



Planters Panch

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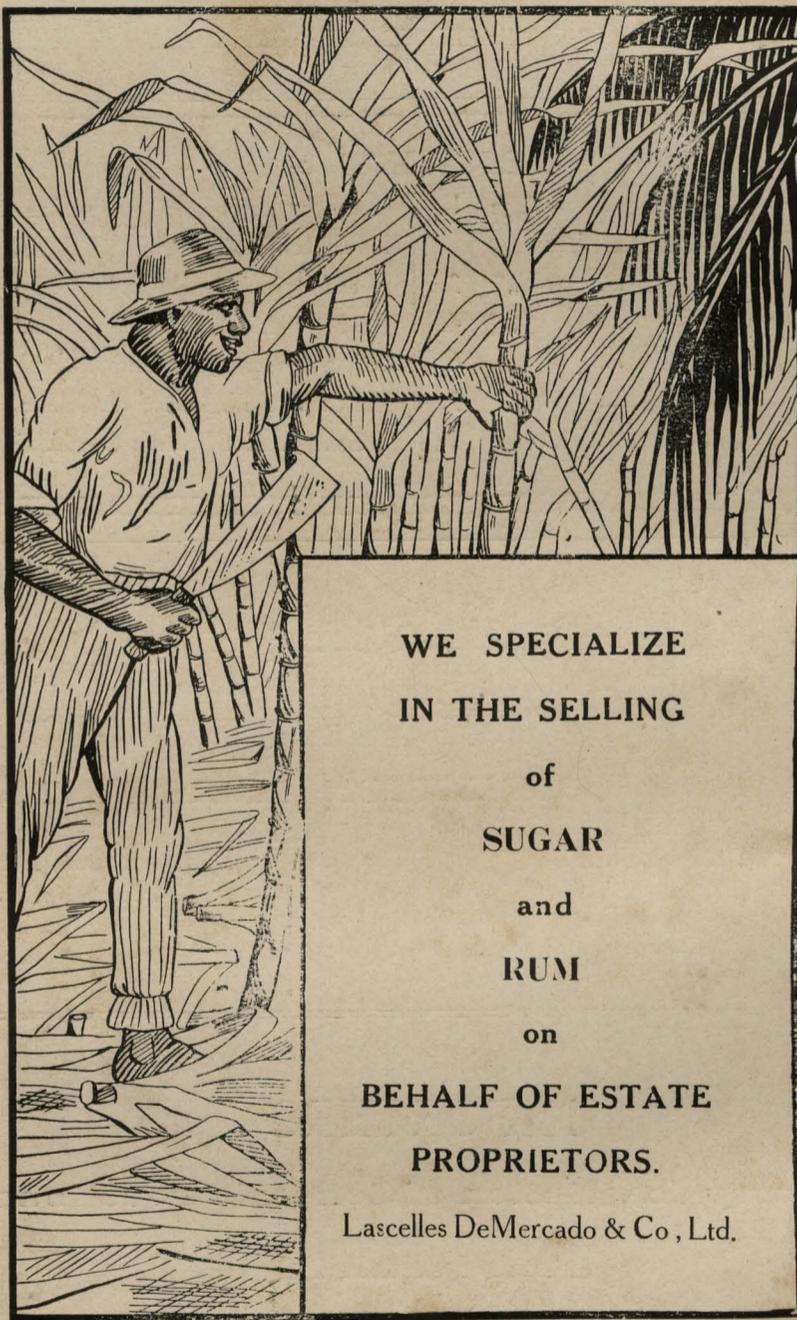
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PLANTERS' PUNCH

Vol. I. No. 4

FOUNDED BY
HERBERT G. DE LISSER, C.M.G.

For the Year 1923—24

The Romance of an Idea, or From Thirty-Nine to Many Thousands in Six Years.

THE ORGANIZATION OF JAMAICA'S
BRAINS, ENERGY AND PUBLIC SPIRIT.

"J. H." sat down briskly and threw out the question: "How long will it last?" That question was being asked by many others quietly, and the answer to it was distinctly discouraging. "J. H." posed it plainly, with his usual light-hearted laugh.

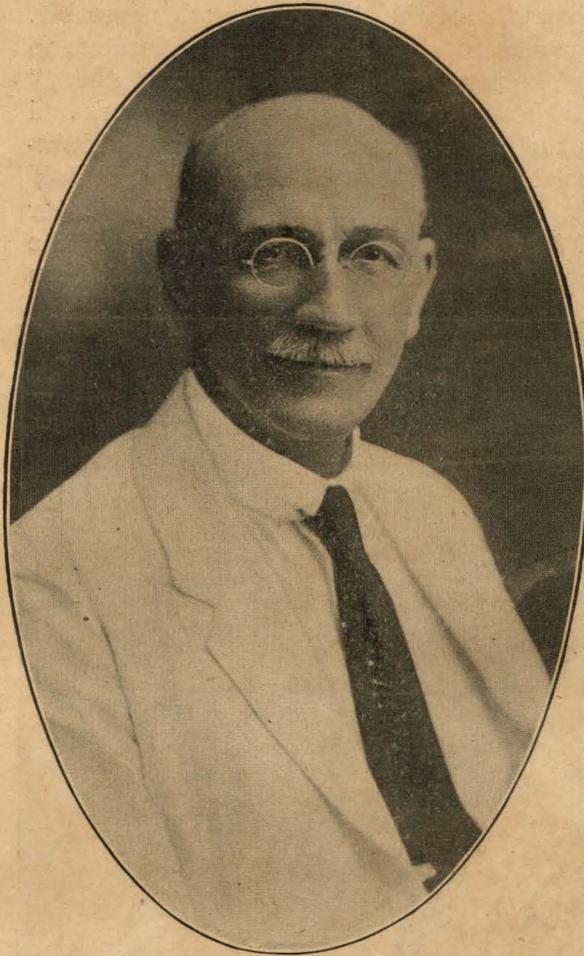
Everybody knows who "J. H." is. Everybody local, that is. But to the stranger in our midst it may be explained that "J. H." is the Hon. Joseph Phillipps, member in the Legislative Council for the parish of St. Thomas, a man for whom, at the present moment, all the island feels deep sympathy because of his recent loss. He had, at the time to which the remarks above refer, assisted in bringing to the birth the Jamaica Imperial Association, he was one of its original thirty-nine members. Everybody was expressing doubts as to the life of this latest-born effort to organise the brains, the energy and the public spirit of Jamaica into one permanent and continuous movement for the colony's improvement. It would endure for a year, said one; for two years, said another. "How long will it last?" asked "J. H.," and answered his own question in characteristic fashion.

"It will last," he continued, "as long as we take an interest in it, as long as we do our best to achieve success. 'A. W.' insists that it is not to be a one-man concern; so we all have got to do our part. Have a little cigar?"

The closing invitation was also characteristic; it expressed in four words the gay and fanciful manner in which "J. H." so frequently conducts the gravest matter, commercial or political. But those who are misled by this manner into thinking that there is not real seriousness beneath are likely to receive a sharp surprise later on. There is no man more persistent, more undeviating from the path he has laid out for himself, than "J. H." And he was one of the first to join the movement which, in a few years, was to attract attention far beyond the shores of Jamaica. And he had made up his mind to do his best to bring it to success.

He had mentioned "A. W."

The idea of forming an Association which, while busying itself with promoting the producing, commercial, social and public interests of Jamaica, should also keep the Imperialistic ideal in view and so should strive to make Jamaica "play a worthy part in the development of the Empire," was Mr. A. W. Farquharson's. He knew how often similar associations had been started and had failed in these West Indies; how at the very moment they were brought into being the prophecy of their early decease had been uttered. He knew how, one by one, most of those prophecies had been fulfilled. Yet he was all com-



ARTHUR WILDMAN FARQUHARSON,
Founder and Chairman of the Jamaica Imperial Association.

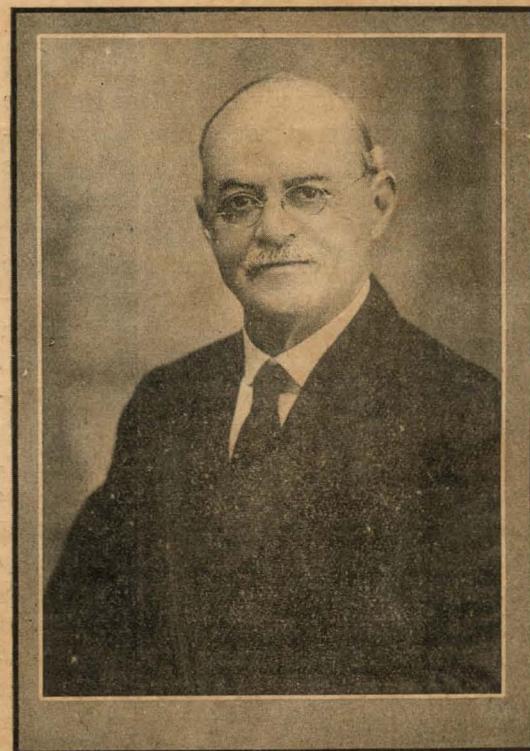
plete of faith and hope and courage; he would launch yet another venture in Jamaica, make still one more endeavour to organise and develop on practical lines the public opinion of the island; he would send forth a call for support and would devote himself whole-heartedly to the work to be done.

He might fail? Well, that was what he did not believe. He is the born optimist; the type of man who, once possessed of an idea, is so convinced of its practicability that he feels assured it must be realised and must flourish abundantly. With his own enthusiasm he infects all others; he creates a contagion of confidence; he sweeps away all doubts. Later on reflection may supervene, doubts may arise; but in his presence they are banished: they simply do not exist. It was in and with this spirit that, one forenoon in December 1917, he met those prominent men of the colony who had come in response to his call to discuss the formation of a Jamaica Imperial Association. When the gathering dispersed thirty-nine men had pledged themselves to undertake the duties that should fall to them as members of this Association. The public were interested, but a trifle incredulous of results. "How long will it last?" they asked. And the most

optimistic endowed it with but a year or two of life.

But the public had overlooked two facts in the Association's expressed aims and constitution. The first was that this Association was to enlist the active services of its members, who were to be asked continuously to undertake work for the public interest; in other words, the Association was to be "no one-man concern." The second fact was that the Association was not to be sectional, not to think only of the particular interests of planters, or of lawyers, or of commercial men, and devote all its energies to obtaining advantages and benefits for such a limited class alone. It was to embrace all these and other classes in its membership, and to deal fairly by them all. And it should have a still more comprehensive role. It was to include the peasant farmer also, the artisan, the simple citizen, who had invariably been disregarded in every important movement made in the past to establish an organisation that should represent the several aspects and interests of the colony's life.

Such persons could not afford to pay anything appreciable in the way of subscription. They could not be expected to take part in discussions requiring a wide or technical knowledge of business and finance. But they



MR. W. BAGGETT-GREY,
One of the First 39 Members of the Jamaica Imperial Association.

could form societies for the expression of their views and the representation of local questions, they could establish Citizens' Associations which could be affiliated with the Jamaica Imperial Association, the humblest of their members becoming, by this method,



MR. LIONEL DEMERCADO.

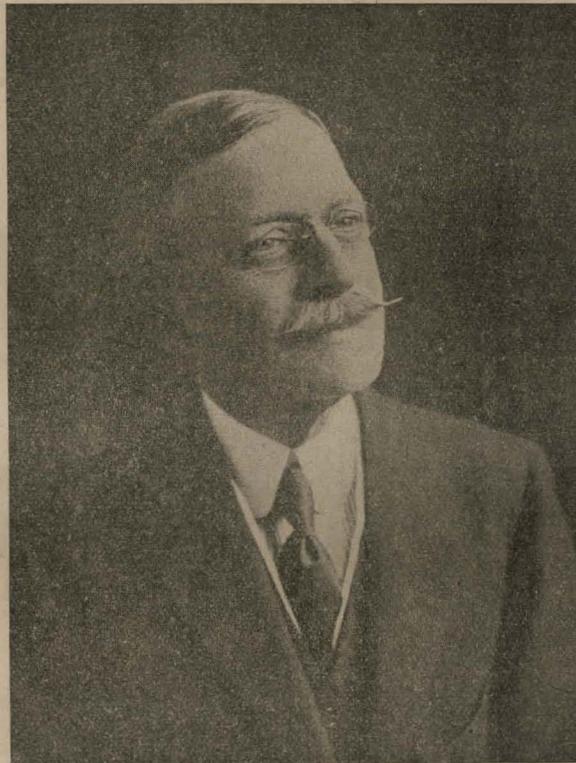
an affiliated member of the Jamaica Imperial Association. Each of these societies would be entitled to send to the meetings of the Association two representatives, and these would have the right to speak and vote on a footing of equality with any other member. This was an entirely new departure for Jamaica, and considered so fantastic or unnecessary that no particular notice was taken of it. But the ablest and most energetic of the then existing Citizens' Associations—that of Western St. Mary—grasped with admirable clearness the advantage it would obtain from being identified with a strong and powerful body representing the business, the professions and the commerce of this colony. At once it applied for affiliation, and others soon followed its example. Individuals in every calling of colonial life also hastened to join, and thus at the end of the first year of its existence the Jamaica Imperial Association's membership had increased from thirty-nine to several hundreds. To-day it numbers many thousands, and still it grows.

There were others of the "founding fathers" of the Association who had heard the prophesy of its speedy end. One of these was its honorary treasurer, Mr. Lionel de Mercado. A man strong and silent, grave and imperturbable, he took up the duties of treasurer of the Association in the very first month of its inception, and has continued to perform them ever since. Here was something to be done which he thought well worth doing. "They" said the Association would die? Well, let them say. What did it matter? The thing to do was to get along with the work, to do it to the best of one's ability, never to relax one's efforts—and then one would see whether continued life or early death would be the consequence! There is no other public body with which Mr. de Mercado is so intimately connected. He has no ambition to win applause as a speaker, no inclination to participate in those efforts that bring one prominently before the public eye. But to the Association he has never hesitated to devote both his time and his intelligence, and he has done it signal service.

We can but mention here those men whose portraits appear in illustration of this article; it is impossible to speak of the hundreds who have been working with unstinted energy and devotion for the society whose power for good is of their making, and whose many and varied efforts for the welfare of

Jamaica have been crowned with such abundant success. We think of such men as Alfred H. D'Costa, Hugh Clarke, A. E. Harrison, S. S. Stedman, Clarence Lopez, F. M. Kerr-Jarrett, Altamont DaCosta, Percy Lindo, P. C. Cork, William Wilson, Horace Victor Myers and William Morrison; we think also of others, but we must refrain from mentioning their efforts, since not a page or two, but a whole issue of "Planters' Punch," would be required for that purpose. Perhaps some day there will be a publication dealing with the general activities of the Association's members; we believe there will be. But this by the way. No sketch of the Association, however, would be complete were nothing said about the man who, a life-long friend of Mr. Farquharson's, and a distinguished citizen of Jamaica, has acted as Chairman of the Association whenever Mr. Farquharson has been absent. Needless to say, he too is one of "the founding fathers." And he too is utterly devoted to the work and to the interests of the Jamaica Imperial Association.

Mr. Baggett Gray is the oldest solicitor of Jamaica, the doyen of his branch of the legal profession. For decades he has been



HON. J. H. PHILLIPPS, M.L.C.

associated with Mr. Farquharson. Again and again have they worked together, each entertaining of the other a high opinion, their mutual relationships being informed by a deep and enduring friendship. It was therefore to be expected that Mr. Gray would become Mr. Farquharson's first lieutenant in the work of the Association, and he has never grudged either his time or his knowledge when the welfare of the Association demanded it. Another man, whose portrait appears on this page, and who has made some brilliant efforts on behalf of the Association, is Mr. Lewis Ashenheim. Always pressed by his professional duties, he has nevertheless, again and again, set aside a whole day to take up and carry through some function he has been called upon to fulfil. Mr. Ashenheim is a very perusasive speaker, with a fund of dry, searching humour which is very effective at public meetings. He regards the Association as a potent factor in the life of Jamaica, and has represented its views and policies with marked success at conferences with the elected members of the Legislative Council. Of him, as of Mr. Lionel de Mercado, it may truly be said that the Jamaica Imperial Association is the only public body in the colony

with which he is intimately identified.

Here, then, are five men, of widely-differing temperament, of different ages, and with different interests, to whom the Jamaica Imperial Association represents an effort and movement of the first importance. And they themselves are in this the representatives of hundreds of others. This fact alone sufficiently illustrates the hold which the Association has taken upon the public life of the country, the place it occupies in Jamaica.

Its activities never cease. The Governor of Jamaica, Sir Leslie Probyn, said in a recent speech that he heard from the Association almost daily; this, of course, was an exaggeration indulged in for the sake and purpose of emphasis, but it possesses a foundation of sober truth. For this society is always at work, is incessantly occupied and constantly it finds something new to undertake, which is the destiny of all active organisations. It is one of the West Indian Associated Chambers of Commerce established some years ago by Sir Edward Davson, with headquarters in Trinidad. It is affiliated with the West India Committee and the British Empire Producers Organisation, whose headquarters are in London; in Jamaica it is the accredited representative of those bodies. It has been instrumental in getting established a West Indies Parliamentary Committee consisting of members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons; of this Committee the chairman is the Viscount Burnham, the Secretary is Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P., two of its members are ex-Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and all its members are honorary members of the Jamaica Imperial Association. By means of this Parliamentary Committee the British West Indies have obtained some real representation in both Houses of Parliament; they have also acquired, through Lord Burnham, Mr. J. J. Astor, and Lord Aspley, a voice in such great organs of English public opinion as the *Daily Telegraph*, the *London Times*, and the *Morning Post*. The Association aims at the closer union of the British West Indies, at their harmonious co-operation for common beneficial ends. And, in spite of the insular feeling naturally existing in small communities separated from one another by considerable distances, it has already succeeded in bringing about a living movement towards West Indian co-operation, and a greater degree of West Indian unity.



MR. LEWIS ASHENHEIM.

Mr. E. R. Darnley

An Impression of the Head of the West Indies Department of the Colonial Office.

SOMEONE has described the Colonial Office as a sort of temple with corridors like lofty aisles, and with an atmosphere chilling and repellent to those not of the inner sanctuary. And, in days not very long ago, West Indians seeking for admission to the interior of the place found only too often that though they might enter the great gates that shut it off from the thoroughfare outside, they would reach no further unless they had obtained previously a special appointment, which was of the nature of a difficult enterprise. It was not easy to see anyone of any importance in the Colonial Office; it is not easy now. But times have changed, there is a new spirit abroad, and access to one of the officials who rule so large a part of a scattered Empire, and even to a Secretary of State himself, does not now demand a patient waiting of days and weeks.

Mr. E. R. Darnley is head of the West India Department of the Colonial Office, the department which has under its direct control all the British West Indies, British Guiana, Bermuda, and the Falkland Islands as well. I went one day, in June of this year (1923), by invitation, to see Mr. Ormsby Gore, and after a conversation I mentioned that I should like to renew my acquaintanceship with Mr. Wiseman, who had been in Jamaica some eighteen months before. Mr. Ormsby Gore directed me to Mr. Wiseman's office, and for some time I sat talking to the second in permanent command of West Indian affairs, the keen-faced, pleasant, highly-intelligent young man who had accompanied Major Wood and Major Ormsby Gore on their recent tour of the West Indies, and who had made such an excellent impression on all with whom he came in contact here. It was while we were talking together on Jamaica affairs that the door opened and a short, strongly-built man came into the room. I glanced at him; his face rather reminded me of the late President Roosevelt; a strong face it was, and the whole demeanour of the stranger indicated self-confidence and determination. I wondered who this was. Then Mr. Wiseman spoke to him as "Darnley," and at once I knew.

I was introduced. In a quiet voice Mr. Darnley said: "In five minutes' time, Wiseman, if you will bring Mr. deLisser in, I shall be glad to see him for a little while." At the end of what he thought to be five minutes Mr. Wiseman took me into Mr. Darnley's room; but the visitor he had been seeing (an administrator, I gathered, from some part of the British world) was still with him. He did not like the interruption, though he said nothing. He just looked. That look seemed to say: "Well, this is very strange; what is the meaning of it?" I made no remark, though the glance was to me interesting as an indication of character. Here, I thought, is a man who will have his own way, one too who will not allow to be forgotten what is due to his dignity. "It is my fault, Darnley," said Mr. Wiseman with a smile. "I thought you were alone." The visitor then took his leave, I was asked to a chair, and soon Mr. Darnley was speaking in that quiet, sometimes almost inaudible voice of his, speaking as though he weighed every word unconsciously, and yet, at the same time, with a frankness which one does not usually associate with what one so often hears about unnecessary official reticence.

I was much interested in my interlocutor. For the head of the West India Department of the Colonial Office is very much one of the rulers of these West Indies; he is a man whose opinion and advice carry the greatest weight with the Secretaries of State, and whose strong opposition to any scheme may damage it irreparably. So much for position; now as to the personality of the man.

No one could talk to Mr. E. R. Darnley for ten minutes and have any doubts about the essential sanity and shrewdness of his



MR. E. R. DARNLEY, M.A., B.SC.,
Head of the West India Department of the Colonial Office.

mind. By disposition he is inclined to be positive, by official training this disposition has been developed, but his intellect plays freely on the questions which come before him for decision, and even while he may express dissent he is estimating the force of your counter-contention. The result is that, strong minded though he is, he is open minded also. But not flabbily so: his is the open mind of the man who wants to get at the truth of things, and who is able to perceive the truth in defiance of any preconceptions of his own. I should imagine (indeed I am sure) that he does not often change his mind, and that he is always slow to change. But his firmness is not obstinacy: he will yield to facts and to a just representation of a situation. Woe to anyone, however, who should think to mislead him, to confuse him with false data, to perplex him with bad argument. I can see the cold grey-blue eyes turned full in scrutiny upon such a one, and the voice, that might then appear to be laughing slightly, asking a few quiet disconcerting questions. And you would never be trusted by him any more. For a man of this type will have little patience with fools, and an enduring dislike for deceivers.

He takes a high view of his responsibilities. He does not mention them; indeed, I should say that he would never care to talk about himself. But after meeting him you come away with the feeling that he is devoted to his work, proud of it, and desirous of fulfilling his obligations to his country and that part of the Empire which he assists to govern.

At his invitation I called one afternoon

at the Colonial Office, at half-past four, to have a talk. Just before going up to his office I had taken a glance at a book kept open on a desk on the first floor of the building in which the time at which the officials go to work and leave it is entered by themselves. All hours were set down; I noticed that these were very irregular. There was no general exodus at four, as the public firmly believes. Some men would remain until six o'clock; I saw this hour pretty often set down against Mr. Darnley's name. As it happened, I was with him on this particular occasion until nearly six o'clock, and we were talking on West Indian affairs. Not once did he show the slightest desire that I should leave. And no one who has met the head of the West Indian Department at Downing Street would imagine for a moment that he would abandon his day's work, if not completed, merely because the hour for adjournment had arrived.

He had never been to the West Indies, yet I soon realised that he knew a great deal about them. More; he knew a good deal about the people of them prominent in the public eye. He knew much about the proceedings of our Legislative Council—and, remember, it is not Jamaica alone that he has to deal with, but every colony in this part of the world. I was frank: "Honestly," I said, "I did not expect to find that you knew anything whatever about us, except such statistical facts and general statements as come before you in official papers. But after our first conversation I changed my mind. I know that you know." To which he smiled non-committingly, and the talk took another turn.

He is a man of wide and solid reading, with a firm, incisive style of writing. He has not written much, and yet he could, I am convinced, have had a most successful career as an English journalist. For you read what he writes with interest; there is a literary flavour about it, a clarity that is typical of character. "The style is the man," said Buffon, and that is largely true; strength and precision and knowledge are suggested by Mr. Darnley's writing, and those are his characteristic qualities. It was a friend of his who mentioned to me an article by him which had appeared recently in the *Nineteenth Century*; I got hold of the magazine and read that article, and though it treated of a quite impersonal subject there were indications there of the mind and character of its writer which confirmed my previous estimate of him. This friend told me that to see Mr. Darnley at some open air excursion, sitting on wet logs, trudging through the mud, taking no thought about health and convenience, was to see another and a different aspect of him. But his character is all of a piece: it is because he throws himself wholeheartedly into what he has to do that he does not mind mud or wet logs—or volumes of work, or irregular hours and the like. He believes in being thorough.

Forty-seven years of age, a bachelor, a student of science, a lover of literature, ambitious for his work's sake but not for himself, withal a strong man who can be adamant on occasion, I take it that he is the sort you would like to have with you in a tight corner: a very firm and faithful friend. As an enemy, if he took the trouble to dislike you actively (which it is doubtful if he would do), he could be formidable. Above all, a just man, I think, and one too conscientious and proud ever to think of stooping to pettiness. I am glad that I met him. That has been one of the pleasant experiences of my life.

H. G. D.

In The Land of Bananas, Coffee and Volcanoes

IMPRESSIONS OF COSTA RICA, BY HERBERT G. de LISSER,
AUTHOR OF "IN CUBA AND JAMAICA," Etc.

In Costa Rica there are some ten thousand Jamaicans. This little Republic has been the home of Jamaicans for at least thirty years, and its banana development is due to the application of their muscular energy and to American enterprise and capital. Above a thirty mile belt from the Atlantic Coast, however, few Jamaica labourers are found.

This sketch contains the impressions of one who visited Costa Rica in 1913 and again in 1923; in that interval there have been many changes in the "Banana Republic," changes deeply interesting to the Costa Ricans and to the Jamaicans also.

THE cathedral bells rang out, calling the faithful to morning prayer and the sacrament; it was six of the clock, yet the great electric lamps still glow-

tical trouble and people knew it would not be safe to be out upon the streets. On such occasions the cautious kept their place of business closed, the timid thought it wise to stay indoors, but the adventuresome would venture forth, fired with excitement, wondering what would happen, expecting anything, until a sudden movement somewhere would give the signal for a general stampede or for a determined rush on the part of some "heroes" determined to strike for the principles they professed. Thus it was that, but a few years ago, the ladies of San Jose rose and trooped out to Tinoco's palace, demanding of that usurping President the release of their imprisoned relatives,

a stranger and they take him in. But the tourist expects this; his compensation is the new sensations he experiences in a city so old-world and charming. He wanders from the business centre of the city into and about the narrow streets, between houses built low because of earthquakes, watching the barefooted men and women of the working classes, the dandies of the better classes, the uniformed police all armed with swords; and no matter in what direction he gazes he will have glimpses of gardens rich with flowers, and will see the mountain summits clear against the blue horizon, an horizon cloudless in the morning, but invisible as the day draws to evening and the rain begins to pour.

THERE are days when it does not rain in San Jose. So I have been told, and it must be true, but I have not known one of these. On the two occasions I have been in that little capital city of some 40,000 souls, no afternoon passed but the clouds came up from behind the hills and the country for miles around was drenched; and fortunate it is for one if the downpour cease with night. Then one can sally forth to see something of the night life of San Jose, the life of courtship at open doors or barred windows, of promenades in the parks when the bands are playing, of walks in the spacious savannah just outside of the city, where the races are run and the bull-fights take place. Or one may go to the opera, if a company happens to be performing in San Jose. This is not often, but some inferior Spanish theatrical troupes frequently find their way to Costa Rica, and, in wooden buildings provided for the purpose, give crude performances upon stages with a minimum of fittings and amenities. Yet these performances are well patronised, even on rainy nights, by the better classes of the people; in the boxes in the upper gallery (or dress circle, I suppose) sit the girls with their mothers or aunts; down below, in the pit, are grouped the men. Only now and then do you see men and girls together, the law of the separation of the sexes holding good, it would appear, even at a play or in a church. I dislike this custom; but, on the other hand, there is no unwritten regulation against staring; one may gaze with open eyes of admiration at the beauties on balcony, in theatre or in church. One may even murmur aloud one's admiration: it is permitted by the custom of the country. And the girls of San Jose are well worthy of admiration. For the girls of San Jose are renowned throughout Central America for their beauty, and their men folk boast openly about it as one of the merits of their country.

"Our girls are pretty," said a gentleman of San Jose to the writer.

One cordially agreed; yet one could not but regret that they had followed the foreign fashion of "bobbing" their hair without the excuse for that fashion which Europe had. Girls bobbed their hair during war time when they had to be early and late at work; tresses were then an inconvenience. To-day, in Europe, the hair is again being grown. But Costa Rica, far from



BLOCK OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN SAN JOSE, HERE SOME OF THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES, INCLUDING THE POST OFFICE, ARE HOUSED.

ed in the park which all night long had stood open, a place of refuge for those who might have no other shelter in this city among the hills.

The air was sweet and cool, for here, in San Jose of Costa Rica, one was some four thousand feet above the level of the warm and steaming lowlands of the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. Here one was in the region of pale blue hills, skies of purest azure, green plateaux through which rushed the waters of mountain rivers, and shrubs and trees such as one does not associate with tropical vegetation. To an immense height grew the trees in the park spread out below me, and upon which I gazed from the narrow balcony which fronts and adorns the window of every Spanish-American house of any pretensions. Tall and graceful, with a glorious wealth of yellow flowers, they towered above the tiled paths and hospitable benches of the chief public social rendezvous of San Jose; and even as I gazed the lights of the lamps faded suddenly and San Jose awoke.

Through the park, side by side, came two girlish figures, clothed in black, their heads draped in black mantillas, just as though they were two nuns. They emerged upon the street, and one observed their feet were bare: servant girls going home from mass they seemed, white girls walking barefooted in this city as they had doubtless done from their earliest youth, and with no sense of inconvenience or shame. They passed out of sight, and then the creaking of a cart assailed the ear, and one of the small box-like contrivances they use for the carriage of goods in Costa Rica hove in sight. Each drawn by two patient oxen, creating a tumult as they passed over the rough cobbles with which San Jose is paved, cart followed cart, each with a guide who walked in front of or beside it, directing his team with his voice or with a little movement of the long and cruel goad he carried. A thrust of that steal-pointed stick into the side of the animal that was slow or stupid was its master's mode of admonition: a brutal mode it seemed. But throughout Spanish America there is little regard for the feelings of the lower animals. They are beasts of burden created solely for man's benefit, and why should they not be tortured if they act as creatures without sense? So the argument seems to run, and the stranger can but register his protest beneath his breath. All day long, in this city and in others of Costa Rica, he will see these ox-carts, witness the callous treatment of the oxen, and when he is beset with flies, as he will be in even the best hotels of Costa Rica, he will remember that flies frequent and breed in stables, and that the sleeping and feeding places of the cattle cannot be far away.

SLOWLY the streets began to fill. Women strolled quietly home from church, men walked with placid mein to work, the shops commenced to open their doors, the normal life of San Jose was beginning, as day by day it had begun save when there was poli-

only to be driven back by the female criminals whom he released from prison to do this work for him.

But this morning of May 24th, 1923, there was no talk of revolution or of trouble of any kind in San Jose. The city was peaceful; the elections were more than six months off; the pressing problems of the day were all connected with the depreciated and fluctuating value of Costa Rican money. The dollar, or "colon," which once had been worth two shillings, was now worth something less than a shilling, and day by day its value varied slightly. Enter a shop to make a purchase, and the salesman would detain you until, by a calculation done before your eyes on paper, he had determined the difference between your English or American money and the Costa Rican currency at the day's rate of exchange. 'Tis a tedious process



STREET SCENE IN ONE OF THE POORER STREETS OF SAN JOSE. THE OX-CARTS IN THE PICTURE ARE THE CITY'S CHIEF MEANS OF CONVEYING GOODS.

to the stranger, and one disheartening to a people who find that, by some mysterious law which they cannot understand, their money decreases in actual purchasing power. Because of this depreciation in their money the Costa Ricans are poorer to-day than when I first visited that country some ten or eleven years ago. Yet living is cheap in Costa Rica, cheaper by far than it is in Jamaica, and there seems a plenitude and a variety of commodities in the shops.

These shops are smaller than our own, but more tastefully arranged, and as there is no dust in San Jose they have a fresher, brighter appearance. They charge the tourist more than they do the native; he is

the outer world as it is, still bobs its hair, and this is a pity, for the girls of San Jose could boast of luxuriant tresses, black, brown, and of golden hue.

COSTA RICA is mainly a white country, but there is some admixture of Indian and also of African blood. There are pure Indians in the country; these dwell on lands of their own, obey their own chiefs while owning a sort of allegiance to the Costa Rican Government, and, on the whole, show themselves antagonistic or indifferent to the influences of civilisation. You see some of them in San Jose and in other towns of the republic; bronze-coloured, broad of face,

stolid-looking, as all Indians have ever been. They are not fond of work, and though, after some four hundred years, they have accepted the white man as part of the nature of things, I have no doubt that they still regard themselves as the rightful owners of the country, and the others as intruders. But they do not count for much in the political or economic life of the country; the workers in the highlands and on the Pacific slope of Costa Rica are white men or men of mixed blood; yet though Costa Rica is a country five times the size of Jamaica, with wonderfully fertile soil, and with a population not much more than half as numerous as ours, these peons are poor and landless. You see them, men and women, tilling the fields and performing domestic duties; you see the men working on the railroad, driving the oxcarts, clearing the hillsides, and nearly all of them are barefooted and live from hand to mouth. The American goes to Costa Rica and acquires vast tracts of land. The Jamaican goes to Costa Rica, and, toiling on the Atlantic littoral, at least earns a livelihood better than he earned in his own country. But the working classes of Costa Rica acquire no land and earn but little. What is the explanation of this?

"They are not industrious; they have no ambition," said the Costa Rican gentleman I have quoted above. "They can get land by buying it; the price is not much. But they never work enough to save anything. They work only for what they need day by day."

This may be true; but I know that all over Spanish America the rule is that there are a minority of wealthy people and a mass of workers depending on those few who are the owners of the soil. The land is in the hands of the minority, no effort is made to make the majority in any way independent. Conditions react upon disposition; to the natural indolence of the peon I add the circumstance that, strive he never so hard, he yet would find it difficult to better his position. So he does not strive. He is a labourer and a servant, a white man in the tropics going barefooted and living from hand to mouth. But perhaps he is happy: the climate is genial, his wants are few. One day, however, when the democratic, socialistic stir of the world begins to be felt in Costa Rica there may come a drastic change. A practically landless people in a country with plenty of fertile land is an anomaly that will not forever endure.

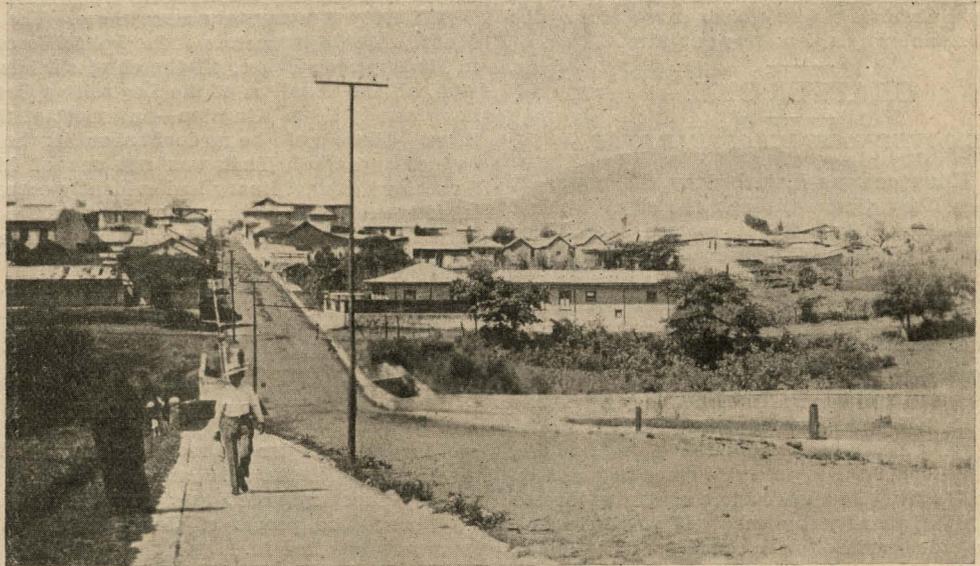
It is from Port Limon up to Squires that you meet the Jamaica labourer, the black man of brawn and muscle, who made the development of this part of Costa Rica possible. He is found in large numbers in Port Limon, and along the railway track for some distance beyond that town. Only he or his like could have lived and worked in those dank, swampy, terribly hot regions, where it rains almost every day and where the jungle teems with poisonous snakes and with still more poisonous diseases. It seems impenetrable that jungle: the great trees towering overhead, their roots and trunks swathed in the grass and creepers that flourish with hideous profusion in the sodden, steaming earth. The heat is intense, it would seem as though no ray of the sun could penetrate those reeking depths, no breath of God's air find its way through them to relieve the hideous odour of putrid vegetation. Yet men armed with machettes have cleared thousands of those fetid acres of wood and underbrush, have planted the suckers from which come the golden fruit of commerce, and have built station towns in which hundreds of people live. This has been the work of the Jamaican labourer and the

rency. But the hurricane's effects are at any rate not permanent, and in 1923 conditions have been better in Limon than they were in the latter half of 1922.

It may be that some remedy will be found for the Panama Disease. It is said that after the land has been allowed to lie fallow for seven years, it can be replanted out in fruit: they are doing this now and with success, but it yet remains to be seen how long the trees will continue to bear before they are again assailed by the disease. They are experimenting, too, with a new variety of banana from the East, a variety believed to be immune from Panama Disease. That may some day prove the salvation of countries like Costa Rica. In the meantime there are some ten thousand Jamaicans in that republic, and most of them look forward to when they shall be able to return to their native land, better circumstanced than when they left it. That hope they never abandon, and because of it, and their pride in the British flag, they insist that their children shall be taught English and not Spanish in the elementary schools.

I like their feeling, but I know that many will

save what might be extracted from the sight of the turbulent Reventazon roaring and foaming its way down to the Caribbean Sea. But now, of a sudden as it were, the scene is changed. The dense forests give place to wide stretches of blue hills with valleys in between, the sky is of a bright and glorious blue, the glow of the sun is less fierce, its radiance more sparkling, its light a mellow gold. Cooler and cooler grows the atmosphere, steeper and steeper the ascent; precipices and yet more precipices yawn to this side and to that; great bridges span tremendous ravines; one catches one's breath in apprehension as the train shrieks and thunders across a chasm which ancient earthquakes have ripped in the bowels of the earth. How beautiful it is; how exhilarating; interesting, too, in an economic sense, for you cannot fail to notice the changes industrially that have taken place from Squires almost up to Cartago. For here are bananas where formerly there were but trees of no economic value; here are plantations of fruit where once was ruin and waste. The Panama Disease has driven the American entrepreneur into the heart of the coun-



THE TOWN OF PORT LIMON, WHICH IS MAINLY INHABITED BY JAMAICANS. HERE IT RAINS ALMOST EVERY DAY.

never come back to Jamaica, and that the children born in Costa Rica will grow up as citizens of that country; they would feel themselves strangers in Jamaica should they return. The land in which they were born will claim them; they are being bound to it by ties of association and habit; they are adapting themselves daily to it: some day, when they are grown to manhood, they will discover that they are Costa Ricans and not Jamaicans. For good or for ill, Costa Rica has endowed herself, on her Atlantic slope, with a permanent population of African descent. Such a population you will find on the Atlantic littoral of all Spanish America. This belt of black workers is from twenty to thirty miles deep; beyond it you find other races and habits of life. In Costa Rica the Jamaican lives as far inland as Squires, or thirty miles from the seafront upon which stands the town of Port Limon. Above that he is rarely to be found; and above Squires, too, as the traveller observes, the scenery swiftly changes, the vegetation is different, and the atmosphere, from hot and humid, becomes cool and pleasing to the lungs of men.

try, away from the hot lands, up into the hills where it was once believed that bananas could never grow. And now the scene on either side is changed.

Bananas are cultivated to-day at and even above Turrialba, sixty-one miles from Port Limon. When this fruit was first planted at an elevation of two thousand feet in Jamaica (I think it was at the suggestion, or by the direct action, of Captain List) failure was prophesied. There was no failure, and with fruit growing at a much higher elevation in Costa Rica to-day there is no failure. But there is great expense. Every additional mile upward means a higher cost of transportation, and I was told that some of the feeders for the main line of this Costa Rican railway run some forty miles laterally into the interior. The fruit, too, at these heights, takes a longer time to mature than on the lowlands. But I myself think its quality distinctly better; it is a finer type of fruit. I ate better-flavoured bananas in Costa Rica in 1923 than I did in 1913.

Some prosperity to this part of the country has been brought by this extension of banana cultivation. There are now settlements along the upper part of the line which I did not observe in 1913: they may have been there, but they must then have been insignificant in size. And the Costa Rican peasant who happens to own a patch of land now grows bananas for export, and the Costa Rican gentleman plants bananas as shade trees for his coffee, and sells them to the United Fruit Company, thus ensuring himself a present as well as a future revenue. Hence Turrialba, which was not much of a town ten years ago, but which just now is situated well within the new banana region, shows signs of prosperity and has grown to respectable proportions. I predict that, unless the fruit entirely gives out here, and coffee is unprofitable, Turrialba will increase as the years go on; it will become one of the more important cities of Costa Rica. It is well in the way of economic progress. Its growth and development are assured. It will hold a bigger place yet in the republic than Cartago holds to-day.

CARTAGO, the first capital of Costa Rica, built on a plain surrounded by towering mountains, destroyed again and again by earthquake, but always restored, has been rehabilitated since its last calamity some twelve or thirteen years ago. Its streets are wide and well laid-out, its cathedral dominates the other buildings; it is in the heart of the best coffee-producing district of Costa Rica, and under the shadow of the volcano Irazu it pursues the peaceful tenor of its way.

Under the shadow of Irazu; but that is a menace, not a protection.

I stood one morning in a group on the savannah outside of the city of San Jose. The eyes of us all were fixed on the summit of a distant mountain, a summit above which something that looked like a bank of cloud rested and slightly moved. As we watched, we saw this cloud rise higher and higher, streaming slowly away to the right; and always from

(Continued on Page 14.)



ON THE RAILROAD FROM PORT LIMON TO SAN JOSE. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN NEAR SEQUIRES, ABOUT 30 MILES FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST.

American capitalist, and to-day Port Limon is partly a West Indian town.

The Jamaican in Costa Rica is not as well off, and therefore not as happy, to-day as he was ten years ago. No one is in Costa Rica. There is less work there now, and harder times, though this will doubtless change a little later on.

Last year a hurricane swept over part of Limon Province and destroyed a large number of banana trees. And for years before that the steady abandonment of fruit cultivation had been proceeding on the lowlands. This has affected employment, and to this must be added the consequences of a depreciated cur-

AS the train steams out of Squires, which has grown astonishingly in the last ten years, as you leave behind you this settlement of wooden buildings with corrugated iron roofs, earth streets, and dark-hued population, the country suddenly opens wide and far-reaching to the view. Hitherto your range of vision had been bounded mainly by the living walls of the jungle through which the railway track is cut. You had noticed that where, in former years, there were bananas only, you saw to-day fine plantations of cocoa, which, alas, at present brings no price. The skies were cloudy, the air heavy with moisture; there was little pleasure in that hot ride upwards

WHERE WAS HE? A COMEDY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By Septimus Theophilus Squalitone, author of "How to Be Happy Though Hungry," "Borrowing Made Easy," "The Medicinal Properties of a Drink," "The Principles of Personal Abuse," Etc.

"Planters' Punch" has been fortunate to secure for this issue the exclusive rights of Mr. S. T. Squalitone's latest Jamaica story. Mr. Squalitone himself has modestly described it as a masterpiece and one destined to win for him the fervent admiration of the Scandinavian nations as soon as it shall have been translated into their languages. He feels that its publication abroad will inaugurate another of those "new eras," one of which Jamaica enjoys about every six months.

The scene of the story is laid in Kingston, the time apparently is the earlier part of the year 1923. In those distant days we had a City Council, the Attorney General was still among us, Sir John Pringle was alive, and the GLEANER "Wants" were working wonders. This story, then, may be said to have historical as well as topical interest, and future students of Jamaica's development will doubtless peruse it carefully in order to obtain a clear conspectus of the habits and manners of a time long vanished.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE GOVERNOR'S DISAPPEARANCE.

ALL Kingston was disturbed by the news. It ran like wildfire through the city. At first no one believed it; it seemed incredible; never before had it been reported that a Governor was lost, murdered may be; yet this was the story that passed from lip to lip and sent newspaper reporters rushing about in wild haste in the hope of learning that the report was true.

The facts that were known were few and simple. At nine o'clock that morning His Excellency Sir Leslie Probyn had left King's House, apparently with the intention of going down to Headquarter House, where, it was understood, he had to write some minutes on the best and subtlest ways of increasing the income tax, granting an annuity to discharged prisoners as a reward for their services to the country, and inducing the Legislative Council to deal with public matters in a reasonable frame of mind. So much he had made known at the office the day before, and the Clerk of the Council, Mr. Stern, had offered to assist him if such assistance would entail no sacrifice of time or any other inconvenience.

But Sir Leslie had courteously refused to avail himself of the Clerk's unexpected generosity; the next day, he had said on leaving, would be a very serious one for himself, the country, and certain well-known public men, and he wished to be by himself. This remark had not struck Mr. Stern, at the time, as being particularly significant, for Mr. Stern's mind was just then occupied with a bitter contemplation of the sins of the Government Printing Office, which (he alleged) would not send him proofs of Government Bills in time. But to-day Mr. Stern remembered it with startling vividness; coming so soon before the mysterious disappearance of His Excellency, the remark seemed fraught with sinister significance. Mr. Stern went about repeating it in strictest confidence to whoever would listen. He found a ready audience.

At nine o'clock, then, on Thursday morning, Sir Leslie had left King's House, presumably for Headquarter House. We say presumably, for it soon transpired that he had not told anyone, positively, that his destination was Headquarter House. That destination had been taken for granted; it was only after everybody had consulted everybody else that it was discovered that the Governor had not taken anyone into his confidence as to where he was going that day.

The Governor's chauffeur, when closely questioned by no less a person than Colonel Clark, Inspector General, told a story that was almost incredible. He had been ordered by His Excellency, he said, to stop within a block of Headquarter House and return home at once. He had wondered vaguely at this, but felt that, as a good servant, it was his business to obey without making reply, or reasoning why, since he had noticed that argumentative chauffeurs had a habit of losing their jobs. Colonel Clark showed at first a strong disinclination to disbelieve the man's statement, and cross-questioned him in a masterly manner that would have lost the Police any case they took to court. But the man refused to alter what he said, even when it was suggested to him that he did not know the Governor, whom he had been driving for years. Nothing could be done to shake his explicit assertion, which the Inspector General hinted would be taken down and used against him later on. He was warned not to say a word of all this to any person connected with the Press, since the Police would like to retain for itself the distinction of misleading the newspapers.

