

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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No sound came to us from either of the other boats, and now, very quickly, it seemed, we came at the edge of the surf.

"I'm touching bottom, boys," I called and cast the long punt pole adrift as I took up the short paddle I had held under my leg.

Now we had under us two feet of water, or ten, as the waves might say, and any moment we might roll over. But we walledow in, rolling, till I knew the supreme moment had come. I waited, holding her head in well as I could so unruily a hulk, and as a big roller came after us paddled as hard as I could. The wave chased us, caught us, pushed us, carried us in. There was a lift of our loggish bows, a blinding crash of white water about us. Our boat was overturned, but in some way, since the beach was all sand and very gentle, the wave flattened so that the back tow did not pull us down. In some way, I do not know how, I found myself standing and dragging Jimmy by the hand. Jean already was ahead, and I heard his shout and saw his hand as he stood, knee deep, but safe. So we all made it ashore, and our boat also, which now we hauled out of the spume, and the long white row of breakers, less dangerous than I had feared, came in, white maned and bellowing.

I could still see the rocking lights of the yacht and the shifting stroke of the searchlight on the sea, but I did not hear and see aught else at the time, and my heart sank.

It was Jimmy whose ear first got the sound which came in—the feverish phut-phut of the motor skiff. Then the ray of the great light swung, and I saw the boat still outside the breakers, nor could I tell then why we had beaten her in. It seemed Peterson was hunting for us others.

"Stay back, boys!" I called to my companions. "You might get thrown down by the waves. Keep back!" But now I was ready to rush in to meet the longboat, whose keel I knew would leave her to overturn if she caught bottom.

But Peterson knew about the keel as well as any, and he caught what he thought was water enough before he yelled to Williams to drive her in. She sped in like an arrow, and again the white wave reared high and broke upon its prey. By then I was in water to my waist. I caught Helena on with one reach of my arms, just as I saw Williams and Peterson stagger in with Mrs. Daniver between them. In some miraculous way we got beyond danger and met my pirates dancing and shouting a welcome to our desert isle. Their advent thereon gave the two women folks a fervent wish to embrace, sob and weep extraordinarily. I had said nothing to Helena and said nothing now.

"Where's the dinghy, Peterson?" I called as he came up grinning. "Coming in," said he. And, forsooth, that water rat, Willy, made a better landing of it than any of us and calmly helped us now to haul the heavy motor skiff up the beach a few feet at a time as the waves thrust it forward.

"Thank God!" I heard Helena exclaim. "Oh, thank God! We're safe, we're all safe, after all!"

I looked at my little group for a time, all soaked to the skin, all huddled now close together.

"Willy," said I at last, "where's John, the cook?"

"Why, I don't know," said Willy. "Didn't he come with you?"

"What's that?" said Peterson sharply. "You didn't obey orders?"

"Well, I thought he was in the other boat," explained Willy, hanging his head.

"You'll get your time," said the old man quietly, "soon as we get to the railroad, and you'll go home by rail."

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Harry?" he demanded of me a moment later. I was looking at the longboat.

"Well, he's part of the boat's company," said I, "and we've got to save him, Peterson."

"What's that?" asked Helena, now coming up—and then, "Why, John, our cook, isn't here, is he?" She, too, looked at the longboat and the sea. "How horrible!" she said. "Horrible!"

"What does he mean to do?" she demanded now of Peterson in turn. The old man only looked at her.

"Surely, you don't mean to go out there again," she said.

I turned to them both, half cold with anger. "Do you think I'd leave him out there to die, perhaps? It was my own fault not to see him in the boat."

"It wasn't," reiterated Peterson. "It was Willy's fault—or mine."

"In either case it's likely to be equally serious for him. We can't leave the poor devil helpless that way."

"Mr. Harry," began Peterson again, "he's only a Chinaman."

"Well, why didn't he come up with the rest of us?"

"Because he was at his place of duty below until ordered up," said I. Peterson pondered for a moment.

