

A SONG OF GOLDEN CURLS.

Stay a little, golden curls, twinkling eyes of blue. Stay and see the violets, for they are kin to you. Linger where the frolic winds around the garden race, Cheeks like lovely mirrors, where the red rose sees its face.



CHAPTER XV. THE ISLAND.

Ten days from the time that Black Beard bade good-by to the Altemaha, the Charleston News contained the following:

"Black Beard Again.—The eighteen negroes who have been missing since the departure of the piratical craft Ranger are missing no longer, but the good planters of the Altemaha river section, Georgia, are missing the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, which sum they paid for the aforesaid negroes, and to the redoubtable Black Beard, for there he conveyed them.

"Holding them in terror of their lives until he had received his gold, and the last negro, as well as the planters, had disembarked from the Ranger, whither the planters had been invited by a sign hung over the schooner's side, as she lay anchored in the stream.

"It was this sign that informed them that 18 negroes would be sold from the decks of the schooner before 12 o'clock.

"The schooner had changed her name to William B. Niles, and her color was now a dirty red, and, though no man with a long black beard was seen on the decks while the planters were aboard, they had no sooner descended to their boats, in which their purchasers were already seated, than they heard the captain's voice: 'Up anchor, and away.'

"As the anchors were raised, the vessel rounded to, its sails filled, and it glided away. The negroes having their terror removed told their tale, and the bows of the planters' boats were turned towards the schooner.

"They called lustily, but she was fast passing out the mouth of the river, and a man with a long black beard was standing at the vessel's stern, waving them good-by with his hat—it was doubtless Angus Bruce, alias William B. Niles, alias Black Beard.

"The negroes have all been returned to their masters, and the governor of Georgia has joined with the governor of South Carolina in offering a reward for the apprehension of this daring buccaneer, murderer and pillager: thus the amount offered for Angus Bruce, dead or alive, by these two states is \$50,000."

"On the morning when the Charleston News contained this article there lay anchored in a location from which she was neither visible from sea nor mainland, a two-mast schooner; the location was an estuary that entered the side of Smith's island, about midway of its length, and extended some three miles, or half way through the island.

"This island is located near the mouth of the Cape Fear river, and about ten miles from Smithville.

"At that date it was 15 miles in length, and from one to six miles in breadth. Its surface near the coast was low and flat, with a gradually elevating tendency, until near the head of the estuary, where it terminated in a rugged, broken surface of rocky ledges, alternating from 50 feet below to 300 feet above the ocean's level.

"The seams that cut through this rough formation to the depths below were filled with brine, while the rugged sides of the steep ascent were covered with stunted cedars and pines, and numbers of goats, a pair of which were placed on the island by Uncle Billie Smith, for whom both Smithville and the island were named many years before.

"In this estuary, and at its head, in thirty feet of water lay the schooner; half a dozen men were painting her sides from suspended planks.

"The name had already been painted over.

"The men were working and singing as unconcernedly as though they did not know that a reward of fifty thousand dollars had been offered for the apprehension of their captain, and certainly as if they did not know that their own lives were forfeit.

"Sam," said one of the men, "did you hear the captain say where next away?"

"No, Joe, I didn't hear him say, but no matter what he says or where he says it, it's for us to obey. We've made some good hauls in the past month."

"Great! man, great! But my notion is they're getting after us mighty thick; if I was the captain, I'm blowed if I don't believe I'd quit this here coast."

"Eh ain't got ready yet, Sam. Eh sez thiet 'eh' 'as an important job here, before he quits this coast. But there's the dinner horn. Come, lads!"

All dropped their brushes, but instead of proceeding to the cook's gal-

ley, they scrambled ashore and followed a ledge of rock around to the southward some three hundred feet, where they suddenly seemed to confront an impassable barrier, in the shape of an almost perpendicular front of a rocky surface before them. One of the men took a whistle from his pocket and blew two blasts. In front of them and outward swung a slab of rock, some six feet square, and they entered the aperture.

The slab closed, too, and left them in darkness, but in front of them, and but a few feet away, gleamed the light of a lantern. They followed it, as it receded some sixty feet, when its bearer sounded another blast on his whistle.

Another door swung open, and they ascended three steps and stood within a cavern fully forty feet in depth and ten to twenty feet in breadth. It was liberally lighted by oil lamps, and the blaze of light wood knots, while through the seams on one side could be discerned the light of day.

A long table was standing near the center of the cavern, and on it smoked a roast kid and other edibles. Black Beard was seated at the head of the table and members of his crew on either side.