The discovery of the loss of His Excellency had come about, it should be explained, in this way. At eleven o'clock on that historic Thursday, someone had called at King's House to see the Governor. The visitor was informed that the Governor was at Headquarter House and had been there for a couple of hours. As the reason of his call was extremely important, the visitor hurried down to Headquarter House, there to find only the assistant to the Clerk of the Council and a servant or two: these assured him that His Excellency had not been there that day. It

was suggested that he should try the Colonial Secretary's Office. Thither he hied; but there they knew nothing whatever: they had not seen the Governor that day. A telephone message to King's House elicited the information that the Governor had not returned home; then the Attorney General's Office was tried, and the Treasury, and the Merchants' Exchange; and after that the Telephone Exchange persisted in refusing to answer any further calls, this being one of the customs of the Telephone Exchange. An hour had now elapsed but no alarm was yet engendered. Another hour passed; lunch was awaiting His Excellency at home; and then it was that the chauffeur remembered that he had not been told when and where to call for his master. All at once a horrible suspicion sprang into being. Where was the Governor? What had become of him? Was he murdered, or kidnapped; or had he fled from the island?

There was a mystery somewhere. The news got about. All the Inspectors of the Police Force repaired to Headquarter House, all the chief officials in Kingston, all the members of the Legislative Council who happened to be in Kingston—and most of them were there. There could be no doubt about it: the Governor had disappeared. That was not one of his habits. Something extraordinary had evidently occurred. An investigation was begun at once, with the Attorney General in charge, and Colonel Clark to see that the search was conducted along the lines most approved in all the detective stories he had read in his early youth.

CHAPTER TWO.

WHAT LED UP TO IT.

IN our first chapter the reader has been brought face to face with the bare outlines of one of the most thrilling mysteries that ever startled and perplexed the people of Jamaica. Those outlines must now be filled in.

On the day previous to this strange disappearance, there had been a sitting of the Legislative Council, at which a most acrimonious debate had taken place. The question being discussed was whether a carpet for a church at Mount Tabernacle should be charged duty or not, the custom being that articles intended for the use of churches should be admitted free on the application of members of the Council. On this occasion, however, Mr. French, usually a very religious man, had raised an objection: he did not, he said, consider that a carpet was an article of religion, for people usually wiped their feet on it. "That is what seems to be done with religion here," the Governor had observed, facetiously, according to Mr. William Morrison, but seriously, some of the elected members thought. This unfortunate remark at once plunged the whole House into a state of violent excitement, and the Rev. Mr. Young rose to move the adjournment of the House in order that he might resent His Excellency's words and also prove that the people of Jamaica had as high a regard for religion as any other people, even though it might not have the slightest effect upon their lives.

Mr. Young's speech was followed by others: there was no maintaining order. Mr. Lightbody called the Governor a Deist, and when challenged by Mr. Gideon to say what a Deist was, retorted that everybody knew—"he was a man who did not believe in God." "The word you should have used was 'Theosophist,'" replied Mr. Gideon with infinite superiority, then asked the orderly to bring him a dictionary so that he might find out just what a Theosophist was. The Rev. Mr. Graham seemed to fancy that the foundations of Christianity were being assailed, for he kept calling out loudly, "woe is me, woe am I," being somewhat doubtful as to which was exactly the grammatical way of voicing his woe, and wishing, by using both expressions, to be on the safe side. Mr. Davis, the Auditor General, on the strength of having presided over one Salvation Army demonstration at the Ward Theatre, rose and begged his honourable colleagues to remember that religious and secular matters should be kept strictly apart, religion having the right to only one-seventh of our time, the rest of which should be devoted to profane pursuits. He suggested that church matters had already been sufficiently discussed that day, and that the legislators had displayed all the bitterness of spirit and malignity of feeling that could fairly be expected from professing Christians. He thought that now they would be well advised to proceed to deal with comparatively peaceful subjects such as the proposed increase of the income tax. But no one would listen to him; and at length the Attorney General, after a hasty consultation with the Governor, moved the adjournment of the House until the following Tuesday.

This motion was put and carried after debate, and the legislators trooped out of the chamber declaring in excited tones that, at last, a real crisis had developed in Jamaica. The next day it was reported, in great headlines in the local Press, that His Excellency had said that Jamaica's religion was a carpet to be walked upon, and men who would as soon have died as have given threepence to a church, were hot

with indignation at the alleged suggestion that they were not all earnest practising Christians.

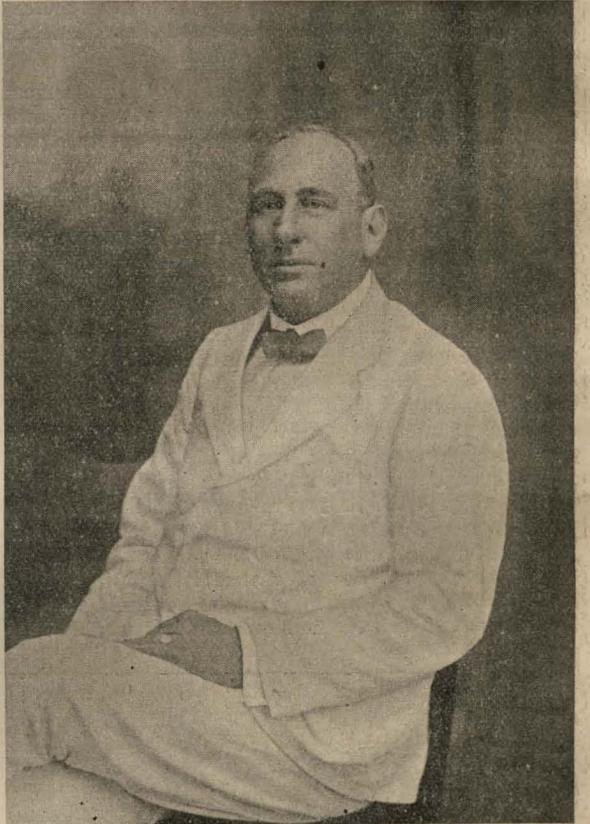
The country members of the Legislative Council, who would ordinarily have departed to their homes on Thursday afternoon or Friday morning, determined to remain in Kingston on Thursday with the object of finding out, from conversations with people they knew in the city, how their strong stand in the interests of religion was regarded. The Governor, immediately after the adjournment of the House on Wednesday, summoned a meeting of the Privy Council to discuss what should be done. At that meeting he proposed that a committee should be appointed to investigate what he had said.

"I cannot," he said, "I cannot allow it to be charged against me that I am a Deist; it must be a dreadful thing to be a Deist. A small committee, with powers to summon witnesses and to take evidence on oath, should be appointed, and the whole question threshed out. Perhaps Sir John Pringle would preside."

"My advice, Your Excellency," said Sir John, "is to leave the matter alone. It will blow over. Only the other day I was called a philosopher, but I took no notice of that; and now no one remembers the incident except myself."

"Besides," said Mr. William Morrison weightily, "we have got to determine what were the intentions of the man who said Your Excellency was a Deist. If those intentions were not bad, the investigation would be needless. If they were bad, the investigation would simply establish or fail to establish that fact, and after that we might have the trouble of being forced to proceed against him *in forma pauperis* or by *decree nisi*, and I am not sure that you can proceed against a member of the Legislative Council for any—"

HON. C. G. H. DAVIS



Auditor General and quoter of the classics.

The Hon. Davis, Auditor General of Jamaica, is a native of Demerara and a nominated member of Jamaica's Legislative Council. When Mr. Davis first came to Jamaica and assumed his duties as a legislator, he thought to take an active and personal interest in the affairs of the Council. He spoke in some debates, particularly on matters with which he was perfectly well acquainted. But on one occasion, on his happening to quote in Latin the well-known tag about the shoemaker sticking to his last, several members of the House (apparently imagining that he was abusing them in an unknown tongue) called out in expostulation, and the Governor-President implored him to speak in English. "The subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Or, if that is to say too much—and it is—it is nevertheless true that, since that occasion, Mr. Davis's voice has very rarely been heard in debate. He may relent later on and once again take part in those discussions which provide "copy" for the newspapers; meanwhile his colleagues have come to regard him as a very genial, pleasant man, who shows a keen interest in movements outside the range and scope of strictly official life. He is liked by the many persons who have met him in Jamaica, his cordiality being quite unaffected. And if the Council did not understand his Latin quotation, that was the Council's fault. How could he guess that the members would think he was indulging in scandalously abusive Egyptian?

thing he may say in Council. The thing to do is boldly to challenge him to repeat it outside of the Council, feeling sure that he will not dare to do so. If, like a fool, he does repeat the remark, the wisest thing to do is to pretend that you haven't heard it, for it may be very inconvenient to take him up on it then. If I may say so respectfully, sir—and I am willing to do what Your Excellency may ultimately decide is the best thing in the circumstances—if I may say so, I would ignore all the minor details of this disagreeable controversy, and, fixing my attention on what is essential in the question, I would ask some fluent speaker on the Government side of the House to deliver one or two powerful speeches in defence of religion and of the necessity of cultivating the spirit of charity. I would ask that eloquent speaker to descant on the beauties of the religious life as it is practised at August Town, and to pay a beautiful compliment to the ecstatic expression of the member for St. Mary, the Rev. and Hon. Graham, when he is incorrectly quoting a text of Scripture. Finally, that powerful and eloquent speaker could make an appeal to the patriotism of Jamaicans, being himself a Jamaican—that is important—and bid them, throwing all narrowness aside, unite for the progress of our beloved country. Hear! Hear!

"That is all very well," said His Excellency, "but I have my character to think of. What would the Colonial Office say if they knew I had been called a Deist, and had made no attempt to investigate the charge?"

"They will say nothing, sir," Mr. Gideon assured him. "They will know that you are above any such thing as Deism. I have always, I am proud to say, regarded Your Excellency as an Atheist, like the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Patriarch of the Coptic Church. I have an excellent book on the Coptic Church at Port Antonio. I have had it for years. I have never read it. If you like, sir, I should be glad to lend it to you."

But the Governor shook his head. He saw that his Privy Council was not inclined to aid him to refute those who had cruelly assailed him on the religious side. He dismissed his advisers with the cryptic remark that he would deal with this matter in his own fashion. That remark was now remembered by each of them, with saddening effect. They feared the worst. They feared suicide.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE INVESTIGATION.

IT was, then, three o'clock in the afternoon, and Headquarter House was crammed. A special bulletin had been issued by the Gleaner on the Governor's disappearance, and thousands of copies had been eagerly purchased. All the facts that were known were repeated in slightly different words again and again: the facts were few, the repetitions multitudinous. The public was assured that it would be kept informed of developments by an unsleeping and vigilant Press, fully alive to the necessity of increasing its circulation. The public appeared much impressed by this striking evidence of disinterested devotion to duty.

By common consent, the Attorney General was judged to be the best man available to assume control of the situation. It was felt that his tact and urbanity were qualities of which the country stood in great need just now; everybody turned to him as the man of the hour. He was not unappreciative of this universal confidence.

"The first thing we have got to do," he announced, "is to find out if the Governor came here at any time to-day. That will give us a clue to start with. After that we should go to tea."

"Tea!" exclaimed Mr. Lightbody in astonishment. "Tea! Did you say tea?"

"I am under the impression that I did," said Mr. Wells-Durrant. "What did you think I said?"

"I thought you said tea," replied Mr. Lightbody sternly. "I am distinctly under the impression that I heard you say 'tea.'"

"Well, so I did," agreed Mr. Wells-Durrant. "What about it?"

"How, Mr. Attorney General, how, at such a time as this, can you suggest tea?"

"My dear Lightbody, if you want something stronger I am not going to object; tea is a word that can cover any sort of drink at four o'clock in the afternoon."

"It is not that I meant, Mr. Attorney, and I am sorry you have so misunderstood me. There are times when I will take a cup of tea like any other man, and I don't care who knows it. But when we are looking for our Governor's body—now that he is no longer with us, I will say the body of our late beloved Governor—it does not seem to me to be quite right and proper for anyone to suggest that we should have tea. No, sir. It doesn't. I never was one of those who flattered the Governor, but I could not think of tea when he is no more with us—TEA!"

"Do you mean, Lightbody, that if we don't find the Governor by eight o'clock to-night, we are not to have dinner?" enquired the Attorney General, gazing at the member for St. James in surprise.

"I don't go as far as that," said Mr. Lightbody. "At eight o'clock I shall be very hungry, and it will not help the Governor if I give myself indigestion. But what I want to say is this: let us cut out tea for this one afternoon. It will not be such a great sacri-

fice, Mr. Attorney, and it will show that, though we are members of the Legislative Council, we have some decent feelings left. I think that we ought to conduct this investigation with unwearying persistence until dinner time. It is the least we can do. Besides, I never take tea."

"I have no objection," said the Attorney General, "but what I am afraid of is that if we begin our work with too much fervour and earnestness, we shall soon grow weary of it. A calm and equable spirit is what we need just now, with plenty of time for rest and reflection. However, let us start. I think we should question Mr. Stern. Mr. Stern, do you think you can help us?"

"It all depends on what you mean by help," said Mr. Stern. "As you know, I have not been given a proper office since I became Clerk of the Council, and yet I am expected to be responsible for all the documents here. Everybody can come into this place and do what he likes. Yet when I ask for an office—"

"But all this has nothing to do with the Governor," interrupted the Attorney General. "We want to know, did you see the Governor this morning?"

"I am coming to that, but you don't give me a chance," petulantly protested Mr. Stern. "If I had had a proper office, I might have seen the Governor if he had come here this morning, for he might have come into my office."

"I gather, then, that you did not see him?"

"No; but when he was leaving yesterday, as I may tell you in the strictest confidence, he said to me that to-day would be a serious one for him and for the country and for all those who had criticised him unjustly. The moment he said it, a peculiar feeling came over me. I am not a superstitious man, but I can distinctly remember now that a peculiar feeling came over me then. Referring to my office—"

HON. A. E. FFRENCH, M.B.E.



who has nobly set the Example of dressing in frockcoat and top hat on the opening days of the Legislative Council. Nobody follows his Example.

Uncle Freddie is the only member of the Legislative Council who carries a stick. This he bears aggressively, Irishman fashion; but Uncle Fred, unless he is stirred to temporary anger, is a most genial and peaceful person, full of anecdotes about the past and exhaling generally the utmost goodwill towards all men. We are all told that the wages of sin is death. But Mr. Ffrench has a striking story, in which he figures as the hero, which goes to prove that the recompense of wrongdoing, or what may by Puritans be considered such, may be an excellent job leading to great success in life! A man with such a kindly philosophy is certain to be liked, and Uncle Fred indeed has hosts of friends. But some enemies also. For under all his genuine kindness and cordiality there is a rugged independence of character, and this comes out again and again in absolutely unfettered expression. Disturb his equanimity, open a fight with him, and his stentorian voice will utter the thoughts that arise within him, some of them extremely unpleasant for an opponent to hear. Uncle Fred sometimes denounces lengthy speeches in the Council in speeches of inordinate duration; when he has ended one of these, he goes out into the lobby and expresses the opinion that he is "as bad as the rest." Although Jamaica is a land where sharp attacks are in vogue, he always makes it a point to remind his colleagues that to attack some official personally, when it is known that the man cannot reply, is not exactly a heroic thing. He may justly be described as a perfectly companionable human being, and a jolly good friend. He speaks like a radical but is by disposition a sane, progressive conservative.

"Mr. Stern," said Mr. Lightbody gravely, "can you describe that feeling to us?"

"Yes; that is very important," agreed Mr. Graham.

"How can you describe a feeling?" demanded Mr. Stern. "It is not a chair or a piece of fish; it is a feeling. How would you describe a feeling, Mr. Lightbody?"

"I asked you that question," gravely replied Mr. Lightbody, "because all day to-day I have been having a peculiar sort of feeling myself."

"Well, gentlemen," interposed the Attorney General, fearing a lengthy debate on the subject of feelings, "interesting as this conversation is, it won't carry us much further. The police, I am informed by Colonel Clark, have already searched the Governor's private room but have found no traces of him. Still, it won't do any harm for us to look for ourselves. Will you please follow me?"

He led the way into the Governor's room. Everything was as the housecleaner had left it that morning. There was still dust on the chairs, and the very pen with which the Governor had written on the previous afternoon was on the table. The orders of the Police had been strict. Nothing was to be disturbed, was the stern command that had been issued, and nothing had been touched for some hours. Mr. Sangster, however, stepped quietly to the head of the table and carefully lifted the blotting pad. He peered carefully under the pad for a few seconds.

"Do you think His Excellency is under the pad, Mr. Sangster?" the Attorney General asked.

"There is no saying," replied Mr. Sangster. "The Government does such strange things at times that an elected critic cannot be too careful. But what I am really looking for are clues. If, for instance, we could find His Excellency's necktie anywhere in this room, we might safely argue from that that he had hanged himself. If, on the other hand, we came upon a minute advocating a new form of taxation, we might be sure he was still alive. If we found a twig or a leaf in this room we might reasonably conclude that he had drowned himself through despair at ever fathoming what I mean by my scheme of general afforestation."

"All that I found here this forenoon," interpolated Inspector-General Colonel Clark, "was a note to the effect that His Excellency thinks most highly of the Police Force of this island. I perused that note with deep emotion."

"You would," said Mr. Wint thoughtfully; "but the note itself, if it really existed, would suggest that our Governor was suffering from mental aberration."

Colonel Clark drew himself up to his full height, then rose on the tips of his toes to add another cubit to his stature. After standing on the tips of his toes for some moments, and finding that posture extremely inconvenient, if not indeed painful, he sank back on his heels and affected not to have heard Mr. Wint's remark.

"What we have to do," observed Dr. Gifford, "is to hold a post mortem examination. Without that, I don't see how we can come to any conclusion."

"You can't have a post mortem without a corpse, can you?" ask Mr. Sangster testily.

"I don't see why we can't," said Dr. Gifford. "Most of the post mortems I have attended have been held when the people dead had been buried for days, and none of the jury had seen them. If we assume now that his Excellency is dead, we can, by means of a post mortem examination, determine how he came by his death. I believe myself that the Jamaica Imperial Association is responsible for it, and if the Coroner's jury finds that I am right, we can proceed against the guilty parties."

"The procedure you recommend has much to commend it," agreed the Attorney General, "but it is not sufficiently legal to meet this case. We have no right to assume that the Governor has been murdered, though that is highly probable. He may have been kidnapped. Or he may have decamped. Or he may simply have determined to disappear for a time, so that we may be able to realise our loss and pray for his return. One of these theories we shall now have to act upon. Which do you prefer, Mr. Nash?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Nash, bowing to the Attorney General, but courteously taking care to comprehend in his salutation even those persons who were standing behind him, "since you have done me the extreme honour of asking for my views, which is the first time I can remember your having done so, I do not mind saying that I have been giving the matter my closest and most earnest attention, and have been obliged to come to the conclusion that, for once in my life, I have no opinion to offer. This distresses me greatly; so greatly does it distress me, indeed, that, as soon as I return to my parish of Manchester, I shall call a representative meeting of my constituents, which will probably be attended by as many as fifteen non-electors and any person who may have a general grievance or may want to borrow money, and place before it my failure to grapple with the serious situation now confronting this colony, and offer to resign if my constituency feels that I have not been perfectly faithful to my trust."

Here Mr. Ffrench, who had always admired Mr. Nash, was overcome by emotion, and Mr. Young remarked that the sentiments were worthy of a legislator who had no intention whatever of acting upon them.

"Order, gentlemen," cried the Attorney General,

"we must leave politics out of our investigation. I think we have done as much as we can reasonably be expected to do to-day. We have questioned the Clerk, who has given us much useful information that leads us nowhere; we have heard all about Mr. Lightbody's feelings, which never were felt; we have Colonel Clark's opinions on the police, which, in a fit of absentmindedness, he ascribed to the Governor; and we have had Dr. Gifford confess that post mortem examinations are a fraud. That is as far as we have got in discovering the whereabouts of the Governor, and we have no reason to feel ashamed of our work. We may now retire, to return to-morrow at about ten o'clock to continue our investigations. I think we could do worse than drop in at the Club to drink His Excellency's health. The bill, of course, should be charged to the country."

At this there was a burst of cheering, which, however, was stifled the moment it was remembered that the occasion was a solemn one and must be treated accordingly.

Then the gentlemen departed, leaving only the Clerk in charge. The Clerk had another peculiar feeling. It was of anger that so much of his time had been taken up by the seekers after His Excellency.

CHAPTER FOUR.

THE PUBLIC'S EMOTION.

AS was only to be expected, in the afternoon groups of people assembled at the street corners, in rumshops and bars, in the Central Park, in offices and in clubs, to discuss the startling fact of the Governor's disappearance. The school children had been given a holiday hours before, the teachers feeling quite unfit to work in such extraordinary circumstances, and devoutly hoping that those circumstances would repeat themselves every week without intermission (save during the holidays). In drawing rooms, on tennis courts, at the Liguanea and on the Constant Spring Golf-links, there was, there could only be, one topic of conversation. Where was His Excellency? Would he never come back to us? Had we, indeed, lost him for ever?

The general opinion was that we had. Mr. Henderson Davis set himself to prepare a long letter to the Press, giving his reasons for believing that never again would Sir Leslie live and move about us, planting Christmas Trees in the newspapers, issuing Memoranda of reforms, and appealing to all and sundry not to forget that though faith was good, and hope even better, yet the greatest thing in the world was charity. The Rev. Mr. Raglan Phillips, being in Kingston at the time, felt that the deep emotional mood of the people disposed them admirably to respond to an appeal to come to him to be saved, and set about making that appeal from the steps of Coke Chapel. One man immediately offered to come to him, but that man was deaf, and had mistaken the invitation to salvation as one to have a drink. Thus a noble effort to improve the occasion was not precisely fruitful.

Mr. T. R. MacMillan wondered whether it was not time for the City Council to hold an emergency meeting and pass a vote of condolence on His Excellency's death. Not that Mr. MacMillan rejoiced at death; he merely rejoiced at the prospect of tendering a little tribute to the dead man. Major Dixon, as representing a rival Board, felt that Mr. MacMillan had no right to take so important a matter into his own hand; on the principle of proportional representation, said Major Dixon, only three-fifths of Mr. MacMillan should move such a resolution, two-fifths of Major Dixon also doing likewise, thus securing that the two parishes in which His Excellency had passed most of his time should have a fairly proportionate part in recording their grief. As the afternoon grew towards evening, everyone became reminiscent, and then it was discovered that everybody had loved the Governor with a surprising fervour (peculiarly expressed), and that the Governor had not only been one of the best administrators Jamaica had ever known, but had accomplished a number of improvements which had never been hitherto mentioned or suspected.

"He loved the poor," sobbed a well-known Labour Leader; "he was solicitous for the welfare of those brave and independent souls who are ashamed to beg, afraid to steal, and too proud to work."

"He was simple and courteous in his ways," groaned a street-corner philosopher; "when that the poor hath cried, Caesar hath wept. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

The point of the allusion not being apparent, the philosopher proceeded to inform his hearers that "lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime, and, departing, leave behind us, footprints on the sands of time." But someone else raised the argument that the Governor had left no footprints by which he could be traced, upon which the philosopher remarked that His Excellency's finger prints should have been taken the moment he landed in the colony some years before.

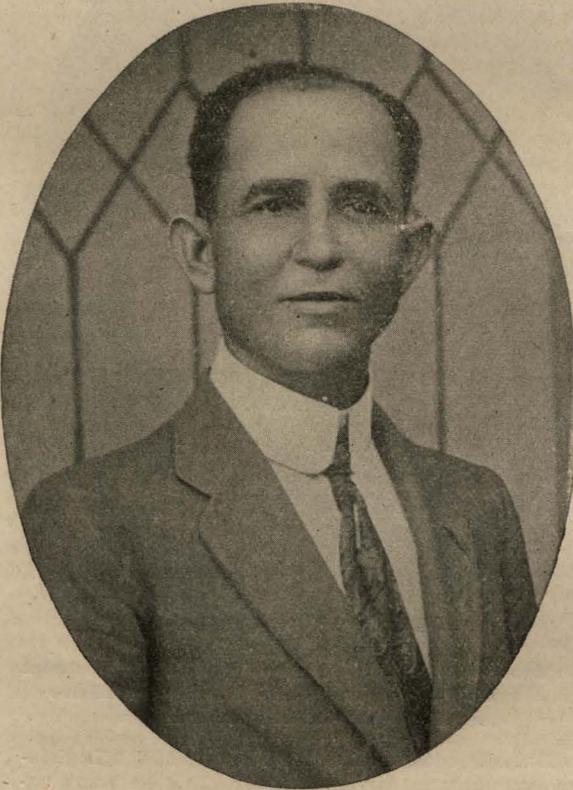
And in the newspaper offices lengthy obituaries were prepared, and all the virtues of the Governor were mentioned and emphasised, and bitter things were said about those who had unjustly criticised him. Indeed, it appeared now that it had always been some other person who had criticised the Governor. By a process of exclusion it could be proved that no one in the island had done it. No one would

admit that, at any time in the past four years, he had said one word about the Governor that could honestly be construed as unkind or bitter, or as, indeed, anything but a slightly hidden compliment. Everyone prepared to indulge in an orgy of praise and regret, and members of the Legislative Council made up their minds irrevocably that they would attend a splendid memorial service for the late Governor on the understanding that motor cars for their conveyance would be provided by the State.

The sun sloped towards the west, the gentle breezes of the north stirred up the dust and made life intolerable, it was known that in another hour the silver stars would peep forth in the sky, and a slender sickle of moon would gleam in the blue heavens above. Soon it would be night, sad night with her mantle of darkness, with her silence and calm, and a sorrowful island would shudder at the tragedy which, there could now be no doubt, had befallen it. A hush fell upon the city, a deep hush broken only by motor cars blowing their horns loudly and rushing along at full speed, by dogs beginning their evening bark, hooligans practising the laugh they laugh in order to prevent respectable residents from sleeping, by tram-cars sounding their gongs, and by cabmen ringing their bells. But for these noises the silence was profound; it was the silence of twilight, that time when peace seems to steal over the earth, and thieves prepare to go forth and steal. The larger stores and shops and offices had closed their doors, the Chinamen had lit their lamps, the moving picture palaces were tuning up their music, the policemen had disposed themselves at convenient points for indulgence in restful repose. It was twilight; soon it would be night, and no one but felt that there was, as it were, a shadow hanging over Kingston. Everybody said he felt that shadow. Some declared that it had been perceptible on the previous evening.

And then, somehow, through the city, a rumour took its way. How it originated no one could say, but it spread and spread, and soon it was known everywhere that the Governor was found. Found? Not exactly that, but he had made his appearance again;

HON. P. W. SANGSTER



who once objected to the ringing of church bells while he indulged in his morning's nap.

Mr. Sangster is represented in the photograph appearing above as being in the odour of sanctity. He seems to have stood right beneath a church window to have his picture taken: was it that nothing less than a religious edifice would serve the purposes of Peter? And yet it was he who once introduced a resolution into the Legislative Council with the aim of putting a stop to churches ringing their bells together at early hours of the morning, his contention being that this disturbed the peace and rest of that very large section of the community which did not want to go to church. He afterwards withdrew this resolution, so we may assume that he became converted; then he took his portrait near a church, from which we may legitimately conclude that he has his eye on holy orders. Most persons, however, will prefer him as a layman. As such, in the Legislative Council, he has performed some excellent public work. He is one of the most independent members of the House, combining courage with moderation and fearlessness with courtesy. Now and then he gives signs of obstinacy, but on the whole he is a very reasonable public man, one of the sort with whom you can work, whether you agree with or differ from him. As one of the larger landowners of Jamaica, he understands the views and the difficulties of his class. But while he endeavours to protect their interests, he strives quite as strenuously to protect the interests of other classes of the country as well.

he had been seen in Kingston driving in a cab in the direction of his residence at about seven o'clock; he had been seen on the Old Hope Road; more, he had arrived at King's House. This was astonishing, astounding, incredible: no one wanted to believe it. Was a nice little tragedy, an exquisite bit of mystery, to be spoiled by the fact of survival? Were regrets to be proved vain, grief premature, votes of condolence unnecessary, interminable newspaper correspondence nipped in the bud? Was there to be no State Service, were the good deeds of the Governor to be forgotten? It seemed so. One editor, on hearing the latest news, and being convinced that it was authentic, sat down immediately and began changing his eulogy into a tirade of fierce condemnation. He altered a word here, a phrase there, a sentence elsewhere, until, instead of honey, his article bore a close resemblance to oil of vitriol. (This was not difficult, for editorial articles for a daily paper are so written that they can be changed into anything you like.) Those elected members who were still in Kingston at once assembled together to draw up a series of questions relating to the Governor's extraordinary conduct—not his disappearance, but his reappearance after everybody had resigned himself to the inevitable and was disposed to place laurel wreaths on the departed's monument. It was felt and said everywhere that the country had been shamefully treated. One well-known public man protested that this was what was to have been expected from any attempt to change the Constitution.

No one slept that night, except the vast majority of the city's inhabitants and all the policemen. The rogues and the hooligans refused to sleep.

The Legislative Council, it was happily remembered, would meet on the following Tuesday. Then, if not till then, the Governor would have to explain his conduct. A crisis was approaching. This, at any rate, was some relief, for during the past two days there had only been one crisis, and the social and political situation had been in danger of becoming abnormal as a result.

CHAPTER FIVE.

THE REAPPEARANCE.

IT was Tuesday forenoon, and an air of expectancy pervaded Headquarter House, the historic building wherein met the Legislative Council of Jamaica, that deliberative assembly which has been so beautifully described as the step-son of Parliaments. All the elected members were present, and each wore his characteristic expression, supplemented by a look which seemed to indicate that the wearer of that look was determined to probe to the very heart of this mystery at any peril and danger to himself—the latter being nil. All the official members were in attendance, and they too wore their customary expression, suggesting indifference tempered with a little anxiety; and the non-official nominated members had all assembled, and they also looked as they always did—desirous of appearing at once as popular representatives and as staunch supporters of the Administration, and not certain whether the two roles were compatible.

The Hon. Horace Myers was there. When questioned as to his health that morning, he absent-mindedly murmured something about the effect of the 16 Dutch Standard on the mind, a remark which caused the Hon. J. H. Phillipps to exclaim that if he heard one word that day about the Dutch Standard he would scream. This brought Mr. Hewitt to the fore. With great anxiety but adamant firmness he enquired of Mr. Phillipps whether, in the event of the latter's screaming, the scream would be a loud, or a medium or a quiet one; "for," he added, with patriotic earnestness, "my vote on the subject will entirely depend on the nature of the scream." But this exemplary effort to throw water on a lighted match was without effect, for, with a haughty gesture, and seizing hold of one of Mr. William Morrison's yellow gloves, Mr. Myers flung it down before Mr. Phillipps, as the knights of old were wont to do when they challenged an opponent to mortal combat.

Evidently Mr. Phillipps had forgotten his history. Patently the memory of romances he had read what time he stood upon the brink of manhood had been obliterated from his mind. For instead of picking up the glove (or gauntlet) and fiercely hurling another at his foe, he turned to Mr. Morrison with the remark: "Sir William, Myers is taking a shameful advantage of your one pair of gloves. He is throwing them all about the floor." This brought the Hon. Willie to the rescue at once, for it is known that he feels quite undressed in these days unless he is garbed in his gloves. He stooped hurriedly to pick up the challenge, that Horace had flung down with so much haughtiness and pride. This spoiled the effect of that dramatic scene, which perceiving, Mr. Myers strode from the lobby muttering, "I will crush the Dutch Standard yet, or write more letters about it, and I will light such a torch in Jamaica with Vulcan Matches as shall not be put out by any heretical Apostle from the East."

It was then that a welcome diversion occurred. Solemnly through those spacious halls resounded the rap of the Clerk's knuckles upon the table, this being the customary summons to members to be in their

(Continued on Page 13.)

JOHN CHINAMAN IN JAMAICA

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

This is an interesting though brief study of the Chinese in Jamaica. It is written from close personal observation extending over many years.

"JOHN," said I insinuatingly, "what are you studying?"
 "Me no unde'stand."
 "That book you have in your hand, what is it? Chinese? English?"
 "Me no unde'stand."
 "Yes, you do," I persisted. "You understand very well indeed. What is the price of that?" I pointed to a tin of something on a shelf in the little shop.
 "One-an'-tupence."
 "And of that?"
 "Two shillin'."
 "That book now; how much would you sell it for?"

But the young Chinaman merely grinned at me, this being another way of expressing his inability to understand anything connected with the little volume he held in his hand. He would not understand, my curiosity being something which must have struck him as suspicious and therefore to be baulked. Yet, in spite of his taciturnity on the subject, I knew quite well what he was doing. He was studying English, and the book was some sort of Chinese-English dictionary which he coned in those brief intervals of time when customers were lacking and a word or two of English might be added to his vocabulary.

THE shop was the usual type of place to which we have become accustomed in Jamaica; it was not only a grocery but a sort of general store; it was a department store in little, and over it presided a Chinaman who had been some time in Jamaica and had acquired a greater command of the local language than his studious assistant. On the shelves were neatly stocked tins of peaches, of condensed milk, butter, sardines, salmon, fresh herrings and what not, with bottles of preserves, pickles, jam, marmalade, prunes; ale, beer and stout; cod liver oil, olives, and Eno's Fruit Salts; everything, in short, that the largest grocery purveys.

Neat packs and packages of all sorts lined those shelves; the eye alone could make no adequate inventory of their contents. And there, in one corner, stood the boxes and barrels of salted herrings, fish, beef, pork, cornmeal, flour and rice that once formed the staples of a Chinaman's retail establishment. A Chinaman's shop was once identified with these edibles mainly and was patronised then by the poorer classes of the population. But now, though he does an even bigger business in these things than before, they represent but a part of his mercantile activities, but a fraction of his stock-in-trade. His shop may be a grocery: so it is called. But it is something else as well. It is everything. It is even a student's room, for does not John occasionally study English there when the tide of custom ebbs a little while? Witness that dictionary, so carefully thumbed by the Chinese gentleman who refused to understand.

In the large glass cases ranged along one side of the three-sided shop I see set out articles of men and of ladies' apparel. Pyjamas, merinoes, handkerchiefs, laces, face powder, hair-combs, tooth brushes, artificial jewellery: all these are here, and more. Dolls priced from a shilling to sixteen shillings, jacks-in-the-box and drums; and if you do not see them they will be produced on demand from small and mysterious recesses behind the counter. It may be that you are a housewife in search of new pots and pans, kettles, spoons, knives and the like. Do not despair; these too are part of John Chinaman's grocery stock. If you want epsom salts he will have it, or Mother Seigel's syrup, or hairpins. And he sells studs and sleeve buttons, and braces, and scented soap.

Turn now to the opposite counter. There, in tall boxes of glass you find loaves of bread baked this morning, and cakes and buns, and crisply-fried salt-fish fritters, and fritters of flour, and even fried-fish; and you will notice that these goodies are patronised extensively by little boys and girls who rush in excitedly with a penny or two, buy a tiny bit of bread and a little fritter, wolf them on the spot, or eat them slowly so as to extract the last atom of enjoyment out of them, then depart to beg, borrow or steal more pennies for another delicious meal. Fritters and essence, salt fish and hair-oil, it is all the same to John. He has them all. And if you happen to ask him for something to-day that he does not chance to stock, he expresses his sorrow and makes a mental note of your request. Pass that way a day or two hence and John will place before you that very article. It is something that has been asked for; therefore it is something that may be asked for again. He has lost a sale once. He will not run the risk of losing a similar sale again. He is in business for business, for any kind of business; if he could, he would sell you a house and a plantation in that same shop of his. Nothing comes amiss to him; nothing commercial is alien to his mind. He is interested in all things out of which a profit may be made. If I remember

rightly, he sometimes sells hymn-books and bibles; certainly he has playing cards for sale. And he can work for twelve to fourteen hours a day. And he never grows angry or loses his placid imperturbability.

YOUR Chinaman is secretive to a fault if he does not comprehend your motive in questioning him; he wants to know what is at the back of your mind before he answers; he is afraid to give himself away. But if he knows you, or believes that your intentions are not inimical, he can become communicative enough.

"You speak English fairly well," I said to a Chinese boy. "Been long in Jamaica?"
 "Sixteen month," he replied; "learnt little English in Hong Kong."

"And picked up the rest here?"
 "Went to school here six month when I first come," he admitted; "learn more English at school."

So here was another illustration of these people's determination to fit themselves for the work at hand. They are not illiterate. They all can read and write Chinese, and as I have heard that the Chinese alphabet consists of some four thousand characters they must have a devil's own job in learning to write that language. It is their patience that does it, I suppose, their remarkable patience which looks towards the end and does not flag or weary because that end seems far.

This Chinese boy had come to Jamaica from distant Hong Kong to be a shop assistant; he had learnt some English there; but most of them are masters of no other tongue besides their own when they land in this country. The first thing they have to do, then, is to learn to understand and answer customers, and this knowledge each sets himself to acquire. They are taught by one another. The names of objects are told to them and are carefully memorised. What matter if r's become l's in pronunciation, and if the objective pronoun Me is preferred to I? One does not need to be grammatically perfect in disposing of a pound of rice, nor does the latter deteriorate in quality or sell the less because it happens to be spoken of as "lice." The Chinaman born in his own country will never master our r, but he masters our trade. And that is what he set out from his land to accomplish, that is the goal of his dreams and his ambition. For this purpose he learns English sufficiently well to drive a good bargain. And he knows that more potent than correctness of speech in business are cheapness, willingness, unfailing good humour, and the making of trifling presents.

JOHN believes in giving presents to customers and in selling the smallest quantities of things for the purchase of which a coin of the realm can be found. It was he who, when first he entered the grocery business in Jamaica, introduced the custom of presenting each purchaser with a biscuit, a handful of dark sugar, a bit of salt-fish, or something of the kind. The Jamaica buyer had long been accustomed to such gratuities in kind; but not in the grocery line. There is a Spanish word, "barata," which means a barter, a bargain, a reduction in price; it was current here a hundred years ago; but in Jamaica the word had been corrupted into "braater," and had come to mean the giving gratis of something on each purchase. You obtained "braater" if you bought yams in the market, or even fish and meat; a few nails at the ironmongery were braater, and this braater was your own. You did not think of passing it on to the person whose servant or agent you were; if he wanted it he must do the buying himself. But the native grocers, it appears, were not enamoured of this system of commerce. They sternly set their faces against it, yielding at times only to considerable pressure and with obvious ill-will. Then came the Chinaman upon the scene, and he elevated the system of braater into a ritual as it were; it became a custom inviolate, a principle whose validity there could be no questioning. There was always something for him who purchased even three farthings' worth of goods: only a handful of biscuit dust it might be, but still something; and there also were the facilities for purchase which the Chinaman placed within your reach. A farthing was once a coin not held in any regard. The ordinary unit of purchase was penny-ha-penny some forty years ago, and there were silver coins of this denomination in common use. John made the farthing of importance. He would not insist upon selling you so much of this or that; if the article could be subdivided he subdivided it; he split boxes of matches, of cigarettes, he made up tiny packets of salt, he invented minute measures for kerosene oil. He trafficked largely in farthings and in half-pence, but he knew he was not wasting his time. Twelve farthings amounted to threepence, four threepences to a shilling, and those who spent farthings also had shillings to spend sometimes and would naturally patronise that place where farthings seemed as welcome as shillings. Trade followed the farthing. It followed the farthing into the Chinaman's hands. To-day Jamaica's grocery trade is

controlled by Chinamen, and now they aim at bigger things still.

"I will trust you if you have no money," said the young Chinaman. He was addressing me; occasionally I dropped in to buy cigars from him, for in his shop he sold cigars of all prices, as well as pipes and tobacco, and pocket knives and spectacles. He really knew nothing about me: at any rate, I believed not. He had merely seen me a number of times, he was not even acquainted with my name. Seeing, on this occasion, that I fruitlessly searched my pockets for silver with which to pay him, he immediately made an offer of credit. It was not in his mind that I should be allowed to leave his establishment without the thing I wanted; I might go elsewhere and thus create a new connection.

"But you do not know me," I objected.

"It all-light. You pay when you come back."

I SHOULD not have been his only debtor. He has many customers in the neighbourhood—any Chinaman has—and these drift into the habit of taking goods on tick from him and paying at the end of the week or month. He keeps curious accounts, and probably does not know half the names of his debtors correctly. But he has watched them for some time, marked which of them patronise him regularly, endeavoured to estimate their financial position, and realises that to refuse to give credit is to lose a customer. He will not lose a customer rather than run a risk; he is a stranger, very simple-looking, very obliging, very hard-working, therefore one whom the native might hold to be a proper subject for robbery. But John is not defrauded very often, for with all his readiness to extend his business he shrewdly differentiates between those likely to pay and those who will not. He used to be taken for a fool. Only fools consider him one in these days. He knows when to cease giving credit, and when to begin to insist that payment should be made.

In manner he is astonishingly democratic. I never yet heard a Chinaman address anyone as "sir" or "madam." He is disposed to offer you his hand as a token of good feeling towards you; if you refused to accept it I hardly think he would show annoyance, but he would probably regard you as a boor. He meant well, why then should you take his action amiss? He wants to be friendly: the Chinaman is by nature a friendly individual, and generous. Also laughter-loving and intensely fond of enjoying himself. He is not boisterous in the expression of his emotion; he scarcely ever laughs loudly; chuckles rather, and wrinkles up his face in smiles. But he loves to chuckle, finds much amusement in life, and aspires to be well thought of in the community in which he lives. This may seem a surprising statement to make, for the popular belief is that the Chinaman cares only to acquire wealth and then to depart to the land of his ancestors; yet those who know him well are aware that his ambition is to be regarded as a man with aspirations towards an enjoyable and respected social life. Go to a Chinese entertainment, and you will notice that the behaviour is punctiliously correct: keen eyes watch the younger Chinamen to see that they conduct themselves correctly; keen eyes also scan the faces of the guests (but casually, so that the scrutiny should not be observed) to discern what may be their feelings and their thoughts on what goes on around them. The hospitality is unstinted. Everything is of the best. But though there may be a Chinese lady here and there, these are but few, and they are silent and constrained. A Chinese formal dinner, to which outsiders are invited, is an affair for men mainly: the Chinese woman is at home. This is not because, out here in Jamaica, the Chinese custom of keeping the woman in the background prevails: it actually does not. That custom has gone the way of the pigtail in Jamaica. The Chinese woman in this country is the helpmeet of her man; she assists him in his shop or in his laundry, she aids him in buying as well as in selling; there have been Chinese women here who have shown as much business ability as their husbands. What restrains them from being much in evidence at public functions is timidity; also it is a sense of not fitting comfortably into any niche of the larger social structure. So the woman remains at home and attends to her household duties, leaving the man free to represent his race and to enjoy himself at times at picture palaces, race courses, and other places of entertainment.

BUT a problem emerges. There are about three Chinese men to one woman in Jamaica, the total number of Chinese being about 4,500. Those of the women who came to Jamaica as sisters or wives present no problem; many of the girls who were born here do.

"It puzzles us to know what to do with these," said a very intelligent and successful Chinaman to me one day. I had remarked to him that some of the younger Chinese girls were working as clerks and typists in well-known establishments, and seemed to be getting on exceedingly well.

"You mean?"

"Their marriage," he said. He hesitated a moment. "They don't want to marry Chinamen."

I offered no solution of the problem. It is one that can only be solved by the girls for themselves, and when these see an opportunity of doing it they will ask and accept advice from no one, not even their parents. For Chinese filial respect, so all-powerful in China, will have been affected by western ideas of what is due to the child as well as to the parent, and the Chinese girl, born in the West Indies, thinks as a West Indian and not as a Chinese. They may speak Chinese. But they speak English better. They read English, write in English; they think in English and they mix with a good many West Indians. They do not care to marry Chinamen, said this Chinese gentleman, but, after all, they have not been brought up in a way to encourage them to do so. The young Chinamen they might have chosen, or consented to take, are probably still in the shop. They themselves have been sent to a good school, have been put into an office, are clerks and typists, and so, in the social scale, are high above their possible Chinese suitors. There is a social gulf between them, there is certainly a difference of outlook, and—a girl is a girl. She knows who and what sort of folk are well thought of, and she wishes one who is of the favoured caste. There may be no problem for the elders if young Chinese men of education and position are produced, as in course of time they certainly will be; as, indeed, is already being done. But the girls have been the first to receive the advantages (or disadvantages) of English education and employment, and their elders do not quite see what is to become of them, matrimonially, if they refuse to marry Chinese men. There are other men besides Chinese, however, and some marriages between them and these girls will take place: that is the safest of prophecies. And the number will increase as time goes on. But, in the immediate future, for some of these girls there may be only spinsterhood, a condition abhorrent to orthodox Chinese ideas. Still, what would you? In Jamaica, if not in China, the woman has a voice in her own destiny. She may marry whom she likes, or not marry at all if her suitors are not to her liking.

I HAVE in my mind's eye as I write a picture of the first Chinese women I ever saw in Jamaica. In baggy trousers and loose jackets, with wide straw hats—nothing in the dress to tell that the wearers were women and not men—and with long poles slung across their shoulders, from each end of which hung a well-laden basket, these women trudged along the streets of our Jamaica towns selling the vegetables that they had grown. Their faces were masses of wrinkles, it was impossible to guess their ages. All of them looked old; hard toil and meagre fare had done their work upon them; they were as they would have been in China, and in Jamaica they were a never-failing source of wonder to the natives. A different picture presents itself to one's eyes in these later days. There is the Chinese woman in her shop, but hardly in native costume now, and her face is plump and she looks contented. Her children, if she is married, are bright, black-eyed urchins who scarcely ever cry, who stare at you with eyes preternaturally wise, who are cared for by their parents with a wealth of affection surpassed by no other fathers and mothers, who are the hope and the joy of the home, which is often immediately behind the shop, but quite comfortable if not as tidy as it might be. Perhaps you turn from this woman and her children to glance out into the street; a buggy or a motor car speeds past, and in it are some Chinese ladies, dressed in the mode, fluent in good English, thinking of Jamaica and not of China as their home. The evolution has been fairly rapid. It will continue. And yet, after a number of years, the end of this evolution will be the assimilation of the Chinese community by the Jamaica population. Only one thing can effectually prevent that: the immigration into Jamaica of more and yet more Chinese to keep these people a community apart, and this is what recent local legislation has been attempting to prevent.

If it succeeds, the Chinese will not remain a race apart. No race, comparatively few in numbers, with the men much in the majority, and with its educated women not caring as a rule to mate with their own males, can maintain itself in a strange country. Differences of religion might help for a long while, but the Chinese here, though they have a Temple of their own, with appropriate dragons at the entrance, and with statues of ancestors, or of Buddha—I am not sure which—and though they burn incense in this Temple and repair thither on special occasions such as Chinese holidays, are fast becoming Christians, while the Temple tends steadily to become a commodious almshouse merely.

"I DON'T know if they are really Christians," I once heard a clergyman say. "What I mean is, I don't know if they care anything about Christianity. But many of them think it helps them to belong to a church; adds to their personal importance, you see."

But if this is true of Chinese born in China, I have no doubt at all that Chinese born in Jamaica, and perhaps even in Hong Kong, are quite as sincere in their acceptance of Christianity as their religion as are the majority of Christians. (This may not be saying much. I don't think it is myself.) But however this may be, the fact stands out that religion is no bar to the Chinaman being absorbed in the community, and absorption will gradually but eventually take place if

new immigrants are prevented from invading the country in large numbers.

Meanwhile they are the smaller traders of Jamaica; they have won that position, and they will not be dislodged from it. They are laundries, restaurant keepers; they flourish in callings that demand personal supervision, patience, untiring energy, limited capital. But how is it in those lines of commerce where imagination and daring are the requisites of success?