"That's right," said he at length. "I'll go out with you."

I felt Helena's hand on my arm. "It's awful out there," said she. But I only turned to look at her in the half darkness and shook off her hand.

"You can't launch the big boat," said Peterson. "You'd only swamp her if you tried."

"That may be," said I, "but the real thing is to try."

"We might wait till the wind lulls," he argued.

"Yes, and if the wind should change she might drag her anchor and go out to sea. Which boat is best to take, Peterson?" He was silent.

"Which is the best boat, Peterson?" I repeated. "Hardly the duck boat, I think, and you say not the big boat."

"The dinghy is the safest," replied Peterson. "That little tub would ride better, but no man could handle her out there."

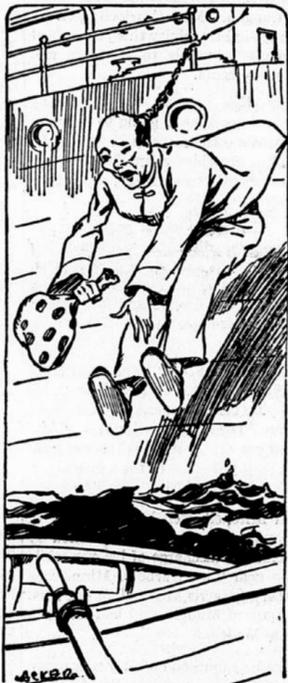
"Very well," said I. "She'll get her second wetting anyhow. Lend a hand."

"She'll carry us both," commented the old man, stepping to the side of the stubby little craft.

"But she'll be lighter and ride easier with but one," was my reply. "A chip is dry on top only as long as it's a chip."

"Let go!" I cried to Peterson as the water swirled about our waist. "Go back!" And so I sprang in alone and left him.

For the time I could make small headway. Indeed, had not time to get at the oars, but pushing as I might with the first thing that came to hand. I felt the bottom under me, felt again the lift of the sea carry me out of touch. Then an incoming wave carried me back almost to the point where I had started. In such way as I could not explain, none the less at length the little boat won through, no more than half filled by the breaking comber. I worked first as best I might, paddling and so keeping her off the best I could. Then when I got the oars the stubby, yawing little tub at first seemed scarce more than to hold her own. I pulled hard—hard as I could. Slowly the line of white breakers passed astern. After that, saving my strength a trifle, I edged out, now angling into the wind, now pulling full into the teeth of the gale.



My China Boy Made a Leap.

I kept on until at length I saw the nodding lights of the Belle Helene lighting the gloom more definitely about me. Presently I made under her lee, so that the dinghy was more manageable, and at last I edged up almost to her rail, planning now, perhaps, I might cast a line and so make fast. But first I tried calling.

"Aho, there below, John!" I called through the dark. At first there came no answer, and again I shouted. At this I saw the door of the dining saloon pushed open, and John himself thrust out his hand.

"All hitee," said he, merely greeting me casually. "You come?"

"Yes," said I, with equal sang froid. "You makee quick jump now, John, s'pose I come in."

"All hitee," said he once more. I saw now that he stood there, a book and a bundle in his arm. Perhaps he had been reading to pass the time.

Be that as it may, I cautiously pulled the dinghy under the lee of the Belle Helene. Timing his leap with a sagacity and agility combined which I had not suspected of him, my China boy made a leap, stumbled, righted himself, got his balance and so placed his bundle on the bottom of the boat and his book upon the seat, where he covered it carefully against the spray.

"Well, Peterson," said I, "let us, by all means, hope for the worst." I smiled, seeing that he now was possessed of his normal gloom.

"Well," said he, "we went on at full tide and hard aground at that. This wind is blowing all the water out of Cote Blanche. Of course if the wind should turn and drive in again we might move her if we caught her at high tide once more. Until that happens I guess we're anchored here for sure."

"The glass is rising now, Peterson," said I pleasantly.

"Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed with emphasis. "I know you come back alee

time bimbeby, one time."

