of our water works, the need of some method of filtration or sedimentation has been recognized. When the finding of the body of Fannie Lillian Madison in the Old Reservoir inspired the City Council to have that basin cleaned out, much to the surprise of the public the remains of an old filtration plant was found in the southeast corner. The attempt had been made about half a century ago to clear the river water by passing it through a bed of sand, but the experiment was unsuccessful—probably proved to be too slow to be of practical use. Often and ever since the time, when that filtration plant was built, experiments have been made to test methods proposed for clearing James River water. The result has been that a settling basin has been determined on. Sedimentation, with an occasional resort to coagulation, will, it is believed, furnish us with a good, reliable supply of clear water at all times.

Experiment has also proved that James River water may be safely stored in large basins for weeks, without fear of its suffering deterioration. In the solution of this question one of the compartments of the New Reservoir was used as a settling basin a few years ago.

And so having exhausted every test afforded by practical and scientific inquiry, the City Council ordered Mr. Bolling to proceed to prepare his plans, while it appropriated the necessary money.

It is in contemplation that the settling basin shall cost \$300,000, and proposals for its construction will be received until July 1st.

POSTOFFICE TROUBLES.

If we mistake not, it was with reference to frauds that had been committed in the Postoffice Department that there arose in the first Cleveland campaign the Democratic slogan, "Turn the rascals out!" Unless the present administration does its work very thoroughly there will remain occasion for the same cry next year.

The inclination of the President will be to have a clean bill of health, so to speak, to show for the department next year, but it remains to be seen whether he will be supported in his wishes by his subordinates. That they will make a show of doing so, we do not doubt, but it won't do to rely too much for searching investigations upon men whose negligence, if not connivance, made the frauds possible.

A favorite method of robbing the government was to give pay to men who did no work. That method ought to have been easily discovered. Considering how promptly and fiercely the Postoffice Department darts down upon every derelict little country postmaster, or city letter carrier, it would seem that with the aid of its numerous inspectors and secret service men, it would be able to see to it that those who are put upon the payrolls perform some work. But not so. Party and personal favorites have been liberally rewarded with sinecures and other sorts of frauds have been also perpetrated.

As we have said, we do not doubt the President's purpose to free the department from scandal, but we much doubt whether he will find willing and active helpers everywhere that he expects them.

Speaking of the tall sycamore on Franklin Street, between Sixth and Seventh, we are reminded that it was much beloved by Dr. Hunter McGuire. For years his residence was on the opposite side of Franklin Street, and he never tired of looking upon and admiring this tree. Once, in a newspaper letter that he wrote once on a visit to Europe, he referred to it in terms which showed that it had a place in his heart.

There used to be several such mighty sycamores near the northeast corner of Broad and Eighth Streets. One of goodly proportions yet stands at the northwest corner of Main and Fourth Streets.

We are glad to see that more and more attention is being given to tree planting here. Many fine rows of trees were destroyed in the progress of street improvements made some years ago, and all the damage then done has not yet been repaired, but we hope soon will be. Many of the trees grown in the nursery at the New Reservoir are used on the streets. The City Engineer furnishes the trees and the property owner provides the boxes.

There is an item going the rounds of the press to the effect that in "a little Virginia mountain city" there is a curious collection of engravings by an almost forgotten engraver—Charles Belthazer St. Memin. The pictures are medallion profiles of all, or nearly all, the members of an early congress, and it is said that St. Memin came to New York when about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and is supposed to have made about 80 pictures of widely known Americans. At one time, there was a sort of rage for his pictures.

St. Memin traveled to some extent in the South, and we believe visited Richmond among other cities. A number of Virginians sat to him. He returned to Paris in 1819, under the Napoleonic decree permitting the return of exiles, and lived until 1822. There was an exhibition of his works a few years ago in New York.

"Watch me kill a Chinaman," said a young Ohio farmer who desired to "show off" and then he proceeded to "do up" a young Oriental who was just leaving the theatre in Delaware, O., the other day. The affair would probably have ended at the door of the theatre, but it happened that the "done up" Chinaman was not the Chinaman he was taken for, but was Prince Tee, second son of the Emperor of Corea. The Prince is a student at

the Wesleyan University at Delaware, and is said to be a very fine young man. The young Ohio farmer, who was a little the worse for whiskey at the time, is very repentant, but all the same he is to be the subject of a diplomatic correspondence.

The annual return by Sir Charles Dilke, showing the comparative state of the fleets of the principal powers, has been issued by the admiralty, and it shows that Great Britain has 138 vessels building; France, 131; Russia, 28; Germany, 23; Italy, 20; United States, 47; Japan, 23.