Is the Chinaman anything more than a small re-

MR. J. A. SCOTT, J.P.



Certain qualities are invariably associated with what is fundamental in the English character: honesty of purpose, strength of will, a balanced judgment, a finely-tempered sense of justice, quiet humour, a benevolence which shuns emotional display.

No Englishman is exactly typical of all these qualities; one has them in varying proportions, and in some Englishmen some of them seem to be entirely lacking. But they are English qualities, and if I were asked to mention one man in whom I had discerned them I should not hesitate to name the subject of this sketch. The consensus of opinion will be with me. I have known Mr Scott for years, I have been able to estimate his character. And the esteem I have for him is, I know, shared by all those who have come into contact with him. For his is a personality that inspires both liking and respect.

He is one of the largest West Indian merchants, with interests in Trinidad as well as Jamaica. The businesses with which he is connected have branches in South Africa and elsewhere also, with their head offices in London. Mr. Scott is President of the West Indian section, elected to that permanent and important position because of his great experience and proved business ability; nevertheless, in business as in private life, a simpler, more modest man does not exist, nor, I venture to say, a kindlier.

A part of his life is spent in Jamaica. It was characteristic of him that, when the German submarine menace was at its height during the war, and none but those who were compelled to do so crossed the ocean, since that was almost tantamount to taking leave of life—it was characteristic of him, I say, that he should at that time have paid his annual visit to Jamaica. This was duty, and he did it; yet he might easily have allowed that year to pass without a visit to this side of the world. I am sure that those connected with him in business urged him strongly not to come. But it was duty, and that was all there was to say about it. He himself said nothing; he merely did what he had to do. And that is the man in a single act.

There are some Englishmen who realise that by the personal character and attitude of one man a whole nation is often judged. Such generalisations are absurd, nevertheless they are constantly made, and it is right that everyone should realise this fully. Whether Mr. Scott has ever consciously realised it or not I cannot say; but if he had set out from earliest youth with the determination to give a good impression of his people to everyone with whom he might chance to come in touch, he could not better have succeeded. I am sure that every West Indian who knows him likes Englishmen as a whole far better for that experience, and that is the highest compliment that one could pay to him. For he is English to the backbone, a devoted if undemonstrative lover of his country. He belongs to that type of English merchant who, doing his duty in his own calling, has helped to make his country what it is.

tailer; has he the capacity for big business? Is he the equal, say, of the Syrian, who is able to think not merely in hundreds but in hundreds of thousands of pounds, and from quite small beginnings may build up considerable enterprises? A definite answer to this question would be very interesting reading for Jamaicans.

Up to now the Chinese have not developed into big business men according even to the moderate Jamaica standard, though many of them, once retailers, are now wholesale merchants on a limited scale. Does this indicate a circumscribed outlook in business, a natural inability to attempt speculation on a considerable scale? Or is it that the Chinese who are here are but quietly feeling their way onward, creeping before they walk, as the old saying goes? China has never been developed industrially by her own people. It possesses great natural resources, but it is the foreigner who is now endeavouring to exploit these; the Chinese did not set the example. So it may be that the Chinaman, patient and industrious and hard-working, like the Spaniard, is, like the Spaniard, a man who thinks in small coins mainly, a man who accumulates a competence by years of steady toil, not one like the Englishman or the American who launches forth upon colossal enterprises "to succeed or bust." So it may be, and yet one must not be too certain. For there is something still to say.

I am told by Americans who have been to Shanghai, Canton and elsewhere that in those provinces there are great Chinese business houses which thrive and grow rich; big Chinese banks; Chinese industries planned and conducted on a spacious and generous basis. And in some of the American and English colonies in the East the Chinese merchant is much more than a huckstering retailer. Besides, countries that are now centres of industrialism were once but agricultural communities; industrialism is hardly more than a century old as yet. The big thinkers in business, too, are comparatively few in every country; so though the Chinese have as yet not developed on large lines in Jamaica I hesitate to say that some of them will never do so. Yet I think that their main strength as a people resides in small business; in this, in Jamaica, they have already demonstrated how powerful they can be. And when one remembers that the Chinese as a people, in their own land, have for scores of centuries been agriculturists mainly, and almost entirely, one realises that what they have chiefly lacked in China is stimulus and opportunity to develop in other directions.

They are a timid race, and yet a most venturesome. Personally, a Chinaman shrinks from rushing into danger; hence his character for being law-abiding. Yet he will gamble with inveterate pertinacity: the gambling laws of a country he ignores whenever he dares do so. He risks his money; some Chinese bankruptcies are due to taking risks at the gaming table. He risks his business; "some of the paupers we have to support made money but lost it in gambling," said an educated Chinese merchant not very long ago. But the Chinaman does not gamble only for the excitement gambling affords; he does so because he believes he will gain. He speculates with an eye to ultimate profit. Thus he will embark upon ventures from which most natives of this country would shrink. And often he succeeds.

ARE they honest business men? "A Chinaman is naturally honest," said a Chinaman to me some years ago. "It is only when he comes to western countries that he learns to be dishonest."

"How is that?" I asked.

"A Chinaman in his own country can never escape a debt. The debt is never extinguished till it is paid. There is no such thing as going into bankruptcy in China. If a man cannot pay, his whole family are responsible; and their children and children's children are responsible; so a Chinaman, who cares for his family, strives to pay his debts. He learns bad ways only when he goes to foreign lands."

Perhaps unfortunately for the natural virtue of the Chinaman, Jamaica is a foreign land. And the Chinese bankruptcies that have occurred here show that he is not above taking advantage of legal means provided to rid himself of the burden of inconvenient debt. But I don't think he is more dishonest than other people. That has not been his reputation in the general world of business so far. He pays his rent promptly and he sticks to bargains he has made. But he is not above manipulating weights and measures to suit his interests. Still, he is not singular in this respect; such actions are confined to no one race or country, and, I suspect, were not unknown here before the advent of John Chinaman with his bland and childlike smile and indefatigable perseverance.

Meanwhile the Chinese (conscious of themselves as a separate people) organise their own charities, establish their own hospital, and at one time even thought of founding here a Chinese newspaper to be printed in Chinese. They acquire house property, they deal in produce, and one or two of them have entered the learned professions. If they numbered fifty thousand they would certainly dominate the business and professional life of the country. They are less than five thousand, and already, in business, they have made themselves a factor which has to be taken into account. Until they are completely assimilated they will always have to be taken into account. They are a new social and financial influence, with consciousness of power, in Jamaica.

THE WHITE SLAVE

By RAFAEL SABATINI,

AUTHOR OF "SCARAMOUCHE," "THE TRAMPLING OF THE LILIES," ETC.

A Story of Extraordinary Liveliness, Dealing with Piracy in West Indian Waters and Seventeenth Century Life in Barbados and Jamaica.

By special arrangement with Messrs. A. G. Watts, of London, literary agents of Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the great novelist, "Planters' Punch" is able to present to its readers this year one of the most stirring stories of early West Indian life ever given to the world.

Barbados and Jamaica, and the seas between, are the region in which Captain Blood plays a wonderful and heroic part. In this story the life of a slave convict who was sent out to these "plantations" is depicted by a master pen; we see the white slave at work under the lash of his master in the sugar fields, we see him as a bold and desperate pirate, and finally we see him as—but that is a secret which the reader must discover for himself.

CHAPTER I.

HUMAN MERCHANDISE.

PETER BLOOD, bachelor of medicine and several other things besides had a pleasant and vibrant voice, whose metallic ring was softened and muted by the Irish accent which in all his wanderings through Europe he had never lost. It was a voice that could woo seductively and caressingly, or command in such a way as to compel obedience. Indeed, the man's whole nature was in that voice of his. For the rest of him, he was tall and spare, swarthy of tint as a gypsy, with eyes that were startlingly blue in that dark face and under those level black brows. In their glance those eyes, flanking a high-bridged, intrepid nose, were of singular penetration and of a steady haughtiness that went well with his firm lips.

It was the year 1685, and James the Second of England was on the throne. Monmouth, his illegitimate nephew, had raised the standard of rebellion and had proclaimed himself rightful king, and the town of Bridgewater, where Peter Blood had settled to practise medicine, was hot for Monmouth and the Protestant religion. But Peter Blood saw the madness and hopelessness of it all, and, in defiance of popular sentiment, would have nothing to do with Monmouth's movement. On the night that the fatal Battle of Sedgemoor was fought, Peter was in his house at Bridgewater, had indeed retired to rest, when a loud hammering at his door brought him down-stairs to find young Jeremiah Pitt, a young man of the town who had joined Monmouth's forces, covered with dust and blood and almost speechless.

"It is Lord Gildoy," panted Pitt. "He is sore wounded . . . at Oglethorpe's Farm by the river. I bore him thither . . . and . . . he sent me for you."

Peter Blood was no rebel, had indeed no sympathy with the rebels; but he remembered he was a doctor and obliged by the ethics of his calling, to say nothing of the dictates of humanity, to relieve human suffering. "To be sure, I'll come," said he.

He hastened to the wounded man's side. Engaged in his work on the wounded body he was surprised by the arrival of a detachment of Kirk's dragoons, but at first he took no alarm; what, he asked himself, had a doctor performing his duty to fear? But the commander of the soldiers laughed at his explanation, and Peter Blood found himself a prisoner on the charge of aiding and encouraging rebels. Tried—it was a mockery of a trial—by the infamous Judge Jeffreys, he was sentenced with young Pitt and another prisoner to be hanged. But King James' favourites wanted money, and so that Monarch ordered a thousand of these prisoners to be sold into slavery, for the space of ten years. Thus it happened that Peter Blood, and with him Jeremy Pitt and Andrew Baynes, instead of being hanged, drawn and quartered as their sentences directed, were conveyed to Bristol and there shipped with some fifty others aboard the *Jamaica Merchant*. From close confinement under hatches, ill-nourishment and foul water, a sickness broke out amongst them, of which eleven died. Many of the rest were saved only by the skill of Dr. Peter Blood, and towards the middle of December the *Jamaica Merchant* dropped anchor in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, and put ashore the forty-two surviving rebels-convict.

If these unfortunates had imagined—as many of them appear to have done—that they were coming into some wild, savage country, the prospect, of which they had a glimpse before they were hustled over the ship's side into the waiting boats, was enough to correct the impression. They beheld a town of sufficiently imposing proportions composed of houses built upon European notions of architecture, but without any of the huddle usual in European cities. The spire of a church rose dominantly above the red roofs, a fort guarded the entrance of the wide harbour, with guns thrusting their muzzles between the crenels, and the wide facade of Government House revealed itself dominantly placed on a gentle hill above the town. This hill was vividly green as is an English hill in April, and the day was such a day as April gives to England, the season of heavy rains being newly ended.

On a wide cobbled space on the sea-front they found a guard of red-coated militia drawn up to re-

ceive them, and a crowd—attracted by their arrival—which in dress and manner differed little from a crowd in a seaport at home save that it contained fewer women and a great number of negroes.

To inspect them, drawn up there on the mole, came Governor Steed, a short, stout, red-faced gentleman, in blue taffetas burdened by a prodigious amount of gold lace, who limped a little and leaned heavily upon a stout ebony cane. After him, in the uniform of a colonel of the Barbadoes Militia, rolled a tall corpulent man who towered head and shoulders above the governor, with malevolence plainly written on his enormous yellowish countenance. At his side, and contrasting oddly with his grossness, moving with an easy stripling grace, came a slight young lady in a modish riding gown. The broad brim of a grey hat with a scarlet sweep of ostrich plume shaded an oval face upon which the climate of the Tropic of Cancer had made no impression, so delicately fair was its complexion. Ringlets of red-brown hair hung to her shoulders. Frankness looked out from her hazel eyes which were set wide, commiseration repressed now the mischievousness that normally inhabited her fresh young mouth.

Peter Blood caught himself staring in a sort of amazement at that piquant face, which seemed here so out of place, and finding his stare returned, he shifted uncomfortably. He grew conscious of the sorry figure that he cut. Unwashed, with rank and matted hair and a disfiguring black beard upon his face, and the erstwhile splendid suit of black camlet in which he had been taken prisoner now reduced to rags that would have disgraced a scarecrow, he was in no case for inspection by such dainty eyes as these. Nevertheless, they continued to inspect him with round-eyed, almost childlike wonder and pity. Their owner put forth a hand to touch the scarlet sleeve of her companion, whereupon with an ill-tempered grunt the man swung his great bulk round so that he directly confronted her.

Looking up into his face, she was speaking to him earnestly, but the colonel plainly gave her no more than the half of his attention. His little beady eyes, closely flanking a fleshly pendulous nose, had passed from her and were fixed upon fair-haired sturdy young Pitt, who was standing beside Blood.

The governor had also come to a halt, and for a moment now that little group of three stood in conversation. What the lady said, Peter could not hear at all, for she lowered her voice; the colonel's reached him in a confused rumble; but the governor was neither considerate nor indistinct; he had a high-pitched voice which carried far, and believing himself witty, he desired to be heard by all.

"But, my dear Colonel Bishop, it is for you to take first choice from this dainty nosegay, and at your own price. After that we'll send the rest to auction."

Colonel Bishop nodded his acknowledgment. He raised his voice in answering. "Your excellency is very good. But, faith, they're a weedy lot, not likely to be of much value in the plantation." His beady eyes scanned them again, and his contempt of them deepened the malevolence of his face. It was as if he were annoyed with them for being in no better condition. Then he beckoned forward Captain Gardner, the master of the *Jamaica Merchant*, and for some minutes stood in talk with him over a list which the latter produced at his request.

Presently he waved aside the list and advanced alone towards the rebels-convict, his eyes considering them, his lips pursed. Before the young Somersetshire shipmaster he came to a halt, and stood an instant pondering him. Then he fingered the muscles of the young man's arm, and bade him open his mouth that he might see his teeth. He pursed his coarse lips again and nodded.

He spoke to Gardner over his shoulder.

"Fifteen pounds for this one."

The captain made a face of dismay. "Fifteen pounds! It isn't half what I meant to ask for him."

"It is double what I had meant to give," grunted the colonel.

"But he would be cheap at thirty pounds, your honour."

"I can get a negro for that. These white swine don't live. They're not fit for the labour."

Gardner broke into protestations of Pitt's health, youth and vigour. It was not a man he was discussing; it was a beast of burden. Pitt, a sensitive lad, stood mute and unmoving. Only the ebb and flow of colour in his cheeks showed the inward struggle by which he maintained his self-control.

Peter Blood was nauseated by the loathsome haggle.

In the background, moving slowly away down the line of prisoners went the lady in conversation with the governor, who smirked and preened himself as he limped beside her. She was unconscious of the loathly business the colonel was transacting. Was she, wondered Blood, indifferent to it?

Colonel Bishop swung on his heel to pass on.

"I'll go as far as twenty pounds. Not a penny more, and it's twice as much as you are like to get from Crabston."

Captain Gardner, recognising the finality of the tone sighed and yielded. Already Bishop was moving down the line. For Mr. Blood, as for a weedy youth on his left, the colonel had no more than a glance of contempt. But the next man, a middle-aged Colossus named Wolverstone, who had lost an eye at Sedgemoor, drew his regard, and the haggle was recommenced.

Peter Blood stood there in the brilliant sunshine and inhaled the fragrant air, which was unlike any air that he had ever breathed. It was laden with a strange perfume, blend of logwood flower, pimento and aromatic cedars. He lost himself in unprofitable speculations born of that singular fragrance. He was in no mood for conversation, nor was Pitt, who stood dumbly at his side, and who was afflicted mainly at the moment by the thought that he was at last about to be separated from this man with whom he had stood shoulder to shoulder throughout all these troublous months, and whom he had come to love and depend upon for guidance and sustenance. A sense of loneliness and misery pervaded him by contrast with which all that he had endured seemed as nothing. To Pitt, this separation was the poignant climax of all his sufferings.

Other buyers came and stared at them, and passed on. Blood did not heed them. And then at the end of the line there was a movement. Gardner was speaking in a loud voice, making an announcement to the general public of buyers that had waited until Colonel Bishop had taken his choice of that human merchandise. As he finished, Blood, looking in his direction, noticed that the girl was speaking to Bishop, and pointing up the line with a silver-hilted riding-whip she carried. Bishop shaded his eyes with his hand to look in the direction in which she was pointing. Then slowly, with his ponderous rolling gait, he approached again, accompanied by Gardner, and followed by the lady and the governor.

On they came until the colonel was abreast of Blood. He would have passed on, but that the lady tapped his arm with her whip.

"But this is the man I meant," she said.

"This one?" Contempt rang in the voice. Peter Blood found himself staring into a pair of beady brown eyes sunk into a yellow fleshly face like currants into a dumpling. He felt the colour creeping into his face under the insult of that contemptuous inspection. "Bah! A bag of bones. What should I do with him?"

He was turning away when Gardner interposed.

"He may be lean, but he's tough; tough and healthy. When half of them was sick and the other half sickening, this rogue kept his legs and doctored his fellows. But for him there'd ha' been more deaths than there was. Say fifteen pounds for him, colonel. That's cheap enough. He's tough, I tell your honour—tough and strong though he be lean. And he's just the man to bear the heat when it comes. The climate'll never kill him."

There came a chuckle from Governor Steed. "You hear, colonel. Trust your niece. Her sex knows a man when it sees one." And he laughed, well-pleased with his wit. But he laughed alone. A cloud of annoyance swept across the face of the colonel's niece, whilst the colonel himself was too absorbed in the consideration of this bargain to heed the governor's humour. He twisted his lip a little, stroking his chin with his hand the while. Jeremy Pitt had almost ceased to breathe.

"I'll give you ten pounds for him," said the colonel at last.

Peter Blood prayed that the offer might be rejected. For no reason that he could have given you, he was taken with repugnance at the thought of becoming the property of this gross animal, and in some sort the property of that hazel-eyed young girl. But it would need more than repugnance to save him from his destiny. A slave is a slave, and has no power to shape his fate. Peter Blood was sold to Colonel Bishop—a disdainful buyer—for the ignominious sum of ten pounds.

CHAPTER II.

ARABELLA BISHOP.

ONE sunny morning in January, about a month after the arrival of the *Jamaica Merchant* at Bridgetown, Miss Arabella Bishop rode out from her uncle's fine house on the heights to the north-west of the city. She was attended by two negroes who trotted after her at a respectful distance, and her destination was Government House, whither she went to visit the governor's lady, who had lately been ailing. Reaching the summit of a gentle grassy slope, she met a tall lean man dressed in a sober gentlemanly fashion, who was walking in the opposite direction. He was a stranger to her, and strangers were rare enough in

the island. And yet in some vague way he did not seem quite a stranger.

Miss Arabella drew rein, affecting to pause that she might admire the prospect, which was fair enough to warrant it. Yet out of the corner of those hazel eyes she scanned this fellow very attentively as he came nearer. She corrected her first impression of his dress. It was sober enough, but hardly gentlemanly. Coat and breeches were of plain homespun; and if the former sat so well upon him it was more by virtue of his natural grace than by that of tailoring. His stockings were of cotton, harsh and plain, and the broad castor, which he respectfully doffed as he came up with her, was an old one unadorned by band or feather. What had seemed to be a periwig at a little distance was now revealed for the man's own lustrous coiling black hair.

Out of a brown, shaven, saturnine face two eyes that were startlingly blue considered her gravely. The man would have passed on but that she detained him.

"I think I know you, sir," said she.

Her voice was crisp and boyish, and there was something of boyishness in her manner—if one can apply the term to so dainty a lady. It arose perhaps from an ease, a directness, which disdained the artifices of her sex, and set her on good terms with all the world. To this it may be due that Miss Arabella had reached the age of five and twenty not merely unmarried but unwooed. She used with all men a sisterly frankness which in itself contains a quality of aloofness, rendering it difficult for any man to become her lover.

Her negroes had halted at some distance in the rear, and they squatted now upon the short grass until it should be her pleasure to proceed upon her way.

The stranger came to a standstill upon being addressed.

"A lady should know her own property," said he. "My property?"

"Your uncle's, leastways. Let me present myself. I am called Peter Blood, and I am worth precisely ten pounds. I know it because that is the sum your uncle paid for me. It is not every man has the same opportunities of ascertaining his real value."

She recognised him then. She had not seen him since that day upon the mole a month ago, and that she should not instantly have known him again despite the interest he had then aroused in her is not surprising, considering the change that had been wrought in his appearance, which now was hardly that of a slave.

"My God!" said she. "And you can laugh!"

"It's an achievement," he admitted. "But then, I have not fared as ill as I might."

"I have heard of that," said she.

What she had heard was that this rebel-convict had been discovered to be a physician. The thing had come to the ears of Governor Steed, who suffered damnably from the gout, and Governor Steed, had borrowed the fellow from his purchaser. Whether by skill or good fortune, Peter Blood had afforded the governor that relief which his excellency had failed to obtain from the ministrations of either of the two physicians practising in Bridgetown. Then the governor's lady had desired him to attend her for the megrims. Mr. Blood had found her suffering from nothing worse than peevishness—the result of a natural petulance aggravated by the dullness of life in Barbadoes to a lady of her social aspirations. But he had prescribed for her none the less, and she had conceived herself the better for his prescription. After that the fame of him had gone through Bridgetown, and Colonel Bishop had found that there was more profit to be made out of this new slave by leaving him to pursue his profession than by setting him to work on the plantations, for which purpose he had been originally acquired.

"It is yourself, madam, I have to thank for my comparatively easy and clean condition," said Mr. Blood, "and I am glad to take this opportunity of doing so."

The gratitude was in his words rather than in his tone. Was he mocking, she wondered, and looked at him with the searching frankness that another might have found disconcerting. He took the glance for a question, and answered it.

"If some other planter had bought me," he explained, "it is odds that the facts of my shining abilities might never have been brought to light, and I should be hewing and hoeing at this moment like the poor wretches who were landed with me."

"And why do you thank me for that? It was my uncle who bought you."

"But he would not have done so had you not urged him. I perceived your interest. At the time I resented it."

"You resented it?" There was a challenge in her boyish voice.

"I have had no lack of experiences of this mortal life; but to be bought and sold was a new one, and I was hardly in the mood to love my purchaser."

"If I urged you upon my uncle, sir, it was that I commiserated you." There was a slight severity in her tone, as if to reprove the mixture of mockery and flippancy in which he seemed to be speaking.

She proceeded to explain herself. "My uncle may appear to you a hard man. No doubt he is. They are all hard men, these planters. It is the life, I suppose. But there are others here who are worse. There is Mr. Crabston, for instance, up at Speightstown He

was there on the mole, waiting to buy my uncle's leavings, and if you had fallen into his hands . . . A dreadful man. That is why."

He was a little bewildered.

"This interest in a stranger . . ." he began. Then changed the direction of his probe. "But there were others as deserving of commiseration."

"You did not seem quite like the others."

"I am not," said he.

"Oh!" She stared at him, bridle a little. "You have a good opinion of yourself."

"On the contrary. The others are all worthy rebels. I am not. That is the difference. I was one who had not the wit to see that England requires purifying. I was content to pursue a doctor's trade in Bridgewater whilst my betters were shedding their blood to drive out an unclean tyrant and his rascally crew."

"Sir" she checked him. "I think you are talking treason."

"I hope I am not obscure," said he.

"There are those here who would have you flogged if they heard you."

"The governor would never allow it. He has the gout, and his lady has the megrims."

"Do you depend upon that?" She was frankly scornful.

"You have certainly never had the gout; probably not even the megrims," said he.

She made a little impatient movement with her hand, and looked away from him a moment, out to sea. Quite suddenly she looked at him again; and now her brows were knit.

"But if you are not a rebel, how come you here?"

He saw the thing she apprehended, and he laughed. "Faith now, it's a long story," said he.

"And one perhaps that you would prefer not to tell?"

Briefly on that he told it her.

"My God! What an infamy!" she cried, when he had done.

"Oh, it's a sweet country, England under King James! There's no need to commiserate me further. All things considered I prefer Barbadoes. Here at least one can believe in God."

He looked first to right then to left as he spoke, from the distant shadowy bulk of Mount Hillbay to the limitless ocean ruffled by the winds of heaven. Then as if the fair prospect rendered him conscious of his own littleness and the insignificance of his woes, he fell thoughtful.

"Is that so difficult elsewhere?" she asked him, and she was very grave.

"Men make it so."

"I see." She laughed a little, on a note of sadness, it seemed to him. "I have never deemed Barbadoes the earthly mirror of heaven," she confessed. "But no doubt you know your world better than I." She touched her horse with her little silver-hilted whip. "I congratulate you on this easing of your misfortunes."

He bowed, and she moved on. Her negroes sprang up, and went trotting after her.

Awhile Peter Blood remained standing there, where she left him, conning the sunlit waters of Carlisle Bay below, and the shipping in that spacious haven about which the gulls were fluttering noisily.

It was a fair enough prospect, he reflected, but it was a prison, and in announcing that he preferred it to England, he had indulged that almost laudable form of boasting which lies in belittling our misadventures.

He turned, and resuming his way, went off in long swinging strides towards the little huddle of huts built of mud and wattles,—a miniature village enclosed in a stockade, which the plantation slaves inhabited, and where he, himself, was lodged with them.

Through his mind sang the line of Lovelace:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

But he gave it a fresh meaning, the very converse of that which its author had intended. A prison, he reflected, was a prison, though it had neither walls nor bars, however spacious it might be. And as he realised it that morning so he was to realise it increasingly as time sped on. Daily he came to think more of his clipped wings, of his exclusion from the world, and less of the fortuitous liberty he enjoyed. Nor did the contrasting of his comparatively easy lot with that of his unfortunate fellow-convicts bring him the satisfaction a differently constituted mind might have derived from it. Rather did the contemplation of their misery increase the bitterness that was gathering in his soul.

Of the forty-two who had been landed with him from the *Jamaica Merchant*, Colonel Bishop had purchased no less than twenty-five. The remainder had gone to lesser planters, some of them to Speightstown and others still farther north. What may have been the lot of the latter he could not tell, but amongst Bishop's slaves Peter Blood came and went freely, sleeping in their quarters, and their lot he knew to be a brutalising misery. They toiled in the sugar plantations from sunrise to sunset, and if their labours flagged there were the whips of the overseer and his men to quicken them. They went in rags, some almost naked, they dwelt in squalor, and they were ill-nourished on salted meat and maize dumplings—food which to many of them was for a season at least so nauseating that two of them sickened and died before

Bishop remembered that their lives had a certain value in labour to him and yielded to Blood's intercessions for a better care of such as fell ill. To curb insubordination, one of them who had rebelled against Kent, the brutal overseer, was lashed to death by negroes under his comrades' eyes, and another who had been so misguided as to run away into the woods was tracked, brought back, flogged and then branded on the forehead with the letters F.T., that all might know him for a fugitive traitor as long as he lived. Fortunately for him the poor fellow died as a consequence of the flogging.

After that a dull, spiritless resignation settled down upon the remainder. The most mutinous were quelled, and accepted their unspeakable lot with the tragic fortitude of despair.

Peter Blood alone, escaping these excessive sufferings, remained outwardly unchanged, whilst inwardly the only change in him was a daily deeper hatred of his kind, a daily deeper longing to escape from this place where man defiled so foully the lovely work of his Creator. It was a longing too vague to amount to a hope. Hope here was inadmissible. And yet he did not yield to despair. He set a mask of laughter on his saturnine countenance and went his way, treating the sick to the profit of Colonel Bishop, and encroaching further and further upon the preserves of the two other men of medicine in Bridgetown.

Immune from the degrading punishments and privations of his fellow-convicts, he was enabled to keep his self-respect, and was treated without harshness even by the soulless planter to whom he had been sold. He owed it all to gout and megrims. He had won the esteem of Governor Steed, and—what is even more important—of Governor Steed's lady, whom he shamelessly and cynically flattered and humoured.

Occasionally he saw Miss Bishop, and they seldom met but that she paused to hold him in conversation for some moments, evincing her interest in him. Himself, he was never disposed to linger. He was not, he told himself, to be deceived by her delicate exterior, her sapling grace, her easy boyish ways and pleasant, boyish voice. In all his life—and it had been very varied—he had never met a man whom he accounted more beastly than her uncle, and he could not dissociate her from the man. She was his niece, of his own blood, and some of the vices of it, some of the remorseless cruelty of the wealthy planter must, he argued, inhabit that pleasant body of hers. He argued this very often to himself, as if answering and convincing some instinct that pleaded otherwise, and arguing it, he avoided her when it was possible, and was frigidly civil when it was not.

Justifiable as his reasoning was, plausible as it may seem, yet he would have done better to have trusted the instinct that was in conflict with it. Though the same blood ran in her veins as in those of Colonel Bishop, yet hers was free of the vices that tainted her uncle's, for these vices were not natural to that blood; they were, in his case, acquired. Her father, Tom Bishop—that same Colonel Bishop's brother—had been a kindly, chivalrous, gentle soul, who, broken-hearted by the early death of a young wife, had abandoned the old world and sought an anodyne for his grief in the new. He had come out to the Antilles, bringing with him his little daughter, then five years of age, and had given himself up to the life of a planter. He had prospered from the first, as men sometimes will who care nothing for prosperity. Prospering, he had bethought him of his younger brother, a soldier at home reputed somewhat wild. He had advised him to come out to Barbadoes; and the advice, which at another season William Bishop might have scorned, reached him at a moment when his wildness was beginning to bear such fruit that a change of climate was desirable. William came, and was admitted by his generous brother to a partnership in the prosperous plantation. Some six years later, when Arabella was fifteen, her father died, leaving her in her uncle's guardianship. It was perhaps his one mistake. But the goodness of his own nature coloured his views of other men; moreover, himself, he had conducted the education of his daughter, giving her an independence of character upon which perhaps he counted unduly. As things were, there was little love between uncle and niece. But she was dutiful to him, and he was circumspect in his behaviour before her. All his life, and for all his wildness, he had gone in a certain awe of his brother, whose worth he had the wit to recognise; and now it was almost as if some of that awe was transferred to his brother's child, who was also, in a sense, his partner, although she took no active part in the business of the plantations.

Peter Blood judged her—as we are all too prone to judge—upon insufficient knowledge.

He was very soon to have cause to correct that judgment.

One day towards the end of May, when the heat was beginning to grow oppressive, there crawled into Carlisle Bay a wounded, battered English ship, the *Pride of Devon*, her freeboard scarred and broken, her coach a gaping wreck, her mizzen so shot away that only a jagged stump remained to tell the place where it had stood. She had been in action off Martinique with two Spanish treasure ships, and although her captain swore that the Spaniards had beset him without provocation, it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that the encounter had been brought about quite other-

wise. One of the Spaniards had fled from the combat, and if the *Pride of Devon* had not given chase it was probably because she was by then in no case to do so. The other had been sunk, but not before the English ship had transferred to her own hold a good deal of the treasure aboard the Spaniard. It was, in fact, one of those piratical affrays which were a perpetual source of trouble between the courts of St. James's and the Escorial, complaints emanating now from one and now from the other side.

Steed, however, after the fashion of most Colonial governors, was willing enough to dull his wits to the extent of accepting the English seaman's story, disregarding any evidence that might belie it. He shared the hatred so richly deserved by arrogant, overbearing Spain that was common to men of every other nation from the Bahamas to the Main. Therefore he gave the *Pride of Devon* the shelter she sought in his har-

bour and every facility to careen and carry out repairs.

But before it came to this, they fetched from her hold over a score of English seamen as battered and broken as the ship herself, and together with these some half-dozen Spaniards in like case, the only survivors of a boarding party from the Spanish galleon that had invaded the English ship and found itself unable to retreat. These wounded men were conveyed to a long shed on the wharf, and the medical skill of Bridgetown was summoned to their aid. Peter Blood was ordered to bear a hand in this work, and partly because he spoke Castilian—and he spoke it as fluently as his own native tongue—partly because of his inferior condition as a slave, he was given the Spaniards for his patients.

Now Blood had no cause to love Spaniards. His two years in a Spanish prison and his subsequent cam-

paigning in the Spanish Netherlands had shown him a side of the Spanish character which he had found anything but admirable. Nevertheless he performed his doctor's duties zealously and painstakingly, if emotionlessly, and even with a certain superficial friendliness towards each of his patients. These were so surprised at having their wounds healed instead of being summarily hanged that they manifested a docility very unusual in their kind. They were shunned however, by all those charitably-disposed inhabitants of Bridgetown who flocked to the improvised hospital with gifts of fruit and flowers and delicacies for the injured English seamen. Indeed, had the wishes of some of these inhabitants been regarded, the Spaniards would have been left to die like vermin, and of this Peter Blood had an example almost at the very outset.

With the assistance of one of the negroes sent to

WHERE WAS HE?

(Continued from Page 8.)

places to receive the Governor. All the members flocked into the Council Chamber in the midst of a dead silence broken only by the sound of their footsteps, a few coughs from those afflicted with colds, and Mr. Ffrench's voice demanding to know if this was going to be a funeral or a "brokings." Mr. Wigan whisperingly enquired if a "brokings" was a sort of religious ceremony or a new form of political demonstration, which caused Mr. Ffrench to wonder where Mr. Wigan could possibly have been living all these years.

It is not my intention to weary the reader with a description of the procedure at the opening of a sitting of our Legislature. This will be found in such publications as "The Life and Adventures of Sir Leslie Probyn: a High Appreciation, by Himself," published in one volume; "Seekers After Information, by One Who was never Tired of It," by the Hon. and Rev. G. W. Graham," published in pamphlet form and dedicated to the universe; "The Principles of Political Oratory, a Brief and Succinct Hint to Beginners," in six large volumes (two thousand pages each), by the Hon. Alfred Nash; and other works which have been greatly praised in Jamaica and left severely unread. This is not a narrative that deals with the history of this country, but rather a true and authentic story of an occurrence that might have had international consequences if it had been of any consequence at all. Therefore, proceed we now to that hour and minute when, all the preliminary business of Parliament having been despatched, the Rev. Mr. Graham rose and moved the adjournment of the House.

There was a hush as the Rev. gentleman moved the adjournment of the House. He did it with the gravity and deep earnestness of one announcing a text. Instinctively Mr. Phillipps bowed his head as though about to engage in prayer, then pretended to be looking for a handkerchief that had not dropped to the floor. Major Dixon stiffened to attention. Mr. Sangster devoutly murmured: "we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

"I move the adjournment of the House, sir," the deep and solemn voice spoke, "in order that I may enquire why the Governor disappeared for one full day last week without giving intimation of his intention to disappear. I am not saying that he did disappear, for I did not see him do it myself, and I am loth to accuse anyone of doing a thing if I did not see him do it. I only want information, sir, on this most important point. I always ask for information, and never know what to do with it when I obtain it; but the mere asking is enough, and enquiries properly conducted will often bring to light facts and knowledge that are not of the slightest value to anyone. The whole colony, sir, was plunged into the depths of woe and bewilderment when it heard that His Excellency was nowhere to be found. I was not in Kingston that day, being one of the few members of this House who had returned to their homes. My duty called me from the city; there were confirmation services to be arranged for. But the moment the news came flashing down to us, conveyed by a motor trolley, whose driver, a highly intelligent man, announced that the Governor had decamped from the island after taking all the loose cash out of the Treasury, I came to the conclusion that something of a momentous nature had occurred which would necessitate my setting out on a campaign of enquiries for information in the name of the people." The speaker paused for a moment, then raised his voice. As he did so, every man in that room knew that an impressive announcement was about to be made. "The people demand this information, sir," he volleyed, and at that the member for St. James cried "hear, hear!" "And when I say the people, I mean the people. I mean—"

"One moment," interrupted the President hastily: "will the hon. member permit me to interrupt him for a moment. Would he make it clear if, in speaking of the people, he speaks of the people with a common p or with a capital P? We ought to be clear about that."

"I agree, sir," said Mr. Graham, "that we ought to be clear about that. But surely that question does not arise just now. I am only asking for information.

After we have got the information—and I hope it will not be withheld from us—it will be time to discuss whether the people in this instance are to be common or capital letters."

"Ah, no," replied the President, wagging his head sagely; "this is the time when we must make that clear. You see, when you speak of the people with a small p, you mean the people in the ordinary sense, but when you speak of them with a big P, you mean them in an extraordinary sense. The hon. member, I am sure, will see the difference at once. In what sense does he speak of the people?"

"In both senses, sir; in the capital and in the common sense. They are a most common set of people, but some of them are capital fellows."

"Very well," observed the President, and made a note of the reply.

"Therefore, sir, in demanding the adjournment of the House, I obey the behests of the people. You have no idea, sir, how deeply they are stirred by the events of the past few days. Praedial larceny has increased in my parish. At the slightest encouragement praedial larceny increases there."

"On a point of order, sir," cried Mr. Ewen, rising to interrupt the speaker, "Is the hon. member moving the adjournment of the House or giving us a statement of his failure to teach the people of his parish to be honest? I, also, want information."

"I have finished what I have to say, sir," resumed Mr. Graham with quiet dignity, and taking no notice of the interruption. "Perhaps the information I have asked for will now be forthcoming."

CHAPTER SIX.

EXPLANATION.

AND again there was silence. Members glanced at one another with speculative eyes. Would the Colonial Secretary be put up to reply; would the Attorney General? The latter had slipped outside to smoke a cigarette, but could be depended upon to hurry back into the room and assure members that there had been a mistake and that the Governor had not disappeared at all, but had only, as it were, faded from sight for a time, which he was entitled to do under the terms of the Law entitled "On the Benefits of a Governor making Himself Scarce." But the House felt that it was only due to the country that the explanation should come from the Governor himself; they expected that he would make it. They did not expect in vain. With a little preliminary clearing of the throat the President rose, and all eyes were centred upon him. He remained standing for one full minute without saying a word. This was intended to increase the feeling of expectancy. It succeeded. Then he began.

"It is said that I disappeared. Why is it said I disappeared? Because I did disappear. There is no difference of opinion on that fact; we are all agreed that I did disappear, and having thus reached a common ground of agreement it will be easy to go on to say why I disappeared. Very well. That is point number one.

"We now come to point number two. Why did I disappear? Why"—His Excellency's voice suddenly rose to the crescendo—"Why does anyone disappear? For three reasons. The first reason is that he is taken forcibly away. Now, nobody here has had the courage to take me forcibly away, or it would have been done long ago. The second reason is that an accident occurs. But no accident happened to me, or I could scarcely have turned up that same evening unscathed and unharmed. We now come, therefore, to the third reason. You disappear because you want to disappear. I trust that I make myself plain to the hon. member for St. Mary?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Graham gratefully, "you are giving us a lot of information."

"Good. Now, besides telling you why a man disappears if he disappears, I must tell you the motive underlying his resolve to disappear. The two things are different. You want to disappear, but you also have a motive for wanting to disappear. What was my motive? I presume that the hon. member had

that in mind when he moved the adjournment of the House?"

"I had, sir, said Mr. Graham; "the people wanted to know the motive."

"I will keep nothing from hon. members," resumed the President. "My motive was simple. I wanted to be away from all the world to pray for my enemies and to implore blessings upon those that speak ill of me and despitefully use me: that was my motive. I spent the whole day in a little dark corner of the Kingston Parish Church, where I happily escaped observation, and I said enough prayers for my foes to make them thoroughly unhappy for the rest of their lives."

The members gasped. Eye looked anxiously into eye, as if questioning the President's sanity. But there was nothing abnormal about his attitude, no difference could be observed in him. Even Mr. Gideon's apprehensions speedily faded away, and he ceased trying to look as though he were not there.

The President resumed. "I do not answer my critics; I never reply to the unjust and unkind things said about my acts. When a man has been peculiarly nasty to me, I go out of my way to greet him cordially: that is one way of turning the other cheek. It makes him feel ashamed of himself; he feels mean"—again the crescendo—"very mean; he cannot look himself in the eye before a mirror. But better than kindly greetings is prayer for those who wrong you: that is what is called heaping coals of fire on the heads of your enemies, and I heaped much fire on everybody's head last week. I forgave them all. I prayed that they might prosper exceedingly so as not to feel the income tax—and an increase of the income tax would, I may say, enable us to build some handsome churches—that they might never fall ill, never have any sorrows, never be unfairly criticised, and never praised in the *Gleaner*." ("Hear, hear," from members who did not expect to be praised, and who contended that praise was the worst of all calamities). I prayed that they might have a beautiful deathbed, with relatives weeping at their prospective loss; that their funerals might be numerously attended, and that I might be present at all the interments. I prayed that they should all go to heaven, though I felt that that was asking the Almighty too much; doubtless He will not hear this or any other part of my prayers, but that will not detract from my efforts on behalf of my opponents. For hours I prayed and fasted in that silent church, having taken the precaution to eat a double breakfast before leaving home, and being filled with the determination to have a hearty dinner. And when I had ended my supplications, hon. gentlemen, I felt a new man and knew that I had the advantage of everybody else; I knew that I had done good to them that hate me and been merciful to them that wish me ill. And so you now have the whole explanation of my disappearance. I was in your midst all the time; I was in the only place that nobody in Jamaica would dream of searching for anybody—in a church."

He ceased and sat down, and for a space the House was paralysed with astonishment. Then the tension broke. Mr. Ewen was heard to sob loudly and to declare that never in his life would he make stronger speeches against the Government and Governor than he had done in the past. Mr. Phillipps howled with contrition and Mr. Young fainted. The Attorney General seized the opportunity to go outside and smoke another cigarette. Mr. Gideon seemed disposed to improve the occasion by delivering a sonorous speech warning the elected members what they must expect hereafter if they continued to act as he himself did when he was an elected member, and Major Dixon mechanically prepared to vote in opposition to any resolution that might be brought forward by his colleagues on the Governor's disappearance. Then it was that Mr. Graham rose again and, with the attitude of one whose thirst for information had been fully quenched, he moved that the House should adjourn until the following day, so that each member of it might have the rest of the present day for prayer.

"This," said Mr. Graham, "is indeed a reform in the right direction. We now possess a new and effective weapon against all our enemies. Gentlemen, let us pray."

He closed his eyes as he spoke. When he opened them five minutes later, he and the Clerk alone were in the room, and the Clerk was sleeping.

(THE END.)

the shed for the purpose, he was in the act of setting a broken leg, when a deep gruff voice that he had come to know and dislike as he had never disliked the voice of living man, abruptly challenged him.

"What are you doing there?"

Blood did not look up from his task. There was not the need. He knew the voice, as I have said.

"I am setting a broken leg," he answered, without pausing in his labours.

"I can see that, fool." A bulky body interposed between Peter Blood and the window. The half-naked man on the straw rolled his black eyes to stare up fearfully out of a clay-coloured face at this intruder. A knowledge of English was unnecessary to inform him that here came an enemy. The harsh, minatory note of that voice sufficiently expressed the fact. "I can see that, fool; just as I can see what the rascal is. Who gave you leave to set Spanish legs?"

"I am a doctor, Colonel Bishop. The man is wounded. It is not for me to discriminate. I keep to my trade."

Do you, by God! If you'd done that, you wouldn't now be here."

"On the contrary, it is because I did it that I am here."

"Ay, I know that's your lying tale." The colonel sneered, and then, observing Blood to continue his work unmoved, he grew really angry. "Will you cease that, and attend to me when I am speaking?"

Peter Blood paused, but only for an instant. "The man is in pain," he said shortly, and resumed his work.

"In pain, is he? I hope he is, the damned piratical dog. But will you heed me, you insubordinate knave?"

The colonel delivered himself in a roar, infuriated by what he conceived to be defiance, and defiance expressing itself in the most unruffled disregard of himself. His long bamboo cane was raised to strike. Peter Blood's blue eyes caught the flash of it, and he spoke quickly to arrest the blow.

"Not insubordinate, sir, whatever I may be. I am acting upon the express orders of Governor Steed."

The colonel checked, his great face empurpling. His mouth fell open.

"Governor Steed!" he echoed. Then he lowered his cane, swung round and without another word to Blood rolled away towards the other end of the shed where the governor was standing at the moment.

Peter Blood chuckled. But his triumph was dictated less by humanitarian considerations than by the reflection that he had balked his brutal owner.

The Spaniard, realising that in this altercation, whatever its nature, the doctor had stood his friend, ventured in a muted voice to ask what had happened. The doctor shook his head in silence, and pursued his work. His ears were straining to catch the words now passing between Steed and Bishop. The colonel was blustering and storming, the great bulk of him towering above the wizened little over-dressed figure of the governor. But the little fop was not to be browbeaten. His excellency was conscious that he had behind him the force of public opinion to support him. Some there might be, but they were not many, who held such ruthless views as Colonel Bishop's. His excellency asserted his authority. It was by his orders that Blood had devoted himself to the wounded Spaniards, and his orders were to be carried out. There was no more to be said.

Colonel Bishop was of another opinion. In his view there was a great deal to be said. He said it, with great circumstance, loudly, vehemently, obscenely—for he could be fluently obscene when moved to anger.

"You talk like a Spaniard, colonel," said the governor, and thus dealt the colonel's pride a wound that was to smart resentfully for many a week. At the moment it struck him silent, and sent him stamping out of the shed in a rage for which he could find no words.

It was two days later when the ladies of Bridgetown, the wives and daughters of her planters and merchants, paid their first visit of charity to the wharf, bringing their gifts to the wounded seamen.

Again Peter Blood was there, ministering to the sufferers in his care, moving among those unfortunate Spaniards whom no one heeded. All the charity, all the gifts were for the members of the crew of the *Pride of Devon*. And this Peter Blood accounted natural enough. But rising suddenly from the re-dressing of a wound, a task in which he had been absorbed for some moments, he saw to his surprise that one lady, detached from the general throng, was placing some plantains and a bundle of succulent sugar cane on the cloak that served one of his patients for a coverlet. She was elegantly dressed in lavender silk and was followed by a half-naked negro carrying a basket.

Peter Blood, stripped of his coat, the sleeves of his coarse shirt rolled to the elbow, and holding a bloody rag in his hand, stood at gaze a moment. The lady turning now to confront him, her lips parting in a smile of recognition, was Arabella Bishop.

"The man's a Spaniard," said he, in the tone of one who corrects a misapprehension, and also tinged never so faintly by something of the derision that was in his soul.

The smile with which she had been greeting him withered on her lips. She frowned and stared at him a moment, with increasing haughtiness.

"So I perceive. But he's a human being none the less," said she

That answer, and its implied rebuke, took him by surprise.

"Your uncle, the colonel, is of a different opinion," said he, when he had recovered. "He regards them as vermin to be left to languish and die of their festering wounds."

She caught the irony now more plainly in his voice. She continued to stare at him.

"Why do you tell me this?"

"To warn you that you may be incurring the colonel's displeasure. If he had had his way I should never have been allowed to dress their wounds."

"And you thought of course that I must be of my uncle's mind?" There was a crispness about her voice, an ominous challenging sparkle in her hazel eyes.

"I'd not willingly be rude to a lady even in my thoughts," said he. "But that you should bestow gifts on them, considering that if your uncle came to hear of it . . ." He paused, leaving the sentence unfinished. "Ah well—there it is," he concluded.

But the lady was not satisfied at all.

"First you impute to me inhumanity, and then cowardice. Faith! For a man who would not willingly be rude to a lady even in his thoughts it's none so bad." Her boyish laugh trilled out, but the note of it jarred his ears this time.