"Come, lads! Come, lads! you don't feast on shore every day, and it ain't every day you get roast kid. Be seated. Now fill your bowls, my lads, and drink to Angus Bruce and the Clara Belle."

"Aye, aye, sir! Angus Bruce and the Clara Belle!"

"Now, lads, there's a bit of work for us up the coast, and then I've in mind a master stroke for the pull of a million or more from the vaults of Uncle Sam, at Washington. That done, we return to the island, where I have got a matter to settle on the Cape Fear—a sneaking cur and murderer to punish; then if you are all of my mind, we'll divide the spoils and scatter to the four quarters of the globe. Not a follower of mine will have less than \$50,000, and on that you can each live like princes to the end. This provided, of course, the trip to Washington does not miscarry. What say you, lads?"

"Hurrah for Washington!" cried every man. "Anywhere with you, captain!"

"Now, men, finish your work on the schooner, when you have dined. You, Goss, paint on her stern her name—'The Fisher Boy,' and when we sail into the Potomac we will have aboard a cargo of fresh fish and seines and fishing tackle. You'll be fishermen in overalls and jackets. Mate, has Bronson returned?"

"No, captain, but it's time; this is his third day. But hark! there's his whistle now."

The door swung back and admitted one who looked exactly like one of the coast fishermen.

"Well, Bronson, what news from Wilmington?"

"Clap your head well on your shoulders, captain. The reward for Black Beard's capture, dead or alive, is raised to \$100,000. North Carolina and Maryland join with South Carolina and Georgia."

"Maryland! Why, lads, that's wrong. We haven't tackled Maryland at all, and here she joins against us. We will lay in our next supplies at Baltimore; but what else?"

"Why, \$5,000 for the head of each man of your crew, and a pardon of any of them that turn against you."

"Why didn't you turn in before?"

"Captain, do you think I'd give your life away to save my own? I didn't think you had that opinion of me," and tears actually stood in the eyes of the buccaneer.

"No, Bronson, no. Fill up your glass man, for to-morrow you leave here for Washington; you must go finely dressed, and apply for a position in the treasury department. Whether you get it or no, hang around there constantly, until you ascertain who carries the vault keys, who locks the outer door at night, and where they live—you will also after 15 days watch the harbor for the Fisher Boy."

"Captain, Herbert Lathrop has bought Kendall, and become a planter. He is administrator of his uncle's estate, without bond; he was left besides \$50,000 by the banker's will."

"Why, then all is plain as day; but we'll leave him until the last. Now, then, as the next two months will probably be risky ones to every man who follows me, if there is a man in all my crew who wishes his release, let him speak now, and he shall be put ashore, with his full proportion of the spoils, and no one shall blame him."

There was none who spoke. The painters now returned to their work, while most of the other men disposed of their time cleaning and polishing their arms.

At the upper end of the cabin was an immense fireplace, seemingly carved in the rocks, and over it huge cranes holding pots and kettles; the smoke from the fire beneath them ascended through the fissures in the rocks, coming out in 100 places, and cooling in its ascent, so that when it reached the surface it was not discernible.

The culinary department was presided over by the only negro Black Beard had in his crew; this negro was an ungainly, black, bow-legged man of middle age; his long arms causing his hands to reach almost to his knees, when he was standing erect, or as erect as he could; he was known to the captain and crew as Bow Legs; they had picked him up one night, from the bottom of an upturned sailboat. He had said that he was trying to make his escape from a hard master, and that his boat was swamped—anyway, he was clinging to it, but must soon have perished.

The crew saved his life, and Black Beard had not now a more faithful adherent than Bow Legs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I CAN'T BREATHE EASY WHILE HE LIVES."

On the 1st of September at eight o'clock in the evening two men were

seated in Squire Hill's library; one of them was the owner of Orton, the other was Herbert Lathrop.

"Well, Herbert," said the squire, "if the information brings you joy, I wish that it may long continue—Clara has at length consented to become your wife."

"Squire, I'm the happiest man alive." "She will probably inform you that she does not love you, and consents to the union because her father and elder brother desire it, but in time I trust you will win her heart. You see, shifting one's affections from an uncle to a nephew is not a matter to be effected in so short a time; then, too, remember that Angus Bruce saved the girl's life, and but for the fact that he proved the murderer of your uncle, and turned pirate, I doubt not we should have trouble in that quarter. You know, when a man risks his life to save a woman he is apt to remain a hero in her sight."