"What were you doing, John?" "I read plenty Melian book," said he calmly. "Now I makes pull." To oblige him I made way for him, and we crawled past each other on the floor of the heaving dinghy. He took the oars and began pulling with an odd chopping sort of stroke, perhaps learned in his youth on some sloop that rode the waters of his native land. But for my own part, since fate seemed to be kind to me, after all, I trusted his skill, such as it was, and was willing to rest for a time.

"No velly bad," said John judiciously after a time. "Pretty soon come in." No doubt he saw the little fire, now beginning to light the beach. At any rate, he headed straight in, the seas following, reefing after us. They have their own ways, these people of the east. I fancy John had run surf before. At any rate, I knew the water now was shallow and that, perhaps, one could swim ashore if he were overset. I trusted him to make the landing, however, and he did it like a veteran.

"All hitee," remarked John amiably and started for the fire, such being his instinct, not with the purpose of getting warm, but of cooking something. And in half an hour he had a cup of hot bouillon all around.

Through the night there came continually the clamoring of the wild fowl in the lagoon back of us, and this seemed to make the boys restless. It was Jean Lafitte, next, who poked his head out from under the tarpaulin.

"I've got the gun, all right," said he, "and a lot of shells. In the morning we'll go out and get some of those ducks that are squawking."

"Yes, Jean," said I, "we're in one of the best ducking countries on this whole coast."

"That's fine. We can live chiefly by hunting and fishing, like it says in the g'opraphies."

"If the wind should shift," said I, "we may have to do that for quite a time. I don't know whether the light-house keeper has a boat or not, and the channel lies between us and the light. It makes out here straight to the gulf. But now be quiet, my sons, and see if we can't all get some sleep. I'll take care of the fire."

I passed a little apart to hunt for some driftwood, my shadow, John, following close at hand. When I returned I found a muffled figure standing at the feeble blaze. Helena raised her eyes, grave and serious.

"It was splendid," said she in a low tone of voice, addressing not so much myself as all the world, it seemed to me.

"Get back in there and go to sleep," said I. And quietly she obeyed, so far as I might tell.

In the morning I could see the Belle Helene still rolling at her anchor, uneasy, but still afloat, and in the daylight and with a lessening sea there would be no great difficulty in boarding her as we liked. Presently the others of the party were all afoot.

"Gee, ain't this fine!" said L'Olonnois. "I never did think we'd be really shipwrecked and cast away on a desert island. This is just like it is in the books."

"Can we go hunting now?" demanded Jean Lafitte, his mouth still full of bacon. "And will you come along? There must be millions of them ducks and geese. I didn't know there was so many in all the world."

"You may go, both of you, Jean Lafitte," said I. "If you'll be careful not to shoot yourselves. As for me, I must go back once more to the boat. I fancy."

We found it not difficult now to go aboard the Belle Helene, for, in the lessening seaway, she rolled not so evilly. Peterson sprang to the deck as the bow of our boat rose alongside on a wave and made fast our line. When Williams and I had followed we took a general inventory of the Belle Helene. All the deck gear was gone, spare oars and spars, a canvas or so and some coils of rope. Beyond that there seemed no serious damage, unless the hull had been injured by its pounding during the night.

"It's a mud bank here, I think, Mr. Harry," said Peterson. "She may have ripped some of her copper on the oyster reefs, but she seems to bed full length, and maybe she's not strained, after all."

"There's the line of channel guides," said I, pointing to a row of sticks driven into the mud a couple of miles in length.

"Yes," said the old man, "the channel's not more than a biscuit toss from here. We came right across it. If it hadn't been in the dark we'd have gone through into the lee of the island and been all right. Now, as it is, we're all wrong."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"How'll we get that anchor up?" grumbled he. "If we start the engines and try to crawl up by the capstan we couldn't pull her out of the mud. If we put on a donkey engine we'd snatch the bow out of here before we could lift the hook. And, until we do, how are we going to move her? There's the channel, but it's as far as ever. We can't sweep her off, of course, and we can't pole her off."