He saw her now, it seemed to him, for the first time, and saw how he had misjudged her.

"Sure now how was I to guess that . . . that Colonel Bishop would have an angel for his niece?" said he recklessly, for he was reckless as men often are in sudden penitence.

"You wouldn't, of course. I shouldn't think you often guess aright." Having withered him with that and her glance, she turned to her negro and the basket that he carried. From this she lifted now the fruits and delicacies with which it was laden, and piled them in such heaps upon the beds of the six Spaniards that by the time she had so served the last of them her basket was empty, and there was nothing left for her own fellow-countrymen. These, indeed, stood in no need of her bounty—as she no doubt observed—since they were being plentifully supplied by others.

Having thus emptied her basket, she called her negro, and without another word or so much as another glance at Peter Blood, swept out of the place with her head high and chin thrust forward.

Peter watched her departure. Then he fetched a sigh.

It startled him to discover that the thought that he had incurred her anger gave him concern. It could not have been so yesterday. It became so only since he had been vouchsafed this revelation of her true nature. "Bad cess to it now, it serves me right. It seems I know nothing at all of human nature. But how the devil was I to guess that a family that can breed a devil like Colonel Bishop should also breed a saint like this?"

CHAPTER III.

PIRATES.

AFTER that Arabella Bishop went daily to the shed on the wharf with gifts of fruit, and later of money and of wearing apparel, for the Spanish prisoners. But she contrived so to time her visits that Peter never again met her there. Thus the weary weeks went by, and Peter, moving among his fellow slaves, began to dream dreams of escape from the island and to enlist the despairing men in a scheme to break away that he had planned with a man, James Nuttall by name, a white man, free, but of the humbler class of European settlers. Peter had managed to secure some money secretly; with part of this he had bribed Nuttall to procure for him a serviceable wherry. But Nuttall was known to be in debt, and the day after he had secured this boat, questions from official sources began to be asked as to how he proposed to obtain the purchase money, questions that would become more searching when it should be given out that the wherry had disappeared and with it certain of the white slaves. Nuttall took fright; Blood must be warned without delay that the plan of escape must be abandoned. If it were discovered that he had been aiding slaves in such a venture, he too might be condemned to slavery.

So Mr. James Nuttall made all speed, regardless of the heat, in his journey from Bridgetown to Colonel Bishop's plantation, and if ever man was built for speed in a hot climate that man was Mr. James Nuttall, with his short thin body, and his long fleshless legs. So withered was he that it was hard to believe there were any juices left in him, yet juices there must have been, for he was sweating violently by the time he reached the stockade.

At the entrance he almost ran into the overseer, Kent, a squat bow-legged animal with the arms of a Hercules and the jowl of a bulldog.

"I am seeking Dr. Blood," he announced breathlessly.

In the Land of Bananas, Coffee and Volcanoes.

(Continued from Page 5.)

the top of that distant mountain the vapour rose and streamed away until it was lost in the surrounding atmosphere.

We were looking towards the crater of Irazu, and the volcano was in eruption.

It has been in eruption for some time. "If it ceased," said an American to the writer, "we should probably have earthquakes; we prefer to see it smoking."

Some day there may be a violent eruption. Not long ago there was one; Irazu shot great volumes of water up into the air, and a new lake was formed on one of its slopes. Fed by the boiling liquid from the volcano the lake grew and grew, and then the people of Cartago realised that in a little while it might overflow its banks and a cataract might sweep down upon their little city, deluging it in ruin and blotting it out forever. From man no help was to be expected. They piously turned to the supernatural. From the cathedral the image of Our Lady of Holy Angels was brought forth and solemnly paraded through the town; the Bishop officiated, the whole population joined in the chorus of supplication; never were such chanting and prayer heard in Cartago before. And, so they tell you, the eruption ceased, the limits of the lake were fixed, Cartago was saved. Another miracle had been wrought by prayer to confound the sceptic and to confirm in their beliefs the faithful of that city and that land.

It may have been so, or it may be that the energy of Irazu had spent itself for the time, and that Cartago had never been in real danger of destruction by water. Whatever the explanation, one cannot but feel that to live under the shadow of Irazu is to live in the certitude of future calamity. And there are Poas and Turrialba, too, both active volcanoes, and some day these also will vomit forth smoke and flames, and the force of their eruption will convulse the earth, and again a tale of woe will come from Costa Rica to the ears of a sympathetic world. But in spite of this constant menace the people go their ways undisturbed, happy in the sunshine and fertility of their native land, in their interest in art and in the things of the mind (upon which they pride themselves); proud of the beauty of their women, believing in the valour of their men, confident that Costa Rica is God's country, the first among the Central American States, the most peaceful of these, the most progressive.

BUT they are not satisfied with their Governments. They say that each Government plays ducks and

drakes with the country's finances, though not on the scale adopted in other republics; and since President Tinoco ran away with all the gold and silver he could lay his hands upon there has been financial depression in the land. And yet—strange people—they talk almost regretfully of Tinoco in these days; they call him a strong man; some profess that had he been recognised by America and Great Britain he would have stolen nothing but have made the country prosperous! Some day he will be allowed to return home from Spain, and so long as a defaulting statesman knows that, if he can escape, there is only some years of exile awaiting him as punishment, there always will be defaulters in high places.

There is one thing I wish some President would try to do for Costa Rica; which is, give it the beginnings of a good system of roads. There are mule tracks leading from one town to another, and trails all over the country, but of good roads there are not more than some twenty-eight miles in all the republic, fourteen from Cartago to San Jose, and fourteen more from San Jose to Heredia. And these are not very good.

The engineering difficulties are doubtless formidable. But they are not insuperable. The cost of extensive road making would be enormous. But the country would be opened up and its development rendered easier. Roads, however, the Spaniards never built, and their descendants have stuck to their peculiar custom. These depend upon railways constructed by foreign companies; the railways of Costa Rica are the real arteries of the country. I fancy that this neglect of roads symbolises the sectional, regional spirit of all Spanish peoples; each man thinks of his own town or his own province much more than of the country as a whole; he does not seek to know much about the people a hundred miles away. This regionalism will wear away gradually; a road here and there will appear in Costa Rica, though perhaps not in the immediate future. Meanwhile, one who has visited the country will always retain of it the most pleasant of memories; one cannot but like a people which thinks so much of and has done so much for popular education, which interests itself in things artistic, which cultivates politeness and is proud of its women. The glorious blue of its skies have, too, a charm that one can never quite forget. The azure of its mountains, the verdure of its valleys, its wealth of flowers and the silver of its rushing streams are to one who has seen them a refreshment and a joy forever.

"You are in a rare haste," growled Kent. "What the devil is it? Twins?"

"Eh? Oh! Nay, nay. I'm not married, sir. It's a cousin of mine, sir."

"What is?"

"He is taken bad, sir"; Nuttall lied promptly upon the cue that Kent himself had afforded him. "Is the doctor here?"

"That's his hut yonder." Kent pointed carelessly. "If he's not there, he'll be somewhere else." And he took himself off. He was a surly, ungracious beast at all times, readier with the lash of his whip than with his tongue.

Nuttall watched him go with satisfaction, and even noted the direction that he took. Then he plunged into the enclosure, to verify in mortification that Dr. Blood was not at home. A man of sense might have sat down and waited, judging that to be the quickest and surest way in the end. But Nuttall had no sense. He flung out of the stockade again, hesitated a moment as to which direction he should take, and finally decided to go any way but the way that Kent had gone. He sped across the parched savannah towards the sugar plantation which stood solid as a rampart and gleaming golden in the dazzling June sunshine. Avenues intersected the great blocks of ripening amber cane. In the distance down one of these he espied some slaves at work. Nuttall entered the avenue and advanced upon them. They eyed him dully, as he passed them. Pitt was not of their number, and he dared not ask for him. He continued his search for best part of an hour, up one of those lanes and then down another. Once an overseer challenged him, demanding to know his business. He was looking, he said, for Dr. Blood. His cousin was taken ill. The overseer bade him go to the devil, and get out of the plantation. Blood was not there. If he was anywhere he would be in his hut in the stockade.

Nuttall passed on, upon the understanding that he would go. But he went in the wrong direction; he went on towards the side of the plantation farthest from the stockade, towards the dense woods that fringed it there. The overseer was too contemptuous and perhaps too languid in the stifling heat of approaching noontide to correct his course.

Nuttall blundered to the end of the avenue, and round the corner of it, and there ran into Pitt, alone, toiling with a wooden spade upon an irrigation channel. A pair of cotton drawers, loose and ragged, clothed him from waist to knee; above and below he was naked, save for a broad hat of plaited straw that sheltered his unkempt golden head from the rays of the tropical sun. At sight of him Nuttall returned thanks aloud to his Maker. Pitt stared at him, and

the shipwright poured out his dismal news in a dismal tone. The sum of it was that he must have ten pounds from Blood that very morning or they were all undone. And all he got for his pains and his sweat was the condemnation of Jeremy Pitt.

"Damn you for a fool," said the slave. "If it's Blood you're seeking why are you wasting your time here?"

"I can't find him," bleated Nuttall. He was indignant at his reception. He forgot the jangled state of the other's nerves after a night of anxious wakefulness ending in a dawn of despair. "I thought that you . . ."

"You thought that I could drop my spade and go and seek him for you? Is that what you thought? My God! that our lives should depend upon such a dummerhead. While you waste your time here, the hours are passing! And if an overseer should catch you talking to me how'll you explain it?"

For a moment Nuttall was bereft of speech by such ingratitude. Then he exploded.

"I would to Heaven I had never had no hand in this affair. I would so! I wish that . . ."

What else he wished was never known, for at that moment round the block of cane came a big man in biscuit-coloured taffetas followed by two negroes in cotton drawers who were armed with cutlasses. He was not ten yards away, but his approach over the soft yielding marl had been unheard.

Mr. Nuttall looked wildly this way and that a moment, then bolted like a rabbit for the woods, thus doing the most foolish and betraying thing that in the circumstances it was possible for him to do. Pitt groaned and stood still, leaning upon his spade.

"Hi, there! Stop!" bawled Colonel Bishop after the fugitive, and added horrible threats tricked out with some rhetorical indecencies.

But the fugitive held amain, and never so much as turned his head. It was his only remaining hope that Colonel Bishop might not have seen his face; for the power and influence of Colonel Bishop was quite sufficient to hang any man whom he thought would be better dead.

Not until the runagate had vanished into the scrub did the planter sufficiently recover from his indignant amazement to remember the two negroes who followed at his heels like a brace of hounds. It was a bodyguard without which he never moved in his plantations since a slave had made an attack upon him and all but strangled him a couple of years ago.

"After him, you black swine," he roared at them. But as they started he checked them. "Wait! Get to heel, damn you!"

It occurred to him that to catch and deal with the

fellow there was not the need to go after him, and perhaps spend the day hunting him in that cursed wood. There was Pitt here ready to his hand, and Pitt should tell him the identity of his bashful friend, and also the subject of that close and secret talk he had disturbed. Pitt might, of course, be reluctant. So much the worse for Pitt. The ingenious Colonel Bishop knew a dozen ways—some of them quite diverting—of conquering stubbornness in these convict dogs.

He turned now upon the slave a countenance that was inflamed by heat internal and external, and a pair of beady eyes that were alight with cruel intelligence. He stepped forward swinging his light bamboo cane.

"Who was that runagate?" he asked with terrible suavity.

Leaning over on his spade, Jeremy Pitt hung his head a little, and shifted uncomfortably on his bare feet. Vainly he groped for an answer in a mind that could do nothing but curse the idiocy of Mr. James Nuttall.

The planter's bamboo cane fell on the lad's naked shoulders with stinging force.

"Answer me, you dog! What's his name?"

Jeremy looked at the burly planter out of sullen, almost defiant eyes.

"I don't know," he said, and in his voice there was a faint note at least of the defiance aroused in him by a blow which he dared not, for his life's sake, return. His body had remained unyielding under it, but the spirit within writhed now in torment.

"You don't know? Well, here's to quicken your wits." Again the cane descended. "Have you thought of his name yet?"

"I have not."

"Stubborn, eh?" For a moment the colonel leered. Then his passion mastered him. "Swounds! You impudent dog! D'you trifle with me? D'you think I'm to be mocked?"

Pitt shrugged, shifted sideways on his feet again, and settled into dogged silence. Few things are more provocative, and Colonel Bishop's temper was never one that required much provocation. Brute fury now awoke in him. Fiercely now he lashed those defenceless shoulders, accompanying each blow by blasphemy and foul abuse, until, stung beyond endurance, the lingering embers of his manhood fanned into momentary flame, Pitt sprang upon his tormentor.

But as he sprang, so also sprang the watchful blacks. Muscular bronze arms coiled crushingly about the frail white body, and in a moment the unfortunate slave stood powerless, his wrists pinioned behind him in a leathern thong.

Breathing hard, his face mottled, Bishop pondered

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him a moment. Then: "Fetch him along," he said.

Down the long avenue between those golden walls of cane standing some eight feet high, the wretched Pitt was thrust by his black captors in the colonel's wake, stared at with fearful eyes by his fellow-slaves at work there. Despair went with him. What torments might immediately await him he cared little, horrible though he knew they would be. The real source of his mental anguish lay in the conviction that the elaborately planned escape from this unutterable hell was frustrated now in the very moment of execution.

They came out upon the green plateau and headed for the stockade and the overseer's white house. Pitt's eyes looked out over Carlisle Bay, of which this plateau commanded a clear view from the fort on one side to the long sheds of the wharf on the other. Along this wharf a few shallow boats were moored, and Pitt caught himself wondering which of these was the wherry in which with a little luck they might have been now at sea. Out over that sea his glance ranged miserably.

In the roads, standing in for the shore before a gentle breeze that scarcely ruffled the sapphire surface of the Caribbean, came a stately red-hulled frigate, flying the English ensign.

Colonel Bishop halted to consider her, shading his eyes with his fleshy hand. Light as was the breeze the vessel spread no canvas to it beyond that of her foresail. Furling was her every other sheet, leaving a clear view of the majestic lines of her hull, from towering sterncastle to gilded beak-head that was aflash in the dazzling sunshine.

So leisurely an advance argued a master indifferently acquainted with these waters, who preferred to creep forward cautiously, sounding his way. At her present rate of progress it would be an hour perhaps before she came to anchorage within the harbour. And whilst the colonel viewed her, admiring perhaps the gracious beauty of her, Pitt was hurried forward into the stockade, and clapped into the stocks that stood there ready for slaves who required correction.

Colonel Bishop followed presently, with leisurely rolling gait.

"A mutinous cur that shows his fangs to his master must learn good manners at the cost of a striped hide," was all he said before setting about his executioner's job.

That with his own hands he should do that which most men of his station would, out of self-respect, have relegated to one of the negroes gives you the measure of the man's beastliness. It was almost as if with relish, as if gratifying some feral instinct of cruelty, that he now lashed his victim about head and shoulders. Soon his cane was reduced to splinters by his violence. You know, perhaps, the sting of a flexible bamboo cane when it is whole. But do you realise its murderous quality when it has been split into several long lithe blades, each with an edge that is of the keenness of a knife?

When, at last, from very weariness, Colonel Bishop flung away the stump and thongs to which his cane had been reduced, the wretched slave's back was bleeding pulp from neck to waist.

As long as full sensibility remained, Jeremy Pitt had made no sound. But in a measure as from pain his senses were mercifully dulled, he sank forward in the stocks, and hung there now in a huddled heap, faintly moaning.

Colonel Bishop set his foot upon the crossbar, and leaned over his victim, a cruel smile on his full coarse face.

"Let that teach you a proper submission," said he. "And now touching that shy friend of yours, you shall stay here without meat or drink—without meat or drink, d'ye hear me?—until you please to tell me his name and business." He took his foot from the bar. "When you've had enough of this, send me word, and we'll have the branding irons to you."

On that he swung on his heel, and strode out of the stockade, his negroes following.

Pitt had heard him, as we hear things in our dreams. At the moment so spent was he by his cruel punishment and so deep was the despair into which he had fallen, that he no longer cared whether he lived or died.

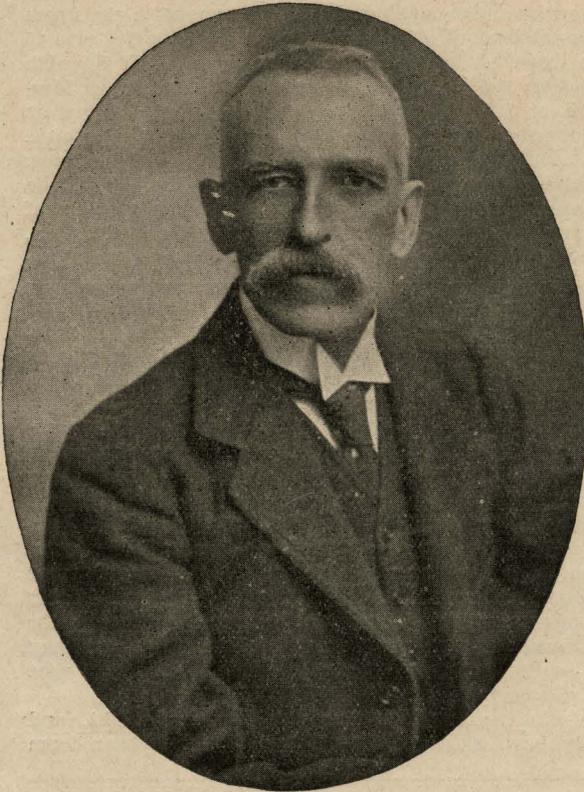
Soon, however, from the partial stupor which pain had mercifully induced, a new variety of pain aroused him. The stocks stood in the open under the full glare of the tropical sun, and its blistering rays streamed down upon that mangled, bleeding back until he felt as if flames of fire were searing it. And, soon, to this was added a torment still more unspeakable. Flies, the cruel flies of the Antilles, drawn by the scent of blood, descended in a cloud upon him.

Small wonder that the ingenious Colonel Bishop, who so well understood the art of loosening stubborn tongues, had not deemed it necessary to have recourse to other means of torture. Not all his fiendish cruelty could devise a torment more cruel, more unendurable than the torments Nature would here procure a man in Pitt's condition.

The slave writhed in his stocks until he was in danger of breaking his limbs, and writhing, screamed in agony.

Thus was he found by Peter Blood, who seemed to his troubled vision to materialise suddenly before him. Mr. Blood carried a large palmetto leaf. Having whisked away with this the flies that were devouring Jeremy's back, he slung it by a strip of fibre from the

MR. E. W. LUCIE-SMITH.



Mr. Lucie Smith once said to the writer that he always impressed upon those working under him the necessity and value of politeness. "It doesn't matter with whom you have to deal," he remarked, "you can lose nothing by being polite; it is not, indeed, merely a duty, it is or ought to be a pleasure." An entirely sensible dictum, and one that cannot be stressed too often in any country where there is a disposition to mistake arrogance for a sign of greatness. Mr. Lucie Smith is himself a man of naturally excellent manners; to be polite in dealing with others costs him no effort; it would be unpleasant for him to be anything else. Some qualities run in families. His two brothers, the late Postmaster for Jamaica and the present Chief Justice of Trinidad, have been known to everyone who have met them as men of charming disposition, and it is not too much to say that the success of the Colonial Bank in Jamaica is largely due to the character and personality of its local head. He is, too, a man eminent for discretion. He understands his business of a banker from more than one point of view. There is the purely financial end of it, there is also the personal end; the man at the head of a bank should, if possible, be liked, but must always be respected; Mr. Lucie Smith is both respected and liked. At times, as is inevitable, he has to say and even do unpleasant things, yet no one not suffering from mental myopia but will recognise that he only seeks to perform his duty, and to perform it with as little asperity as possible. He possesses a wide knowledge of local conditions, but never takes part in movements savouring of a political character. To improve the position of the Colonial Bank is his *metier*, and to that he devotes himself. No one will say that in this he has not been eminently successful. And no one who knows what the Colonial Bank stands for and has stood for in this colony but must wish it and its Jamaica Manager still further success.

lad's neck, so that it protected him from further attacks as well as from the rays of the sun. Next, sitting down beside him, he drew the sufferer's head down on his own shoulder, and bathed his face from a pannikin of cold water. Pitt shuddered and moaned on a long indrawn breath.

"Drink!" he gasped. "Drink for the love of Christ!"

The pannikin was held to his quivering lips. He drank greedily, noisily, nor ceased until he had drained the vessel. Cooled and revived by the draught, he attempted to sit up.

"My back!" he screamed.

There was an unusual glint in Mr. Blood's eyes; his lips were compressed. But when he parted them to speak, his voice came cool and steady.

"Be easy, now. One thing at a time. Your back's taking no harm at all for the present, since I've covered it up. I'm wanting to know what happened to you. D'ye think we can do without a navigator that ye go and provoke that beast Bishop until he all but kills you?"

Pitt sat up and groaned again. But this time his anguish was mental rather than physical.

"I don't think a navigator will be needed this time, Peter."

"What's that?" cried Mr. Blood.

Pitt explained the situation as briefly as he could, in a halting, gasping speech. "I'm to rot here until I tell him the identity of my visitor and his business."

Mr. Blood got up, growling in his throat. "Bad cess to the filthy slaver!" said he. "But it must be contrived, nevertheless. To the devil with Nuttall! Whether he gives surety for the boat or not, whether

he explains it or not, the boat remains, and we're going, and you're coming with us."

"You're dreaming, Peter," said the prisoner. "We're not going this time. The magistrates will confiscate the boat since the surety's not paid, even if when they press him Nuttall does not confess the whole plan and get us all branded on the forehead."

Mr. Blood turned away, and with agony in his eyes looked out to sea over the blue water by which he had so fondly hoped soon to be travelling back to freedom.

The great red ship had drawn considerably nearer shore by now. Slowly, majestically she was entering the bay. Already one or two wherries were putting off from the wharf to board her. From where he stood, Mr. Blood could see the glinting of the brass cannons mounted on the prow above the curving beak-head, and he could make out the figure of a seaman in the forecabin on her larboard side, leaning out to heave the lead.

An angry voice aroused him from his unhappy thoughts.

"What the devil are you doing here?"

The returning Colonel Bishop came striding into the stockade, his negroes following ever.

Mr. Blood turned to face him, and over that swarthy countenance—which, indeed, by now was tanned to the golden brown of a half-caste Indian—a mask descended.

"Doing?" said he blandly. "Why, the duties of my office."

The colonel, striding furiously forward, observed two things: the empty pannikin on the seat beside the prisoner, and the palmetto leaf protecting his back. "Have you dared to do this?" The veins on the planter's forehead stood out like cords.

"Of course I have." Mr. Blood's tone was one of faint surprise.

"I said he was to have neither meat nor drink until I ordered it."

"Sure, now, I never heard ye."

"You never heard me? How should you have heard me when you weren't here?"

"Then how did ye expect me to know what orders ye'd given?" Mr. Blood's tone was positively aggrieved. "All that I knew was that one of your slaves was being murdered by the sun and the flies. And I says to myself, this is one of the colonel's slaves, and I'm the colonel's doctor, and sure it's my duty to be looking after the colonel's property. So I just gave the fellow a spoonful of water and covered his back from the sun. And wasn't I right now?"

"Right?" The colonel was almost speechless.

"Be easy now, be easy!" Mr. Blood implored him.

"It's an apoplexy ye'll be contracting if ye give way to heat like this."

The planter thrust him aside with an imprecation, and stepping forward tore the palmetto leaf from the prisoner's back.

"In the name of humanity, now . . ." Mr. Blood was beginning.

The colonel swung upon him furiously. "Out of this!" he commanded. "And don't come near him again until I send for you, unless you want to be served in the same way."

He was terrific in his menace, in his bulk, and in the power of him. But Mr. Blood never flinched. It came to the colonel as he found himself steadily regarded by those light-blue eyes that looked so arrestingly odd in that tawny face—like pale sapphires set in copper—that this rogue had for some time now been growing presumptuous. It was a matter that he must presently correct. Meanwhile, Mr. Blood was speaking again, his tone quietly insistent.

"In the name of humanity," he repeated, "ye'll allow me to do what I can to ease his sufferings, or I swear to you that I'll forsake at once the duties of a doctor, and that it's devil another patient will I attend in this unhealthy island at all."

For an instant the colonel was too amazed to speak. Then:

"By God!" he roared. "D'ye dare take that tone with me, you dog? D'ye dare to make terms with me?"

"I do that." The unflinching blue eyes looked squarely into the colonel's, and there was a devil peeping out of them, the devil of recklessness that is born of despair.

Colonel Bishop considered him for a long moment in silence. "I've been too soft with you," he said at last. "But that's to be mended." And he tightened his lips. "I'll have the rods to you, until there's not an inch of skin left on your dirty back."

"Will ye so? And what would Governor Steed do then?"

"Ye're not the only doctor on the island."

Mr. Blood actually laughed. "And will ye tell that to his excellency, him with the gout in his foot so bad that he can't stand? Ye know very well it's devil another doctor will he tolerate, being an intelligent man that knows what's good for him."

But the colonel's brute passion thoroughly aroused was not so easily to be balked. "If you're alive when my blacks have done with you perhaps you'll come to your senses."

He swung to his negroes to issue an order. But it was never issued. At that moment a terrific rolling thunderclap drowned his voice and shook the very air. Colonel Bishop jumped, his negroes jumped with him, and so even did the apparently imperturbable Mr.

Blood. Then the four of them stared together seawards.

Down in the bay all that could be seen of the great ship, standing now within a cable's length of the fort, were her topmasts thrusting above a cloud of smoke in which she was enveloped. From the cliffs a flight of startled seabirds had risen to circle in the blue, giving tongue to their alarm, the plaintive curlew noisiest of all.

As those men stared from the eminence on which they stood, not yet understanding what had taken place, they saw the British Jack dip from the main-truck and vanish into the rising cloud below. A moment more, and up through that cloud to replace the flag of England soared the gold and crimson banner of Castile. And then they understood.

"Pirates!" roared the colonel, and again, "Pirates!"

Fear and incredulity were blent in his voice. He had paled under his tan until his face was the colour of clay, and there was a wild fury in his beady eyes. His negroes looked at him, grinning idiotically, all teeth and eyeballs.

CHAPTER IV.

SPANIARDS.

THE stately ship that had been allowed to sail so leisurely into Carlisle Bay under her false colours was a Spanish privateer, coming to pay off some of the heavy debt piled up by the predacious Brethren of the Coast, and the recent defeat by the *Pride of Devon* of two treasure galleons bound for Cadiz. It happened that the galleon which escaped in a more or less crippled condition was commanded by Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdez, who was own brother to the Spanish Admiral Don Miguel de Espinosa, and who was also a very hasty, proud and hot-tempered gentleman.

Galled by his defeat, and choosing to forget that his own conduct had invited it, he had sworn to teach the English a sharp lesson which they should remember. He would take a leaf out of the book of Morgan and those other robbers of the sea, and make a punitive raid upon an English settlement. Unfortunately for himself and for many others, his brother the admiral was not at hand to restrain him when for this purpose he fitted out the *Cinco Llagas* at San Juan de Porto Rico. He chose for his objective the island of Barbadoes, whose natural strength was apt to render her defenders careless. He chose it also because thither had the *Pride of Devon* been tracked by his scouts, and he desired a measure of poetic justice to invest his vengeance. And he chose a moment when there were no ships of war at anchor in Carlisle Bay.

He had succeeded so well in his intentions that he had aroused no suspicion until he saluted the fort at short range with a broadside of twenty guns.

And now the four gaping watchers in the stockade on the headland beheld the great ship creep forward under the rising cloud of smoke, her mainsail unfurled to increase her steering way, and go about close-hauled to bring her larboard guns to bear upon the unready fort.

With the crashing roar of that second broadside, Colonel Bishop awoke from stupefaction to a recollection of where his duty lay. In the town below, drums were beating frantically, and a trumpet was bleating, as if the peril needed further advertising. As commander of the Barbadoes Militia the place of Colonel Bishop was at the head of his scanty troops, in that fort which the Spanish guns were pounding into rubble.

Remembering it, he went off at the double, despite his bulk and the heat, his negroes trotting after him.

Mr. Blood turned to Jeremy Pitt. He laughed grimly. "Now that," said he, "is what I call a timely interruption. Though what'll come of it," he added as an afterthought, "the devil himself knows."

As a third broadside was thundering forth he picked up the palmetto leaf and carefully replaced it on the back of his fellow-slave.

And then into the stockade, panting and sweating, came Kent, followed by best part of a score of plantation workers, some of whom were black and all of whom were in a state of panic. He led them into the low white house, to bring them forth again, within a moment, as it seemed, armed now with muskets and hangers and some of them equipped with bandoliers.

By this time the rebels-convict were coming in, in twos and threes, having abandoned their work upon finding themselves unguarded and upon scenting the general dismay.

Kent paused a moment, as his hastily-armed guard dashed forth, to fling an order to those slaves.

"To the woods!" he bade them. "Take to the woods, and lie close there until this is over, and we've gutted these Spanish swine."

On that he went off in haste after his men, who were to be added to those massing in the town, so as to oppose and overwhelm the Spanish landing parties.

The slaves would have obeyed him on the instant, but for Mr. Blood.

"What need for haste, and in this heat?" quoth he. He was surprisingly cool, they thought. "Maybe there'll be no need to take to the woods at all, and anyway it will be time enough to do so when the Spaniards are masters of the town."

And so, joined now by the other stragglers, and numbering in all a round score—rebels-convict—all they stayed to watch from their vantage ground the

fortunes of the furious battle that was being waged below.

The landing was contested by the militia and by every islander capable of bearing arms with the fierce resoluteness of men who knew that no quarter was to be expected in defeat. The ruthlessness of Spanish soldiery was a byword, and not at his worst had Morgan or L'Ollonais ever perpetrated such horrors as those of which these Castilian gentlemen were capable.

But this Spanish commander knew his business, which was more than could truthfully be said for the Barbadoes Militia. Having gained the advantage of a surprise blow, which had put the fort out of action, he soon showed them that he was master of the situation. His guns turned now upon the open space behind the mole, where the incompetent Bishop had marshalled his men, tore the militia into bloody rags, and covered the landing parties which were making the shore in their own boats and in several of those which had rashly gone out to the great ship before her identity was revealed.

All through the scorching afternoon the battle went on, the rattle and crack of musketry penetrating ever deeper into the town to show that the defenders were being driven steadily back. By sunset two hundred and fifty Spaniards were masters of Bridgetown, the islanders were disarmed, and at Government House, Governor Steed—his gout forgotten in his panic—supported by Colonel Bishop and some lesser officers, was being informed by Don Diego, with an urbanity that was itself a mockery, of the sum that would be required in ransom.

For a hundred thousand pieces of eight, and fifty head of cattle, Don Diego would forbear from

MR. RALPH CUSHMAN.



Glance at the portrait above and you will at once notice the enquiring contraction of the eyes; here, you will probably observe, is a man who likes to know things, and who takes a keen and vigorous interest in life. And that in truth is Ralph Cushman, who, born in the State of Massachusetts (America's culture-State), has been domiciled in Jamaica for over fourteen years now and is one of the best-liked of our local business men. He has an expansive character. To know him is to like him; even if by some mischance you quarrelled with him you would shortly find yourself on friendly terms with him again; and if the fault of the estrangement should happen to have been on your side he would never permit you to go far in admitting it. The right arm would immediately be elevated in friendly expostulation: "My dear boy, don't think of it," and that would be the end of that. "My dear boy": there you have his characteristic expression. Everybody seems dear to him. He will give his opinions in downright, even vehement fashion, yet the natural kindness of the man will be apparent all the while, and no differences of points of view will mar the cordial relations existing between him and his friends and acquaintances. He is unconsciously humorous. One night an Englishman with whom he was talking remarked upon the absurdity of the American prohibition law. Mr. Cushman instantly remembered that he was a good American and as such must defend his country's institutions. "My dear boy," he volleyed, "you don't know what you are talking about; you don't know the vast amount of good prohibition has done for the people of the States. You should acquaint yourself with such facts before speaking. What will you have? Whisky and soda?" And he gravely ordered drinks all round! One likes an American of this type. "He is a fine fellow," is the verdict generally pronounced upon him in Jamaica. No truer verdict was ever returned.

reducing the place to ashes. And what time that suave and courtly commander was settling these details with the apoplectic British Governor, the Spaniards were smashing and looting, feasting, drinking and ravaging after the hideous manner of their kind.

Mr. Blood, greatly daring, ventured down at dusk into the town. What he saw there is recorded by Jeremy Pitt—to whom he subsequently related it—in that voluminous log from which the greater part of my narrative is derived. I have no intention of repeating any of it here. It is all too loathsome and nauseating, incredible indeed that men, however abandoned, could ever descend such an abyss of bestial cruelty and lust.

What he saw was fetching him in haste and white-faced out of that hell again, when in a narrow street a girl hurtled into him, wild-eyed, her unbound hair streaming behind her as she ran. After her laughing and cursing in a breath, came a heavy-booted Spaniard. Almost he was upon her, when suddenly Mr. Blood got in his way. The doctor had taken a sword from a dead man's side some little time before and armed himself with it against an emergency.

As the Spaniard checked in anger and surprise, he caught in the dusk the livid gleam of that sword which Mr. Blood had quickly unsheathed.

"Ah, perro inglés!" he shouted, and flung forward to his death.

"It's hoping I am ye're in a fit state to meet your Maker," said Mr. Blood, and ran him through the body. He did the thing skilfully, with the combined skill of swordsman and surgeon. The man sank in a hideous heap without so much as a groan.

Mr. Blood swung to the girl, who leaned panting and sobbing against a wall. He caught her by the wrist.

"Come!" he said. "But she hung back, resisting him by her weight. "Who are you?" she demanded wildly.

"Will ye wait to see my credentials?" he snapped. Steps were clattering towards them from beyond the corner round which she had fled from that Spanish ruffian. "Come," he urged again. And this time, reassured perhaps by his clear English speech, she went without further question.

They sped down an alley and then up another, by great good fortune meeting no one, for already they were on the outskirts of the town. They won out of it, and white-faced, physically sick, Mr. Blood dragged her almost at a run up the hill towards Colonel Bishop's house. He told her briefly who and what he was, and thereafter there was no conversation between them until they reached the big white house. It was all in darkness, which at least was reassuring. If the Spaniards had reached it, there would be lights. He knocked, but had to knock again and yet again before he was answered. Then it was by a voice from a window above.

"Who is there?" The voice was Miss Bishop's, a little tremulous, but unmistakably her own.

Mr. Blood almost fainted in relief. He had been imagining the unimaginable. He had pictured her down in that hell out of which he had just come. He had conceived that she might have followed her uncle into Bridgetown, or committed some other imprudence, and he turned cold from head to foot at the mere thought of what might have happened to her.

"It is I—Peter Blood," he gasped.

"What do you want?" "It is doubtful whether she would have come down to open. For at such a time as this it was no more than likely that the wretched plantation slaves might be in revolt and prove as great a danger as the Spaniards. But at the sound of her voice, the girl Mr. Blood had rescued peered up through the gloom.

"Arabella!" she called. "It is I, Mary Traill."

"Mary!" The voice ceased above on that exclamation, the head was withdrawn. After a brief pause the door gaped wide. Beyond it in the wide hall stood Miss Arabella, a slim virginal figure in white, mysteriously revealed in the gleam of a single candle which she carried.

Mr. Blood strode in followed by his distraught companion, who, falling upon Arabella's slender bosom, surrendered herself to a passion of tears. But he wasted no time.

"Whom have you here with you? What servants?" he demanded sharply.

The only male was James, an old negro groom. "The very man," said Blood. "Bid him get out horses. Then away with you to Speightstown, or even farther north, where you will be safe. Here you are in danger—in dreadful danger."

"But I thought the fighting was over," she was beginning, pale and startled.

"So it is. But the devilry's only beginning. Miss Traill will tell you as you go. In God's name, madam, take my word for it, and do as I bid you."

"He . . . he saved me," sobbed Miss Traill.

"Saved you?" Miss Bishop was aghast. "Saved you from what, Mary?" "Let that wait," snapped Mr. Blood almost angrily. "You've all the night for chattering when you're out of this, and away beyond their reach. Will you please call James, and do as I say—and at once."

"You are very peremptory." "Oh, my God! I am peremptory. Speak, Miss Traill, tell her whether I've cause to be peremptory." "Yes, yes," the girl cried, shuddering. "Do as he says—Oh, for pity's sake, Arabella."

Miss Bishop went off, leaving Mr. Blood and Miss Trail alone again.

"I . . . I shall never forget what you did, sir," said she, through her diminishing tears. She was a slight wisp of a girl, a child, no more.

"I've done better things in my time. That's why I'm here," said Mr. Blood, whose mood seemed to be snappy.

She didn't pretend to understand him, and she didn't make the attempt.

"Did you . . . did you kill him?" she asked fearfully.

He stared at her in the flickering candlelight. "I hope so. It is very probable, and it doesn't matter at all," he said. "What matters is that this fellow James should fetch the horses." And he was stamping off to accelerate these preparations for departure, when her voice arrested him.

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me here alone!" she cried in terror.

He paused. He turned and came slowly back. Standing above her he smiled upon her.

"There, there! You've no cause for alarm. It's all over now. You'll be away soon—away to Speights-town, where you'll be quite safe."

The horses came at last—four of them, for in addition to James, who was to act as her guide, Miss Bishop had her woman, who was not to be left behind.

Mr. Blood lifted the slight weight of Mary Traill to her horse, then turned to say good-bye to Miss Bishop, who was already mounted. He said it, and seemed to have something to add. But whatever it was it remained unspoken.

The horses started, and receded into the sapphire starlit night, leaving him standing there before Colonel Bishop's door. The last he heard of them was Mary Traill's childlike voice calling back on a quavering note:

"I shall never forget what you did, Mr. Blood. I shall never forget."

But as it was not the voice he desired to hear the assurance brought him little satisfaction. He stood there in the dark, watching the fire-flies amid the rhododendrons, till the hoofbeats had faded. Then he sighed and roused himself. He had much to do. His journey into the town had not been one of idle curiosity to see how the Spaniards conducted themselves in victory. It had been inspired by a very different purpose, and he had gained in the course of it all the information he desired. He had an extremely busy night before him, and must be moving.

He went off briskly in the direction of the stock-

ade, where his fellow-slaves awaited him in deep anxiety and some hope.

CHAPTER V.

THE REBELS-CONVICT.

THERE were, when the purple gloom of the tropical night descended upon the Caribbean, not more than ten men on guard aboard the *Cinco Llagas*, so confident—and with good reason—were the Spaniards of the complete subjection of the islanders. And when I say that there were ten men on guard, I state rather the purpose for which they were left aboard, than the duty which they fulfilled. As a matter of fact, whilst the main body of the Spaniards feasted and rioted ashore, the Spanish gunner and his crew—who had so nobly done their duty and insured the easy victory of the day—were feasting on the gun-deck upon the wine and the fresh meats fetched out to them from shore. Above, two sentinels only kept vigil, at stem and stern. Nor were they as vigilant as they should have been, or else they must have observed the two wherries that under cover of the darkness came gliding from the wharf, with well-greased rowlocks, to bring up in silence under the great ship's quarter.

From the gallery aft still hung the ladder by which Don Diego had descended to the boat that had taken him ashore. The sentry on guard in the stern, coming presently round this gallery, was suddenly confronted by the black shadow of a man standing before him at the head of the ladder.

"Who's there?" he asked, but without alarm, supposing it one of his fellows.

"It is I," softly answered Peter Blood in the fluent Castilian of which he was master.

"Is it you, Pedro?" The Spaniard came a step nearer.

"Peter is my name; but I doubt I'll not be the Peter you're expecting."

"How?" quoth the sentry, checking.

"This way," said Mr. Blood.

The wooden taffrail was a low one, and the Spaniard was taken completely by surprise. Save for the splash he made as he struck the water, narrowly missing one of the crowded boats that waited under the counter, not a sound announced his misadventure. Armed as he was with corselet, cuissarts and head-piece, he sank to trouble them no more.

"Whist!" hissed Mr. Blood to his waiting rebels-convict. "Come on now, and without noise."

Within five minutes they had swarmed aboard, the entire twenty of them, overflowing from that narrow gallery and crouching on the quarter-deck itself. Lights showed ahead. Under the great lantern in the

prow they saw the black figure of the other sentry, pacing on the fore-castle. From below sounds reached them of the orgy on the gun-deck: a rich male voice was singing an obscene ballad to which the others chanted in chorus:

"Y estos son los usos de Castilla y de Leon!"

"From what I've seen to-day I can well believe it," said Mr. Blood, and whispered: "Forward—after me."

Crouching low, they glided, noiseless as shadows, to the quarter-deck rail, and thence slipped without sound down into the waist. Two-thirds of them were armed with muskets, some of which they had found in the overseer's house, and others supplied from the secret hoard that Mr. Blood had so laboriously assembled against the day of escape. The remainder were equipped with knives and cutlasses.

In the vessel's waist they hung awhile, until Mr. Blood had satisfied himself that no other sentinel showed above decks but that inconvenient fellow in the prow. Their first attention must be for him. Mr. Blood, himself, crept forward with two companions, leaving the others in the charge of that Nathaniel Hagthorpe whose sometime commission in the King's Navy gave him the best title to this office.

Mr. Blood's absence was brief. When he rejoined his comrades there was no watch above the Spaniard's decks.

Meanwhile, the revellers below continued to make merry at their ease in the conviction of complete security. The garrison of Barbadoes was overpowered and disarmed, and their companions were ashore in complete possession of the town, glutting themselves hideously upon the fruits of victory. What then, was there to fear? Even when their quarters were invaded and they found themselves surrounded by a score of wild, hairy, half-naked men, who—save that they appeared once to have been white—looked like a horde of savages, the Spaniards could not believe their eyes.

Who could have dreamed that a handful of forgotten plantation-slaves could have dared to take so much upon themselves?

The half-drunken Spaniards, their laughter suddenly quenched, the song perishing on their lips, stared, stricken and bewildered at the levelled muskets by which they were checkmated.

And then from out of this uncouth pack of savages that beset them, stepped a slim, tall fellow with light blue eyes in a tawny face, eyes in which glinted the light of a wicked humour. He addressed them in the purest Castilian.

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garding yourselves my prisoners, and suffering yourselves to be quietly bestowed out of harm's way."

"Name of God!" swore the gunner, which did no justice at all to an amazement beyond expression.

"If you please," said Mr. Blood; and thereupon those gentlemen of Spain were induced without further trouble beyond a musket prod or two to drop through a scuttle to the deck below.

After that the rebels-convict refreshed themselves with the good things in the consumption of which they had interrupted the Spaniards. To taste palatable Christian food after months of salt fish and maize dumplings was in itself a feast to these unfortunates. But there were no excesses. Mr. Blood saw to that, although it required all the firmness of which he was capable.

Dispositions were to be made without delay against that which must follow before they could abandon themselves fully to the enjoyment of their victory. This, after all, was no more than a preliminary skirmish, although it was one that afforded them the key to the situation. It remained to dispose so that the utmost profit might be drawn from it. Those dispositions occupied some very considerable portion of the night; but, at least, they were complete before the sun peeped over the shoulder of Mount Hillbay to shed his light upon a day of some surprises.

It was soon after sunrise that the rebel-convict who paced the quarter-deck in Spanish corselet and headpiece, a Spanish musket on his shoulder, announced the approach of a boat. It was Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdez coming aboard with four great treasure chests, containing each twenty-five thousand pieces of eight, the ransom delivered to him at dawn by Governor Steed. He was accompanied by his son, Don Esteban, and by six men who took the oars.

Aboard the frigate all was quiet and orderly as it should be. She rode at anchor, her larboard to the shore, and the main ladder on her starboard side. Round to this came the boat with Don Diego and his treasure. Mr. Blood had disposed effectively. It was not for nothing that he had served under de Ruyter. The swings were waiting, and the windlass manned. Below, a gun-crew held itself in readiness under the command of Ogle, who—as I have said—had been a gunner in the Royal Navy before he went in for politics and followed the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth. He was a sturdy, resolute fellow who inspired confidence by the very confidence he displayed in himself.

Don Diego mounted the ladder and stepped upon the deck, alone, and entirely unsuspecting. What should the poor man suspect?

Before he could even look round, and survey this guard drawn up to receive him, a tap over the head with a capstan bar efficiently handled by Hagthorpe put him to sleep without the least fuss.

He was carried away to his cabin, whilst the treasure-chests, handled by the men he had left in the boat, were being hauled to the deck. That being satisfactorily accomplished, Don Esteban and the fellows who had manned the boat came up the ladder, one by one, to be handled with the same quiet efficiency. Peter Blood had a genius for these things, and almost, I suspect, an eye for the dramatic. Dramatic, certainly, was the spectacle now offered to the survivors of the raid.

With Colonel Bishop at their head, and gout-ridden Governor Steed sitting on the ruins of a wall beside him, they glumly watched the departure of the eight boats containing the weary Spanish ruffians who had glutted themselves with rapine, murder and violences unspeakable.

They looked on, between relief at this departure of their remorseless enemies, and despair at the wild ravages which, temporarily at least, had wrecked the prosperity and happiness of that little colony.

The boats pulled away from the shore, with their loads of laughing, jeering Spaniards, who were still flinging taunts across the water at their surviving victims. They had come midway between the wharf and the ship, when suddenly the air was shaken by the boom of a gun.

A round shot struck the water within a fathom of the foremost boat, sending a shower of spray over its occupants. They paused at their oars, astounded into silence for a moment. Then speech burst from them like an explosion. Angrily voluble they anathematized this dangerous carelessness on the part of their gunner, who should know better than to fire a salute from a cannon loaded with shot. They were still cursing him when a second shot, better aimed than the first came to crumple one of the boats into splinters, flinging its crew, dead and living, into the water.

But if it silenced these, it gave tongue, still more angry, vehement and bewildered to the crews of the other seven boats. From each the suspended oars stood out poised over the water, whilst on their feet in the excitement the Spaniards screamed oaths at the ship, begging Heaven and hell to inform them what madman had been let loose among her guns.

Plump into their middle came a third shot, smashing a second boat with fearful execution. Followed again a moment of awful silence, then, among those Spanish pirates, all was gibbering and jabbering and splashing of oars, as they attempted to pull in every direction at once. Some were for going ashore, others for heading straight to the vessel and there discovering what might be amiss. That something was very gravely amiss there could be no further doubt, parti-

cularly as whilst they discussed and fumed and cursed two more shots came over the water to account for yet a third of their boats.

The resolute Ogle was making excellent practice, and fully justifying his claims to know something of gunnery. In their consternation the Spaniards had simplified his task by huddling their boats together.

After the fourth shot, opinion was no longer divided amongst them. As with one accord, they went about, or attempted to do so, for before they had accomplished it two more of their boats had been sunk.

The three boats that remained, without concerning themselves with their more unfortunate fellows, who were struggling in the water, headed back for the wharf at speed.

If the Spaniards understood nothing of all this, the forlorn islanders ashore understood still less, until to help their wits they saw the flag of Spain come down from the mainmast of the *Cinco Llagas*, and the flag of England soar to its empty place. Even then some bewilderment persisted, and it was with fearful eyes that they observed the return of their enemies, who might vent upon them the ferocity aroused by these extraordinary events.