Included in these numbers are the vessels the keels of which are to be laid in 1903-1904. In this class Great Britain has three first-class battleships, four armored cruisers, three third-class cruisers, four scouts, fifteen destroyers and ten submarines. France has one armored cruiser, four destroyers, twenty-five torpedo-boats and eighteen submarines. Germany has one armored cruiser, two third-class cruisers and six destroyers, while the United States has five first-class battleships.

The Baltimore Herald states that the prolonged and bitter fight waged between the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Gould interests has come to an end, and that within a week the announcement may be expected that trials will be run over one of the lines controlled by the Pennsylvania, either all the way to New York, or at least to Tidewater.

This information is of interest to Virginians, who have been looking forward to the extension of the Gould road from West Virginia to a point on the Chesapeake Bay. We are not in a position to say whether the arrangement mentioned, if perfected, would be decisive of the fate of the Virginia road, but we give it as a contribution to current news.

The French admiral commanding in the China seas is reported to have given his subordinates orders not only to look out for the sea serpent, but to photograph him when he comes in sight. The admiral evidently is intent upon verifying or exploding the story forthwith. It would be well for ghosts on sea and land to be treated similarly.

Mr. Royall's statement, made in our issue of yesterday, as to the effect on warehouse receipts of the decision of the State Supreme Court, is interesting and important. The court's view of the case appears to be wholesome and proper and in aid of commerce, being especially helpful to merchants and manufacturers doing business with limited capital.

While the new King of Serbia is simplifying that horrid name of his, he ought to take a whack at his legislature, and name it something easier than skuptchina.

And now they are bringing out statistics to show that free rural delivery has a tendency to keep the corn grassy. Daily newspapers are so absorbing, you know.

Make Beveridge a candidate for Vice-President and the ticket will not suffer for physical exercise. His jaws will keep moving.

There is no use in prevaricating about it. If you don't like to walk don't pretend that you like it just because you have to.

Some of Norfolk's "most prominent citizens" will soon be needing the services of a professional trainer and bottle holder.

The Russians had better look out now, for a fact. Newport News is going to indignate.

Another young man has blown out his brains because he loved the wrong girl—that is, the one who didn't love him.

Anyhow, those arid States have been sufficiently irrigated for once, and that without a government appropriation.

Some of those far Western States might send a shipment of their rain-making machinery to New England.

Sir Thomas Lipton's fleets of shams and Shamrocks are floating in these waters.

Strange no scientist has thought to charge the recent floods up to Mont Pelée.

One thing is certain: June can't hold all the weddings that have been arranged for July.

Boston's good rain came on Flag Day. Good for Flag Day.

Dr. Montague: That sounds pretty well for the Governor of Virginia.

The more some people have to walk the more they do not like it.

With a Comment or Two.

It is Karageorgevitch no more, but Peter. Don't be hasty. The game has just started. You have not yet heard the last of Karageorgevitch and Obervovitch.

Sooner or later, the Praetorian Guard at Serbia will be kneeling beside the bed of her husband kneeling beside the bed, and then look out—Petersburg Herald.

Then, perhaps, Peter I. will be no more.

The reception of President Roosevelt at the University yesterday was hearty, cordial, friendly—all that could be desired in every respect—Charlottesville Progress.

Barring a superabundance of gush, the reception was all right, it was.

"I'm no chicken-hearted pigger," said the colored "pigger" runner who shot the man who had run him and his partner down and brought him into the New York Court. If any man of his hue under his belt is playing a revolver under his belt, he should be spelled with two s's. It is the perpetrator of such a cold-blooded murder as this—Boston Herald.

Our friends up North are learning. Yes, they are learning.

As sage and fisherman Grover Cleveland considers his time well taken up, so that he cannot serve the University of Virginia as president—Birmingham News.

He has other and bigger fish to fry, perhaps.

Suicide in Sleep.

A curious case was recently reported from Wyoming, Del., in which John M. Ross, a prominent citizen, shot himself. It is believed that he killed himself while asleep. He always had a revolver under his pillow. Early one morning last week his wife was awakened by a shot and discovered her husband kneeling beside the bed dead, with the pistol still in his hand. There was every indication that he had done the deed while asleep.

Trend of Thought In Dixie Land

Birmingham News: General Wheeler says he was not subdued, and, of course, he was not. Wheeler is a brave man and is admitted. Wheeler is not in danger of being slighted.

Memphis Commercial Appeal: When 3,000 miners went on a strike in Arizona troops were sent from Colorado to preserve order. The strikers are all foreigners and the soldiers will not seem so strange to them. The fact that we must keep a standing army to make us behave ourselves is not a pleasant one to contemplate, however.