"Well, Peterson," said I, "let us, by all means, hope for the worst." I smiled, seeing that he now was possessed of his normal gloom.

"Well," said he, "we went on at full tide and hard aground at that. This wind is blowing all the water out of Cote Blanche. Of course if the wind should turn and drive in again we might move her if we caught her at high tide once more. Until that happens I guess we're anchored here for sure."

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"Oh, no, no!" he exclaimed with emphasis. "I know you come back alee

so, "and of course the storm's gone by for the time. But I don't think there's going to be any good change of weather that'll hold very soon. But now Williams and I'll go below and see if we can start a pump. I expect she's sprung a leak, all right."

Shaking his head in much apprehension, the old man made his way with Williams first into the engine room. For my own part, I turned toward my cabin door. All at once as I did so it seemed to me I heard a sound. It came again, a sort of meek, diffident sound, expectant rather than complaining. And then I heard an unmistakable scraping at the door. Hastening, I flung it open. I was greeted with a great whine of joy and trust.

"Partial!" I cried, and caught him by the paws as he put them on my shoulders and rubbed his muzzle along my cheek, whimpering. "Partial! Oh, my dear chap! I'm glad to see you!"

As a matter of fact, I had forgotten Partial these three days, other things being on my mind.

"We may be here for a month," said Peterson gloomily, looking at the Belle Helene, now rolling just a little, her keel fast full length in the mud bar. "I don't think there's ever going to be any change of wind—it'll blow steadily this way for a week anyhow."

"I presume, Peterson," said I coolly, "that you don't see the sun breaking through the clouds over there at all. And I fancy that you will not believe, either, that the sea is lulling now."

I heard Williams chuckling as he stooped over his engine. Thus, chugging on merrily with the long, oily roll of the sea under us, we presently once more ran our surf and this time had small difficulty in winning through. For, once we felt the ground under us, we simply sprang overboard and waded in, dragging the boat with us, waist deep sometimes in the flood, but on the whole quite safe.

My two pirate mates came down to the beach joyously and helped us unload. It seemed that they had made something of a hunt already, for with much pride Jean now displayed to me certain birds, proof of his own prowess with his shotgun.

A certain gayety now came to others of the party as we sat about our midday meal, warm now and well fed, and, although the boys excitedly made plans about putting up the tent and furnishing it and going into camp for the winter, I could not share their eagerness. There was one other reticent figure at our fireside. Helena sat silent, the head of Partial in her lap. I felt resentment that she should steal from me even my dog. At last, having nothing better to do, I picked up my gun and, slipping on my coat, started down the beach, telling the boys that I was going alone, perhaps too far for them to follow, with the purpose of making some sort of exploration of the island.

"Harry, what's wrong with you?" turned quickly. "Harry, wait!" She came hurrying up toward me. I felt my color rise. Awkwardly, I stood waiting, and did not greet her.

"Harry, what's wrong with you?" said she after a time, since I still remained moodily staring ahead. I did not answer, would not look at her for a time, but at length she turned. She stood, I say, with her hand on my arm, her chin raised fully, her serious eyes fixed on me. The dark hair was blown all about her face. She had on over her long white sweater a loose silk waterproof of some sort, which blew every way, but did not disturb the lines of her tall figure nor lessen the pale red and white which the sea breeze had stung into her cheeks. She did not smile, and her eyes, I say, looked steadily and seriously into mine.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked, frowning slightly, as it seemed to me.

"Everything in the world is wrong with me, as you know very well," said I. "Am I not a poor man? Am I not an unsuccessful lover? Am I not a failure under every test which you can apply? Am I not a coward? Did you not tell me so yourself?"

Her eyes grew damp slowly. "I didn't mean it," said she.

"Then why did you say it?" "It was long before—that was before last night, Harry. You forget."