Ogle, however, continued to give proof that his knowledge of gunnery was not of yesterday. After the fleeing Spaniards went his shots. The last of their boats flew into splinters as it touched the wharf, and its remains were buried under a shower of loosened masonry.

That was the end of this pirate crew, which not ten minutes ago had been laughingly counting up the pieces of eight that would fall to the portion of each for his share in that act of villainy. Close upon three-score survivors contrived to reach the shore. Whether they had cause for congratulation, I am unable to say in the absence of any records in which their fate may be traced. That lack of records is in itself eloquent. We know that they were made fast as they landed, and considering the offence they had given I am not disposed to doubt that they had every reason to regret their survival.

The mystery of the succour that had come at the eleventh hour to wreak vengeance upon the Spaniards, and to preserve for the island the extortionate ransom of a hundred thousand pieces of eight, remained yet to be probed. That the *Cinco Llagas* was now in friendly hands could no longer be doubted after the proofs it had given. But who, the people of Bridgetown asked one another, were the men in possession of her, and whence had they come? The only possible assumption ran the truth very closely. A resolute party of islanders must have got aboard during the night, and seized the ship. It remained to ascertain the precise identity of these mysterious saviours, and do them fitting honour.

Upon this errand—Governor Steed's condition not permitting him to go in person—went Colonel Bishop as the governor's deputy, attended by two officers.

As he stepped from the ladder into the vessel's waist, the colonel beheld there, beside the main hatch, the four treasure chests, the contents of one of which had been contributed almost entirely by himself. It was a gladsome spectacle, and his eyes sparkled in beholding it.

Ranged on either side, athwart the deck stood a score of men in two well-ordered files, with breasts and backs of steel, polished Spanish morions on their heads, overshadowing their faces, and muskets ordered at their sides.

Colonel Bishop could not be expected to recognise at a glance in these upright, furbished, soldierly figures the ragged, unkempt scarecrows that but yesterday had been toiling in his plantations. Still less could he be expected to recognise at once the courtly gentleman who advanced to greet him—a lean, graceful gentleman, dressed in the Spanish fashion, all in black with silver lace, a gold-hilted sword dangling beside him from a gold embroidered baldrick, a broad castor with a sweeping plume set above carefully curled ringlets of deepest black.

"Be welcome aboard the *Cinco Llagas*, colonel darling," a voice vaguely familiar addressed the planter. "We've made the best of the Spaniards' wardrobe in honour of this visit, though it was scarcely yourself we had dared hope to expect. You find yourself among friends—old friends of yours, all."

The colonel stared in stupefaction. Mr. Blood tricked out in all this splendour—indulging therein his natural taste—his face carefully shaven, his hair as carefully dressed, seemed transformed into a younger man. The fact is he looked no more than the thirty-three years he counted to his age.

"Peter Blood!" It was an ejaculation of amazement. Satisfaction followed swiftly. "Was it you, then . . . ?"

"Myself it was—myself and these my good friends and yours." Mr. Blood tossed back the fine lace from his wrist, to wave a hand towards the file of men standing to attention there.

The colonel looked more closely. "Gads my life!" he crowed on a note of foolish jubilation, "and it was with these fellows that you took the Spaniard and turned the tables on those dogs! Oddswounds! It was heroic!"

"Heroic, is it! Bedad, it's epic! Ye begin to perceive the breadth and depth of my genius."

Colonel Bishop sat himself down on the hatch-coaming, took off his broad hat, and mopped his brow.

"Y' amaze me!" he gasped. "On my soul, y' amaze me! To have recovered the treasure and to have seized this fine ship and all she'll hold! It will be something to set against the other losses we have suffered. As Gad's my life, you deserve well for this."

"I am entirely of your opinion."

"Damme! You all deserve well, and damme, you shall find me grateful."

"That's as it should be," said Mr. Blood. "The question is how well we deserve, and how grateful shall we find you?"

Colonel Bishop considered him. There was a shadow of surprise in his face.

"Why—his excellency shall write home on account of your exploit, and maybe some portion of your sentences shall be remitted."

"The generosity of King James is well known," sneered Nathaniel Hagthorpe, who was standing by, and amongst the ranged rebels-convict someone ventured to laugh.

Colonel Bishop started up. He was pervaded by the first pang of uneasiness. It occurred to him that all here might not be as friendly as appeared.

"And there's another matter," Mr. Blood resumed. "There's a matter of a flogging that's due to me. Ye're a man of your word in such matters, colonel—if not perhaps in others—and ye said, I think, that ye'd not leave a square inch of skin on my back."



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The planter waved the matter aside. Almost it seemed to offend him.

"Tush! Tush! After this splendid deed of yours, do you suppose I can be thinking of such things?"

"I'm glad ye feel like that about it. But I'm thinking it's mighty lucky for me the Spaniards didn't come to-day instead of yesterday, or it's in the same plight as Jeremy Pitt I'd be this minute. And in that case where was the genius that would have turned the tables on these rascally Spaniards?"

"Why speak of it now?"

"I must, colonel darling. Ye've worked a deal of wickedness and cruelty in your time, and I want this to be a lesson to you, a lesson that ye'll remember—for the sake of others who may come after us. There's Jeremy up there in the round-house with a back that's every colour of the rainbow; and the poor lad'll not be himself again for a month. And if it hadn't been for the Spaniards may be its dead he'd be by now, and maybe myself with him."

Hagthorpe lounged forward. He was a fairly tall, vigorous man with a clear-cut attractive face which in itself announced his breeding.

"Why will you be wasting words on the hog?" wondered that sometime officer in the Royal Navy. "Fling him overboard and have done with him."

The colonel's eyes bulged in his head. "What the devil do you mean?" he blustered.

"It's the lucky man ye are entirely, colonel, though ye don't guess the source of your good fortune."

And now another intervened—the brawny, one-eyed Wolverstone, less mercifully disposed than his more gentlemanly fellow-convict.

"String him up from the yard-arm," he cried, his deep voice harsh and angry, and more than one of the slaves standing to their arms made echo.

Colonel Bishop trembled. Mr. Blood turned. He was quite calm.

"If you please, Wolverstone," said he, "I conduct affairs in my own way. That is the pact. You'll please to remember it." His eyes looked along the ranks, making it plain that he addressed them all. "I desire that Colonel Bishop should have his life. One reason is that I require him as a hostage. If ye insist on hanging him ye'll have to hang me with him, or in the alternative I'll go ashore."

He paused. There was no answer. But they stood hang-dog and half-mutinous before him, save Hagthorpe, who shrugged and smiled wearily. Mr. Blood resumed: "Ye'll please to understand that aboard a ship there is one captain. So." He swung again to the startled colonel.

"Though I promise you your life, I must—as you've heard—keep you aboard as a hostage for the good behaviour of Governor Steed and what's left of the fort until we put to sea."

"Until you . . ." Horror prevented Colonel Bishop from echoing the remainder of that incredible speech.

"Just so," said Peter Blood, and he turned to the officers who had accompanied the colonel. "The boat is waiting, gentlemen. You'll have heard what I said. Convey it with my compliments to his excellency."

"But, sir . . ." one of them began.

"There is no more to be said, gentlemen. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, if you please, of this ship the *Cinco Llagas*, taken as a prize of war from Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdez, who is my prisoner aboard. You are to understand that I have turned the tables on more than the Spaniards. There's the ladder. You'll find it more convenient than being heaved over the side, which is what'll happen if you linger."

They went, though not without some hustling, regardless of the bellowings of Colonel Bishop, whose monstrous rage was fanned by terror of finding himself at the mercy of these men of whose cause to hate him he was very fully conscious.

A half-dozen of them, apart from Jeremy Pitt, who was utterly incapacitated for the present, possessed a superficial knowledge of seamanship. Hagthorpe, although he had been a fighting officer, untrained in navigation, knew how to handle a ship, and under his directions they set about getting under way.

The anchor catted, and the mainsail unfurled, they stood out for the open before a gentle breeze, without interference from the fort.

As they were running close to the headland east of the bay, Peter Blood returned to the colonel, who under guard and panic-stricken, had dejectedly resumed his seat on the coamings of the main hatch.

"Can ye swim, colonel?"

Colonel Bishop looked up. His great face was yellow and seemed in that moment of a preternatural flabbiness; his beady eyes were beadier than ever.

"As your doctor now, I prescribe a swim to cool the excessive heat of your humours." Blood delivered the explanation pleasantly, and receiving still no answer from the colonel, continued: "It's a mercy for you I'm not by nature as bloodthirsty as some of my friends here. And it's the devil's own labour I've had to prevail upon them not to be vindictive. I doubt if ye're worth the pains I've taken for you."

He was lying. He had no doubt at all. Had he followed his own wishes and instincts, he would certainly have strung the colonel up, and accounted it a meritorious deed. It was the thought of Arabella Bishop that had urged him to mercy, and had led him to oppose the natural vindictiveness of his fellow-

slaves until he had been in danger of precipitating a mutiny. It was entirely to the fact that the colonel was her uncle, although he did not even begin to suspect such a cause, that he owed such mercy as was now being shown him.

"You shall have a chance to swim for it," Peter Blood continued. "It's not above a quarter of a mile to the headland yonder, and with ordinary luck ye should manage it. Faith, you're fat enough to float. Come on! Now don't be hesitating or it's a long voyage ye'll be going with us, and the devil knows what may happen to you. You're not loved any more than you deserve."

Colonel Bishop mastered himself, and rose. A merciless despot, who had never known the need for restraint in all these years, he was doomed by ironic fate to practise restraint in the very moment when his feelings had reached their most violent intensity.

Peter Blood gave an order. A plank was run out over the gunwale, and lashed down.

"If you please, colonel," said he, with a graceful flourish of invitation.

The colonel looked at him, and there was hell in his glance. Then taking his resolve, and putting the best face upon it, since no other could help him here, he kicked off his shoes, peeled off his fine coat of biscuit-coloured taffetas, and climbed upon the plank.

A moment he paused, steadied by a hand that clutched the ratlines, looking down in terror at the green water rushing past some five and twenty feet below.

"Just take a little walk, colonel darling," said a smooth, mocking voice behind him.

Still clinging, Colonel Bishop looked round in hesitation and saw the bulwarks lined with swarthy faces—the faces of men that as lately as yesterday would have turned pale under his frown, faces that were now all wickedly agrin.

For a moment, rage stamped out his fear. He cursed them aloud venomously and incoherently, then loosed his hold and stepped out upon the plank. Three steps he took before he lost his balance and went tumbling into the green depths below.

When he came to surface again, gasping for air, the *Cinco Llagas* was already some furlongs to leeward. But the roaring cheer of mocking valediction from the rebels-convict reached him across the water, to drive the iron of impotent rage deeper into his soul.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MILAGROSA.

PETER BLOOD was now in possession of a fine ship of war and in command of a band of desperate men who knew that in no British island could they find a refuge, or even be certain of their lives. Yet to fight against England was not in their hearts, though she had treated them so harshly. Spain was the natural enemy of the English, and against Spain French buccaneers also contended with unremitting bitterness in these southern seas. To Tortuga, off the coast of Hayti, then, would Peter Blood take his ship and his men; there, under the protection of its French Governor, M. d'Ogeron would he establish his headquarters; and thence would he issue, one of the numerous privateers who swept the seas, to make war against the might of Spain.

The captain of the *Cinco Llagas*, Don Diego de Espinosa y Valdez, was no obstacle to his plans. That commander, though he recovered from the blow he had received when Peter boarded his ship, soon after died of chagrin and terror. The Spanish sailors were set free near the coast of San Domingo, and then Peter set sail for Tortuga. His navigating officer was Jeremy Pitt, his second in command was Wolverstone, one of the escaped rebels-convict, and Ogle, another of these, was made his master gunner.

M. d'Ogeron, the Governor of Tortuga, received Captain Blood, as he must now be called, with open arms. And soon the fame of Blood and his men began to spread, not only in the islands and along the Spanish Main, but in England and Spain itself. Both countries regarded him as a pirate. And Don Diego's brother, Don Miguel de Espinosa, had sworn an oath to capture and put to a cruel death the man who was responsible for his brother's calamitous downfall and end.

Peter Blood, now called Don Pedro Sangre by the Spaniards, had, however, won a good friend in M. d'Ogeron because of a great service he was able to render to that governor's pretty, vivacious daughter. He had rescued her from a French ruffian called Levasseur, and M. d'Ogeron was grateful. In Tortuga Captain Blood would always find a refuge.

His exploits surpassed those of the daring men who had won fame in the Caribbean; his ship, renamed the *Arabella*, after a girl in the little island of Barbados, was handled with masterly skill by him and his crew. He planned a great attack upon Maracaybo, on the Spanish Main, and carried it through, defeating the Spanish Admiral who sought to defend the city; he captured three Spanish ships of war, and with them and the *Arabella* and another formed a fleet of his own. This Spanish Admiral was no other than Don Miguel de Espinosa whose brother had been defeated by Captain Blood in the roadstead of Barbadoes. The Spanish Admiral had sworn to capture Peter, and now three of his ships were in Peter Blood's hands.

After this exploit Captain Blood returned to Tortuga. In Tortuga during the months he spent there

refitting his new ships, he found himself an object of worship in the eyes of the wild Brethren of the Coast, all of whom now clamoured for the honour of serving under him. It placed him in the rare position of being able to pick and choose the crews for his augmented fleet, and he chose fastidiously. When next he sailed away it was with a fleet of five fine ships in which went something over a thousand men. Thus you behold him not merely famous, but really formidable. The three captured Spanish vessels he had renamed with a certain scholarly humour the *Clotho*, *Lachesis* and *Atropos*, a grimly jocular manner of conveying to the world that he made them the arbiters of the fate of any Spaniards he should henceforth encounter upon the seas.

In Europe the news of this fleet, following upon the news of the Spanish Admiral's defeat of Maracaybo, produced something of a sensation. Spain and England were variously and unpleasantly exercised, and if you care to turn up the diplomatic correspondence exchanged on the subject, you will find that it is considerable and not always amiable.

And meanwhile in the Caribbean, the Spanish Admiral Don Miguel de Espinosa might be said—to use a term not yet invented in his day—to have run amok. The disgrace into which he had fallen as a result of the disasters suffered at the hands of Captain Blood had driven the admiral all but mad. It is impossible, if we dispose our minds impartially, to withhold a certain sympathy from Don Miguel. Hate was now this unfortunate man's daily bread, and the hope of vengeance an obsession to his mind. As a madman he went raging up and down the Caribbean seeking his enemy, and in the meantime, as an hors-d'œuvre to his vindictive appetite, he fell upon any ship of England or of France that loomed above his horizon.

I need say no more to convey the fact that this illustrious sea-captain and great gentleman of Castile had lost his head, and was become a pirate in his turn. The Supreme Council of Castile might anon condemn him for his practices. But how should that matter to one who already was condemned beyond redemption? On the contrary, if he should live to lay the audacious and ineffable Blood by the heels, it was possible that Spain might view his present irregularities and earlier losses with a more lenient eye.

And so, reckless of the fact that Captain Blood was now in vastly superior strength, the Spaniard sought him up and down the trackless seas. But for a whole year he sought him vainly. The circumstances in which eventually they met are very curious.

An intelligent observation of the fact of human existence will reveal to shallow-minded folk who sneer at the use of coincidence in the arts of fiction and drama that life itself is little more than a series of coincidences. Open the history of the past at whatsoever page you will, and there you shall find coincidence at work bringing about events that the merest chance might have averted. Indeed, coincidence may be defined as the very tool used by Fate to shape the destinies of men and nations.

Observe it now at work in the affairs of Captain Blood and of some others.

On the 15th September of the year 1688—a memorable year in the annals of England—three ships were afloat upon the Caribbean which in their coming conjunctions were to work out the fortunes of several persons.

The first of these was Captain Blood's flagship the *Arabella*, which had been separated from the buccaneer fleet in a hurricane off the Lesser Antilles. In somewhere about 17° N. Lat., and 74° Long., she was beating up for the Windward Passage, before the intermittent south-easterly breezes of that stifling season, homing for Tortuga, the natural rendezvous of the dispersed vessels.

The second ship was the great Spanish galleon, the *Milagrosa*, which accompanied by the smaller frigate *Hidalga*, lurked off the Caymites, to the north of the long peninsula that thrusts out from the southwest corner of Hispaniola. Aboard the *Milagrosa* sailed the vindictive Don Miguel.

The third and last of these ships with which we are at present concerned was an English man-of-war, which on the date I have given was at anchor in the French port of St. Nicholas on the north-west coast of Hispaniola. She was on her way from Plymouth to Jamaica, and carried on board a very distinguished passenger in the person of Lord Julian Wade, who came charged by his kinsman, my Lord Sunderland, with a mission of some consequence and delicacy, directly arising out of that vexatious correspondence between England and Spain.

The French Government, like the English, exceedingly annoyed by the depredations of the buccaneers, and the constant straining of relations with Spain that ensued, had sought in vain to put them down by enjoining the utmost severity against them upon her various overseas governors. But these, either—like the Governor of Tortuga—throve out of a scarcely tacit partnership with the filibusters, or—like the Governor of French Hispaniola—felt that they were to be encouraged as a check upon the power and greed of Spain, which might otherwise be exerted to the disadvantage of the colonies of other nations. They looked, indeed, with apprehension upon recourse to any vigorous measure which must result in driving many of the buccaneers to seek new hunting-grounds in the South Sea.

To satisfy King James's anxiety to conciliate

Spain, and in response to the Spanish Ambassador's constant and grievous expostulations, my Lord Sunderland, the Secretary of State had appointed a strong man to the deputy-governorship of Jamaica. This strong man was that Colonel Bishop who for some years now had been the most influential planter in Barbadoes.

Colonel Bishop had accepted the post, and departed from the plantations in which his great wealth was being amassed, with an eagerness that had its roots in a desire to pay off a score of his own with Peter Blood.

From his first coming to Jamaica, Colonel Bishop had made himself felt by the buccaneers. But do what he might, the one buccaneer whom he made his particular quarry—that Peter Blood who once had been his slave—eluded him ever, and continued underterred and in great force to harass the Spaniards upon sea and land, and to keep the relations between England and Spain in a state of perpetual ferment, particularly dangerous in those days when the peace of Europe was precariously maintained.

Exasperated not only by his own accumulated chagrin, but also by the reproaches for his failure which reached him from London, Colonel Bishop actually went so far as to consider hunting his quarry in Tortuga itself and making an attempt to clear the island of the buccaneers it sheltered. Fortunately for himself, he abandoned the notion of so insane an enterprise, deterred not only by the enormous natural strength of the place, but also by the reflection that a raid upon what was, nominally at least, a French settlement, must be attended by grave offence to France. Yet short of some such measure, it appeared to Colonel Bishop that he was baffled. He confessed as much in a letter to the Secretary of State.

This letter and the state of things which it disclosed, made my Lord Sunderland despair of solving the vexatious problem by ordinary means. He turned to the consideration of extraordinary ones, and he thought him of the plan adopted with Morgan, who had been enlisted into the King's service under Charles II. It occurred to him that a similar course might be similarly effective with Captain Blood. His lordship did not omit the consideration that Blood's present outlawry might well have been undertaken not from inclination, but under stress of sheer necessity, that he had been forced into it by the circumstances of his transportation, and that he would welcome the opportunity of emerging from it.

Acting upon this conclusion, Sunderland sent out his kinsman, Lord Julian Wade, with some commissions made out in blank, and full directions as to the course which the Secretary considered it desirable to pursue and yet full discretion in the matter of pursuing them. The crafty Sunderland, master of all labyrinths of intrigue, advised his kinsman that in the event of his finding Blood intractable, or judging for other reasons that it was not desirable to enlist him in the King's service, he should turn his attention to the officers serving under him, and by seducing them away from him leave him so weakened that he must fall an easy victim to Colonel Bishop's fleet.

The *Royal Mary*—the vessel bearing that ingenious, tolerably accomplished, mildly dissolute, entirely elegant envoy of my Lord Sunderland's—made a good passage to St. Nicholas, her last port of call before Jamaica. It was understood that as a preliminary Lord Julian should report himself to the deputy-governor at Port Royal, whence at need he might have himself conveyed to Tortuga. Now it happened that the deputy-governor's niece had come to St. Nicholas some months earlier on a visit to some relatives, and so that she might escape the insufferable heat of Jamaica in that season. The time for her return being now at hand, a passage was sought for her aboard the *Royal Mary*, and in view of her uncle's rank and position promptly accorded.

Lord Julian hailed her advent with satisfaction. It gave a voyage that had been full of interest for him just the spice that it required to achieve perfection as an experience. His lordship was one of your gallants to whom existence that is not graced by womankind is more or less of a stagnation.

Miss Arabella Bishop—this straight up and down slip of a girl with her rather boyish voice and her almost boyish ease of movement—was not perhaps a lady who in England would have commanded much notice in my lord's discerning eyes. His very sophisticated, carefully educated tastes in such matters inclined him towards the plump, the languishing and the quite helplessly feminine. Miss Bishop's charms were undeniable. But they were such that it would take a delicate-minded man to appreciate them; and my Lord Julian, whilst of a mind that was very far from gross, did not possess the necessary degree of delicacy. I must not by this be understood to imply anything against him.

It remained, however, that Miss Bishop was a young woman and a lady; and in the latitude into which Lord Julian had strayed this was a phenomenon sufficiently rare to command attention. On his side, with his title and position, his personal grace and the charm of a practised courtier, he bore about him the atmosphere of the great world in which normally he had his being—a world that was little more than a name to her, who had spent most of her life in the Antilles. It is not therefore wonderful that they should have been attracted to each other before the *Royal Mary* was warped out of St. Nicholas. Each

could tell the other much upon which the other desired information. He could regale her imagination with stories of St. James's—in many of which he assigned himself a heroic, or at least a distinguished part—and she could enrich his mind with information concerning this new world to which he had come.

Before they were out of sight of St. Nicholas they were good friends, and his lordship was beginning to correct his first impressions of her and to discover the charm of that frank straight-forward attitude of comradeship which made her treat every man as a brother. Considering how his mind was obsessed with the business of his mission, it is not wonderful that he should have come to talk to her of Captain Blood. Indeed, there was a circumstance that directly led to it.

"I wonder now," he said, as they were sauntering on the poop, "if you ever saw this fellow Blood, who was at one time on your uncle's plantations as a slave."

Miss Bishop halted. She leaned upon the taffrail, looking out towards the receding land, and it was a moment before she answered in a steady level voice:

"I saw him often. I knew him very well."

"Ye don't say!" His lordship was slightly moved out of an imperturbability that he had studiously cultivated. He was a young man of perhaps eight-and-twenty, well above the middle height in stature and appearing taller by virtue of his exceeding leanness. He had a thin, pale, rather pleasing hatchet-face, framed in the curls of a golden periwig, a sensitive mouth and pale blue eyes that lent his countenance a dreamy expression, a rather melancholy pensiveness. But they were alert, observant eyes notwithstanding, although they failed on this occasion to observe the slight change of colour which his question had brought to Miss Bishop's cheeks or the suspiciously excessive composure of her answer.

"Ye don't say!" he repeated, and came to lean beside her. "And what manner of man did you find him?"

"In those days I esteemed him for an unfortunate gentleman."

"You were acquainted with his story?"

"He told it me. That is why I esteemed him—for the calm fortitude with which he bore adversity. Since then, considering what he has done, I have almost come to doubt if what he told me of himself was true."

"If you mean of the wrongs he suffered at the hands of the Royal Commission that tried the Monmouth rebels, there's little doubt that it would be true enough. He was never out with Monmouth; that is certain. He was convicted on a point of law of which he may well have been ignorant when he committed what was construed into treason. But faith; he's had his revenge, after a fashion."

"That," she said in a small voice, "is the unforgivable thing. It has destroyed him—deservedly."

"Destroyed him?" His lordship laughed a little. "Be none so sure of that. He has grown rich, I hear. He has translated, so it is said, his Spanish spoils into French gold, which is being treasured up for him in France. His future father-in-law, M. d'Ogeron, has seen to that."

"His future father-in-law?" said she, and stared at him round-eyed, with parted lips. Then added: "M. d'Ogeron? The Governor of Tortuga?"

"The same. You see the fellow's well protected. It's a piece of news I gathered in St. Nicholas. I am not sure that I welcome it, for I am not sure that it makes any easier a task upon which my kinsman, Lord Sunderland, has sent me hither. But there it is. You didn't know?"

She shook her head without replying. She had averted her face, and her eyes were staring down at the gently heaving water. After a moment she spoke, her voice steady and perfectly controlled.

"But surely, if this were true, there would have been an end to his piracy by now. If he . . . if he loved a woman and was betrothed and was also rich as you say, surely he would have abandoned this desperate life, and . . ."

"Why, so I thought," his lordship interrupted, "until I had the explanation. D'Ogeron is avaricious for himself and for his child. And as for the girl, I'm told she's a wild piece, fit mate for such a man as Blood. Almost I marvel that he doesn't marry her and take her a-roving with him. It would be no new experience for her. And I marvel, too, at Blood's patience. He killed a man to win her."

"He killed a man for her, do you say?" There was horror now in her voice.

"Yes—a French buccaneer named Levasseur. He was the girl's lover and Blood's associate on a venture. Blood coveted the girl, and killed Levasseur to win her. Pah! It's an unsavoury tale, I own. But men live by different codes out in these parts . . ."

She had turned to face him. She was pale to the lips, and her hazel eyes were blazing, as she cut into his apologies for Blood.

"They must, indeed, if his other associates allowed him to live after that."

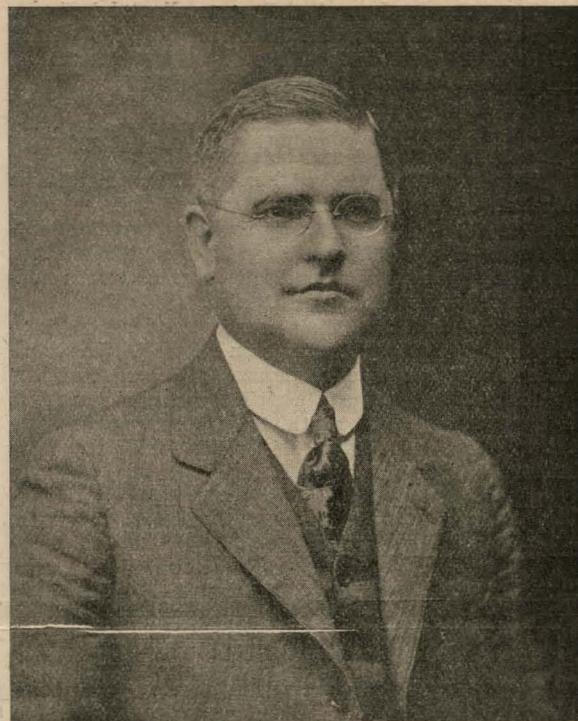
"Oh, the thing was done in fair fight, I am told."

"Who told you?"

"A man who sailed with them, a Frenchman named Cahusac, whom I found in a waterside tavern in St. Nicholas. He was Levasseur's lieutenant, and he was present on the island where the thing happened, and when Levasseur was killed."

"And the girl? Did he say the girl was present, too?"

MR. LINDSAY DOWNER.



Mr. Lindsay Downer refuses to subscribe to the assertion that "we have no bananas to-day." It is his business to have bananas; as manager of one of the fruit companies trading in and with Jamaica, he has to find bananas for his ships every week; and this he does with marked success. Still a young man, he is one of the most genial personalities in Kingston. He has much of his late father's charm of manner—and no one in Jamaica was better loved than the Ven. Archdeacon Downer; he is tactful and energetic; having to do with all sorts of persons, he has gained experience of men, and this experience he puts to the service of his company. For many years now he has been engaged in getting and having bananas. That is his vocation. His hobby is amateur acting, and an excellent amateur actor he makes. Mr. Downer has grasped the fact that to be "stagnant" is not to act well; hence on the stage he is Lindsay Downer impersonating a particular character, and the result is no strained effect but a quite satisfactory piece of acting. By disposition humorous, he chooses humorous parts, and he never hesitates to take for himself quite a minor role if by so doing he can give some time to training the other members of the amateur troupe who may be associated with him. He might have done well on the professional stage had he not gone into business; but that very quality of humorism which he displays on the amateur stage helps him immensely in business. The pleasant answer and genial laugh will not only turn away wrath but may win many a client for his company in these days of strenuous competition. For personality counts for much in the world of practical affairs, and Mr. Downer possesses a pleasant personality.

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"Yes. She was a witness of the encounter. Blood carried her off when he had disposed of his brother-buccaneer."

"And the dead man's followers allowed it?" He caught the note of incredulity in her voice, but missed the note of relief with which it was blent. "Oh, I don't believe the tale. I won't believe it!"

"I honour you for that, Miss Bishop. It strained my own belief that men should be so callous, until this Cahusac afforded me the explanation."

"What?" She checked her unbelief, an unbelief that had uplifted her from an inexplicable dismay. Clutching the rail, she swung round to face his lordship with that question. Later he was to remember and perceive in her present behaviour a certain oddness which went disregarded now.

"Blood purchased their consent, and his right to carry the girl off. He paid them in pearls that were worth more than twenty thousand pieces of eight." His lordship laughed again with a touch of contempt. "A handsome price! Faith, they're scoundrels all—just thieving, venal curs. And, faith, it's a pretty tale this for a lady's ear."

She looked away from him again, and found that her sight was blurred. After a moment in a voice less steady than before she asked him:

"Why should this Frenchman have told you such a tale? Did he hate this Captain Blood?"

"I did not gather that," said his lordship slowly. "He related it . . . oh, just as a commonplace, an instance of buccaneering ways."

"A commonplace!" said she. "My God! A commonplace!"

"I dare say that we are all savages under the cloak that civilisation fashions for us," said his lordship. "But this Blood, now, was a man of considerable parts, from what else this Cahusac told me. He was a bachelor of medicine . . ."

"That is true, to my own knowledge."

"And he has seen much foreign service on sea and land. Cahusac said—though this I hardly credit—that he had fought under de Ruyter."

"That also is true," said she. She sighed heavily. "Your Cahusac seems to have been accurate enough. Alas!"

"You are sorry, then?"

She looked at him. She was very pale, he noticed. "As we are sorry to hear of the death of one we have esteemed. Once I held him in regard for an unfortunate but worthy gentleman. Now . . ."

She checked and smiled a little crooked smile. "Such a man is best forgotten."

And upon that she passed at once to speak of other things.

The friendship, which it was her great gift to command in all she met, grew steadily between those two in the little time remaining, until the event befell that marred what was promising to be the pleasantest stage of his lordship's voyage.

The marplot was the mad-dog Spanish Admiral, whom they encountered on the second day out, when half-way across the Gulf of Gonaves. The captain of the *Royal Mary* did not choose to be intimidated even when Don Miguel opened fire on him. Observing the Spaniard's plentiful seaboard towering high above the water and offering him so splendid a mark, the Englishman was disposed to be scornful. If this Don who flew the banner of Castile wanted a fight, the *Royal Mary* was just the ship to oblige him. It may be that he was justified of his gallant confidence, and that he would that day have put an end to the wild career of Don Miguel de Espinosa, but that a lucky shot from the *Milagrosa* got among some powder stored in his fore-castle, and blew up half his ship almost before the fight had started. How the powder came there will never now be known, and the gallant captain himself did not survive to inquire into it.

Before the men of the *Royal Mary* had recovered from their consternation, their captain killed and a third of their number destroyed with him, the ship yawing and rocking helplessly in a crippled state, the Spaniards boarded her.

In the captain's cabin under the poop, to which Miss Bishop had been conducted for safety, Lord Julian was seeking to comfort and encourage her, with assurances that all would yet be well, at the very moment when Don Miguel was stepping aboard. Lord Julian himself was none so steady, and his face was undoubtedly pale. Not that he was by any means a coward. But this cooped-up fighting on an unknown element in a thing of wood that might at any moment founder under his feet into the depths of ocean was disturbing to one who could be brave enough ashore. Fortunately Miss Bishop did not appear to be in desperate need of the poor comfort he was in case to offer. Certainly she was pale, and her hazel eyes may have looked a little larger than usual. But she had herself well in hand. Half sitting, half leaning on the captain's table, she preserved her courage sufficiently to seek to calm the octroon waiting-woman who was grovelling at her feet in a state of terror.

And then the cabin-door was flung open, and Don Miguel himself, tall, sunburned, and aquiline of face strode in. Lord Julian spun round to face him, and clapped a hand to his sword.

The Spaniard was brisk and to the point.

"Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue, "or you'll come by a fool's end. Your ship is sinking."

There were three or four men in morions behind Don Miguel, and Lord Julian realised the position. He released his hilt, and a couple of feet or so of steel slid softly back into the scabbard. But Don Miguel smiled, with a flash of white teeth behind his grizzled beard, and held out his hand.

"If you please," he said.

Lord Julian hesitated. His eyes strayed to Miss Bishop's.

"I think you had better," said that composed young lady, whereupon with a shrug his lordship made the required surrender.

"Come you—all of you—aboard my ship," Don Miguel invited them, and strode out.

They went, of course. For one thing the Spaniard had force to compel them; for another a ship which he announced to be sinking offered them little inducement to remain. They stayed no longer than was necessary to enable Miss Bishop to collect some spare articles of dress and my lord to snatch up his valise.

As for the survivors in that ghastly shambles that had been the *Royal Mary*, they were abandoned by the Spaniards to their own resources. Let them take to the boats, and if those did not suffice them, let them swim or drown. If Lord Julian and Miss Bishop were retained, it was because Don Miguel perceived their obvious value. He received them in his cabin with great urbanity. Urbanely he desired to have the honour of being acquainted with their names.

Lord Julian, sick with horror of the spectacle he had just witnessed, commanded himself with difficulty to supply them. Then haughtily he demanded to know in his turn the name of their aggressor. He was in an exceedingly ill-temper. He realised that if he had done nothing positively discreditable in the unusual and difficult position into which Fate had thrust him, at least he had done nothing creditable. This might have mattered less but that the spectator of his indifferent performance was a lady. He was determined if possible to do better now.

"I am Don Miguel de Espinosa," he was answered. "Admiral of the Navies of the Catholic King."

Lord Julian gasped. If Spain made such a hubbub about the depredations of a runagate adventurer like Captain Blood, what could not England answer now?

"Will you tell me then, why you behave like a damned pirate?" he asked. And added: "I hope you realise what will be the consequences, and the strict account to which you shall be brought for this day's work, for the blood you have murderously shed, and for your violence to this lady and to myself."

"I offer you no violence," said the admiral smile-

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Spanish Town	Newcastle	Santa Cruz
Port Maria	Hector's River	Hope Bay
Half-way Tree	Trinityville	Riverside
Chapelton	Manchioneal	Cambridge
Alley	Moneague	Bethel Town
Linstead	Alexandria	Port Morant
Buff Bay	Frankfield	Mile Gully
Port Royal	Darliston	Spaldings
Guy's Hill	Petersfield	Point Hill
Cross Roads		Newport

ing, as only the man who holds the trumps can smile. "On the contrary, I have saved your lives . . ."

"Saved our lives!" Lord Julian was momentarily speechless before such callous impudence.

"And what of the lives you have destroyed in wanton butchery? By God, man, they shall cost you dear."

Don Miguel's smile persisted. "It is possible. All things are possible. Meantime it is your own lives that will cost you dear. Colonel Bishop is a rich man; and you, milord, are no doubt also rich. I will consider and fix your ransom."

"So that you're just the damned murderous pirate I was supposing you," stormed his lordship. "And you have the impudence to call yourself the Admiral of the Navies of the Catholic King. We shall see what your Catholic King will have to say to it."

The admiral ceased to smile. He revealed something of the rage that had eaten into his brain. "You do not understand," he said. "It is that I treat you English heretic dogs just as you English heretic dogs have treated Spaniards upon the seas—you robbers and thieves out of hell! I have the honesty to do it in my own name—but you, you perfidious beasts, you send your Captain Bloods, your Hagthorpes and your Morgans against us and disclaim responsibility for what they do. Like Pilate, you wash your hands." He laughed savagely. "Let Spain play the part of Pilate. Let her disclaim responsibility for me, when your ambassador at the Escorial shall go whining to the Supreme Council of this act of piracy by Don Miguel de Espinosa."

"Captain Blood and the rest are not admirals of England," cried Lord Julian.

"Are they not? How do I know? How does Spain know? Are you not liars all, you English heretics?"

"Sir!" Lord Julian's voice was harsh as a rasp, his eyes flashed. Instinctively he swung a hand to the place where his sword habitually hung. Then he shrugged and sneered. "Of course," said he, "it sorts with all I have heard of Spanish honour and all that I have seen of yours that you should insult a man who is unarmed and your prisoner."

The admiral's face flamed scarlet. He half raised his hand to strike. And then, restrained perhaps by the very words that had cloaked the retorting insult, he turned on his heel abruptly and went out without answering.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEETING.

AS the door slammed after the departing admiral, Lord Julian turned to Arabella, and actually smiled. He felt that he was doing better, and gathered from it an almost childish satisfaction—childish in all the circumstances. "Decidedly I think I had the last word there," he said, with a toss of his golden ringlets

Miss Bishop, seated at the cabin table, looked at him steadily, without returning his smile. "Does it matter, then, so much, having the last word? I am thinking of those poor fellows on the *Royal Mary*. Many of them have had their last word, indeed. And for what? A fine ship sunk, a score of lives lost, thrice that number now in jeopardy, and all for what?"

"You are overwrought, ma'am. I . . ."

"Overwrought!" she uttered a single sharp note of laughter. "I assure you I am calm. I am asking you a question, Lord Julian. Why has this Spaniard done all this? To what purpose?"

"You heard him." Lord Julian shrugged angrily. "Blood-lust," he explained shortly.

"Blood-lust?" she asked. She was amazed. "Does such a thing exist then? It is insane, monstrous."

"Fiendish," his lordship agreed. "Devil's work."

"I don't understand. At Bridgetown three years ago there was a Spanish raid and things were done that should have been impossible to men, horrible, revolting things which strain belief, which seem when I think of them now like the illusions of some evil dream. Are men just beasts?"

"Men?" said Lord Julian staring. "Say Spaniards, and I'll agree." He was an Englishman speaking of hereditary foes. And yet there was a measure of truth in what he said. "This is the Spanish way in the New World. Faith, almost it justifies such men as Blood of what they do."

She shivered, as if cold, and setting her elbows on the table, she took her chin in her hands, and sat staring before her.

Observing her, his lordship noticed how drawn and white her face had grown. There was reason enough for that, and for worse. Not any other woman of his acquaintance would have preserved her self-control in such an ordeal; and of fear, at least, at no time had Miss Bishop shown any sign. It is impossible that he did not find her admirable.

A Spanish steward entered bearing a silver chocolate service and a box of Peruvian candies, which he placed on the table before the lady.

"With the admiral's homage," he said, then bowed, and withdrew.

Miss Bishop took no heed of him or his offering, but continued to stare before her, lost in thought. Lord Julian took a turn in the long, low cabin, which was lighted by a skylight above and great square windows astern. It was luxuriously appointed: there were rich Eastern rugs on the floor, well-filled book-cases stood against the bulkheads, and there was a carved walnut sideboard laden with silver ware. On

a long low chest standing under the middle stern port lay a guitar that was gay with ribbons. Lord Julian picked it up, twanged the strings once as if moved by nervous irritation, and put it down.

He turned again to face Miss Bishop.

"I came out here," he said, "to put down piracy. But—blister me!—I begin to think that the French are right in desiring piracy to continue as a curb upon these Spanish scoundrels."

He was to be strongly confirmed in that opinion before many hours were past. Meanwhile their treatment at the hands of Don Miguel was considerate and courteous. It confirmed the opinion contemptuously expressed to his lordship by Miss Bishop that since they were to be held to ransom they need not fear any violence or hurt. A cabin was placed at the disposal of the lady and her terrified woman, and another at Lord Julian's. They were given the freedom of the ship, and bidden to dine at the admiral's table; nor were his further intentions regarding them mentioned nor yet his immediate destination.

The *Milagrosa*, with her consort the *Hidalga* rolling after her, steered a south by westerly course, then veered to the south-east round Cape Tiburon, and thereafter, standing well out to sea, with the land no more than a cloudy outline to larboard, she headed directly east, and so ran straight into the arms of Captain Blood, who was making for the Windward passage, as we know. That happened early on the following morning. After having systematically hunted his enemy in vain for a year Don Miguel chanced upon him in this unexpected and entirely fortuitous fashion. But that is the ironic way of Fortune. It was also the way of Fortune that Don Miguel should thus come upon the *Arabella* at a time when separated from the rest of the fleet she was alone and at a disadvantage. It looked to Don Miguel as if the luck which so long had been on Blood's side, had at last veered in his own favour.

Miss Bishop, newly-risen, had come out to take the air on the quarter-deck with his lordship in attendance—as you would expect of so gallant a gentleman—when she beheld the big red ship that had once been the *Cinco Llagas* out of Cadiz. The vessel was bearing down upon them, her mountains of snowy canvas belling forward, the long pennon with the cross of St. George fluttering from her maintruck in the morning breeze, the gilded portholes in her red hull, and the gilded beak-head aflash in the morning sun.

Miss Bishop was not to recognise this for that same *Cinco Llagas* which she had seen once before—on a tragic day in Barbadoes three years ago. To her it was just a great ship that was heading resolutely, majestically, towards them, and an Englishman to judge by the pennon she was flying. The sight thrilled her curiously; it awoke in her an uplifting sense of pride that took no account of the danger to herself in the encounter that must now be inevitable.

Beside her on the poop, whither they had climbed to obtain a better view, and equally arrested and at gaze, stood Lord Julian. But he shared none of her exultation. He had been in his first sea-fight yesterday, and he felt that the experience would suffice him for a very considerable time. This, I insist, is no reflection upon his courage.

"Look," said Miss Bishop, pointing; and to his infinite amazement he observed that her eyes were sparkling. Did she realise, he wondered, what was afoot? Her next sentence resolved his doubt. "She is English, and she comes resolutely on. She means to fight."

"God help her, then," said his lordship gloomily. "Her captain must be mad. What can he hope to do against two such heavy hulks as these? If they could so easily blow the *Royal Mary* out of the water, what will they do to this vessel? Look at that devil Don Miguel. He's utterly disgusting in his glee."

From the quarter-deck where he moved amid the frenzy of preparation, the admiral had turned to flash a backward glance at his prisoners. His eyes were alight, his face transfigured. He flung out an arm to point to the advancing ship, and bawled something in Spanish that was lost to them in the noise of the labouring crew.

They advanced to the poop-rail, and watched the bustle. Telescope in hand on the quarter-deck, Don Miguel was issuing his orders. Already the gunners were kindling their matches; sailors were aloft, taking in sail; others were spreading a stout rope net above the waist, as a protection against falling spars. And meanwhile Don Miguel had been signalling to his consort, in response to which the *Hidalga* had drawn steadily forward until she was now abreast, of the *Milagrosa*, half a cable's length to starboard, and from the height of the tall poop my lord and Miss Bishop could see her own bustle of preparation. And they could discern signs of it now aboard the advancing English ship as well. She was furling tops and mainsail, stripping in fact to mizzen and sprit for the coming action. Thus almost silently without challenge or exchange of signals, had action been mutually determined.

Of necessity now, under diminished sail, the advance of the *Arabella* was slower; but it was none the less steady. She was already within saker shot, and they could make out the figures stirring on her fore-castle and the brass guns gleaming on her prow. The gunners of the *Milagrosa* raised their linstocks and blew upon their smouldering matches, looking up impatiently at the admiral.

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But the admiral solemnly shook his head.

"Patience," he exhorted them. "Save your fire until we have him. He is coming straight to his doom—straight to the yard-arm and the rope that have been so long waiting for him."

"Stab me!" said his lordship. "This Englishman may be gallant enough to accept battle against such odds. But there are times when discretion is a better quality than gallantry in a commander."

"Gallantry will often win through, even against overwhelming strength," said Miss Bishop. He looked at her, and noted in her bearing only excitement. Of fear he could still discern no trace. His lordship was past amazement. She was not by any means the kind of woman to which life had accustomed him.

"Presently," he said, "you will suffer me to place you under cover."

"I can see best from here," she answered him. And added quietly: "I am praying for this Englishman. He must be very brave."

Under his breath Lord Julian damned the fellow's bravery.

The *Arabella* was advancing now along a course which, if continued, must carry her straight between the two Spanish ships. My lord pointed it out. "He's crazy surely!" he cried. "He's driving straight into a death-trap. He'll be crushed to splinters between the two. No wonder that blackfaced Don is holding his fire. In his place, I should do the same."

But even at that moment the admiral raised his hand; in the waist, below him, a trumpet blared, and immediately the gunner on the prow touched off his guns. As the thunder of them rolled out, his lordship saw ahead beyond the English ship and to larboard of her two heavy splashes. Almost at once two successive spurts of flame leapt from the brass cannon on the *Arabella's* beak-head, and scarcely had the watchers on the poop seen the shower of spray where one of the shots struck the water near them, than with a rending crash and a shiver that shook the *Milagrosa* from stem to stern, the other came to lodge in her fore-castle. To avenge that blow, the *Hidalga* blazed at the Englishman with both her forward guns. But even at that short range—between two and three hundred yards—neither shot took effect.

At a hundred yards the *Arabella's* forward guns, which had meanwhile been reloaded, fired again at the *Milagrosa*, and this time smashed her bowsprit into splinters; so that for a moment she yawed wildly to port. Don Miguel swore profanely, and then, as the helm was put over to swing her back to her course, his own prow replied. But the aim was too high, and whilst one of the shots tore through the *Arabella's* shrouds and scarred her mainmast, the other again went wide. And when the smoke of that discharge had lifted, the English ship was found almost between the Spaniards, her bows in line with theirs and coming steadily on into what his lordship deemed a death-trap.

Lord Julian held his breath, and Miss Bishop gasped, clutching the rail before her. She had a glimpse of the wickedly grinning face of Don Miguel, and the grinning faces of the men at the guns in the waist. At last the *Arabella* was right between the Spanish ships prow to poop and poop to prow. Don Miguel spoke to the trumpeter, who had mounted the quarter-deck and stood now at the admiral's elbow. The man raised the silver bugle that was to give the signal for the broadsides of both ships. But even as he placed it to his lips, the admiral seized his arm, to arrest him. Only then had he perceived what was so obvious—or should have been to an experienced sea-fighter: he had delayed too long and Captain Blood had out-maneuvred him. In attempting to fire now upon the Englishman, the *Milagrosa* and her consort would also be firing into each other. Too late he ordered his helmsman to put the tiller hard over and swing the ship to larboard, as a preliminary to manœuvring for a less impossible position of attack. At that very moment the *Arabella* seemed to explode as she swept by. Eighteen guns from each of her flanks emptied themselves at the point-blank range into the hulls of the two Spanish vessels.

Half-stunned by that reverberating thunder, and thrown off her balance by the sudden lurch of the ship under her feet, Miss Bishop hurtled violently against Lord Julian, who kept his feet only by clutching the rail on which he had been leaning. Billowing clouds of smoke to starboard blotted out everything, and its acrid odour, taking them presently in the throat set them gasping and coughing.