"I believe, squire, that Clara and Fannie have decided that their marriage shall take place on the 10th of October, her birthday. I know the time is very short since her father's death, but I also know that he would not desire the wedding deferred, and under the circumstances I think best that it should take place as early as possible. You see, this is no ordinary case—an orphan, and one that one day will come into possession of her inheritance. Who but a husband could I confide her interests to? I trust, squire, that Clara will be willing that our marriage take place at the same time."

"Yes, I think so. Have Fannie urge her, you also, and with Clarence and I to help the cause she can but acquiesce. But you have seen to-day's paper, Herbert?"

"No, squire; anything new?"

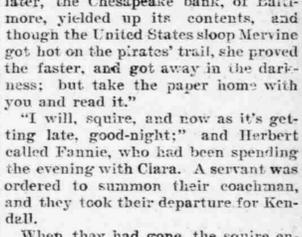
"I should say there was, Black Beard again."

"What! Where now?" "First, up at Beaufort, where he plundered a bank of \$80,000 and run off 20 niggers, which he sold the next day further up the coast. Two nights later, the Chesapeake bank, of Baltimore, yielded up its contents, and though the United States sloop Mervine got hot on the pirates' trail, she proved the faster, and got away in the darkness; but take the paper home with you and read it."

"I will, squire, and now as it's getting late, good-night;" and Herbert called Fannie, who had been spending the evening with Clara. A servant was ordered to summon their coachman, and they took their departure for Kendall.

When they had gone, the squire entered the parlor.

"Clara," said he, "I gave Herbert your final decision to-night, and he was overjoyed. I congratulate you, my



"You're a faithful soul, Aunt Mag."

daughter, on being about to become the wife of a man who, if he has his failings, love for you, my handsome daughter, is not one of them."

"Father, I have no love for Herbert, and I wed him only to gratify you and Clarence, as well as from the further fact that by wedding him I will never be separated from those I do love."

"Clara, Herbert improves with acquaintance. This country life is changing him quite for the better. You could not judge of him while he was confined to the perplexing duties of the bank. I predict that he will make a model husband, and that you will never regret that you listened to your father."

"I may be happily disappointed, father, but I no longer take much interest in whom I marry, or whether or not I marry. The career of Angus Bruce has taught me to doubt all men. I adhered to the opinion that it was not he that was Black Beard as long as possible, but as I can doubt no longer, I can ascribe his acts to but one cause."

"And that, my daughter?"

"Was his love for me."

"When he found himself in the presence of the man I was to wed, and probably requested him to release my hand, Mr. Loyd refusing caused hot words, and the tragedy occurred. I could not believe this but for his flight. Had he remained and proclaimed his innocence, I would have believed him against the world. Then having to flee for murder, what wonder that he became a pirate. And now, with many thousand dollars on his head, what wonder that he remains one. Oh, Angus! Angus!"

"Daughter, why shed idle tears for one unworthy of you?"

"But for Angus, father, I had not been here to shed them. Think you I can ever forget him?"

"Well, daughter, you could never have wed him, had he not turned murderer and pirate."

"Father, I am very miserable when I reflect that indirectly I am the cause of the unfortunate death of Mr. Loyd and of Angus being a murderer and a pirate, his mother and sister deserted by him. I must go and see them. Tom, will you bear me company?"

"Certainly, sister, at any time."

"Well, daughter, Clarence and Fannie will wed October 10. What say you to the same time, and we will have a double wedding after all."

"Fannie was pleading with me, father, and I have consented. The time matters little, be it when it may. The sooner the better, perhaps, for then I at least can be the cause of no more bloodshed."

As they rode home Fannie told Herbert that Clara had consented that there should be two marriages on her birthday instead of one.

"Fannie, you're a jewel," said Herbert.

"But you must be very good to Clara, cousin," said Fannie, "and remember she has seen much trouble."

"I will, Fannie, I will, and always worship her."

When they arrived home Fannie hastened to her room, and Herbert drew a seat up to the fireplace.

"A month and ten days more," he said, "and I shall have accomplished my object. Then Clara Hill will become my wife, and Clarence and Fannie will be united. Then if by some chance Angus might be killed, I could banish the last fear."

"I can't breathe easy while he lives; if he should be captured alive and brought into a court of justice he would of course denounce me as the murderer of my uncle, but his evidence would be unsubstantiated, and I, by that time, will be so well hemmed in, with Clara as my wife, Squire Hill, the wealthiest planter on the river, as my father-in-law, and Tom—well, I don't just like Tom—Clarence, my brother-in-law, but at any rate, with all my connections by that time made, the talk of Angus will be looked upon as idle."

"I must, however, amicably settle up this estate. By smooth work, I can perhaps retain a third, but I must use caution there. Ah, Aunt Mag, what have you there? My hot Scotch, I'll be bound."