"What if it was?" I demanded. "I was the same man then that I was last night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LEGAL NOTICES

Order to Show Cause on Filing Petition to Sell Land.

State of Minnesota,

County of Brown,

In Probate Court,

Special Term, Nov. 29th, 1915.

In the Matter of the Estate of C. C. Peterson Deceased.

On Reading and Filing the Petition of Frank Hopkins setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come into his hands, the disposition thereof, and how much remains undisposed of, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, as far as the same can be ascertained; the legacies unpaid, and a description of all the real estate, excepting the homestead of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the respective portions or lots thereof; the persons interested in said estate, with their residences; and praying that license be to him granted to sell the real estate described in said petition at private sale. And it appearing by said petition that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said Frank Hopkins, administrator to pay said debts, the legacies or expenses of administration, and that it is necessary for the payment of such debts, legacies or expenses, to sell all said real estate;

It is Therefore Ordered, That all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court on Thursday the 23rd day of December 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court House in the City of New Ulm, in said County, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to said Frank Hopkins to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts, legacies or expenses.

And it is Further Ordered, That this order shall be published once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., this 29th day of Nov. A. D. 1915.

By the Court, GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

(Court Seal) 48-50

Order for Hearing on Claims.

State of Minnesota,

County of Brown,

In Probate Court,

Special Term, Nov. 26th, 1915.

In the Matter of the Estate of C. C. Peterson Deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Peterson, deceased, late of the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, being granted to Frank Hopkins.

It is Ordered, That six months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this order in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased are required to file the same in the Probate Court of said County, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, That the first Monday in June A. D. 1916 at 10 o'clock A. M., at a General Term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office in the Court House in the City of New Ulm in said County, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And it is Further Ordered, That notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate by forthwith publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., the 26th day of Nov. A. D. 1915.

By the Court, GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

(Court Seal) 48-50

Order for Hearing Proofs of Will.

State of Minnesota,

County of Brown,

In Probate Court,

Special Term, Nov. 29th, 1915.

In the Matter of the Estate of Anna Kunze Deceased.

Whereas, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Anna Kunze late of said county, has been delivered to this Court;

And Whereas, Albert Steinhauser has filed therewith his petition, representing among other things that said Anna Kunze died in said county on the 28th day of Oct., A. D. 1915, testate and said petitioner is the sole executor named in said last will and testament, and praying that said instrument may be admitted to probate and that letters testamentary be to him issued thereon;

It is Ordered, that the proofs of said instrument and the said petition, be heard before this Court at the Probate office, in the Court House, in the City of New Ulm, in said County, on the 23rd day of Dec. A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument.

And it is Further Ordered, That public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the New Ulm Review a weekly newspaper printed and published at the City of New Ulm in said county.

Dated at New Ulm, Minn., Nov. 29th, A. D. 1915.

By the Court, GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

(Court Seal) 48-50

Fishing in the Park.

"He had a soft, daft look, the old man I'm speaking of, and he sat on a park bench in the sun, with rod and line, as if he were fishing; but the line, with a worm on the hook, dangled over a bed of bright primroses.

"Daft! Bughouse! Nice-looking old fellow, too. It's a pity."

"Then, with a gentle smile, the passer-by approached the old man and said: 'What are you doing, uncle?'

"Fishing, sir," answered the old man, solemnly.

"Fishing, eh? Well, uncle, come and have a drink."

"The old man shouldered his rod and followed the kindly stranger to the corner saloon. There he regaled himself with a large glass of dark beer and a good five-cent cigar. His host, contemplating him in a friendly, protecting way, as he sipped and smoked, said:

"So you were fishing, uncle? And how many have you caught this morning?"

"The old man blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling. Then, after a pause, he said:

"You are the seventh, sir."

Woman's Dress and Address. What the Louisville Courier-Journal styles "the main matter," in this era of women's clubs, is phrased as follows: "Your wife seems busy these days."

"Yes, she is to address a woman's club."

"Ah, working on her address?" "No; on her dress."

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