From the grim confusion and turmoil in the waist below arose a clamour of fierce Spanish blasphemies and the screams of maimed men. The *Milagrosa* staggered slowly ahead, a gaping rent in her bulwarks; her foremast was shattered, fragments of the yards hanging in the netting spread below. Her beak-head was in splinters, and a shot had smashed through into the great cabin reducing it to wreckage.

Don Miguel was bawling orders wildly, and peering ever and anon through the curtain of smoke that was drifting slowly astern, in his anxiety to ascertain how it might have fared with the *Hidalga*.

Suddenly, and ghostly at first through that lifting haze, loomed the outline of a ship; gradually the lines of her red hull became more and more sharply defined as she swept nearer with poles all bare save for the spread of canvas on her sprit.

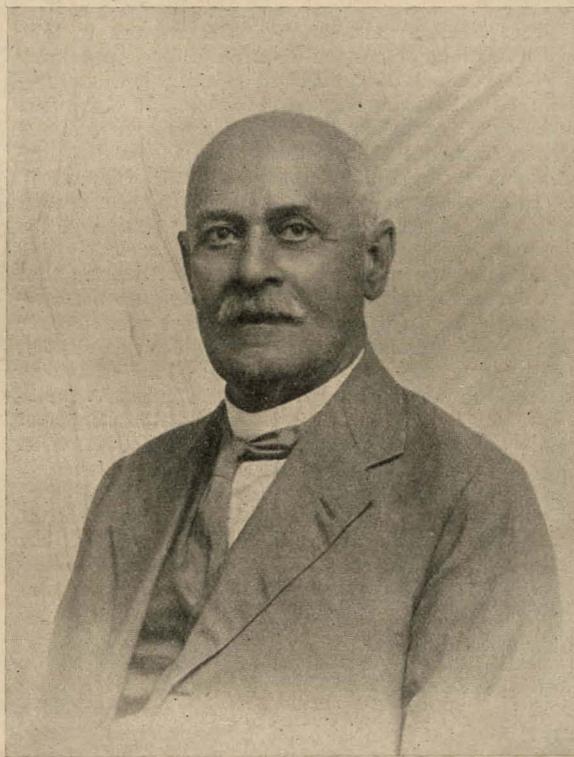
Instead of holding to her course as Don Miguel had confidently expected, the *Arabella* had gone about

under cover of the smoke, and sailing now in the same direction as the *Milagrosa*, was converging sharply upon her across the wind, so sharply that almost before the frenzied Don Miguel had realised the situation, his vessel staggered under the rending impact with which the other came hurtling alongside. There was a rattle and clank of metal as a dozen grapnels fell, and tore and caught in the timbers of the *Milagrosa*, and the Spaniard was firmly gripped in the tentacles of the English ship.

Beyond her and now well astern the veil of smoke was rent at last and the *Hidalga* was revealed in desperate case. She was bilging fast, with an ominous list to larboard, and it could be no more than a question of moments before she settled down. The attention of her hands was being entirely given to a desperate endeavour to launch the boats in time.

Of this Don Miguel's anguished eyes had no more than a fleeting, but comprehensive glimpse before his own decks were invaded by a wild, yelling swarm of boarders from the grappling ship. Never was confidence so quickly changed into despair, never was hunter more swiftly converted into helpless prey. For helpless the Spaniards were. The swiftly-executed boarding manœuvre had caught them almost unawares in the moment of confusion following the punishing broadside they had sustained at such short range. For a moment there was a valiant effort by some of Don Miguel's officers to rally the men for a stand against these invaders. But the Spaniards, never at their best in close-quarter fighting, were here demoralised by knowledge of the enemies with whom they had to deal. Their hastily formed ranks were smashed

MR. T. N. AGUILAR.



You can teach business methods in colleges, no doubt: that is what some institutions exist to do these days. But when you have been taught all that a college can impart there is still something you must have, and that is not to be acquired if you are to develop into a highly successful business man. It is something that must be born in you; if it is, you will learn much about business and its methods in that great school which we call Experience or Life. Of all the business men of Jamaica, one of the most eminently successful is Mr. T. N. Aguilar. There is no one with a more equable temperament, a more placid demeanour; we once heard him described as a man who seemed to be thinking of abstract things, pondering upon imponderable problems. Yet he is known and admitted to be a business man of marked ability, a shrewd, far-seeing appraiser of facts and conditions, one with a just and wise appreciation of circumstances. He has been greatly helped by a long experience. But the original talent to benefit by experience must have been in him; behind that placid, philosophical look a keen, alert intellect has been functioning for decades. Blessed with a remarkable vitality, excellent health, and a temperament that accepts calmly both good fortune and ill, the subject of this sketch has steadily won to an enviable position in the colony's business life; as Chairman of the Victoria Mutual Building Society and member of any number of business boards he helps to direct the policy of enterprises which carry the hall-mark of success. Withal a modest man, easy of approach, pleasant to converse with, appreciative of others, and still an indefatigable worker. He will never be an old man, though he live to be a hundred. He will always be active in spirit and in mind. His interest in the sport of racing, which he has personally done so much to encourage, shows a side of his character which anyone not a narrow Puritan must appreciate. His love of a hearty laugh is like salt: it savours his existence and helps to keep it whole.

before they could be steadied; driven across the waist to the break of the poop on the one side, and up to the fore-castle bulkheads on the other, the fighting resolved itself into a series of skirmishes between groups. And whilst this was doing above, another horde of buccaneers swarmed through the main hatch to the deck below to overpower the gun-crews at their stations there.

On the quarter-deck, towards which an overwhelming wave of buccaneers was sweeping, led by a one-eyed giant, who was naked to the waist, stood Don Miguel, numbed by despair and rage. Above and behind him on the poop, Lord Julian and Miss Bishop looked on, his lordship aghast at the fury of this cooped-up fighting, the lady's brave calm conquered at last by horror so that she reeled there sick and faint.

Soon, however, the rage of that brief fight was spent. They saw the banner of Castile come fluttering down from the masthead. A buccaneer had slashed the halyard with his cutlass. The boarders were in possession and on the upper deck groups of disarmed Spaniards stood huddled now like herded sheep.

Suddenly Miss Bishop recovered from her nausea, to lean forward staring wild-eyed, whilst if possible her cheeks turned yet a deadlier hue than they had been already.

Picking his way daintily through that shambles in the waist, came a tall man with a deeply tanned face that was shaded by a Spanish headpiece. He was armed in back-and-breast of black steel beautifully damascened with golden arabesques. Over this, like a stole, he wore a sling of scarlet silk, from each end of which hung a silver-mounted pistol. Up the broad companion to the quarter-deck he came, moving with easy assurance, until he stood before the Spanish Admiral. Then he bowed stiff and formally. A crisp, metallic voice, speaking perfect Spanish reached those two spectators on the poop, and increased the admiring wonder in which Lord Julian had observed the man's approach.

"We meet again at last, Don Miguel," it said. "I hope you are satisfied. Although the meeting may not be exactly as you pictured it, at least it has been very ardently sought and desired by you."

Speechless, livid of face, his mouth distorted and his breathing laboured, Don Miguel de Espinosa received the irony of that man to whom he attributed his ruin and more beside. Then he uttered an inarticulate cry of rage, and his hand swept to his sword. But even as his fingers closed upon the hilt, the other's closed upon his wrist to arrest the action.

"Calm, Don Miguel!" he was quietly, but firmly enjoined. "Do not recklessly invite the ugly extremes such as you would, yourself, have practised had the situation been reversed."

A moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"What do you intend by me?" the Spaniard inquired at last, his voice hoarse.

Captain Blood shrugged. The firm lips smiled a little. "All that I intend has been already accomplished. And lest it increase your rancour, I beg you to observe that you have brought it entirely upon yourself. You would have it so." He turned and pointed to the boats, which his men were heaving from the boom amidships. "Your boats are being launched. You are at liberty to embark in them with your men before we scuttle this ship. Yonder are the shores of Hispaniola. You should make them safely. And if you'll take my advice, sir, you'll not hunt me again. I think I am unlucky to you. Get you home to Spain, Don Miguel, and to concerns that you understand better than this trade of the sea."

For a long moment the defeated admiral continued to stare his hatred in silence, then, still without speaking he went down the companion, staggering like a drunken man, his useless rapier clattering behind him. His conqueror, who had not even troubled to disarm him, watched him go, then turned and faced those two immediately above him on the poop. Lord Julian might have observed, had he been less taken up with other things, that the fellow seemed suddenly to stiffen, and that he turned pale under his deep tan. A moment he stood at gaze; then, suddenly and swiftly, he came up the steps. Lord Julian stood forward to meet him.

"Ye don't mean, sir, that you'll let that Spanish scoundrel go free?" he cried.

The gentleman in the black corselet appeared to become aware of his lordship for the first time.

"And who the devil may you be?" he asked, with a marked Irish accent. "And what business may it be of yours, at all?"

His lordship conceived that the fellow's truculence and utter lack of proper deference must be corrected. "I am Lord Julian Wade," he announced, with that object.

Apparently the announcement made no impression.

"Are you indeed! Then perhaps ye'll explain what the plague you're doing aboard this ship?"

Lord Julian controlled himself to afford the desired explanation. He did so shortly and impatiently.

"He took you prisoner, did he—along with Miss Bishop there?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Bishop," cried his lordship, passing from surprise to surprise.

But this mannerless fellow had stepped past him, and was making a leg to the lady, who on her side remained unresponsive and forbidding to the point of

scorn. Observing this, he turned to answer Lord Julian's question.

"I had that honour once," said he. "But it seems that Miss Bishop has a shorter memory."

His lips were twisted into a wry smile, and there was pain in the blue eyes that gleamed so vividly under his black brows, pain blending with the mockery of his voice. But of all this it was the mockery alone that was perceived by Miss Bishop; she resented it.

"I do not number thieves and pirates among my acquaintance, Captain Blood," said she, whereupon his lordship exploded in excitement.

"Captain Blood!" he cried. "Are you Captain Blood?"

"What else were ye supposing?"

Blood asked the question wearily, his mind on other things. "I do not number thieves and pirates among my acquaintance." The cruel phrase filled his brain, re-echoing and reverberating there.

But Lord Julian would not be denied. He caught him by the sleeve with one hand, whilst with the other he pointed after the retreating, dejected figure of Don Miguel.

"Do I understand that ye're not going to hang that Spanish scoundrel?"

"What for should I be hanging him?"

"Because he's just a damned pirate, as I can prove, as I have proved already."

"Ah!" said Blood, and Lord Julian marvelled at the sudden haggardness of a countenance that had been so devil-may-care but a few moments since. "I am a damned pirate, myself; and so I am merciful with my kind. Don Miguel goes free."

Lord Julian gasped. "After what I've told you that he has done? After his sinking of the *Royal Mary*? After his treatment of me—of us?" Lord Julian protested indignantly.

"I am not in the service of England, or of any nation, sir. And I am not concerned with any wrongs her flag may suffer."

His lordship recoiled before the furious glance that blazed at him out of Blood's haggard face. But the passion faded as swiftly as it had arisen. It was in a level voice that the captain added:

"If you'll escort Miss Bishop aboard my ship, I shall be obliged to you. I beg that you'll make haste. We are about to scuttle this hulk."

He turned slowly to depart. But again Lord Julian interposed. Containing his indignant amazement, his lordship delivered himself coldly. "Captain Blood, you disappoint me. I had hoped of great things for you."

"Go to the devil," said Captain Blood, turning on his heel, and so departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THIEF AND PIRATE.

CAPTAIN BLOOD paced the poop of his ship alone in the tepid dusk, and the growing golden radiance of the great poop lantern in which a seaman had just lighted the three lamps. About him all was peace. The signs of the day's battle had been effaced, the decks had been swabbed, and order was restored above and below. A group of men squatting about the main hatch were drowsily chanting, their hardened natures softened perhaps by the calm and beauty of the night. They were the men of the larboard watch, waiting for eight bells which was imminent.

Captain Blood did not hear them, he did not hear anything save the echo of those cruel words which had dubbed him thief and pirate.

Thief and pirate!

It is an odd fact of human nature that a man may for years possess the knowledge that a certain thing must be of a certain fashion, and yet be shocked to discover through his own senses that the fact is in perfect harmony with his beliefs. When first, three years ago, at Tortuga he had been urged upon the adventurer's course which he had followed ever since, he had known in what opinion Arabella Bishop must hold him if he succumbed. Only the conviction that already she was for ever lost to him, by introducing a certain desperate recklessness into his soul, had supplied the final impulse to drive him upon his rover's course.

That he should ever meet her again had not entered his calculations, had found no place in his dreams. They were, he conceived, irrevocably and for ever parted. Yet in spite of this, in spite even of the persuasion that to her this reflection that was his torment could bring no regrets, he had kept the thought of her ever before him in all those wild years of filibustering. He had used it as a curb not only upon himself, but also upon those who followed him. Never had buccaneers been so rigidly held in hand, never had they been so firmly restrained, never so debarred from the excesses of rapine and lust that were usual in their kind as those who sailed with Captain Blood. It was, you will remember, stipulated in their articles that in these as in other matters they must submit to the commands of their leader. And because of the singular good fortune which had attended his leadership, he had been able to impose that stern condition of a discipline unknown before among buc-

canears. How would not these men laugh at him now if he were to tell them that this he had done out of respect for a slip of a girl of whom he had fallen romantically enamoured? How would not that laughter swell if he added that this girl had that day informed him that she did not number thieves and pirates among her acquaintance.

Thief and pirate!

How the words clung, how they stung and burnt his brain!

It did not occur to him, being no psychologist, nor learned in the tortuous workings of the feminine mind, that the fact that she should bestow upon him those epithets in the very moment and circumstances of their meeting was in itself curious. He did not perceive the problem thus presented; therefore he could not probe it. Else he might have concluded that if in a moment in which by delivering her from captivity he deserved her gratitude, yet she expressed herself in bitterness, it must be because that bitterness was anterior to the gratitude and deep-seated. She had been moved to it by hearing of the course he had taken. Why? It was what he did not ask himself, or some ray of light might have come to brighten his dark, his utterly evil despondency. Surely she would never have been so moved had she not cared—had she not felt that in what he did there was a personal wrong to herself. Surely, he might have reasoned, nothing short of this could have moved her to such a degree of bitterness and scorn as that which she had displayed.

That is how you will reason. Not so, however, reasoned Captain Blood. Indeed that night he reasoned not at all. His soul was given up to conflict between the almost sacred love he had borne her in all these years, and the evil passion which she had now awakened in him. Extremes touch, and in touching may for a space become confused, indistinguishable. And the extreme of love and hate were to-night so confused in the soul of Captain Blood that in their fusion they made up a monstrous passion.

Thief and pirate!

That was what she deemed him, without qualification, oblivious of the deep wrongs he had suffered, the desperate case in which he found himself after his escape from Barbadoes, and all the rest that had gone to make him what he was. That he should have conducted his filibustering with hands as clean as were possible to a man engaged in such undertakings had also not occurred to her as a charitable thought with which to mitigate her judgment of a man she had once esteemed. She had no charity for him, no mercy. She had summed him up, convicted him and sentenced him in that one phrase. He was thief and pirate in

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her eyes; nothing more, nothing less. What then was she? What are those who have no charity? he asked the stars.

Well, as she had shaped him hitherto, so let her shape him now. Thief and pirate she had branded him. She should be justified. Thief and pirate should he prove henceforth; no more, no less; as bowless, as remorseless as all those others who had deserved those names. He would cast out the maudlin ideals by which he had sought to steer a course; put an end to this idiotic struggle to make the best of two worlds. She had shown him clearly to which world he belonged. Let him now justify her. She was aboard his ship, in his power, and he desired her.

He laughed softly, jeeringly, as he leaned on the taffrail, looking down at the phosphorescent gleam in the ship's wake, and his own laughter startled him by its evil note. He checked suddenly, and shivered. A sob broke from him to end that ribald burst of mirth. He took his face in his hands and found a chill moisture on his brow.

Meanwhile, Lord Julian, who knew the feminine part of humanity rather better than Captain Blood, was engaged in solving the curious problem that had so completely escaped the buccaneer. He was spurred to it, I suspect, by certain vague stirrings of jealousy. Miss Bishop's conduct in the perils through which they had come had brought him at last to perceive that a woman may lack the simpering graces of cultured femininity and yet because of that lack be the more admirable. He wondered what precisely might have been her earlier relations with Captain Blood, and was conscious of a certain uneasiness which urged him now to probe the matter.

His lordship's pale dreamy eyes had, as I have said, a habit of observing things, and his wits were tolerably acute.

He was blaming himself now for not having observed certain things before, or, at least, for not having studied them more closely, and he was busily connecting them with more recent observations made that very day.

He had observed, for instance, that Blood's ship was named the *Arabella*, and he knew that *Arabella* was Miss Bishop's name. And he had observed all the odd particulars of the meeting of Captain Blood and Miss Bishop, and the curious change this meeting had wrought in each.

The lady had been monstrously uncivil to the captain. It was a very foolish attitude for a lady in her circumstances to adopt towards a man in Blood's; and his lordship could not imagine Miss Bishop as normally foolish. Yet in spite of her rudeness, in spite of the fact that she was the niece of a man whom Blood must regard as his enemy, Miss Bishop and his lordship had been shown the utmost consideration aboard the captain's ship. A cabin had been placed at the disposal of each, to which their scanty remaining belongings and Miss Bishop's woman had been duly transferred. They were given the freedom of the great cabin, and they had sat down to table with Pitt, the master, and Wolverstone, who was Blood's lieutenant, both of whom had shown them the utmost courtesy. Also there was the fact that Blood himself had kept almost studiously from intruding upon them.

His lordship's mind went swiftly but carefully down these avenues of thought, observing and connecting. Having exhausted them, he decided to seek additional information from Miss Bishop. For this he must wait until Pitt and Wolverstone should have withdrawn. He was hardly made to wait so long, for as Pitt rose from table to follow Wolverstone, who had already departed, Miss Bishop detained him with a question:

"Mr. Pitt," she asked, "were you not one of those who escaped from Barbadoes with Captain Blood?"

"I was. I too was one of your uncle's slaves."

"And you have been with Captain Blood ever since?"

"His shipmaster always, ma'am."

She nodded. She was very calm and self-contained; but his lordship observed that she was unusually pale, though considering what she had that day undergone this afforded no matter for wonder.

"Did you ever sail with a Frenchman named Cahusac?"

"Cahusac?" Pitt laughed. The name evoked a ridiculous memory. "Ay. He was with us at Maracaybo."

"And another Frenchman named Levasseur?"

His lordship marvelled at her memory of these names.

"Ay. Cahusac was Levasseur's lieutenant, until he died."

"Until who died?"

"Levasseur. He was killed on one of the Virgin Islands two years ago."

There was a pause. Then in an even quieter voice than before, Miss Bishop asked:

"Who killed him?"

Pitt answered readily. There was no reason why he should not, though he began to find the catechism intriguing.

"Captain Blood killed him."

"Why?"

Pitt hesitated. It was not a tale for a maid's ears.

"They quarrelled," he said shortly.

"Was it about . . . a lady?" Miss Bishop relentlessly pursued him.

"You might put it that way."

"What was the lady's name?"

Pitt's eyebrows went up; still he answered.

"Miss d'Ogeron. She was the daughter of the Governor of Tortuga. She had gone off with this fellow Levasseur, and . . . and Peter delivered her out of his dirty clutches. He was a black-hearted scoundrel, and deserved what Peter gave him."

"I see. And . . . and yet Captain Blood has not married her?"

"Not yet," laughed Pitt, who knew the utter groundlessness of the common gossip in Tortuga which pronounced Mademoiselle d'Ogeron the captain's future wife.

Miss Bishop nodded in silence, and Jeremy Pitt turned to depart, relieved that the catechism was ended. He paused in the doorway to impart a piece of information.

"Maybe it'll comfort you to know that the captain has altered our course for your benefit. It's his intention to put you both ashore on the coast of Jamaica, as near Port Royal as we dare venture. We've gone about, and if this wind holds ye'll soon be home again, mistress."

"Vastly obliging of him," drawled his lordship, seeing that Miss Bishop made no shift to answer. Sombre-eyed she sat, staring into vacancy.

"Indeed ye may say so," Pitt agreed. "He's taking risks that few would take in his place. But that's always been his way."

He went out, leaving his lordship pensive, those dreamy blue eyes of his intently studying Miss Bishop's face for all their dreaminess; his mind increasingly uneasy. At length Miss Bishop looked at him, and spoke.

"Your Cahusac told you no more than the truth, it seems."

"I perceived that you were testing it," said his lordship. "I am wondering precisely why."

Receiving no answer, he continued to observe her silently, his long tapering fingers toying with a ringlet of the golden periwig in which his long face was set.

Miss Bishop sat bemused, her brows knit, her brooding glance seeming to study the fine Spanish point that edged the tablecloth. At last his lordship broke the silence.

"He amazes me, this man," said he, in his slow languid voice that never seemed to change its level. "That he should alter his course for us is in itself matter for wonder; but that he should take a risk on our behalf—that he should venture into Jamaica waters . . . It amazes me, as I have said."

Miss Bishop raised her eyes, and looked at him. She appeared to be very thoughtful. Then her lip flickered curiously, almost scornfully it seemed to him. Her slender fingers drummed the table.

"What is still more amazing is that he does not hold us to ransom," said she at last.

"It's what you deserve."

"Oh, and why, if you please?"

"For speaking to him as you did."

"I usually call things by their names."

"Do you? Stab me! I shouldn't boast of it. It argues either extreme youth or extreme foolishness." His lordship, you see, belonged to my Lord Sunderland's school of philosophy. He added after a moment: "So does the display of ingratitude."

A faint colour stirred in her cheeks. "Your lordship is evidently aggrieved with me. I am disconsolate. I hope your lordship's grievance is sounder than your views of life. It is news to me that ingratitude is a fault only to be found in the young and the foolish."

"I didn't say so, ma'am." There was a tartness in his tone evoked by the tartness she had used. "If you would do me the honour to listen, you would not misapprehend me. For if, unlike you, I do not always say precisely what I think, at least I say precisely what I wish to convey. To be ungrateful may be human; but to display it is childish."

"I . . . I don't think I understand." Her brows were knit. "How have I been ungrateful and to whom?"

"To whom? To Captain Blood. Didn't he come to our rescue?"

"Did he?" Her manner was frigid. "I wasn't aware that he knew of our presence aboard the *Milagrosa*."

His lordship permitted himself the slightest gesture of impatience.

"You are probably aware that he delivered us," said he. "And living as you have done in these savage places of the world, you can hardly fail to be aware of what is known even in England: that this fellow Blood strictly confines himself to making war upon the Spaniards. So that to call him thief and pirate as you did was to overstate the case against him at a time when it would have been more prudent to have understated it"

"Prudence?" Her voice was scornful. "What have I to do with prudence?" . . .

"Nothing—as I perceive. But, at least, study generosity. I tell you frankly, ma'am, that in Blood's place I should never have been so nice. Sink me! When you consider what he has suffered at the hands of his fellow-countrymen, you may marvel with me that he should trouble to discriminate between Spanish and English. To be sold into slavery! Ugh!" His lordship shuddered. "And to a damned colonial

planter!" He checked abruptly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Bishop. For the moment . . ."

"You were carried away by your heat in defence of this . . . sea-robber." Miss Bishop's scorn was almost fierce.

His lordship stared at her again. Then he half-closed his large, pale eyes, and tilted his head a little. "I wonder why you hate him so," he said softly.

He saw the sudden scarlet flame upon her cheeks, the heavy frown that descended upon her brow. He had made her very angry, he judged. But there was no explosion. She recovered.

"Hate him? Lord! What a thought! I don't regard the fellow at all."

"Then ye should, ma'am." His lordship spoke his thought frankly. "He's worth regarding. He'd be an acquisition to the King's navy—a man that can do the things he did this morning. His service under de Ruyter wasn't wasted on him. That was a great seaman, and—blister me!—the pupil's worthy the master if I am a judge of anything. I doubt if the Royal Navy can show his equal. To thrust himself deliberately between those two, at point-blank range, and so turn the tables on them! It asks courage, resource, and invention. And we land-lubbers were not the only ones he tricked by his manoeuvre. That Spanish Admiral never guessed the intent until it was too late."

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and Blood held him in check. A great man, Miss Bishop. A man worth regarding."

Miss Bishop was moved to sarcasm.

"You should use your influence with my Lord Sunderland to have the King offer him a commission."

His lordship laughed softly. "Faith, it's done already. I have his commission in my pocket." And he increased her amazement by a brief exposition of the circumstances. In that amazement he left her, and went in quest of Blood. But he was still intrigued. If she were a little less uncompromising in her attitude towards Blood, his lordship would have been happier.

He found the captain pacing the quarter-deck, a man mentally exhausted from wrestling with the devil, although of this particular occupation his lordship could have no possible suspicion. With the amiable familiarity he used, Lord Julian slipped an arm through one of the captain's, and fell into step beside him.

"What's this?" snapped Blood, whose mood was fierce and raw. His lordship was not disturbed.

"I desire, sir, that we be friends," said he suavely.

"That's mighty condescending of you!"

Lord Julian ignored the obvious sarcasm.

"It's an odd coincidence that we should have been brought together in this fashion, considering that I came out to the Indies especially to seek you."

"Ye're not by any means the first to do that," the other scoffed. "But they've mainly been Spaniards, and they hadn't your luck."

"You misapprehend me completely," said Lord Julian. And on that he proceeded to explain himself and his mission.

When he had done, Captain Blood, who until that moment had stood still under the spell of his astonishment, disengaged his arm from his lordship's, and stood squarely before him.

"Ye're my guest aboard this ship," said he, "and I still have some notion of decent behaviour left me from other days, thief and pirate though I may be. So I'll not be telling you what I think of you for daring to bring me this offer, or of my Lord Sunderland—since he's your kinsman—for having the impudence to send it. But it does not surprise me at all that one who is a minister of James Stuart's should conceive that every man is to be seduced by bribes into betraying those who trust him." He flung out an arm in the direction of the waist, whence came the half-melancholy chant of the lounging buccaneers.

"Again you misapprehend me," cried Lord Julian, between concern and indignation. "That is not intended. Your followers will be included in your commission."

"And d'ye think they'll go with me to hunt their brethren—the Brethren of the Coast? On my soul, Lord Julian, it is yourself does the misapprehending. Are there not even notions of honour left in England? Oh, and there's more to it than that, even. D'ye think I could take a commission of King James's? I tell you I wouldn't be soiling my hands with it—thief and pirate's hands though they be. Thief and pirate is what you heard Miss Bishop call me to-day—a thing of scorn, an outcast. And who made me that? Who made me thief and pirate?"

"If you were a rebel . . . ?" his lordship was beginning.

"Ye must know that I was no such thing—no rebel at all. It wasn't even pretended. If it were, I could forgive them. But not even that cloak could they cast upon their foulness. Oh no; there was no mistake. I was convicted for what I did, neither more nor less. That bloody vampire Jeffreys—bad cess to him—sentenced me to death, and his worthy master, James Stuart, afterwards sent me into slavery, because I had performed an act of mercy: because compassionately and without thought for creed or politics I had sought to relieve the sufferings of a fellow-creature; because I had dressed the wounds of a man who was convicted of treason. That was all my offence. You'll find it in the records. And for that I was sold into slavery: because, by the law of England, as administered by James Stuart in violation of the laws of God, who harbours or comforts a rebel is himself adjudged guilty of rebellion. D'ye dream, man, what it is to be a slave?"

He checked suddenly at the very height of his passion. A moment he paused, then cast it from him as if it had been a cloak. His voice sank again. He uttered a little laugh of weariness and contempt.

"But there! I grow hot for nothing at all. I explain myself, I think, and God knows, it is not my custom. I am grateful to you, Lord Julian, for your kindly intentions. I am so. But ye'll understand, perhaps. Ye look as if ye might."

Lord Julian stood still. He was deeply stricken by the other's words, the passionate eloquent outburst that in a few sharp, clear-cut strokes had so convincingly presented the man's bitter case against humanity, his complete apologia and justification for all that could be laid to his charge. His lordship looked at that keen intrepid face gleaming lividly in the light of the great poop lantern, and his own eyes were troubled. He was abashed.

He fetched a heavy sigh. "A pity," he said slowly. "Oh, blister me—a cursed pity!" He held out his hand, moved to it on a sudden generous impulse. "But no offence between us, Captain Blood."

"Oh, no offence. But . . . I'm a thief and a

pirate." He laughed without mirth, and disregarding the proffered hand, swung on his heel.

Lord Julian stood a moment, watching the tall figure as it moved away towards the taffrail. Then letting his arms fall helplessly to his sides in dejection, he departed.

Just within the doorway of the alley leading to the cabin, he ran into Miss Bishop. Yet she had not been coming out, for her back was towards him, and she was moving in the same direction. He followed her, his mind too full of Captain Blood to be concerned just then with her movements.

In the cabin he flung into a chair, and exploded, with a violence altogether foreign to his nature.

"Damme if ever I met a man I liked better, or even a man I liked as well. Yet there's nothing to be done with him."

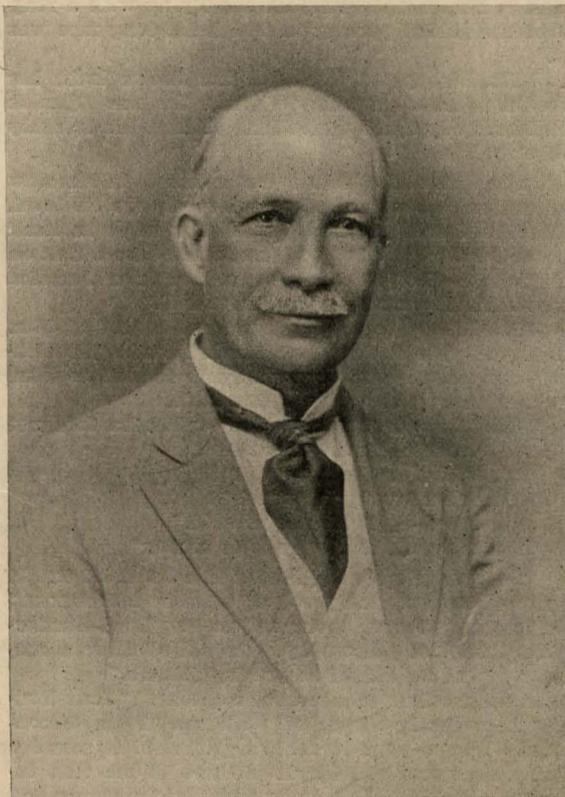
"So I heard," she admitted in a small voice. She was very white, and she kept her eyes upon her folded hands.

He looked up in surprise, and then sat conning her with brooding glance. "I wonder now," he said presently, "if the mischief is of your working. Your words have rankled with him. He threw them at me again and again. He wouldn't take the King's commission; he wouldn't take my hand even. What's to be done with a fellow like that? He'll end on a yard-arm for all his luck. And the quixotic fool is running into danger at the present moment on our behalf."

"How?" she asked him, with a sudden startled interest.

"How? Have you forgotten that he's sailing to Jamaica, and that Jamaica is the headquarters of the English fleet? True, your uncle commands it . . ."

MR. J. M. NETHERSOLE.



A keen searching glance, the lines of the mouth suggesting a smile in the mind, a smile not unkind but a trifle cynical—the smile of a man who knows far too much about human nature to expect too much of it—that is the first impression one forms from Mr. Nethersole's portrait, and, so far as it goes, it is a true impression. As official Trustee in Bankruptcy what experiences he must have had! How many enemies at one time or other must he not have made! There can surely be no more painful or unpleasant duty than to have to deal with men who fail through no fault of their own, with men who have failed deliberately, with all classes of debtors, with every variety of lawyer fighting for his client's interests. This is a wonderful experience of human nature, but not of the finest side of human nature, and yet, after years and decades of it, one finds the Administrator General not a mere misanthrope or a dry withered mentality, but a man still with a good deal of the enthusiasm and optimism of adolescence. By disposition he was fitted for public life. He is of the type that naturally turns to the region of ideas and their practical application in communal affairs; he has, too, a marked administrative ability which would have been quickened by the handling of problems relating to a city or a country. With his gift of fluent and persuasive expression, he would have won to a very high place in political life; but circumstances made of him a Government official, and it is in the sphere of officialism that he has won from a minor position to be head of one of the largest departments in the Government Service. Here he has found some scope for his natural talents; some, but not full scope. And if the character of his duties have inevitably made for him enemies, he has also numerous friends who, understanding him, have for him a sincere and enduring appreciation. He asks no more than that.

She leaned across the table to interrupt him, and he observed that her breathing had grown laboured, that her eyes were dilating in alarm.

"But there is no hope for him in that," she cried. "Oh, don't imagine it. He has no bitter enemy in the world. My uncle is a hard, unforgiving man. I believe that it was nothing but the hope of taking and hanging Captain Blood that made my uncle leave his Barbadoes plantations to accept the deputy-governorship of Jamaica. Captain Blood doesn't know that, of course . . ." She paused with a little gesture of helplessness.

"I can't think that it would make the least difference if he did," said his lordship gravely. "A man who can forgive such an enemy as Don Miguel and take up this uncompromising attitude with me, isn't to be judged by ordinary rules. He's chivalrous to the point of idiocy."

"And yet he has been what he has been, and done what he has done in these last three years," said she, but she said it sorrowfully now, without any of her earlier scorn.

Lord Julian was sententious, as I gather that he often was. "Life can be infernally complex," he sighed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SERVICE OF KING JAMES.

MISS ARABELLA BISHOP was aroused very early on the following morning by the brazen voice of a bugle and the insistent clanging of a bell in the ship's belfry. As she lay awake, idly watching the rippled green water that appeared to be streaming past the heavily glazed porthole, she became gradually aware of the sounds of swift laboured bustle—the clatter of many feet, the shouts of hoarse voices and the persistent trundlings of heavy bodies in the ward-room immediately below the deck of the cabin. Conceiving these sounds to portend a more than normal activity, she sat up pervaded by a vague alarm, and roused her still slumbering woman.

In his cabin on the starboard side Lord Julian, disturbed by the same sounds, was already astir and hurriedly dressing. When presently he emerged under the break of the poop, he found himself staring up into a mountain of canvas. Every foot of sail that she could carry had been crowded to the *Arabella's* yards, to catch the morning breeze. Ahead and on either side, stretched the limitless expanse of ocean, sparkling golden in the sun, as yet no more than a half-disc of flame upon the horizon straight ahead.

About him in the waist, where all last night had been so peaceful, there was a frenziedly active bustle of some three score men. By the rail, immediately above and behind Lord Julian, stood Captain Blood in altercation with a one-eyed giant, whose head was swathed in a red cotton kerchief, whose blue shirt hung open at the waist. As his lordship, moving forward, revealed himself, their voices ceased, and Blood turned to greet him.

"Good-morning to you," he said, and added: "I've blundered badly, so I have. I should have known better than to come so close to Jamaica by night. But I was in haste to land you. Come up here. I have something to show you."

Wondering, Lord Julian mounted the companion as he was bidden. Standing beside Captain Blood, he looked astern, following the indication of the captain's hand, and cried out in his amazement. There, not more than three miles away, was land—an uneven wall of vivid green that filled the western horizon. And a couple of miles this side of it, bearing after them, came speeding three great white ships.

"They fly no colours, but they're part of the Jamaica fleet." Blood spoke without excitement, almost with a certain listlessness. "When dawn broke we found ourselves running to meet them. We went about, and it's been a race ever since. But the *Arabella's* been at sea these four months, and her bottom's too foul for the speed we're needing."

Wolverstone hooked his thumbs into his broad leather belt, and from his great height looked down sardonically upon Lord Julian, tall man though his lordship was. "So that you're like to be in yet another sea-fight afore ye've done wi' ships, my lord."

"That's a point we were just arguing," said Blood. "For I hold that we're in no case to fight against such odds."

"The odds be damned." Wolverstone thrust out his heavy jowl. "We're used to odds. The odds was heavier at Maracaybo: yet we won out, and took three ships. They was heavier yesterday when we engaged Don Miguel."

"Ay—but those were Spaniards."

"And what better are these?—Are ye afeard of a lubberly Barbadoes' planter? Whatever ails you, Peter? I've never known ye scared afore."

A gun boomed out behind them.

"That'll be the signal to lie to," said Blood, in the same listless voice; and he fetched a sigh.

Wolverstone squared himself defiantly before his captain.

"I'll see Colonel Bishop in hell or ever I lies to for him." And he spat, presumably for purposes of emphasis.

His lordship intervened.

"Oh, but—by your leave—surely there is nothing to be apprehended from Colonel Bishop. Considering

the service you have rendered to his niece and to me . . ."

Wolverstone's horse-laugh interrupted him. "Hark to the gentleman!" he mocked. "Ye don't know Colonel Bishop, that's clear. Not for his niece, not for his daughter, not for his own mother would he forego the blood that he thinks due to him. A drinker of blood, he is. A nasty beast. We knows, the cap'n and me. We been his slaves."

"But there is myself," said Lord Julian, with great dignity.

Wolverstone laughed again, whereat his lordship flushed. He was moved to raise his voice above its usual languid level.

"I assure you that my word counts for something in England."

"Oh ay—in England. But this ain't England, damme."

Came the roar of a second gun, and a round shot splashed the water less than a half a cable's length astern. Blood leaned over the rail to speak to the fair young man immediately below him by the helmsman at the whipstaff.

"Bid them take in sail, Jeremy," he said quietly. "We lie to."

But Wolverstone interposed again.

"Hold there a moment, Jeremy!" he roared. "Wait!" He swung back to face the captain, who had placed a hand on his shoulder and was smiling, a trifle wistfully.

Steady, Old Wolf! Steady!" Captain Blood admonished him.

"Steady yourself, Peter. Ye're gone mad! Will ye doom us all to hell out of tenderness for that cold slip of a girl?"

"Stop!" cried Blood in sudden fury.

But Wolverstone would not stop. "It's the truth, you fool. It's that cursed petticoat's making a coward of you. It's for her that ye're afear'd—and she, Colonel Bishop's niece! My God, man, ye'll have a mutiny aboard, and I'll lead it myself sooner than surrender to be hanged in Port Royal."

Their glances met, sullen defiance braving dull anger, surprise and pain.

"There is no question," said Blood, "of surrender for any man aboard save only myself. If Bishop can report to England that I am taken and hanged, he will magnify himself and at the same time gratify his personal rancour against me. That should satisfy him. I'll send him a message offering to surrender aboard his ship, taking Miss Bishop and Lord Julian with me, but only on condition that the *Arabella* is allowed to proceed unharmed. Its a bargain that he'll accept, if I know him at all."

"It's a bargain he'll never be offered," retorted Wolverstone, and his earlier vehemence was as nothing to his vehemence now. "Ye're surely daft even to think of it, Peter!"

"Not so daft as you when you talk of fighting that." He flung out an arm as he spoke to indicate the pursuing ships, which were slowly but surely creeping nearer. "Before we've run another half-mile we shall be within range."

Wolverstone swore elaborately, then suddenly checked. Out of the tail of his single eye, he had espied a trim figure in grey silk that was ascending the companion. So engrossed had they been, that they had not seen Miss Bishop come from the door of the passage leading to the cabin. And there was something else that those three men on the poop and Pitt immediately below them had failed to observe. Some moments ago Ogle, followed by the main body of his gun-deck crew, had emerged from the booby hatch, to fall into muttered, angrily-vehement talk with those who, abandoning the guntackles upon which they were labouring, had come to crowd about him.

Even now Blood had no eyes for that. He turned to look at Miss Bishop, marvelling a little, after the manner in which yesterday she had avoided him, that she should now venture upon the quarter-deck. Her presence at this moment, and considering the nature of his altercation with Wolverstone, was embarrassing.

Very sweet and dainty she stood before him in her gown of shimmering grey, a faint excitement tinting her fair cheeks and sparkling in her clear, hazel eyes, and that looked so frank and honest. She wore no hat, and the ringlets of her gold-brown hair fluttered distractingly in the morning breeze.

Captain Blood bared his head and bowed silently in a greeting which she returned composedly and formally.

"What is happening, Lord Julian?" she inquired.

As if to answer her a third gun spoke from the ships towards which she was looking intent and wonderingly. A frown ruffled her brow. She looked from one to the other of the men who stood there so glum and obviously ill at ease.

"They are ships of the Jamaica Fleet," his lordship answered her.

It should in any case have been a sufficient explanation. But before more could be added, their attention was drawn at last to Ogle, who came bounding up the broad ladder, and to the men lounging aft in his wake, in all of which, instinctively they apprehended a vague menace.

At the head of the companion, Ogle found his progress barred by Blood, who confronted him, a sudden sternness in his face and in every line of him.

"What's this?" the captain demanded sharply. "Your station is on the gun-deck. Why have you left it?"

Thus challenged, the obvious truculence faded out of Ogle's bearing, quenched by the old habit of obedience and the natural dominance that was the secret of the captain's rule over his wild followers. But it gave no pause to the gunner's intention. If anything it increased his excitement.

"Captain," he said, and as he spoke he pointed to the pursuing ships. "Colonel Bishop holds us. We're in no case either to run or fight."

Blood's height seemed to increase, as did his sternness.

"Ogle," said he, in a voice cold and sharp as steel, "your station is on the gun-deck. You'll return to it at once, and take your crew with you, or else . . ."

But Ogle, violent of mien and gesture, interrupted him.

"Threats will not serve, captain."

"Will they not?"

It was the first time in his buccaneering career that an order of his had been disregarded, or that a man had failed in the obedience to which he pledged all those who joined him. That this insubordination should proceed from one of those whom he most trusted, one of his old Barbadoes' associates, was in itself a bitterness, and made him reluctant to that which instinct told him must be done. His hand closed over the butt of one of the pistols slung before him.

"Nor will that serve you," Ogle warned him, still more fiercely. "The men are of my thinking, and they'll have their way."

"And what way may that be?"

"The way to make us safe. We'll neither sink nor hang whiles we can help it."

From the three or four score men massed below in the waist came a rumble of approval. Captain Blood's glance raked the ranks of those resolute fierce-eyed fellows, then it came to rest again on Ogle. There was here quite plainly a vague threat, a mutinous spirit he could not understand.

"You come to give advice then, do you?" quoth he, relenting nothing of his sternness.

"That's it, captain. Advice. That girl, there." He flung out a bare arm to point to her. "Bishop's girl, the Governor of Jamaica's niece . . . We want her as a hostage for our safety."

"Aye!" roared in chorus the buccaneers below, and one or two of them elaborated the affirmation.

In a flash Captain Blood saw what was in their minds. And for all that he lost nothing of his outward stern composure, fear invaded his heart.

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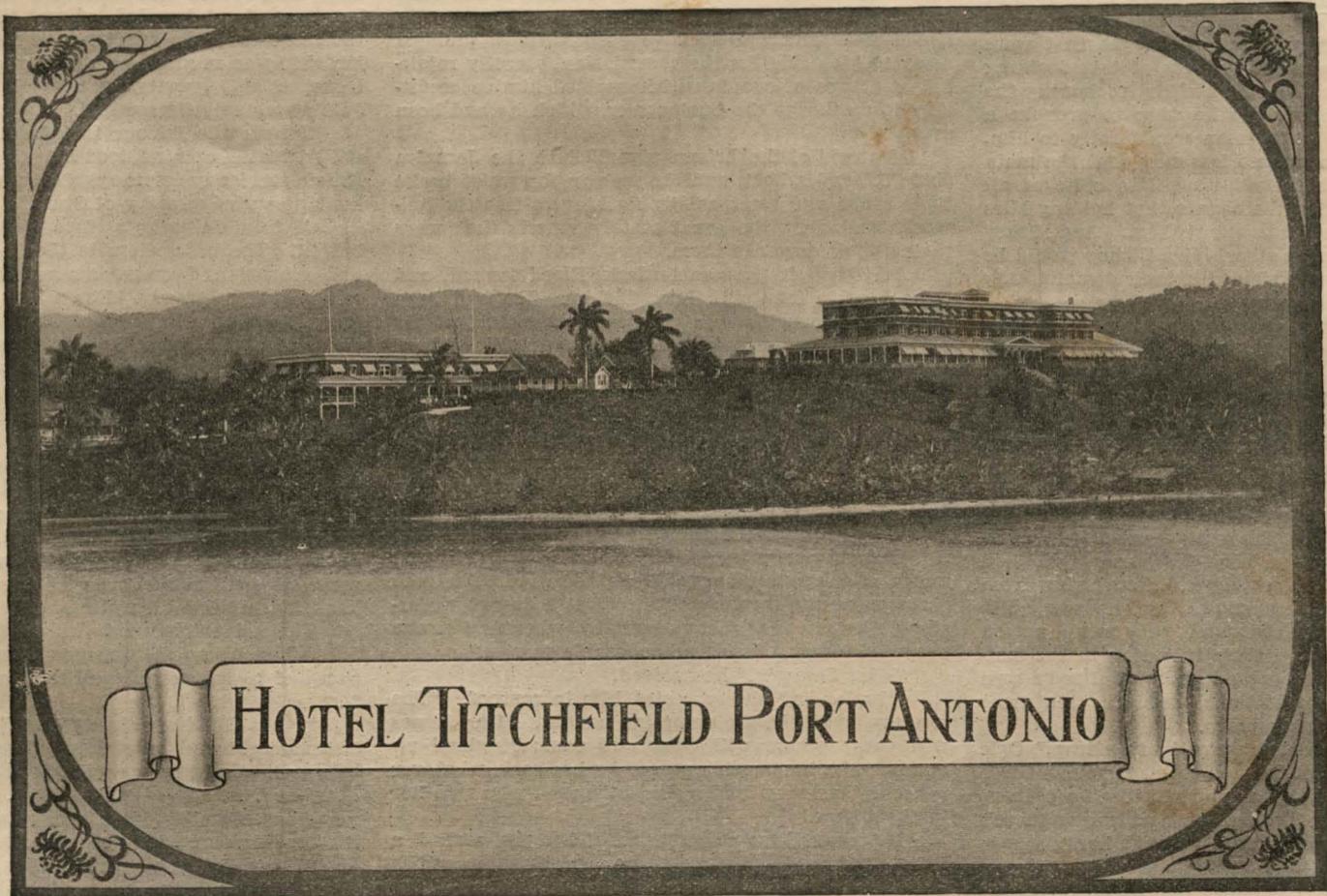
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"And how," he asked, "do you imagine that Miss Bishop will prove such a hostage?"

"It's a providence having her aboard; a providence. Heave to, captain, and signal them to send a boat, and assure themselves that Miss is here. Then let them know that if they attempt to hinder our sailing hence, we'll hang the doxy first and fight for it after. That'll cool Colonel Bishop's heat maybe."

"And maybe it won't." Slow and mocking came Wolverstone's voice to answer the other's confident excitement, and as he spoke he advanced to Blood's side, an unexpected ally. "Some o' them dawcocks may believe that tale." He jerked a contemptuous thumb towards the men in the waist, whose ranks were steadily increased by the advent of others from the fore-castle. "Although even some o' they should know better, for there's still a few was on Barbadoes with us, and are acquainted like me and you with Colonel Bishop. If ye're counting on pulling Bishop's heartstrings, ye're a bigger fool, Ogle, than I've always thought you was with anything but guns. There's no heaving to for such a matter as that unless you wants to make quite sure of our being sunk. Though we had a cargo of Bishop's nieces it wouldn't make him hold his hand. Why, as I was just telling his lordship here, who thought like you that having Miss Bishop aboard would make us safe, not for his mother would that filthy slaver forego what's due to him. And if ye weren't a fool, Ogle, you wouldn't need me to tell you this. We've got to fight, my lads . . ."