"Yes, Marse Herbert. I set up until you come home, so you should have it hot."

"You're a faithful soul, Aunt Mag, and I little doubt you will remain so. After I am married I will take that trip south and try and look up some of your children."

"You goin' to marry, marster?"

"Yes, Aunt Mag, on the 10th of October next."

"Who will be my new mistress, marster?"

"Guess, Aunt Mag."

"I can't guess, marster. There isn't but two young ladies that I knows down here, young Miss and Miss Hill. It is'n Jennie Bruce, is it?"

"Jennie Bruce! Why who is she?"

"Why, Angus Bruce's sister at Smithville."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IDENTIFIED AT LAST.

And Was Getting Square with the Man Who Laughed.

"Nice weather, this," he said to the man on his left as he sat down in the street car.

The passenger addressed paid no attention to the observation, though he did look at the newcomer in a cold, icy way.

"Glad to see such weather myself. The farmer must be hustling."

Still no answer—still the same cold and cruel stare.

"I don't remember a more disagreeable winter than last winter in the last 30 years," said the new arrival in a loud-er voice.

That stare—that merciless, relentless, implacable stare.

"Do you think we are going to have a hot summer?"

It was the last desperate effort of a determined man, but the cold and cruel eyes of the other pierced him though and through, and made him shiver as if winter had come again. He rose up and went out on the rear platform and said to the conductor:

"Dye know that old jay in there with the double chin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he deaf?"

"No, sir."

"But I talked to him and he wouldn't answer. Guess he thinks he owns the earth."

"No, sir, that isn't it. He probably recognized you as one of the group."

"Group? What group?"

"The group which gathered when he fell down one day last December on a down-town corner. He probably remembers you as the man who leaped up against a building and led the 'Haw! haw! haw!' and he will never, never forgive you to his dying day."

"Yes, I guess you are right," said the man, after a moment's thought. "Yes, he's the same old rhinoceros, and I don't care whether he forgives me or not. If he thinks he can freeze my soul I'll show him that he's mistaken!"

And the man opened the door and gurgled: "Ho! ho! ho! Haw! haw! haw!" and then dropped off the car.

The "rhinoceros" caught on. He knew for whom the gurgles were intended, but he had left his gun at home and was helpless. All he could do was to transfer his cruel gaze to the man opposite, who was a humble and contrite man with a cold in his head, and who was finally driven out of the front door and off the car with his journey half completed.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Her Fault.

A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said:

"Dora, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"I am trying," she replied.

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; dey comes unbuttoned."—Answers.

A museum in Berlin has secured possession of Luther's Bible which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the reformer's handwriting. It was printed in Basle in 1509, and is in an excellent state of preservation.

If your intercourse with your fellow men is what it should be, your conduct continually strengthens all your good desires and resolves and intention within them.—David Uster.

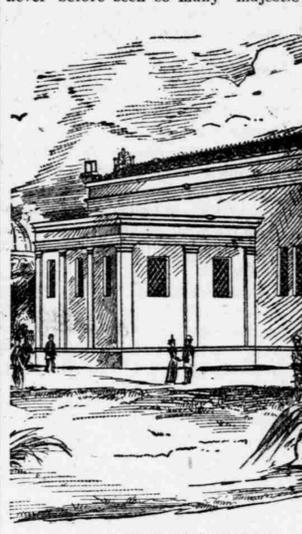
TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL

Everything Will Be Ready for the Opening Day.

An Unparalleled Display of Flowers Is Promised by the Management—Notable Conventions to Be Held.

(Special Nashville (Tenn.) Letter.)

The work on the unfinished buildings of the Tennessee Centennial exposition at Nashville was pushed with vigor during the past week, especially on the magnificent structure for the United States government, and all buildings will be ready for the exhibits by April 5 or April 10. Such a satisfactory state of affairs reflects the greatest credit on the executive, and the public will be thus spared the endless number of disappointments that are always occasioned by delays. The Tennessee Centennial exposition will be ready for the opening day, May 1, and the sight presented will be incomparably grand. A description of the handsome and stately buildings has previously been given, so suffice it to say that it is the unanimous verdict of all competent judges who have visited the exposition grounds that from an architectural standpoint the world has never before seen so many majestic



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL—HISTORY BUILDING.

and infinitely beautiful buildings in such an area. Each building is "a dream," from a poetical view; "frozen music," as some one has said, and is a complete study in itself.