Columbia State: Lumbermen of great experience estimate that there are now standing 137,000,000 feet of yellow pine lumber—about 100,000,000 feet of the raw-mill grade, and their present rate of cutting, for thirteen and three-quarter years. And yet we are practically planting no pines. Millions of acres of land lately covered with pine forests are lying idle. We are all for to-day; nothing for to-morrow. "What fools these mortals be!"

Atlanta Journal: A head in this land Kentucky's children are contented in a sorrow the changed spectacle of their native soil, while in the breast of every true son of that erstwhile State sweeps the mentaliment of melancholy regret. The old home is gone—and through the tears for its destruction rises that mournful refrain of the old song: "Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more to-day; I'm offering one song of my old Kentucky home, far away."

A Few Foreign Facts.

Windmills in Germany are now used to produce power to drive electric motors.

The twenty-seven railway bridges on the Uganda (Africa) road are American.

It is estimated that there are 182,000,000 tons of anthracite coal waiting to be worked in Ireland.

In England ninety-nine towns own their own gas works, the average net income being \$1,947,125 per annum.

Mme. Loubet, wife of the French President, is a strong advocate of co-education, and believes thoroughly in the American method of training girls.

The Italian ambassador, Mayor Giuseppe Pisanelli, has just sailed for Italy about July 1st, instead of making his contemplated trip to the Pacific coast.

Artist H. H. Gallison, of Boston, has just won a very enviable distinction in that the Italian government has bought one of his paintings, which is to be entered in the archives of the Roman Museum of Fine Arts.

Personal and General.

Francis M. Kendall, of Chicago, who has been visiting in the Philippines, says English is rapidly supplanting both Tagal and Spanish.

Lieutenant H. L. Roosevelt, who has just been appointed captain and assistant quartermaster in the United States army, is a cousin of President Roosevelt.

Secretary Hay spends a good part of his vacation every year in fishing trips near his New England home, and Secretary Knox finds rest and recreation in the same way.

Columbia University in New York is to lose Prof. William B. Ware, for his twenty-two years head of its school of architecture, and the trustees have voted to make him emeritus professor.

By direction of the President, Major George H. Morgan, Ninth Cavalry, has been ordered to the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.

John T. Gibbons is quoted as saying that in boyhood his brother, now cardinal and archbishop, delighted in athletic games, playing a rattling game of base-ball, was a splendid swimmer and wital was very methodical.

Remarks About Richmond.

Wilmington, N. C. Star: A Richmond paper states that Mayor Taylor has approved a resolution appropriating \$99 for the employment of an electrolysis expert. They are getting power-crazy in Richmond since "graters" made their appearance among the city-law-givers. Evidently, that appropriation was originally \$1,000.

Newport News Press: Richmond without street cars is in a bad way, but a captive balloon service working up and down the hillsides would cover most of the territory traversed by the trolley lines.

Late in Life.

Mrs. Dorothea Gells, of Chicago, recently sued her husband for divorce. They were married in 1848. The charge was that he deserted her two years ago.

DAILY FASHION HINTS.

SHIRT-WAIST PATTERN. A shirt-waist which will appeal to every woman is the one illustrated—simple in design and yet thoroughly up-to-date. It will be found a desirable pattern for any kind of material. The blouse in the front (which affords the fullness over the bust) may be simply machine stitched or held in place by French knots or lace insertion applied over the plaits.

No. 5,692—SIZES for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The shirt-waist which is termed "light-ship, or one not laden, showed in that her black hull stood high on the water, and rode the billows with the buoyancy and grace of a gull. Across the black and white of the name, Vulture, in copper letters painted white; but two of these could easily be removed, and when in port or upon any doubtful occasion were displaced by the name Venture. The latter had been upon her stern when in the harbor of Amoy, but henceforth in these pages she will be called by that far more consistent and by her infamous character—the Vulture.

Though for the most part of the ordinary schooner rig, she carried under her fore-mast a single tapering yard capable of supporting an enormous square sail—a combination then much in vogue, and uniting the advantages of both the square and fore-and-aft rigged vessels. The raker of her rig, which nevertheless buckled scarce a hair under the strain of her enormous volume of canvas, all indicated a sailing power of extraordinary development.

Meeting the discipline of her master, the decks were in shipshape order and condition; and her whole equipment and appearance, with one exception save those variously mentioned, would have conveyed to an ordinary observer the impression that she was a respectable merchantman.

The one exception was a single heavy gun mounted on the forward deck, of the pattern then known as the Long Tom, a piece capable of very long range, and swiveled to bear in any direction. Upon the occasion of her capture, however, the gun was removed from the view of distrustful eyes.

The day broke away clear and warm during the morning. It was not until about the meridian when the man called Castro, who was little more than a youth yet possessed of as evil an eye as ever lighted the swartly features of an Italian desperado, appeared from the cabin of a cabin boy. Going forward he quickly hit upon Walton among the men of the Nord Brandt, who were conversing near the fore-castle, and signed for him to come aft.