"How can we fight, man?" Ogle stormed at him, furiously battling the conviction which Wolverstone's argument was imposing upon his listeners. "You may be right, and you may be wrong. We've got to chance it. It's our only chance . . ."

The rest of his words were drowned in the shouts of the hands insisting that the girl be given up to be held as a hostage. And then louder than before roared a gun away to leeward, and over on their starboard beam they saw the spray flung up by the shot, which had gone wide.

"They are within range," cried Ogle. And leaning from the rail, "Put down the helm," he commanded.

Pitt, at his post beside the helmsman, turned intrepidly to face the excited gunner.

"Since when have you commanded on the main deck, Ogle? I take my orders from the captain."

"You'll take this order from me, or by God, you'll . . ."

"Wait!" Blood bade him, interrupting, and he set a restraining hand upon the gunner's arm. "There is, I think, a better way."

He looked over his shoulder, aft, at the advancing ships, the foremost of which was now a bare quarter of a mile away. His glance swept, in passing, over Miss Bishop and Lord Julian standing side by side some paces behind him. He observed her pale and tense, with parted lips and startled eyes that were fixed upon him, an anxious witness of this deciding of her fate. He was thinking swiftly, reckoning the chances if by pistolling Ogle he were to provoke a mutiny. That some of the men would rally to him, he was sure. But he was no less sure that the main body would oppose him, and prevail in spite of all that he could do, taking the chance that holding Miss Bishop to ransom seemed to afford them. And if they did that, one way or the other, Miss Bishop would be lost. For even if Bishop yielded to their demand, they would retain her as a hostage.

Meanwhile Ogle was growing impatient. His arm still gripped by Blood, he thrust his face into the captain's.

"What better way?" he demanded. "There is none better. I'll not be bubbled by what Wolverstone has said. He may be right, and he may be wrong. We'll test it. It's our only chance I've said, and we must take it."

The better way that was in Captain Blood's mind was the way that already he had proposed to Wolverstone. Whether the men in the panic Ogle had aroused among them would take a different view from Wolverstone's he did not know. But he saw quite clearly now that if they consented, they would not on that account depart from their intention in the matter of Miss Bishop; they would make of Blood's own surrender merely an additional card in this game against the Governor of Jamaica.

"It's through her that we're in this trap," Ogle stormed on. "Through her and through you. It was to bring her to Jamaica that you risked all our lives, and we're not going to lose our lives, as long as there's a chance to make ourselves safe, through her."

He was turning again to the helmsman below, when Blood's grip tightened on his arm. Ogle wrenched it free, with an oath. But Blood's mind was now made up. He had found the only way, and repellent though it might be to him, he must take it.

"That is a desperate chance," he cried. "Mine is the safe and easy way. Wait!" He leaned over the rail. "Put the helm down," he bade Pitt. "Heave her to, and signal to them to send a boat."

A silence of astonishment fell upon the ship—of astonishment and suspicion at this sudden yielding. But Pitt, although he shared it, was prompt to obey. His voice rang out, giving the necessary orders, and after an instant's pause, a score of hands sprang to execute them. Came the creak of blocks and the rattle of slatting sails as they swung aweather, and Captain

Blood turned and beckoned Lord Julian forward. His lordship, after a moment's hesitation, advanced in surprise and mistrust—a mistrust shared by Miss Bishop, who like his lordship and all else aboard, though in a different way, had been taken aback by Blood's sudden submission to the demand to lie to.

Standing now at the rail, with Lord Julian beside him, Captain Blood explained himself.

Briefly and clearly he announced to all the object of Lord Julian's voyage to the Caribbean, and he informed them of the offer which yesterday Lord Julian had made to him.

"That offer I rejected, as his lordship will tell you, deeming myself affronted by it. Those of you who have suffered under the rule of King James will understand me. But now in the desperate case in which we find ourselves—outsailed, and likely to be outfought, as Ogle has said—I am ready to take the way of Morgan; to accept the King's commission and shelter us all behind it."

It was a thunderbolt that for a moment left them all dazed. Then Babel was re-enacted. The main body of them welcomed the announcement as only men who have been preparing to die can welcome a new lease of life. But many could not resolve one way or the other until they were satisfied upon several questions, and chiefly upon one which was voiced by Ogle.

"Will Bishop respect the commission when you hold it?"

It was Lord Julian who answered.

"It will go very hard with him if he attempts to flout the King's authority. And though he should dare attempt it, be sure that his own officers will not dare to do other than oppose him."

"Aye," said Ogle, "that is true."

But there were some still in open and frank revolt against the course. Of these was Wolverstone, who at once proclaimed his hostility.

"I'll rot in hell or ever I serves the King," he bawled in a great rage.

But Blood quieted him and those who thought as he did.

"No man need follow me into the King's service who is reluctant. That is not in the bargain. What is in the bargain is that I accept this service with such of you as may choose to follow me. Don't think I accept it willingly. For myself, I am entirely of Wolverstone's opinion. I accept it as the only way to save us all from the certain destruction into which my own act may have brought us. And even those of you who do not choose to follow me, shall share the immunity of all, and shall afterwards be free to depart. Those are the terms upon which I sell myself to the King. Let Lord Julian, the representative of the Secretary of State, say whether he agrees to them."

Prompt, eager and clear came his lordship's agreement. And that was practically the end of the matter. Lord Julian, the butt now of good-humouredly ribald jests and half-derisive acclamations, plunged away to his cabin for the commission, secretly rejoicing at a turn of events which enabled him so creditably to discharge the business on which he had been sent.

Meanwhile, the bo'sun signalled to the Jamaica ships to send a boat, and the men in the waist broke their ranks and went noisily flocking to line the bulwarks and view the great stately vessels that were racing down towards them.

As Ogle left the quarterdeck, Blood turned, and came face to face with Miss Bishop. She had been observing him with shining eyes, but at sight of his dejected countenance, and the deep frown that scarred his brow, her own expression changed. She approached him with a hesitation entirely unusual to her. She set a hand lightly upon his arm.

"You have chosen wisely, sir," she commended him, "however much against your inclinations."

He looked with gloomy eyes upon her for whom he had made this sacrifice.

"I owed it you—or thought I did," he said quietly.

She did not understand. "Your resolve delivered me from a horrible danger," she admitted. And she shivered at the memory of it. "But I do not understand why you should have hesitated when first it was proposed to you. It is an honourable service."

"King James's?" he sneered.

"England's," she corrected him in reproof. "The country is all, sir, the sovereign naught. King James will pass; others will come and pass; England remains, to be honourably served by her sons, whatever rancour they may hold against the men who rule her in their time."

He showed some surprise. Then he smiled a little. "Shrewd advocacy," he approved it. "You should have spoken to the crew."

And then, the note of railery deepening in his voice: "Do you suppose, now, that this honourable service might redeem one who was a pirate and a thief?"

Her glance fell away. Her voice faltered a little in replying. "If he . . . needs redeeming. Perhaps . . . perhaps he has been judged too harshly."

The blue eyes flashed, and the firm lips relaxed their grim set.

"Why . . . if ye think that," he said, considering her, an odd hunger in his glance, "life might have its uses after all, and even the service of King James might become tolerable."

Looking beyond her, across the water, he observed

a boat putting off from one of the great ships, which, hove to now, were rocking gently some three hundred yards away. Abruptly his manner changed. He was like one recovering, taking himself in hand again. "If you will go below, and get your gear and your woman, you shall presently be sent aboard one of the ships of the fleet." He pointed to the boat as he spoke.

She left him, and thereafter, with Wolverstone, leaning upon the rail, he watched the approach of that boat, manned by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a scarlet figure seated stiffly in the sternsheets. He levelled his telescope upon that figure.

"It'll not be Bishop himself," said Wolverstone, between question and assertion.

"No." Blood closed his telescope. "I don't know who it is."

"Ha!" Wolverstone vented an ejaculation of sneering mirth. "For all his eagerness, Bishop'd be none so willing to come himself. He's been aboard this hulk afore, and we made him swim for it that time. He'll have his memories. So he sends a deputy."

This deputy proved to be an officer named Calverley, a vigorous self-sufficient fellow, comparatively fresh from England, whose manner made it clear that he came fully instructed by Colonel Bishop upon the matter of how to handle the pirates.

His air, as he stepped into the waist of the *Arabella*, was haughty, truculent and disdainful.

Blood, the King's commission now in his pocket, and Lord Julian standing beside him, waited to receive him, and Captain Calverley was a little taken aback at finding himself confronted by two men so very different outwardly from anything that he had expected. But he lost none of his haughty poise, and scarcely deigned a glance at the swarm of fierce, half-naked men lounging in a semi-circle to form a background.

"Good-day to you, sir," Blood hailed him pleasantly. "I have the honour to give you welcome aboard the *Arabella*. My name is Blood—Captain Blood, at your service. You may have heard of me."

Captain Calverley stared hard. The airy manner of this redoubtable buccaneer was hardly what he had looked for in a desperate fellow, compelled to ignominious surrender. A thin sour smile broke on the officer's haughty lips.

"You'll ruffle it to the gallows, no doubt," he said contemptuously. "I suppose that is after the fashion of your kind. Meanwhile, it's your surrender I require, my man, not your impudence."

Captain Blood appeared surprised, pained. He turned in appeal to Lord Julian.

"D'ye hear that now? And did ye ever hear the like? But what did I tell ye? Ye see, the young gentleman's under a misapprehension entirely. Perhaps it'll save broken bones if your lordship explains just who and what I am."

Lord Julian advanced a step and bowed perfunctorily and rather disdainfully to that very disdainful but now dumb-founded officer. Pitt, who watched the scene from the quarter-deck rail, tells us that his lordship was as grave as a parson at a hanging. But I suspect this gravity for a mask under which Lord Julian was secretly amused.

"I have the honour to inform you, sir," he said stiffly, "that Captain Blood holds a commission in the King's service under the seal of my Lord Sunderland, his Majesty's Secretary of State."

Captain Calverley's face empurpled; his eyes bulged. The buccaneers in the background chuckled and crowed and swore among themselves in their relish of this comedy. For a long moment Calverley glared in silence at his lordship, observing the costly elegance of his dress, his air of calm assurance and his cold, fastidious speech, all of which savoured distinctly of the great world to which he belonged.

"And who the devil may you be?" he exploded at last.

Colder still and more distant than ever grew his lordship's voice.

"You're not very civil, sir, as I have already noticed. My name is Wade—Lord Julian Wade. I am his Majesty's envoy to these barbarous parts, and my Lord Sunderland's near kinsman. Colonel Bishop has been notified of my coming."

The sudden change in Calverley's manner at Lord Julian's mention of his name showed that the notification had been received, and that he had knowledge of it.

"I . . . I believe that he has," said Calverley between doubt and suspicion. "That is: that he has been notified of the coming of Lord Julian Wade. But . . . but . . . aboard this ship . . . ?" The officer made a gesture of helplessness, and, surrendering to his bewilderment, fell abruptly silent.

"I was coming out on the *Royal Mary* . . ."

"That is what we were advised."

"But the *Royal Mary* fell a victim to a Spanish privateer, and I might never have arrived at all, but for the gallantry of Captain Blood, who rescued me."

Light broke upon the darkness of Calverley's mind. "I see. I understand."

"I will take leave to doubt it." His lordship's tone abated nothing of its asperity. "But that can wait. If Captain Blood will show you his commission perhaps that will set all doubts at rest, and we may proceed. I shall be glad to reach Port Royal."

Captain Blood thrust a parchment under Calverley's bulging eyes. The officer scanned it, particularly the seals and signature. He stepped back, a baffled, impotent man. He bowed helplessly.

"I must return to Colonel Bishop for my orders," he informed them.

At that moment a lane was opened in the ranks of the men, and through this came Miss Bishop followed by her octroon woman. Over his shoulder Captain Blood observed her approach.

"Perhaps, since Colonel Bishop is with you, you will convey his niece to him. Miss Bishop was aboard the *Royal Mary* also, and I rescued her together with his lordship. She will be able to acquaint her uncle with the details of that and of the present state of affairs."

Swept thus from surprise to surprise, Captain Caverley could do no more than bow again.

"As for me," said Lord Julian, with intent to make Miss Bishop's departure free from all interference on the part of the buccaneers, "I shall remain aboard the *Arabella* until we reach Port Royal. My compliments to Colonel Bishop. Say that I look forward to making his acquaintance *tūre*."

CHAPTER X.

HOSTILITIES.

IN the great harbour of Port Royal, spacious enough to have given moorings to all the ships of all the navies of the world, the *Arabella* rode at anchor. Almost she had the air of a prisoner, for a quarter of a mile ahead, to starboard, rose the lofty massive single round tower of the fort, whilst a couple of cables' length astern, and to larboard, rode the six men-of-war that composed the Jamaica Squadron.

Abeam with the *Arabella*, across the harbour, were the flat-fronted white buildings of that imposing city that came down to the very water's edge. Behind these the red roofs rose like terraces, marking the gentle slope upon which the city was built, dominated here by a turret, there by a spire, and behind these again a range of green hills with for ultimate background a sky that was like a dome of polished steel.

On a cane day-bed that had been set for him on the quarter-deck, sheltered from the dazzling, blistering sunshine by an improvised awning of brown sailcloth, lounged Peter Blood, a calf-bound well-thumbed copy of Horace's Odes neglected in his hands.

From immediately below him came the swish of mops and the gurgle of water in the scuppers, for it was still early morning, and under the directions of Hayton, the bo'sun, the swabbers were at work in the waist and forecastle. Despite the heat and the stagnant air, one of the toilers found breath to croak a ribald buccaneering ditty:

"For we laid her board and board,
And we put her to the sword,
And we sank her in the deep blue sea.
So it's heigh-ho, and heave-a-ho!
Who'll sail for the Main with me?"

Blood fetched a sigh, and the ghost of a smile played over his keen, lean, sun-tanned face. Then the black brows came together above the vivid blue eyes, and thought swiftly closed the door upon his immediate surroundings.

Things had not sped at all well with him in the past fortnight since his acceptance of the King's commission. There had been trouble with Bishop from the moment of landing. As Blood and Lord Julian had stepped ashore together they had been met by a man who took no pains to dissemble his chagrin at the turn of events and his determination to change it. He awaited them on the mole, supported by a group of officers.

"You are Lord Julian Wade, I understand," was his truculent greeting. For Blood at the moment he had nothing beyond a malignant glance.

Lord Julian bowed. "I take it I have the honour to address Colonel Bishop, Deputy-Governor of Jamaica." It was almost as if his lordship were giving the colonel a lesson in deportment. The colonel accepted it, and belatedly bowed, removing his broad hat. Then he plunged on.

"You have granted, I am told, the King's commission to this man." His very tone betrayed the bitterness of his rancour. "Your motives were no doubt worthy . . . your gratitude to him for delivering you from the Spaniards. But the thing itself is unthinkable, my lord. The commission must be cancelled."

"I don't think I understand," said Lord Julian distantly.

"To be sure you don't, or you'd never ha' done it. The fellow's bubbled you. Why, he's first a rebel, then an escaped slave, and lastly a bloody pirate. I've been hunting him this year past."

"I assure you, sir, that I was fully informed of all. I do not grant the King's commission lightly."

"Don't you, by God! And what else do you call this? But as his Majesty's Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, I'll take leave to correct your mistake in my own way."

"Ah! And what way may that be?"

"There's a gallows waiting for this rascal here in Port Royal" Blood would have intervened at that, but Lord Julian forestalled him.

"I see, sir, that you do not yet quite apprehend the circumstances. If it is a mistake to grant Captain Blood a commission, the mistake is not mine. I am acting upon the instructions of my Lord Sunderland; and with a full knowledge of all the facts, his lordship expressly designated Captain Blood for the commission if Captain Blood could be persuaded to accept it."

Colonel Bishop's mouth fell open in surprise and dismay.

"Lord Sunderland designated him?"

"Expressly."

His lordship waited a moment for a reply. None coming from the speechless deputy-governor, he asked a question: "Would you still venture to describe the matter as a mistake, sir? And dare you take the risk of correcting it?"

"I . . . I had not dreamed . . ."

"I understand, sir. Let me present Captain Blood."

Perforce Bishop must put on the best face he could command. But that it was no more than a mask for his fury and his venom was plain to all.

From that unpromising beginning matters had not improved, rather had they grown worse.

Blood's thoughts were upon this and other things as he lounged there on the day-bed. He had been a fortnight in Port Royal, his ship virtually a unit now in the Jamaica Squadron. And when the news of it reached Tortuga and the buccaneers who awaited his return, the name of Captain Blood, which had stood so high among the Brethren of the Coast, would become a byword, a thing of execration, and before all was done his life might pay forfeit for what would be

accounted a treacherous defection. And for what had he placed himself in this position? For the sake of a girl who avoided him so persistently and intentionally that he must assume that she still regarded him with aversion. He had scarcely been vouchsafed a glimpse of her in all this fortnight, although with that in view for his main object he had daily haunted her uncle's residence, and daily braved the unmasked hostility and baffled rancour in which Colonel Bishop held him. Nor was that the worst of it. He was allowed plainly to perceive that it was the graceful, elegant young trifier from St. James's, Lord Julian Wade, to whom her every moment was devoted. And what chance had he, a desperate adventurer with a record of outlawry, against such a rival as that, a man of parts moreover, as he was bound to admit?

You conceive the bitterness of his soul. He beheld himself to be as the dog in the fable that had dropped the substance to snatch at a delusive shadow.

He sought comfort in a line on the open page before him: "*levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.*" Sought it, but hardly found it.

A boat that had approached unnoticed from the shore came scraping and bumping against the great red hull of the *Arabella*, and a raucous voice sent up a hailing shout. From the ship's belfry two silvery

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notes rang clear and sharp, and a moment or two later the bo'sun's whistle shrilled a long wail.

The sounds disturbed Captain Blood from his disgruntled musings. He rose, tall, active and arrestingly elegant in a scarlet, gold-laced coat that advertised his new position, and slipping the slender volume into his pocket, advanced to the carved rail of the quarter-deck, just as Jeremy Pitt was setting foot upon the companion.

"A note for you from the deputy-governor," said the master shortly, as he proffered a folded sheet.

Blood broke the seal, and read. Pitt, loosely clad in shirt and breeches, leaned against the rail the while and watched him, unmistakable concern imprinted on his fair, frank countenance.

Blood uttered a short laugh, and curled his lip. "It is a very peremptory summons," he said, and passed the note to his friend.

The young master's grey eyes skimmed it. Thoughtfully he stroked his golden beard.

"You'll not go?" he said, between question and assertion.

"Why not? Haven't I been a daily visitor at the fort . . .?"

"But it'll be about the old Wolf that he wants to see you. It gives him a grievance at last. You know, Peter, that it is Lord Julian alone has stood between Bishop and his hate of you. If now he can show that . . ."

"What if he can?" Blood interrupted carelessly. "Shall I be in greater danger ashore than aboard, now that we've but fifty men left, and they lukewarm rogues who would as soon serve the King as me? Jeremy, dear lad, the *Arabella's* a prisoner here, bedad, 'twixt the fort there and the fleet yonder. Don't be forgetting that."

Jeremy clenched his hands. "Why did ye let Wolverstone and the others go?" he cried, with a touch of bitterness. "You should have seen the danger."

"How could I in honesty have detained them? It was in the bargain. Besides, how could their staying have helped me?" And as Pitt did not answer him: "Ye see?" he said, and shrugged. "I'll be getting my hat and cane and sword, and go ashore in the cock-boat. See it manned for me."

"Ye're going to deliver yourself into Bishop's hands," Pitt warned him.

"Well, well, maybe he'll not find me quite so easy to grasp as he imagines. There's a thorn or two left on me." And with a laugh Blood departed to his cabin.

Jeremy Pitt answered the laugh with an oath. A moment he stood irresolute where Blood had left him. Then slowly, reluctance dragging at his feet, he went

down the companion to give the order for the cock-boat.

"If anything should happen to you, Peter," he said, as Blood was going over the side, "Colonel Bishop had better look to himself. These fifty lads may be lukewarm at present, as you say, but—sink me!—they'll be anything but lukewarm if there's a breach of faith."

"And what should be happening to me, Jeremy? sure now, I'll be back for dinner, so I will."

Blood climbed down into the waiting boat. But laugh though he might, he knew as well as Pitt that in going ashore that morning he carried his life in his hands. Because of this, it may have been, that when he stepped on to the narrow mole, in the shadow of the shallow outer wall of the fort through whose crenels were thrust the black noses of its heavy guns, he gave order that the boat should stay for him at that spot. He realised that he might have to retreat in a hurry.

Walking leisurely, he skirted the embattled wall, and passed through the great gates into the courtyard. Half a dozen soldiers lounged there, and in the shadow cast by the wall, Major Mallard, the commandant, was slowly pacing. He stopped short at sight of Captain Blood, and saluted him, as was his due, but the smile that lifted the officer's stiff moustachios was grimly sardonic. Peter Blood's attention, however, was elsewhere.

On his right stretched a spacious garden, beyond which rose the white house that was the residence of the deputy-governor. In that garden's main avenue, that was fringed with palm and sandalwood, he had caught sight of Miss Bishop alone. He crossed the courtyard with suddenly lengthened stride.

"Good-morning to ye, ma'am," was his greeting as he overtook her; and hat in hand now, he added on a note of protest: "Sure it's nothing less than uncharitable to make me run in this heat."

"Why do you run, then?" she asked him coolly, standing slim and straight before him, all in white and very maidenly save in her unnatural composure. "I am pressed," she informed him. "So you will forgive me if I do not stay."

"You were none so pressed until I came," he protested, and if his thin lips smiled, his blue eyes were oddly hard.

"Since you perceive it, sir, I wonder that you trouble to be so insistent."

That crossed the swords between them, and it was against Blood's instincts to avoid an engagement.

"Faith, you explain yourself after a fashion," said he. "But since it was more or less in your service that I donned the King's coat, you should suffer it to cover the thief and pirate."

She shrugged and turned aside, in some resentment and some regret. Fearing to betray the latter, she took refuge in the former. "I do my best," said she.

"So that ye can be charitable in some ways!" He laughed softly. "Glory be now, I should be thankful for so much. Maybe I'm presumptuous. But I can't forget that when I was no better than a slave in your uncle's household in Barbadoes, ye used me with a certain kindness."

"Why not? In those days you had some claim upon my kindness. You were just an unfortunate gentleman then."

"And what else would you be calling me now?" "Hardly unfortunate. We have heard of your good-fortune on the sea—how your luck has passed into a byword. And we have heard other things: of your good fortune in other directions."

She spoke hastily, the thought of Mademoiselle d'Ogeron in her mind. And instantly would have recalled the words had she been able. But Peter Blood swept them lightly aside, reading into them none of her meaning, as she feared he would.

"Ay—a deal of lies, devil a doubt, as I could prove to you."

"I cannot think why you should trouble to put yourself on your defence," she discouraged him.

"So that ye may think less badly of me than you do."

"What I think of you can be a very little matter to you, sir."

This was a disarming stroke. He abandoned combat for expostulation.

"Can ye say that now? Can ye say that, beholding me in this livery of a service I despise? Didn't ye tell me that I might redeem the past? It's little enough I am concerned to redeem the past save only in your eyes. In my own I've done nothing at all that I am ashamed of, considering the provocation I received."

Her glance faltered, and fell away before his own that was so intent.

"I . . . I can't think why you should speak to me like this," she said, with less than her earlier assurance.

"Ah now, can't ye indeed?" he cried. "Sure then I'll be telling ye."

"Oh, please." There was real alarm in her voice. "I realise fully what you did, and I realise that partly, at least, you may have been urged by consideration for myself. Believe me, I am very grateful. I shall always be grateful."

"But if it's also your intention always to think of me as a thief and a pirate, faith ye may keep your gratitude for all the good tis' like to do me."

A livelier colour crept into her cheeks. There was a perceptible heave of the slight breast that faintly swelled the flimsy bodice of white silk. But if she resented his tone and his words, she stifled her resentment. She realised that perhaps she had, herself, provoked his anger. She honestly desired to make amends.

"You are mistaken," she began. "It isn't that." But they were fated to misunderstand each other. Jealousy, that troubler of reason, had been over-busy with his wits, as it had with hers.

"What is it then?" quoth he, and added the question: "Lord Julian?"

She started, and stared at him blankly, indignant now.

"Och, be frank with me," he urged her, unpardonably. "'Twill be a kindness, so it will."

For a moment she stood before him with quickened breathing, the colour ebbing and flowing in her cheeks. Then she looked past him, and tilted her chin forward.

"You . . . you are quite insufferable," she said. "I beg that you will let me pass."

He stepped aside, and with the broad feathered hat which he still held in his hand, he waved her on towards the house.

"I'll not be detaining you any longer, ma'am. After all, the cursed thing I did for nothing can be undone. Ye'll remember afterwards that it was your hardness drove me."

She moved to depart, then checked, and faced him again. It was she now who was on her defence, her voice quivering with indignation.

"You take that tone! You dare to take that tone!" she cried, astounding him by her sudden vehemence. "You have the effrontery of upbraid me because I will not take your hands, when I know how they are stained, when I know you for a murderer and worse?"

He stared at her open-mouthed.

"A murderer—I?" he said at last.

"Must I name your victims? Did you not murder Levasseur?"

"Levasseur?" He smiled a little. "So they've told you about that!"

"Do you deny it?"

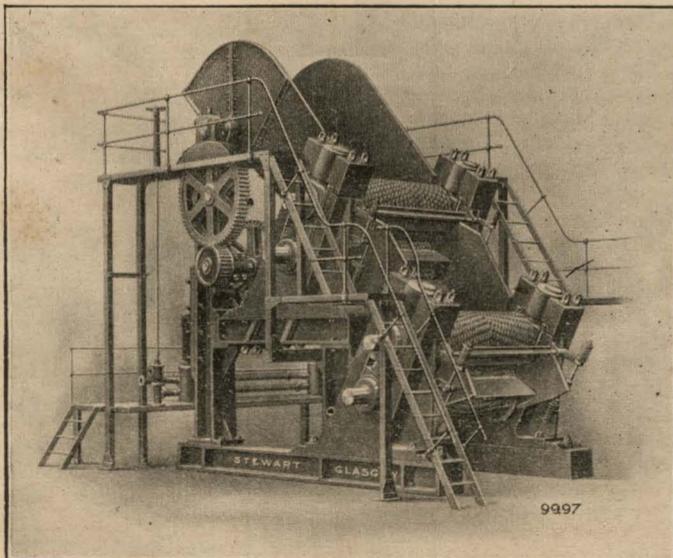
"I killed him, it is true. I can remember killing another man in circumstances that were very similar. That was in Bridgetown on the night of the Spanish raid. Mary Traill would tell you of it. She was present."

He clapped his hat on his head with a certain abrupt fierceness, and strode angrily away, before she could answer or even grasp the full significance of what he had said.

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CHAPTER XI.

HOSTAGES.

PETER BLOOD stood in the pillared portico of Government House, and with unseeing eyes that were laden with pain and anger, stared out across the great harbour of Port Royal to the green hills rising from the farther shore and the ridge of the Blue Mountains beyond, showing hazily through the quivering heat.

He was aroused by the return of the negro who had gone to announce him, and following now this slave, he made his way through the house to the wide piazza behind it, in whose shade Colonel Bishop and my Lord Julian Wade took what little air there was.

"So ye've come," the deputy-governor hailed him, and followed the greeting by a series of grunts of vague, but apparently ill-humoured import.

He did not trouble to rise, not even when Lord Julian, obeying the instincts of finer breeding, set him the example. From under scowling brows the wealthy Barbadoes planter considered his sometime slave, who, hat in hand, leaning lightly upon his long beribboned cane, revealed nothing in his countenance of the anger which was being steadily nourished by this cavalier reception.

At last, with scowling brow and in self-sufficient tones, Colonel Bishop delivered himself.

"I have sent for you, Captain Blood, because of certain news that has just reached me. I am informed that yesterday evening a frigate left the harbour having on board your associate Wolverstone and a hundred men of the hundred and fifty that were serving under you. His lordship and I shall be glad to have your explanation of how you came to permit that departure."

"Permit?" quoth Blood. "I ordered it."

The answer left Bishop speechless for a moment. Then:

"You ordered it?" he said in accents of unbelief, whilst Lord Julian raised his eyebrows. "Swords! Perhaps you'll explain yourself. Whither has Wolverstone gone?"

"To Tortuga. He's gone with a message to the officers commanding the other four ships of the fleet that is awaiting me there, telling them what's happened and why they are no longer to expect me."

Bishop's great face seemed to swell and its high colour to deepen. He swung to Lord Julian

"You hear that, my lord? Deliberately he has let Wolverstone loose upon the seas again—Wolverstone, the worst of all that gang of pirates after himself. I hope your lordship begins at last to perceive the folly of granting the King's commission to such a man as this against all my counsels. Why this thing is . . . it's just mutiny . . . treason? By God! It's matter for a court-martial."

"Will you cease your blather of mutiny and treason and courts-martial?" Blood put on his hat, and sat down unbidden. "I have sent Wolverstone to inform Hagthorpe and Christian and Yberville and the rest of my lads that they've one clear month in which to follow my example, quit piracy and get back to their boucans or their logwood, or else sail out of the Caribbean Sea. That's what I've done."

"But the men?" his lordship interposed in his level cultured voice. "This hundred men that Wolverstone has taken with him?"

"They are those of my crew who have no taste for King James's service, and have preferred to seek work of other kinds. It was in our compact, my lord, that there should be no constraining of my men."

"I don't remember it," said his lordship, with sincerity.

Blood looked at him in surprise. Then he shrugged. "Faith, I'm not to blame for your lordship's poor memory. I say that it was so; and I don't lie. I've never found it necessary. In any case ye couldn't have supposed that I should consent to anything different."

And then the deputy-governor exploded.

"You have given those damned rascals in Tortuga this warning so that they may escape. That is what you have done. That is how you abuse the commission that has saved your own neck!"

Peter Blood considered him steadily, his face impassive.

"I will remind you," he said at last, very quietly, "that the object in view was—leaving out of account your own appetites which, as everyone knows, are just those of a hangman—to rid the Caribbean of buccaneers. Now, I've taken the most effective way of accomplishing that object. The knowledge that I've entered the King's service should in itself go far towards disbanding the fleet of which I was until lately a leader."

"I see!" sneered the deputy-governor malevolently. "And if it does not?"

"It will be time enough then to consider what else is to be done."

Lord Julian forestalled a fresh outburst on the part of Bishop.

"It is possible," he said, "that my Lord Sunderland will be satisfied, provided that the solution is such as you promise."

It was a courteous, conciliatory speech. Urged by friendliness towards Blood and understanding of the difficult position in which the buccaneer found himself, his lordship was disposed to take his stand upon the letter of his instructions. Therefore he now

held out a friendly hand to help him over the latest and most difficult obstacle which Blood himself had enabled Bishop to place in the way of his redemption. Unfortunately the last person from whom Peter Blood desired assistance at that moment was this young nobleman, whom he regarded with the jaundiced eyes of jealousy.

"Anyway," he answered, with a suggestion of defiance and more than a suggestion of a sneer, "it's the most ye should expect from me; and certainly it's the most he'll get."

His lordship frowned, and dabbed his lips with a handkerchief.

"I don't think that I quite like the way you put it. Indeed, upon reflection, Captain Blood, I am sure that I do not."

"I am sorry for that, so I am," said Blood impudently. "But there it is. I'm not on that account concerned to modify it."

His lordship's pale eyes opened a little wider. Languidly he raised his eyebrows.

"Ah!" he said. "You're a prodigiously uncivil fellow. You disappoint me, sir. I had formed the notion that you might be a gentleman."

"And that's not your lordship's only mistake," Bishop cut in. "You made a worse when you gave him the King's commission, and so sheltered the rascal from the gallows I had prepared for him in Port Royal."

"Ay—but the worst mistake of all in this matter of commissions," said Blood to his lordship, "was the one that made this greasy slaver deputy-governor of Jamaica instead of its hangman, which is the office for which he's by nature fitted."

"Captain Blood!" said his lordship sharply in reproof. "Upon my soul and honour, sir, you go much too far. You are . . ."

But here Bishop interrupted him. He had heaved himself to his feet, at last, and was venting his fury in unprintable abuse. Captain Blood, who had also risen, stood apparently impassive, for the storm to spend itself. When at last this happened, he addressed himself quietly to Lord Julian as if Colonel Bishop had not spoken.

"Your lordship was about to say?" he asked, with challenging smoothness.

But his lordship had by now recovered his habitual composure, and was again disposed to be conciliatory. He laughed and shrugged.

"Faith! here's a deal of unnecessary heat," said he. "And God knows this plaguey climate provides enough of that. Perhaps, Colonel Bishop, you are a little uncompromising; and you, sir, are certainly a deal too peppery. I have said, speaking on behalf of my Lord Sunderland, that I am content to await the result of your experiment."

But Bishop's fury had by now reached a stage in which it was not to be restrained.

"Are you indeed?" he roared. "Well then, I am not. This is a matter in which your lordship must allow me to be the better judge. And, anyhow, I'll take the risk of acting on my own responsibility."

Lord Julian abandoned the struggle. He smiled wearily, shrugged and waved a hand in implied resignation. The deputy-governor stormed on.

"Since my lord here has given you a commission, I can't regularly deal with you out of hand for piracy as you deserve. But you shall answer before a court-martial for your action in the matter, of Wolverstone, and take the consequences."

"I see," said Blood. "Now we come to it. And it's yourself as deputy-governor will preside over that same court-martial. So that ye can wipe off old scores by hanging me, it's little ye care how ye do it!" He laughed, and added: "Præmonitus, præmonitus."

"What shall that mean?" quoth Lord Julian sharply.

"I had imagined that your lordship would have had some education."

He was at pains, you see, to be provocative.

"It's not the literal meaning I am asking, sir," said Lord Julian, with frosty dignity. "I want to know what you desire me to understand?"

"I'll leave your lordship guessing," said Blood. "And I'll be wishing ye both a very good-day." He swept off his feathered hat, and made them a leg very elegantly.

"Before you go," said Bishop, "and to save you from any idle rashness, I'll tell you the harbour-master and the commandant have their orders. You don't leave Port Royal, my fine gallows bird. Damme, I mean to provide you with permanent moorings here, in Execution Dock."

Peter Blood stiffened, and his vivid blue eyes stabbed the bloated face of his enemy. He passed his long cane into his left hand, and with his right thrust negligently into the breast of his doublet, he swung to Lord Julian, who was thoughtfully frowning.

"Your lordship, I think, promised me immunity from this."

"What I may have promised," said his lordship, "your own conduct makes it difficult to perform." He rose. "You did me a service, Captain Blood, and I had hoped that we might be friends. But since you prefer to have it otherwise . . ." He shrugged, and waved a hand towards the deputy-governor.

Blood completed the sentence in his own way:

"Ye mean that ye haven't the strength of character to resist the urgings of a bully." He was apparently at his ease, and actually smiling. "Well, well—as

I said before—præmonitus, præmonitus. I'm afraid that ye're no scholar, Bishop, or ye'd know that it means forewarned, forearmed."

"Forewarned? Ha!" Bishop almost snarled. "The warning comes a little late. You do not leave this house." He took a step in the direction of the doorway, and raised his voice. "Ho there . . ." he was beginning to call.

Then with a sudden audible catch in his breath, he stopped short. Captain Blood's right hand had re-emerged from the breast of his doublet, bringing with it a long pistol with silver mountings richly chased, which he levelled within a foot of the deputy-governor's head.

"And forearmed," said he. "Don't stir from where you are, my lord, or there may be an accident."

And my lord, who had been moving to Bishop's assistance, stood instantly arrested. Chap-fallen, with much of his high colour suddenly departed, the deputy-governor was swaying on unsteady legs. Peter Blood considered him with a grimness that increased his panic.

"I marvel that I don't pistol you without more ado, ye fat blackguard. If I don't, it's for the same reason that once before I gave ye your life when it was forfeit. Ye're not aware of the reason, to be sure; but it may comfort ye to know that it exists. At the same time I'll warn ye not to put too heavy a strain

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on my generosity, which resides at the moment in my trigger-finger. Ye mean to hang me, and since that's the worst that can happen to me anyway, you'll realise that I'll not boggle at increasing the account by spilling your nasty blood." He cast his cane from him, thus disengaging his left hand. "Be good enough to give me your arm, Colonel Bishop. Come, come, man, your arm."

Under the compulsion of that sharp tone, those resolute eyes and that gleaming pistol, Bishop obeyed without demur. His recent foul volubility was stemmed. He could not trust himself to speak. Captain Blood tucked his left arm through the deputy-governor's proffered right. Then he thrust his own right hand with its pistol back into the breast of his doublet.

"Though invisible, it's aiming at ye none the less, and I give you my word of honour that I'll shoot ye dead upon the very least provocation, whether that provocation is yours or another's. Ye'll bear that in mind, Lord Julian. And now, ye greasy hangman, step out as brisk and lively as ye can, and behave as naturally as ye may, or it's the black stream of Cocytus ye'll be contemplating."

Arm-in-arm they passed through the house, and down the garden, where Arabella lingered, awaiting Peter Blood's return.

Consideration of his parting words had brought her first turmoil of mind, then a clear perception of what might be indeed the truth of the death of Levasseur. She perceived that the particular inference drawn from it, might similarly have been drawn from Blood's deliverance of Mary Traill. When a man so risks his life for a woman, the rest is easily assumed. For the men who will take such risks without hope of personal gain are few. Blood was of those few, as he had proved in the case of Mary Traill.

It needed no further assurances of his to convince her that she had done him a monstrous injustice. She remembered words he had used—words overheard aboard his ship (which he had named the *Arabella*) on the night of her deliverance from the Spanish Admiral; words he had uttered when she had approved his acceptance of the King's commission; the words he had spoken to her that very morning, which had but served to move her indignation. All these assumed a fresh meaning in her mind, delivered now from its unwarranted preconceptions.

Therefore she lingered there in the garden, awaiting his return that she might make amends; that she might set a term to all misunderstanding. In impatience she awaited him. Yet her patience, it seemed, was to be tested further. For when at last he came, it was in company—unusually close and intimate company—with her uncle. In vexation she realised that explanations must be postponed. Could she have guessed the extent of that postponement, vexation would have been changed into despair.

He passed, with his companion, from that fragrant garden into the courtyard of the fort. Here the commandant, who had been instructed to hold himself in readiness with the necessary men against the need to effect the arrest of Captain Blood, was amazed by the curious spectacle of the deputy-governor of Jamaica strolling forth arm-in-arm and apparently on the friendliest terms with the intended prisoner. For as they went, Blood was chatting and laughing briskly.

They passed out of the gates unchallenged, and so came to the mole where the cock-boat from the *Arabella* was waiting. They took their places side by side in the stern-sheets, and were pulled away together, always very close and friendly, to the great red ship where Jeremy Pitt so anxiously awaited news.

You conceive the master's amazement to see the deputy-governor come toiling up the entrance ladder, with Blood following very close behind him.

"Sure I walked into a trap, as ye feared, Jeremy," Blood hailed him. "But I walked out again, and fetched the trapper with me. He loves his life, does this fat rascal."

Colonel Bishop stood in the waist, his great face blanched to the colour of clay, his mouth loose, almost afraid to look at the sturdy ruffians who lounged about the shot-rack on the main hatch.

Blood shouted an order to the bo'sun, who was leaning against the fore-castle bulkhead.

"Throw me a rope with a running noose over the

yard-arm there, against the need of it. Now don't be alarming yourself, colonel darling. It's no more than a provision against your being unreasonable, which I am sure ye'll not be. We'll talk the matter over whiles we are dining, for I trust ye'll not refuse to honour my table by your company."

He led away the will-less, cowed bully to the great cabin. Benjamin, the negro steward, in white drawers and cotton shirt made haste by his command to serve dinner.

Colonel Bishop collapsed on the locker under the stern ports, and spoke now for the first time.

"May I ask what . . . what are your intentions?" he quavered.

"Why, nothing sinister, colonel. Although ye deserve nothing less than that same rope and yard-arm, I assure you that it's to be employed only as a last resource. Ye've said his lordship made a mistake when he handed me the commission which the Secretary of State did me the honour to design for me. I'm disposed to agree with you; so I'll take to the sea again. *Cras ingens iterabimus æquor*. It's the fine Latin scholar ye'll be when I've done with ye. I'll be getting back to Tortuga and my buccaneers, who at least are honest, decent fellows. So I've fetched ye aboard as a hostage."

"My God!" groaned the deputy-governor. "Ye . . . ye never mean that ye'll carry me to Tortuga!"

Blood laughed outright. "Oh, I'd never serve ye such a bad turn as that. No, no. All I want is that ye ensure my safe departure from Port Royal. And, if ye're reasonable, I'll not even trouble you to swim for it this time. Ye've given certain orders to your harbour-master, and others to the commandant of your plaguey fort. Ye'll be so good as to send for them both aboard here, and inform them in my presence that the *Arabella* is leaving this afternoon on the King's service and is to pass out unmolested. And so as to make quite sure of their obedience, they shall go a little voyage with us, themselves. Here's what you require. Now write—unless you prefer the yard-arm?"

Colonel Bishop heaved himself up in a pet. "You constrain me with violence . . ." he was beginning. Blood smoothly interrupted him.

"Sure now, I am not constraining you at all. I'm giving you a perfectly free choice between the pen and the rope. It's a matter for yourself entirely."

Bishop glared at him; then shrugging heavily, he took up the pen and sat down at the table. In an unsteady hand he wrote that summons to his officers. Blood dispatched it ashore; and then bade his unwilling guest to table.

"I trust, colonel, your appetite is as stout as usual."

The wretched Bishop took the seat to which he was commanded. As for eating, however, that was not easy to a man in his position; nor did Blood press him. The captain himself, fell to with a good appetite. But before he was midway through the meal, came Hayton to inform him that Lord Julian Wade had just come aboard, and was asking to see him instantly.

"I was expecting him," said Blood. "Fetch him in."

Lord Julian came. He was very stern and dignified. His eyes took in the situation at a glance, as Captain Blood rose to greet him.

"It's mighty friendly of you to have joined us, my lord."

"Captain Blood," said his lordship with asperity, "I find your humour a little forced. I don't know what may be your intentions; but I wonder do you realise the risks you are running?"

"And I wonder does your lordship realise the risk to yourself in following us aboard as I had counted that you would?"

"What shall that mean, sir?"

Blood signalled to Benjamin, who was standing behind Bishop.

"Set a chair for his lordship. Hayton, send his lordship's boat ashore. Tell them he'll not be returning yet awhile."

"What's that?" cried his lordship. "Blister me! D'ye mean to detain me? Are ye mad?"

"Better wait, Hayton, in case his lordship should turn violent," said Blood. "You, Benjamin, you heard the message. Deliver it."

"Will you tell me what you intend, sir?" demanded his lordship, quivering with anger.

"Just to make myself and my lads here safe from Colonel Bishop's gallows. I've said that I trusted to your gallantry not to leave him in the lurch, but to follow him hither; and there's a note from his hand gone ashore to summon the harbour-master and the commandant of the fort. Once they are aboard I shall have all the hostages I need for our safety."

"You scoundrel!" said his lordship through his teeth.

"Sure now that's entirely a matter of the point of view," said Blood. "Ordinarily it isn't the kind of name I could suffer any man to apply to me. Still, considering that ye willingly did me a service once, and that ye're likely unwillingly to do me another now, I'll overlook your discourtesy, so I will."

His lordship laughed. "You fool," he said. "Do you dream that I came aboard your pirate ship without taking my measures? I informed the commandant of exactly how you had compelled Colonel Bishop to accompany you. Judge now whether he or the harbour-master will obey the summons, or whether you will be allowed to depart as you imagine."

Blood's face became grave. "I'm sorry for that," said he.

"I thought you would be," answered his lordship.

"Oh, but not on my own account. It's the deputy-governor there I'm sorry for. D'ye know what ye've done? Sure now, ye've very likely hanged him."

"My God!" cried Bishop in a sudden increase of panic.

"If they so much as put a shot across my bows, up goes their deputy-governor to the yard-arm. Your only hope, colonel, lies in the fact that I shall send them word of that intention. And so that you may mend as far as you can the harm you have done, it's yourself shall bear them the message, my lord."

"I'll see you damned before I do," fumed his lordship.

"Why that's unreasonable and unreasoning. But if ye insist, why another messenger will do as well, and another hostage aboard—as I had originally intended—will make my hand the stronger."

Lord Julian stared at him, realising exactly what he had refused.

"You'll think better of it now that ye understand?" quoth Blood.

"Ay, in God's name, go, my lord," spluttered Bishop, "and make yourself obeyed. This damned pirate has me by the throat."

His lordship surveyed him with an eye that was not by any means admiring. "Why, if that is your wish . . ." he began. Then he shrugged, and turned again to Blood.

"I suppose I can trust you that no harm will come to Colonel Bishop if you are allowed to sail?"

"You have my word for it," said Blood. "And also that I shall put him safely ashore again without delay."

Lord Julian bowed stiffly to the cowering deputy-governor. "You understand, sir, that I do as you desire," he said coldly.

"Ay, man, ay!" Bishop assented hastily.

"Very well." Lord Julian bowed again and took his departure. Blood escorted him to the entrance-ladder at the foot of which still swung the *Arabella's* own cock-boat.

"It's good-bye, my lord," said Blood. "And there's another thing." He proffered a parchment that he had drawn from his pocket. "It's the commission. Bishop was right when he said it was a mistake."

Lord Julian considered him, and considering him his expression softened.

"I am sorry," he said sincerely.

"In other circumstances . . ." began Blood. "Oh, but there! Ye'll understand. The boat's waiting."

Yet with his foot on the first rung of the ladder, Lord Julian hesitated.

"I still do not perceive—blister me if I do!—why you should not have found someone else to carry your message to the commandant, and kept me aboard as an added hostage for his obedience to your wishes."

Blood's vivid eyes looked into the other's that were clear and honest, and he smiled, a little wistfully. A moment he seemed to hesitate. Then he explained himself quite fully.

"Why shouldn't I tell you? It's the same reason that's been urging me to pick a quarrel with you so that I might have the satisfaction of slipping a couple of feet of steel into your vitals. When I accepted your commission, I was moved to think it might redeem me in the eyes of Miss Bishop—for whose sake, as you may have guessed, I took it. But I have discovered that such a thing is beyond accomplishment. I should have known it for a sick man's dream. I have discovered also that if she's choosing you, as I believe she is, she's choosing wisely between us, and that's why I'll not have your life risked by keeping you aboard whilst the message goes by another who might bungle it. And now perhaps ye'll understand."

Lord Julian stared at him bewildered. His long aristocratic face was very pale.

"My God!" he said. "And you tell me this?"

"I tell you because . . . Oh, plague on it!—so that ye may tell her; so that she may be made to realise that there's something of the unfortunate gentleman left under the thief and pirate she accounts me, and that her own good is my supreme desire. Knowing that, she may . . . faith, she may remember me more

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kindly—if it's only in her prayers. That's all, my lord."