The Parthenon, for instance, is an exact reproduction of the "noblest feat of architecture" that crowned the summit of the Acropolis at Athens. The Machinery building is a specimen of the purest style of Greek architecture, and the Agriculture building is a triumph of the builders' art, and, in fact, the Minerals and Forestry building, the History building, Commerce building and all the rest tell their own story, and tell it in language eloquent and sincere.

During the past week a number of meetings of the executive committee were held, and it has been decided to hold a live stock exhibit upon a scale never before attempted in the south, and the first amount placed to the credit of the special committee was \$30,000 for premiums. The live stock industry in Tennessee is far greater than most people imagine, and it is increasing every year. Another specially interesting feature will be the floral display, and for the past year work has



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL—THE GOURD ARBOR.

been in progress to perfect the greatest flower show, an nature, as the critics say, ever seen on this continent.

By "an nature" in this instance is meant that the flowers will be seen in bloom where they were grown, in the flower beds on the vast lawns, and arranged in an endless number of beautiful forms and devices. In the beautiful lake will be all the varieties of lotus and water lilies known to science, and the banks will be fringed with shrubs of rare beauty.

Another and a very attractive feature will be the military camp on the grounds, where a battery of United States artillery will be stationed, and there will be daily parades, sunset gun, and flag lowering, with all the imposing military ceremonies.

To attempt to give any idea of the exhibits in the various buildings would result in a complete failure, for no pen can tell of the wonders and triumphs in art and science that will be displayed. The electrical display will prove to be one of the wonders of the nineteenth century, and the art display has never been excelled. In machinery the triumphs of the craft are bewildering, and in commerce, hygiene, education and transportation the vast

strides that science has made during the past few years are made apparent. A number of conventions and public gatherings are to be held during the progress of the exposition, and up to the present time, March 20, about a hundred have been arranged for and the railway companies have made rates lower than ever before. For instance, on June 22, 23 and 24, the confederate veterans will hold their annual reunion and the railways have made a rate of one cent a mile. On those days over 125,000 people will be on the grounds.

Then July 20 will be "Baptist Day." The Baptist Young People's association meets at Chattanooga on July 18 and 19, and on the following day will visit the exposition. On May 1-3 the Essenic Knights will hold a meeting of the supreme senate, and a procession will include 20,000 of the brethren. The Surviving Terry Texas Rangers will meet June 1 to 3; Tennessee Press association June 15, and June 23-30 Sigma Alpha Epsilon and a number of others. There are to be many more meetings, for which no dates have been given, including the National Conference State Board of Health, National Traveling Passenger Agents' association, Commercial Travelers and many more. The large cities have special days, such as Chicago Day, Cincinnati Day, New York Day, and so forth. June



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL—GOVERNOR'S DAY.

1 is Governor's Day, and it is the 100th anniversary of Tennessee's admission into the union. On that day over 150,000 people will visit the exposition.

There is now over five weeks to the opening day, and everything is so far advanced that, barring accident, there will be no delays.

There is another and really very important feature that must not be overlooked. "Vanity Fair," an improved adaptation of the Midway Plaisance and Streets of Cairo, with the spice of the mobile without the objectionable features. At the Tennessee centennial "Vanity Fair" has assumed enormous proportions and it is still growing. There are already more novelties than have ever before been collected together in the south, and they include palaces of illusions, haunted spring, Chinese village and theater, cyclorama, battle of Gettysburg, electrical illuminations, mirror maze, an ostrich farm from Southern California, Venetian canal, and, in fact, it will be almost as easy to state what will not be there as what will be.

The music will be impressively grand. Among the noted bands will be Victor Herbert's (formerly Gilmore's), the great Innes, Bellested and Ballen-



TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL—THE AUDITORIUM.

berg, the Conteriros and several others, and also the grand organ, one of the largest in the south, now being erected in the auditorium by Hood & Hastings, of Boston. This auditorium has a seating capacity for 6,000 people, and the acoustic properties are said to be perfect. In fact, all along the line everything is on the same grand scale, and those who, in late years, have visited numbers of exhibitions in all parts of the world emphatically assert that not one of them can compare with the Tennessee Centennial exposition.

Too Much of a Good Thing. An old farmer went into a grocer's shop and ordered a sovereign's worth of goods. When they were ready for delivery he laid down a couple of half crowns in payment. This isn't enough," called the shop assistant, as the old farmer was about to leave. "Oh, yes; that's all right," replied the customer. "I've got permission from the judge to pay five shillings in the pound." The farmer had lately settled an insolvency upon this basis, and expected to continue that method indefinitely.—Tit-bits.

Electric light is much dearer in Paris than in New York.