"Capt. Redlaw wants you in the cabin," he said curtly, with a peculiar dialect which characterized the English of the lower Italians. In fact, although Redlaw himself was of the well-spoken man, scarce one of his villainous crew of freebooters used decent English. They were such a mixture of men as could have been picked up only at intervals and at various degrees of civilization, comprising Dutch, Portu-

LIFE FOR LIFE

By COL. RUSHFORD THIBEAU. Author of "Nabobs and Knaves," "Sealed Lips," "Blue Blood and Red," Etc., Etc. Copyright by Author.

"The words, so curiously spoken that Vail shrank with a sudden shudder, barely had left his lips when both Lady Somers and Emily, who had heard his name spoken, appeared from the cabin. Though they were both smiling, their eyes were not without an expression of great relief, and Lady Somers found voice to cry: "We owe you our lives, sir. O, Captain Redlaw, if money can repay—" He interrupted her with a laugh and an impulsive wave of his arm. "Money cannot repay, my lady!" he cried loudly. "There is something I prize more than money, and that is your life. You have saved me from a worse fate than I am! What, ho, Castro, you dog, scramble aboard yonder and send my colors to the truck!"

At his command a swartly, slight-built fellow, by his name the Italian, hurried aboard his vessel and disappeared into the cabin; while Captain Lascar wheeled sharp about and grimly surveyed the movements of his nondescript crew, who were busily clearing the deck of its ghastly burdens. At the same time casting over the side men from whom the last breath had not fairly departed.

"To the eyes and ears of seamen all this could have but one significance, and cautious, though expressive, glances passed between the French and the English, a few of whom remained to recall the horrors of that dreadful morning. But only one among them, in the light of it all, and the possible peril still menacing two helpless women, had the artful foresight and truth was openly displayed, to participate in the future.

Archie Walton, with a more evil look on his face than that that day had worn, slid near Ben Logan and muttered softly: "That infernal ruffian's a pirate, Ben! Do you know it?" "I know he looks it, lad, and his thieving crew as well!" "Shape a course for the future, Ben! Ask us to fill the bunks of the Nord Brandt, and we'll do it. How long have you been following the sea?" "Since I found it too warm for me ashore."

"Then you're wanted ashore, eh?" "Very much wanted," said Walton, grimly. "But I reckon I'll not tell all."

"O, you may keep your secret, my gruff!" interrupted Redlaw, with a gruff laugh of indifference. "There are few who can boast of none. If men's lives are to be saved, we'll be as rigidly executed, there's be so few at liberty to till the soil that those in jail would starve. When did you sign aboard the Nord Brandt?"

"I never signed. I deserted with one of my men from the ship Wanderer, right before last, and joined the brig to smuggle arms to the Chinese rebels."

"So, ho! that accounts for the equipments we took on board her. I'm glad to hear of you, and the bottom do you know, my man, that you're not giving yourself a very good character?" "Well, I'm not afraid that you'll take any chances of approaching a magistrate to disclose the fact," said Walton bluntly.

The retort brought a loud laugh from Redlaw. Walton's manner, his significant disclosures, the fact of his desertion to unite with a desperate and illegal enterprise—these things, which were the pirate's liking, being indicative of a bold and vicious character. He abruptly rose and took a bottle and glasses from a locker at the same time signing Walton to a seat.

"And what do you think of me?" "I'm obliged to you. After the squabble of the morning, this reaches the right spot."

"Though playing a part on which life itself depended, it was assumed with a boldness that divested it of the faintest betrayal of art. While speaking, Walton poured a generous bumper of the liquor and tossed it off with a swallow. Redlaw eyed him, furrowed, joined in the drink, and again took a seat. "I'm glad to hear of you, my man, that you're not giving yourself a very good character?"

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CHAPTER VI.

ABOARD THE "VULTURE."

We must pass over the scenes immediately following, the essential features of which will, however, indirectly appear. Under a steady south wind, some two hours later, the pirate craft, which all left alive of her own crew and that of the brig, was standing away to the southeast under a cloud of canvas, and shaping a course that should bear her to the north of Hispaniola, into the waters of the island-dotted ocean to the far south. As this vessel was the scene of much that follows, a more precise description must be given of her.

The ship, what is termed "light-ship, or one not laden, showed in that her black hull stood high on the water, and rode the billows with the buoyancy and grace of a gull. Across the black and white of the name, Vulture, in copper letters painted white; but two of these could easily be removed, and when in port or upon any doubtful occasion were displaced by the name Venture. The latter had been upon her stern when in the harbor of Amoy, but henceforth in these pages she will be called by that far more consistent and by her infamous character—the Vulture.

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