Lord Julian continued to look at the buccaneer in silence. In silence, at last, he held out his hand: and in silence Blood took it.

"I wonder whether you are right," said his lordship, "and whether you are not the better man."

"Where she is concerned see that you make sure that I am right. Good-bye to you."

Lord Julian wrung his hand in silence, went down the ladder, and was pulled ashore. From the distance he waved to Blood who stood leaning on the bulwarks watching the receding cock-boat.

The *Arabella* sailed within the hour, moving lazily before a sluggish breeze. The fort remained silent and there was no movement from the fleet to hinder her departure. Lord Julian had carried the message effectively, and had added to it his now personal commands.

CHAPTER XII.

WAR.

FIVE miles out at sea from Port Royal, whence the details of the coast of Jamaica were losing their sharpness, the *Arabella* hove to, and the sloop she had been towing was warped alongside.

Captain Blood escorted his compulsory guest to the head of the ladder. Colonel Bishop, who for two hours and more had been in a state of mortal anxiety, breathed freely at last; and as the tide of his fears receded, so that of his deep rooted hate of this audacious buccaneer resumed its normal flow. But he practised circumspection. If in his heart he vowed that once back in Port Royal there was no effort he would spare, no nerve he would not strain, to bring Peter Blood to final moorings in Execution Dock, at least he kept that vow strictly to himself.

Peter Blood had no illusions. He was not, and never would be, the complete pirate. There was not another buccaneer in all the Caribbean who would have denied himself the pleasure of stringing Colonel Bishop from the yard-arm, and by thus finally stifling the vindictive planter's hatred have increased his own security. But Blood was not of these. Moreover, in the case of Colonel Bishop there was a particular reason for restraint. Because he was *Arabella* Bishop's uncle, his life must remain sacred to Captain Blood.

And so the captain smiled into the sallow, bloated face and the little eyes that fixed him with a malevolence not to be dissembled.

"A safe voyage home to you, colonel darling," said he in valediction, and from his easy smiling manner you would never have dreamt of the pain he carried in his breast. "It's the second time ye've served me for a hostage. Ye'll be well advised to avoid a third. I'm not lucky to you, colonel, as you should be perceiving."

Jeremy Pitt, the master, lounging at Blood's elbow, looked darkly upon the departure of the deputy-governor. Behind them a little mob of grim, stalwart, sun-tanned buccaneers were restrained from cracking Bishop like a flea only by their submission to the dominant will of their leader. They had learnt from Pitt while yet in Port Royal of their Captain's danger, and whilst as ready as he to throw over the King's service which had been thrust upon them, yet they resented the manner in which this had been rendered necessary, and they marvelled now at Blood's restraint where Bishop was concerned. The deputy-governor looked round and met the lowering hostile glances of those fierce eyes. Instinct warned him that his life at that moment was held precariously, that an injudicious word might precipitate an explosion of hatred from which no human power could save him. Therefore he said nothing. He inclined his head in silence to the captain, and went blundering and stumbling in his haste down that ladder to the sloop and its waiting negro crew.

They pushed off the craft from the red hull of the *Arabella*, bent to their sweeps, then, hoisting sail, headed back for Port Royal, intent upon reaching it before darkness should come down upon them. And Bishop, the great bulk of him huddled in the stern-sheets, sat silent, his black brows knitted, his coarse lips pursed, malevolence and vindictiveness so whelming now his recent panic, that he forgot his near escape of the yard-arm and the running noose.

On the mole at Port Royal, under the low embattled wall of the fort, Major Mallard and Lord Julian waited to receive him, and it was with infinite relief that they assisted him from the sloop.

Major Mallard was disposed to be apologetic.

"Glad to see you safe, sir," said he. "I'd have sunk Blood's ship in spite of your excellency's being aboard, but for your own orders by Lord Julian, and his lordship's assurance that he had Blood's word for it that no harm should come to you so that no harm came to him. I'll confess I thought it rash of his lordship to accept the word of a damned pirate . . ."

"I have found it as good as another's," said his lordship, cropping the major's too eager eloquence. He spoke with an unusual degree of that frosty dignity he could assume upon occasion. The fact is that his lordship was in an exceedingly bad humour. Having written jubilantly home to the Secretary of State that his mission had succeeded, he was now faced with the necessity of writing again to confess that his success had been ephemeral. And because Major Mal-

lard's crisp moustachios were lifted by a sneer at the notion of a buccaneer's word being acceptable, he added still more sharply: "My justification is here in the person of Colonel Bishop safely returned. As against that, sir, your opinion does not weigh for very much. You should realise it."

"Oh, as your lordship says." Major Mallard's manner was tinged with irony. "To be sure here is the colonel safe and sound. And out yonder is Captain Blood, also safe and sound, to begin his piratical ravages all over again."

"I do not propose to discuss the reasons with you, Major Mallard."

"And, anyway, it's not for long," growled the colonel, finding speech at last. "No, by—" He emphasised the assurance by an unprintable oath. "If I spend the last shilling of my fortune and the last ship of the Jamaica fleet, I'll have that rascal in a hempen necktie before I rest. And I'll not be long about it." He had empurpled in his angry vehemence, and the veins of his forehead stood out like whipcord. Then he checked.

"You did well to follow Lord Julian's instructions," he commended the major. With that he turned from him, and took his lordship by the arm. "Come, my lord. We must take order about this, you and I."

They went off together, skirting the redoubt, and so through courtyard and garden to the house where *Arabella* waited anxiously. The sight of her uncle brought her infinite relief, not only on his own account, but on account also of Captain Blood.

"You took a great risk, sir," she gravely told Lord Julian after the ordinary greetings had been exchanged.

But Lord Julian answered her as he had answered Major Mallard. "There was no risk, ma'am."

She looked at him in some astonishment. His long aristocratic face wore a more melancholy pensive air than usual. He answered the inquiry in her glance.

"So that Blood's ship were allowed to pass the fort, no harm could come to Colonel Bishop. Blood pledged me his word for that."

A faint smile broke the set of her lips, which hitherto had been wistful, and a little colour tinged her cheeks. She would have pursued the subject, but the deputy-governor's mood did not permit it. He sneered and snorted at the notion of Blood's word being good for anything, forgetting that he owed to it his own preservation at that moment.

At supper, and for long thereafter, he talked of nothing but Blood—of how he would lay him by the heels, and what hideous things he would perform upon his body. And as he drank heavily the while, his speech became increasingly gross and his threats increasingly horrible, until in the end *Arabella* withdrew, white-faced and almost on the verge of tears. It was not often that Bishop revealed himself to his niece. Oddly enough, this coarse, overbearing planter went in a certain awe of that slim girl. It was as if she had inherited from her father the respect in which he had always been held by his brother.

Lord Julian, who began to find Bishop disgusting beyond endurance, excused himself soon after, and went in quest of the lady. He had yet to deliver the message from Captain Blood, and this, he thought, would be his opportunity. But Miss Bishop had retired for the night, and Lord Julian must curb his impatience—it amounted by now to nothing less—until the morrow.

Very early next morning, before the heat of the day came to render the open intolerable to his lordship, he espied her from his window moving amid the azaleas in the garden. It was a fitting setting for one who was still as much a delightful novelty to him in womanhood as was the azalea among flowers. He hurried forth to join her, and when, aroused from her pensiveness, she had given him a good-morrow, smiling and frank, he explained himself by the announcement that he bore her a message from Captain Blood.

He observed her little start and the slight quiver of her lips, and observed thereafter not only her pallor and the shadowy rings about her eyes, but also that unusually wistful air which last night had escaped his notice.

They moved out of the open to one of the terraces, where a pergola of orange trees provided a shaded sauntering space that was at once cool and fragrant.

As they went, he considered her admiringly, and marvelled at himself that it should have taken him so long fully to realise her slim, unusual grace, and to find her, as he now did, so entirely desirable, a woman whose charm must irradiate all the life of a man, and touch its commonplaces into magic.

He noted the sheen of her red-brown hair, and how gracefully one of its heavy ringlets coiled upon her slender milk-white neck. She wore a gown of shimmering grey silk, and a scarlet rose, fresh-gathered, was pinned at her breast like a splash of blood. Always thereafter when he thought of her it was as he saw her at that moment, as never, I think, until that moment had he seen her.

In silence they paced on a little way into the green shade. Then she paused and faced him.

"You said something of a message, sir," she reminded him, thus betraying some of her impatience.

He fingered the ringlets of his periwig, a little embarrassed how to deliver himself, considering how he should begin.

"He desired me," he said at last, "to give you a message that should prove to you that there is still something left in him of the unfortunate gentleman that . . . that . . . for which once you knew him."

"That is not now necessary," said she very gravely.

He misunderstood her, of course, knowing nothing of the enlightenment that yesterday had come to her.

"I think . . . nay, I know, that you do him an injustice," said he.

Her hazel eyes continued to regard him.

"If you will deliver the message, it may enable me to judge."

To him, this was confusing. He did not immediately answer. He found that he had not sufficiently considered the terms he should employ, and the matter after all was of an exceeding delicacy, demanding delicate handling. It was not so much that he was concerned to deliver a message as to render it a vehicle by which to plead his own cause. Lord Julian, well-versed in the lore of womankind and usually at his ease with ladies of the beau-monde, found himself oddly constrained before this frank and unsophisticated niece of a colonial planter.

They moved on in silence and as if by common consent towards the brilliant sunshine where the pergola was intersected by the avenue leading upwards to the house. Across this patch of light fluttered a gorgeous butterfly that was like black and scarlet velvet and large as a man's hand. His lordship's brooding eyes followed it out of sight before he answered.

"It is not easy. Stab me, it is not. He was a man who deserved well. And amongst us we have marred his chances: your uncle, because he could not forget his rancour; you . . . because having told him that in the King's service he would find his redemption of what was past, you would not afterwards admit to him that he was so redeemed. And this although concern to rescue you was the chief motive of his embracing that same service."

She had turned her shoulder to him so that he should not see her face.

"I know. I know now," she said softly. Then after a pause she added the question: "And you? What part has your lordship had in this—that you should incriminate yourself with us?"

"My part?" Again he hesitated, then plunged recklessly on, as men do when determined to perform a thing they fear. If I understood him aright, if he understood aright, himself, my part though entirely passive was none the less effective. I implore you to observe that I but report his own words. I say nothing for myself." His lordship's unusual nervousness was steadily increasing. "He thought, then—so he told me—that my presence here had contributed to his inability to redeem himself in your sight; and unless he were so redeemed then was redemption nothing."

She faced him fully, a frown of perplexity bringing her brows together above her troubled eyes.

"He thought that you had contributed?" she echoed. It was clear she asked for enlightenment. He plunged on to afford it her, his glance a little scared, his cheeks flushing.

"Ay, and he said so in terms which told me something that I hope above all things, and yet dare not believe, for God knows, I am no coxcomb, *Arabella*."

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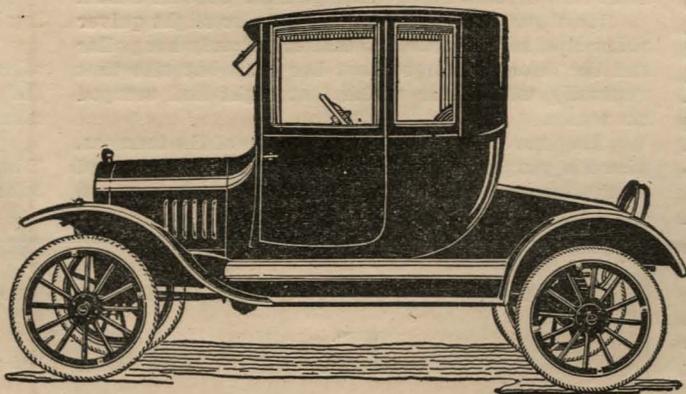
NEW and improved body lines for all types of Ford Cars are announced by the Ford Motor Company, which states that the changes have been effected and that the various types are now in production.

A larger Radiator has been made standard for all types and this in turn has made possible refinements in body design. There is, however, no radical departure. The radiator, an inch and a half higher than that formerly used, has an apron at the bottom which joins similar apron effects on the fenders. The larger radiator also obviously increases cooling efficiency.

The Coupe is of entirely new body design and construction, revealing a more trim exterior, a greater luggage carrying capacity and more comfortable seating.

From the dash the lines sweep gracefully in the cowl to the Radiator. The doors are wide and open forward, according easy entrance and exit. They are heavily framed and their improved rigidity and strength are notable. The rear compartment has been enlarged. The gasoline tank has been placed under the seat, with divided cushions, and permits filling of the tank from the right side. This makes it unnecessary for the driver to leave the car. A ventilator in the cowl and a visor over the windshield add to the comfort and attractiveness of the car. A rear fender of sturdier character also is a feature.

Choice materials have been employed to fit the interior and the arrangement of the deeply cushioned seat is such that at the rear there is a small recess shelf for carrying parcels. The rear vision is much larger and oblong in shape. Door windows have been equipped with revolving type window regulators and door locks are provided. Side windows are equipped with the lever type window lifters.



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He said . . . But first let me tell you how I was placed. I had gone aboard his ship to demand the instant surrender of your uncle whom he held captive. He laughed at me. Colonel Bishop should be a hostage for his safety. By rashly venturing aboard his ship, I afforded him in my own person yet another hostage as valuable at least as Colonel Bishop. Yet he bade me depart; not from the fear of consequences, for he is above fear, nor from any personal esteem for me whom he confessed that he had come to find detestable and this for the very reason that made him concerned for my safety."

"I do not understand," she said, as he paused. "Is not that a contradiction in itself?"

"It seems so only. The fact is, Arabella, this unfortunate man has . . . the temerity to love you."

She cried out at that, and clutched her breast whose calm was suddenly disturbed. Her eyes dilated as she stared at him.

"I . . . I've startled you," said he, with concern. "I feared I should. But it was necessary so that you may understand."

"Go on," she bade him.

"Well then: he saw in me one who made it impossible that he should win you—so he said. Therefore he could with satisfaction have killed me. But because my death might cause you pain, because your happiness was the thing that above all things he desired, he surrendered that part of his guarantee of safety which my person afforded him. If his departure should be hindered, and I should lose my life in what might follow, there was the risk that . . . that you might mourn me. That risk he would not take. Him you deemed a thief and a pirate, he said, and added that—I am giving you his own words always—if in choosing between us two, your choice, as he believed, would fall on me, then were you in his opinion choosing wisely. Because of that he bade me leave his ship, and had me put ashore."

She looked at him with eyes that were aswim with tears. He took a step towards her, a catch in his breath, his hand held out.

"Was he right, Arabella? My life's happiness hangs upon your answer."

But she continued silently to regard him with those tear-laden eyes, without speaking, and until she spoke he dared not advance farther.

A doubt, a tormenting doubt beset him. When presently she spoke, he saw how true had been the instinct of which that doubt was born, for her words revealed the fact that of all that he had said the only thing that had touched her consciousness and absorbed it from all other considerations was Blood's conduct as it regarded herself.

"He said that!" she cried. "He did that! Oh!" She turned away, and through the slender clustering trunks of the bordering orange trees she looked out across the glittering waters of the great harbour to the distant hills. Thus for a little while, my lord standing stiffly, fearfully, waiting for fuller revelation of her mind. At last it came, slowly, deliberately, in a voice that at moments was half-suffocated. "Last night when my uncle displayed his rancour and his evil rage, it began to be borne in upon me that such vindictiveness can belong only to those who have wronged. It is the frenzy into which men whip themselves to justify an evil passion. I must have known then if I had not already learnt it that I had been too credulous of all the unspeakable things attributed to Peter Blood. Yesterday I had his own explanation of that tale of Levasseur that you heard in St. Nicholas. And now this . . . this but gives me confirmation of his truth and worth. To a scoundrel such as I was too readily brought to believe him, the act of which you have just told me would have been impossible."

"That is my own opinion," said his lordship gently.

"It must be. But even if it were not, that would now weigh for nothing. What weighs—oh, so heavily and bitterly—is the thought that but for the words in which yesterday I repelled him, he might have been saved. If only I could have spoken to him again before he went! I waited for him; but my uncle was with him, and I had no suspicion that he was going away again. And now he is lost—back at his outlawry and piracy, in which ultimately he will be taken and destroyed. And the fault is mine—mine!"

"What are you saying? The only agents were your uncle's hostility and his own obstinacy which would not study compromise. You must not blame yourself for anything."

She swung to him with some impatience, her eyes aswim in tears. "You can say that, and in spite of his message, which in itself tells how much I was to blame. It was my treatment of him, the epithets I cast at him that drove him. So much he has told you. I know it to be true."

"You have no cause for shame," said he. "As for your sorrow—why, if it will afford you solace—you may still count on me to do what man can to rescue him from this position."

She caught her breath.

"You will do that!" she cried with sudden eager hopefulness. "You promise?" She held out her hand to him impulsively. He took it in both his own.

"I promise," he answered her. And then, retaining still the hand she had surrendered to him—"Arabella," he said, very gently, "there is still this other matter upon which you have not answered me."

"This other matter?" Was he mad, she wonder-

ed. Could any other matter signify in such a moment?

"This matter that concerns myself, and all my future, oh, so very closely. This thing that Blood believed, that prompted him . . . that . . . that you are not indifferent to me."

He saw the fair face change colour and grow troubled once more.

"Indifferent to you?" said she. "Why no. We have been good friends; we shall continue so, I hope, my lord."

"Friends! Good friends?" He was between dismay and bitterness. "It is not your friendship only that I ask, Arabella. You heard what I said, what I reported. You will not say that Peter Blood was wrong?"

Gently she sought to disengage her hand, the trouble in her face increasing. A moment he resisted then realising what he did, he set her free.

"Arabella!" he cried on a note of sudden pain.

"I have friendship for you, my lord. But only friendship."

His castle of hopes came clattering down about him, leaving him a little stunned. As he had said, he was no coxcomb. Yet there was something that he did not understand. She confessed to friendship, and it was in his power to offer her a great position, one to which she, a colonial planter's niece, however wealthy, could never have aspired even in her dreams. This she rejected, yet spoke of friendship. Peter Blood had been mistaken, then. How far had he been mistaken? Had he been as mistaken in her feelings towards himself as he obviously was in her feelings towards his lordship? In that case . . . His reflections broke short. To speculate was to wound himself in vain. He must know. Therefore he asked her with grim frankness:

"Is it Peter Blood?"

"Peter Blood?" she echoed. At first she did not understand the purport of his question. When understanding came, a flush suffused her face.

"I do not know," she said, faltering a little.

This was hardly a truthful answer. For, as if an obscuring veil had suddenly been rent that morning, she was permitted at last to see Peter Blood in his true relations to other men, and that sight, vouchsafed her twenty-four hours too late, filled her with pity and regret and yearning.

Lord Julian knew enough of women to be left in no further doubt. He bowed his head so that she might not see the anger in his eyes, for as a man of honour he took shame in that anger which as a human being he could not repress.

And because Nature in him was stronger—as it is in most of us—than training, Lord Julian from that moment began, almost in spite of himself, to practise something that was akin to villainy. I regret to chronicle it of one for whom—if I have done him any sort of justice—you should have been conceiving some esteem. But the truth is that the lingering remains of the regard in which he had held Peter Blood were choked by the desire to supplant and destroy a rival. He had passed his word to Arabella that he would use his powerful influence on Blood's behalf. I deplore to set it down that not only did he forget his pledge, but secretly set himself to aid and abet Arabella's uncle in the plans he laid for the trapping and undoing of the buccaneer. He might reasonably have urged—had he been taxed with it—that he conducted himself precisely as his duty demanded. But to that he might have been answered that duty with him was but the slave of jealousy in this.

When the Jamaica fleet put to sea some few days later, Lord Julian sailed with Colonel Bishop in Vice-Admiral Craufurd's flagship. Not only was there no need for either of them to go, but the deputy-governor's duties actually demanded that he should remain ashore, whilst Lord Julian, as we know, was a useless man aboard a ship. Yet both set out to hunt Captain Blood, each making of his duty a pretext for the satisfaction of personal aims; and that common purpose became a link between them, binding them in a sort of friendship that must otherwise have been impossible between men so dissimilar in breeding and in aspirations.

The hunt was up. They cruised awhile off Hispaniola, watching the Windward Passage, and suffering the discomforts of the rainy season which had now set in. But they cruised in vain, and after a month of it, returned empty-handed to Port Royal, there to find awaiting them the most disquieting news from the Old World.

The megalomania of Louis XIV. had set Europe in a blaze of war. The French legionaries were ravaging the Rhine provinces, and Spain had joined the nations leagued to defend themselves from the wild ambitions of the King of France. And there was worse than this: there were rumours of civil war in England, where the people had grown weary of the bigoted tyranny of King James. It was reported that William of Orange had been invited to come over.

Weeks passed, and every ship from home brought additional news. William had crossed to England and in March of that year 1689, they learnt in Jamaica that he had accepted the crown and that James had thrown himself into the arms of France for rehabilitation.

To a kinsman of Sunderland's this was disquieting news indeed. It was followed by letters from King William's Secretary of State informing Colonel Bishop that there was war with France, and that in

view of its effect upon the Colonies a governor-general was coming out to the West Indies in the person of Lord Willoughby, and that with him came a squadron under the command of Admiral van der Kuylen to reinforce the Jamaica fleet against eventualities.

Bishop realised that this must mean the end of his supreme authority, even though he should continue in Port Royal as deputy-governor Lord Julian, in the lack of direct news to himself, did not know what it might mean to him. But he had been very close and confidential with Colonel Bishop regarding his hopes of Arabella, and Colonel Bishop more than ever now that political events put him in danger of being retired, was anxious to enjoy the advantages of having a man of Lord Julian's eminence for his relative.

They came to a complete understanding in the matter, and Lord Julian disclosed all that he knew.

"There is one obstacle in our path," said he. "Captain Blood. The girl is in love with him."

"Ye're surely mad!" cried Bishop, when he had recovered speech.

"You are justified of the assumption," said his lordship dolefully. "But I happen to be sane, and to speak with knowledge."

"With knowledge?"

"Arabella herself has confessed it to me."

"The brazen baggage! By God, I'll bring her to her senses." It was the slave-driver speaking, the man who governed with a whip.



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"Don't be a fool, Bishop." His lordship's contempt did more than any argument to calm the colonel. "That's not the way with a girl of Arabella's spirit. Unless you want to wreck my chances for all time, you'll hold your tongue, and not interfere at all."

"Not interfere? My God, what then?"

"Listen, man. She has a constant mind. I don't think you know your niece. As long as Blood lives, she will wait for him."

"Then with Blood dead, perhaps she will come to her silly senses."

"Now you begin to show intelligence," Lord Julian commended him. "That is the first essential step."

"And here is our chance to take it." Bishop warmed to a sort of enthusiasm. "This war with France removes all restrictions in the matter of Tortuga. We are free to invest it in the service of the crown. A victory there and we establish ourselves in the favour of this new Government."

"Ah!" said Lord Julian, and he pulled thoughtfully at his lip.

"I see that you understand." Bishop laughed coarsely. "Two birds with one stone, eh? We'll hunt this rascal in his lair, right under the beard of the King of France, and we'll take him this time, if we reduce Tortuga to a heap of ashes."

On that expedition they sailed two days later—which would be some three months after Blood's departure—taking every ship of the fleet, and several lesser vessels as auxiliaries. To Arabella and the world in general it was given out that they were going to raid French Hispaniola, which was really the only expedition that could have afforded Colonel Bishop any sort of justification for leaving Jamaica at all at such a time. His sense of duty, indeed, should have kept him fast in Port Royal; but his sense of duty was smothered in hatred—that most fruitless and corruptive of all the emotions. In the great cabin of Vice-Admiral Craufurd's flagship, the *Imperator*, the deputy-governor got drunk that night to celebrate his conviction that the sands of Captain Blood's career were running out.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SERVICE OF KING WILLIAM.

MEANWHILE, some three months before Colonel Bishop set out to reduce Tortuga, Captain Blood, bearing hell in his heart, had blown into its rockbound harbour ahead of the winter gales, and two days ahead of the frigate in which Wolverstone had sailed from Port Royal a day before him. In that sound anchorage he found his fleet awaiting him—the ships which had been separated from him in that gale off the Lesser Antilles. They gave him right royal welcome, but it was a changed man whom they welcomed; the iron had entered still more deeply into his soul.

From a man who cared much for his appearance, Peter became a sloven. And when he was not dicing or drinking in the taverns of Tortuga, keeping company that in his saner days he had loathed, he was shut up in his cabin aboard the *Arabella*, silent and uncommunicative. Then one day the Governor himself, M. d'Ogeron, came to him to inform him that war, formal war, had broken out between France and Spain, and to ask him to enrol his ships and force

under the flag of the French commander, M. de Rivarol, who was coming out with a fleet to carry on the war with Spain in the New World. He was indifferent; but this, after all, was not piracy that was being proposed. It was honourable employment in the service of the French King. After a little while he accepted M. d'Ogeron's offer. It did not matter to him, he told one of his officers, whether they entered the service of Louis XIV or of Satan.

With two ships the *Arabella* and the *Elizabeth*, he joined the French fleet, under Baron de Rivarol, at Petit Goave, and in the middle of March the great squadron sailed for Cartagena. Narrowly they missed the Jamaica fleet with Colonel Bishop, which sailed north for Tortuga two days after M. de Rivarol's southward passage.

Then came the famous attack upon Cartagena by the French, which would have failed but for the great military qualities of Peter Blood. He knew the place; he planned and executed the manoeuvre that compelled the Spaniards to accept the terms of the attacking party. The city offered a great ransom to save itself from destruction, and M. de Rivarol accepted it. There followed a dispute with the French commander as to the division of this ransom; Blood wanted none of it; for this, in spite of what he had been assured, was nothing but piracy conducted under another name. But his men were clamorous for their rights, and under threat of an encounter with Blood's ships the Frenchman promised that if Captain Blood and his officers would wait upon him on board his flagship, the *Victorieuse* to-morrow morning, the treasure would be produced, weighed in their presence, and their share surrendered there and then into their own keeping.

When the sun rose the next morning the French ships were gone. They had been quietly and secretly warped out of the harbour under cover of night, and three sails, faint and small, on the horizon to westward was all that remained to be seen of them. The *Arabella* and the *Elizabeth* gave chase.

What remained to do? Peter Blood was sick of piracy, sick of the treachery of which he had been the victim. "What now? What remains?" he groaned. "Loyal service with the English was made impossible for me. Loyal service with France has led to this; and that is equally impossible hereafter. What remains, then? Piracy? I have done with it. Egad, if I am to live clean, I believe the only thing is to go and offer my sword to the King of Spain."

But something remained—the last thing that he could have expected—something towards which they were rapidly sailing over the tropical sunlit sea. All this against which he now inveighed so bitterly was but a necessary stage in the shaping of his odd destiny.

Setting a course for Hispaniola, since they judged that thither must Rivarol go to refit before attempting to cross to France, the *Arabella* and the *Elizabeth* ploughed briskly northward with a moderately favourable wind for two days and nights without ever catching a glimpse of their quarry. The third dawn brought with it a haze which circumscribed their range of vision to something between two and three miles, and deepened their growing vexation and their apprehension that M. de Rivarol might escape them altogether.

Their position then—according to Pitt's log—was approximately 75° 30' W. Long., by 17° 45' N. Lat., so that they had Jamaica on their larboard beam some

thirty miles to westward; and, indeed, away to the north-west faintly visible as a bank of clouds, appeared the great ridge of the Blue Mountains whose peaks were thrust into the clear upper air above the low-lying haze. The wind, to which they were sailing very close, was westerly, and it bore to their ears a booming sound which in less experienced ears might have passed for the breaking of surf upon a leeshore.

"Guns!" said Pitt, who stood with Blood upon the quarter-deck. Blood nodded, listening.

"Ten miles away, perhaps fifteen—somewhere off Port Royal, I should judge," Pitt added. Then he looked at his captain. "Does it concern us?" he asked.

"Guns off Port Royal . . . that should argue Colonel Bishop at work. And against whom should he be in action but against friends of ours? I think it may concern us. Anyway, we'll stand in to investigate. Bid them put the helm over."

Close-hauled they tacked aweather, guided by the sound of combat, which grew in volume and definition as they approached it. Thus for an hour perhaps. Then, as, telescope to his eye, Blood raked the haze, expecting at any moment to behold the battling ships, the guns abruptly ceased.

They held to their course, nevertheless, with all hands on deck, eagerly, anxiously scanning the sea ahead. And presently an object loomed into view, which soon defined itself for a great ship on fire. As the *Arabella*, with the *Elizabeth* following closely, raced nearer on their north-westerly tack the outlines of the blazing vessel grew clearer. Presently her masts stood out sharp and black above the smoke and flames, and through his telescope Blood made out plainly the pennon of St. George fluttering from her maintop.

"An English ship!" he cried.

He scanned the seas for the conqueror in the battle of which this grim evidence was added to that of the sounds they had heard, and when at last as they drew closer to the doomed vessel they made out the shadowy outlines of three tall ships, some three or four miles away, standing in towards Port Royal, the first and natural assumption was that these ships must belong to the Jamaica fleet, and that the burning vessel was a defeated buccaneer, and because of this they sped on to pick up the three boats that were standing away from the blazing hulk. But Pitt who through the telescope was examining the receding squadron observed things apparent only to the eye of the trained mariner, and made the incredible announcement that the largest of these three vessels was Rivarol's *Victorieuse*.

They took in sail and hove to as they came up with the drifting boats laden to capacity with survivors. And there were others adrift on some of the spars and wreckage with which the sea was strewn, who must be rescued.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SERVICE OF KING WILLIAM.

ONE of the boats bumped alongside the *Arabella*, and up the entrance ladder came first a slight, spruce little gentleman in a coat of mulberry satin laced with gold, whose wizened, yellow, rather peevish face was framed in a heavy black periwig. His modish and costly apparel had nowise suffered by the adventure through which he had passed, and he carried himself with the easy assurance of a man of rank. Here, quite clearly, was no buccaneer. He was closely followed by one who in every particular, save that of age, was his physical opposite, corpulent in a brawny vigorous way, with a full round, weather-beaten face whose mouth was humorous and whose eyes were blue and twinkling. He was well-dressed without fripperies, and bore with him an air of vigorous authority.

As the little man stepped from the ladder into the waist, whither Captain Blood had gone to receive him, his sharp, ferretty dark eyes swept the uncouth ranks of the assembled crew of the *Arabella*.

"And where the devil may I be now?" he demanded irritably. "Are you English, or what the devil are you?"

"Myself, I have the honour to be Irish, sir. My name is Blood—Captain Peter Blood, and this my ship the *Arabella*, all very much at your service."

"Blood!" shrilled the little man. "O'Sblood! A pirate!" He swung to the colossus who followed him—"A damned pirate, Van der Kuylen. Rend my vitals, but we're come from Scylla to Charybdis."

"So?" said the other gutturally, and again "So?" Then the humour of it took him, and he yielded to it.

"Damme! What's to laugh at, you porpoise?" spluttered mulberry-coat. "A fine tale this'll make at home: Admiral Van der Kuylen first loses his fleet in the night, then has his flagship fired under him by a French squadron, and ends all by being captured by a pirate. I'm glad you find it matter for laughter. Since for my sins I happen to be with you, I'm damned if I do."

"There's a misapprehension, if I may make so bold as to point it out," put in Blood quietly. "You are not captured, gentlemen; you are rescued. When you realise it, perhaps it will occur to you to acknowledge the hospitality I am offering you. It may be poor, but it is the best at my disposal."

The fierce little gentleman stared at him.

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"Damme! Do you permit yourself to be ironical?" he disapproved him, and possibly with a view to correcting any such tendency, proceeded to introduce himself. "I am Lord Willoughby, King William's Governor-General of the West Indies, and this is Admiral Van der Kuylen, commander of his Majesty's West Indian fleet, at present mislaid somewhere in this damned Caribbean sea."

"King William?" quoth Blood, and he was conscious that Pitt and Dyke, who were behind him, now came edging nearer, sharing his own wonder "And who may be King William, and of what may he be King?"

"What's that?" In a wonder greater than his own, Lord Willoughby stared back at him. At last: "I am alluding to his Majesty, King William III.—William of Orange—who, with Queen Mary, has been ruling England for two months and more."

There was a moment's silence, until Blood realised what he was being told.

"D'ye mean, sir, that they've roused themselves at home, and kicked out that scoundrel James and his gang of ruffians?"

Admiral Van der Kuylen nudged his lordship, a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes.

"His bolitics are fery sound, I dink," he growled.

His lordship's smile brought lines like gashes into his leathery cheeks. "Slife! Hadn't you heard? Where the devil have you been at all?"

"Out of touch with the world for the last three months," said Blood.

"Stab me! You must have been. And in that three months the world has undergone some changes." Briefly he added an account of them. King James was fled to France, and living under the protection of King Louis, wherefore, and for other reasons, England had joined the league against her, and was now at war with France. That was how it happened that the Dutch Admiral's flagship had been attacked by M. de Rivarol's fleet that morning, from which it clearly followed that in his voyage from Cartagena, the Frenchman must have spoken some ship that gave him the news.

After that, with renewed assurances that aboard his ship they should be honourably entreated, Captain Blood led the governor-general and the admiral to his cabin, what time the work of rescue went on. The news he had received had set Blood's mind in a turmoil. If King James was dethroned and banished, there was an end to his own outlawry for his alleged share in an earlier attempt to drive out that tyrant. It became possible for him to return home and take up his life again at the point where it was so unfortunately interrupted four years ago. He was dazzled by the prospect so abruptly opened out to him. The thing so filled his mind, moved him so deeply, that he must afford it expression. In doing so, he revealed of himself more than he knew or intended to the astute little gentleman who watched him so keenly the while.

"Go home, if you will," said his lordship, when Blood paused. "You may be sure that none will harass you on the score of your piracy, considering what it was that drove you to it. But why be in haste? We have heard of you, to be sure, and we know of what you are capable upon the seas. Here is a great chance for you, since you declare yourself sick of piracy. Should you choose to serve King William out here during this war, your knowledge of the West Indies should render you a very valuable servant to his Majesty's Government, which you would not find ungrateful. You should consider it. Damme, sir, I repeat: it is a great chance you are given."

"That your lordship gives me," Blood amended. "I am very grateful. But at the moment, I confess, I can consider nothing but this great news. It alters the shape of the world. I must accustom myself to view it as it now is, before I can determine my own place in it."

Pitt came in to report that the work of rescue was at an end, and the men picked up—some forty-five in all—safe aboard the two buccaneer ships. He asked for orders. Blood rose.

"I am negligent of your lordship's concerns in my consideration of my own. You'll be wishing me to land you at Port Royal."

"At Port Royal?" The little man squirmed wrathfully on his seat. Wrathfully and at length he informed Blood that they had put into Port Royal last evening to find its deputy-governor absent. "He had gone on some wild-goose chase to Tortuga after buccaneers, taking the whole of the fleet with him."

Blood stared in surprise a moment, then yielded to laughter.

"He went I suppose, before news reached him of the change of Government at home, and the war with France?"

"He did not," snapped Willoughby. "He was informed of both, and also of my coming before he set out."

"Oh, impossible!"

"So I should have thought. But I have the information from a Major Mallard whom I found in Port Royal, apparently governing in this fool's absence."

"But is he mad, to leave his post at such a time?" Blood was amazed.

"Taking the whole fleet with him, pray remember, and leaving the place open to French attack. That is the sort of deputy-governor that the late Government

thought fit to appoint: an epitome of its misrule, damme!" He leaves Port Royal unguarded save by a ramshackle fort that can be reduced to rubble in an hour. Stab me! It's unbelievable!"

The lingering smile faded from Blood's face. "Is Rivarol aware of this?" he cried sharply.

It was the Dutch Admiral who answered him. "Would he go dere if he were not? M. de Rivarol he take some of our men prisoners. Berhaps dey dell him. Berhaps he make dem tell. Id is a great obbor-dunidy."

His lordship snarled like a mountain-cat. "That rascal Bishop shall answer for it with his head if there's any mischief done through this desertion of his post. What if it were deliberate, eh? What if he is more knave than fool? What if this is his way of serving King James, from whom he held his office?"

Captain Blood was generous. Hardly so much! It was just vindictiveness that urged him. "It's myself he's hunting at Tortuga, my lord. But, I'm thinking that while he's about it, I'd best be looking after Jamaica for King William." He laughed, with more mirth than he had used in the last two months. "Set a course for Port Royal, Jeremy, and make all speed. We'll be level yet with M. de Rivarol, and wipe off some other scores at the same time."

Both Lord Willoughby and the admiral were on their feet.

"But you are not equal to it, damme!" cried his lordship. "Any one of the Frenchman's three ships is a match for both yours, my man."

"In guns—ay," said Blood, and he smiled. "But there's more than guns that matter in these affairs. If your lordship would like to see an action fought at sea as an action should be fought, this is your opportunity."

Both stared at him. "But the odds!" his lordship insisted.

"I'd is impossible," said Van der Kuylen, shaking his great head. "Seamanship is imbordand. Bud guns is guns."

"If I can't defeat him, I can sink my own ships in the channel, and block him in until Bishop gets back from his wild-goose chase with his squadron, or until your own fleet turns up."

"And what good will that be, pray?" demanded Willoughby.

"I'll be after telling you. Rivarol is a fool to take this chance, considering what he's got aboard. He carried in his hold the treasure plundered from Cartagena, amounting to forty million livres." They jumped at the mention of that colossal sum. "He has gone into Port Royal with it. Whether he defeats me or not, he doesn't come out of Port Royal with it again, and sooner or later that treasure shall find its way into King William's coffers, after, say, one-tenth share shall have been paid to my buccaneers. Is that agreed, Lord Willoughby?"

His lordship stood up, and shaking back the cloud of lace from his wrist, held out a delicate white hand.

"Captain Blood, I discover greatness in you," said he.

"Sure it's your lordship has the fine sight to perceive it," laughed the captain.

"Yes, yes! Bud how vill you do id?" growled Van der Kuylen.

"Come on deck, and it's a demonstration I'll be giving you before the day's much older."

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "ARABELLA."

"WHY do you vait, my friend?" growled Van der Kuylen.

"Ay—in God's name!" snapped Willoughby.

It was the afternoon of that same day, and the two buccaneer ships rocked gently with idly flapping sails under the lee of the long spit of land forming the great natural harbour of Port Royal, and less than a mile from the straits leading into it, which the fort commanded. It was two hours and more since they had brought up thereabouts, having crept thither unobserved by the city and by M. de Rivarol's ships, and all the time the air had been a-quiver with the roar of guns from sea and land, announcing that battle was joined between the French and the defenders of Port Royal. That long inactive waiting was straining the nerves of both Lord Willoughby and Van der Kuylen.

"You said you would show us zome vine dings. Where are dese vine dings?"

Blood faced them, smiling confidently. He was arrayed for battle, in back-and-breast of black steel. "I'll not be trying your patience much longer. Indeed, I notice already a slackening in the fire. But it's this way, now: There's nothing at all to be gained by precipitancy, and a deal to be gained by delaying, as I shall show you, I hope."

Lord Willoughby eyed him suspiciously. "Ye think that in the meantime Bishop may come back or Admiral Van der Kuylen's fleet appear?"

"Sure now, I'm thinking nothing of the kind. What I'm thinking is that in this engagement with the fort, M. de Rivarol, who's a lubberly fellow, as I've reason to know, will be taking some damage that may make the odds a trifle more even. Sure, it'll be time enough to go forward when the fort has shot its bolt."

"Ay, ay!" The sharp approval came like a cough from the little governor-general. "I perceive your ob-

ject, and I believe ye're entirely right. Ye have the qualities of a great commander, Captain Blood. I beg your pardon for having misunderstood you."

"And that's very handsome of your lordship. Ye see, I have some experience of this kind of action, and whilst I'll take any risk that I must, I'll take none that I needn't. But . . ." He broke off to listen. "Ay, I was right. The fire's slackening. It'll mean the end of Mallard's resistance in the fort. Ho there, Jeremy!"

He leaned on the carved rail and issued orders crisply. The bo'sun's pipe shrilled out, and in a moment the ship that had seemed to slumber there awoke to life. Came the padding of feet along the decks, the creaking of blocks and the hoisting of sail. The helm was put over hard, and in a moment they were moving, the *Elizabeth* following, ever in obedience to the signals from the *Arabella*, whilst Ogle the gunner, whom he had summoned, was receiving Blood's final instructions before plunging down to his station on the gun-deck.

Within a quarter of an hour they had rounded the head, and stood in to the harbour mouth, within saker shot of Rivarol's three ships, to which they now abruptly disclosed themselves.

Where the fort had stood they now beheld a smoking rubbish heap, and the victorious Frenchman with the lily standard trailing from his mastheads

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was sweeping forward to snatch the rich prize whose defences he had shattered.

Blood scanned the French ships, and chuckled. The *Victorieuse* and the *Medusa* appeared to have taken no more than a few scars; but the third ship, the *Baleine*, listing heavily to larboard so as to keep the great gash in her starboard well above water, was out of account.

"You see!" he cried to Van der Kuylen, and without waiting for the Dutchman's approving grunt, he shouted an order: "Helm hard-a-port!"

The sight of that great red ship with her gilt beak-head and open ports swinging broadside on must have given check to Rivarol's soaring exultation. Yet before he could move to give an order, before he could well resolve what order to give, a volcano of fire and metal burst upon him from the buccaneers, and his decks were swept by the murderous scythe of the broad-side. The *Arabella* held to her course, giving place to the *Elizabeth*, which following closely, executed the same manoeuvre. And then whilst still the Frenchmen were confused, panic-stricken by an attack that took them so utterly by surprise, the *Arabella* had gone about, and was returning in her tracks, presenting now her larboard guns, and loosing her second broad-side in the wake of the first. Came yet another broadside from the *Elizabeth*, and then the *Arabella's* trumpeter sent a call across the water, which Hagthorpe perfectly understood.

"On now, Jeremy," cried Blood. "Straight into them before they recover their wits. Stand by there! Prepare to board! Hayton . . . the grappnels! And pass the word to the gunner in the prow to fire as fast as he can load."

He discarded his feathered hat, and covered himself with a steel head-piece, which a negro lad brought him. He meant to lead this boarding-party in person. Briskly he explained himself to his two guests. "Boarding is our only chance here. We are too heavily out-gunned."

Of this the fullest demonstration followed quickly. The Frenchmen having recovered their wits at last, both ships swung broadside on, and concentrating upon the *Arabella* as the nearer and heavier and therefore more immediately dangerous of their two opponents, volleyed upon her jointly at almost the same moment.

Unlike the buccaneers, who had fired high to cripple their enemies above decks, the French fired low to smash the hull of their assailant. The *Arabella* rocked and staggered under that terrific hammering, although Pitt kept her headed towards the French so that she should offer the narrowest target. For a moment she seemed to hesitate, then she plunged forward again, her beak-head in splinters, her fore-castle smashed, and a gaping hole forward, that was only just above the water-line. Indeed to make her safe from bilging, Blood ordered a prompt jettisoning of the forward guns, anchors and water-casks and whatever else was moveable.

Meanwhile, the Frenchmen going about, gave the like reception to the *Elizabeth*. The *Arabella*, indifferently served by the wind, pressed forward to come to grips. But before she could accomplish her object, the *Victorieuse* had loaded her starboard guns again, and pounded her advancing enemy with a second broadside at close quarters. Amid the thunder of cannon, the rending of timbers, and the screams of maimed men, the half-wrecked *Arabella* plunged and reeled into the cloud of smoke that concealed her prey, and then from Hayton went up the cry that she was going down by the head.

Blood's heart stood still. And then in that very moment of his despair, the blue and gold flank of the *Victorieuse* loomed through the smoke. But even as he caught that enheartening glimpse he perceived, too, how sluggish now was their advance, and how with every second it grew more sluggish. They must sink before they reach her.

Thus, with an oath, opined the Dutch Admiral, and from Lord Willoughby there was a word of blame for Blood's seamanship in having risked all upon this gambler's throw of boarding.

"There was no other chance!" cried Blood, in broken-hearted frenzy. "If ye say it was desperate and foolhardy, why so it was; but the occasion and the means demanded nothing less. I fail within an ace of victory."

But they had not yet completely failed. Hayton himself and a score of sturdy rogues whom his whistle had summoned, were crouching for shelter amid the wreckage of the fore-castle with grappnels ready. Within seven or eight yards of the *Victorieuse*, when their way seemed spent, and their forward deck already awash under the eyes of the jeering, cheering Frenchmen, those men leapt up and forward, and hurled their grappnels across the chasm. Of the four they flung two reached the Frenchmen's decks, and fastened there. Swift as thought itself, was then the action of those sturdy, experienced buccaneers. Unhesitatingly all threw themselves upon the chain of one of those grappnels, neglecting the other, and heaved upon it with all their might, to warp the ships together. Blood, watching from his own quarter-deck, sent out his voice in a clarion call:

"Musketeers to the prow!"

The musketeers at their station at the waist, obeyed him with the speed of men who know that in obedience is the only hope of life. Fifty of them

dashed forward instantly, and from the ruins of the fore-castle they blazed over the heads of Hayton's men, mowing down the French soldiers who, unable to dislodge the irons, firmly held where they had deeply bitten into the timbers of the *Victorieuse*, were themselves preparing to fire upon the grappel crew.

Starboard to starboard the two ships swung against each other with a jarring thud. By then Blood was down in the waist, judging and acting with the hurricane speed the occasion demanded. Sail had been lowered by slashing away the ropes that held the yards. The advance guard of boarders, a hundred strong, was ordered to the poop, and his grappel-men were posted, and prompt to obey his command at the very moment of impact. As a result, the foundering *Arabella* was literally kept afloat by the half-dozen grappnels that in an instant moored her firmly to the *Victorieuse*.

Willoughby and Van der Kuylen on the poop had watched in breathless amazement the speed and precision with which Blood and his desperate crew had gone to work. And now he came racing up, his bugler sounding the charge, the main host of the buccaneers following him, whilst the vanguard, led by the gunner Ogle, who had been driven from his guns by water in the gun-deck, leapt shouting to the prow of the *Victorieuse*, to whose level the high poop of the water-logged *Arabella* had sunk. Led now by Blood himself, they launched themselves upon the French like hounds upon the stag they had brought to bay. After them went others, until all had gone and none but Willoughby and the Dutchman were left to watch the fight from the quarter-deck of the abandoned *Arabella*.

For fully half an hour that battle raged aboard the Frenchman. Beginning in the prow it surged through the fore-castle to the waist, where it reached a climax of fury. The French resisted stubbornly, and they had the advantage of numbers to encourage them. But for all their stubborn valour, they ended by being pressed back and back across the decks that were dangerously canted to starboard by the pull of the water-logged *Arabella*. The buccaneers fought with the desperate fury of men who know that retreat is impossible, for there was no ship to which they could retreat, and here they must prevail and make the *Victorieuse* their own, or perish.

And their own they made her in the end, and at a cost of nearly half their numbers. Driven to the quarter-deck, the surviving defenders, urged on by the infuriated Rivarol, maintained awhile their desperate resistance. But in the end, Rivarol went down with a bullet in his head, and the French remnant, numbering scarcely a score of whole men, called for quarter.

Even then, the labours of Blood's men were not at an end. The *Elizabeth* and the *Medusa* were tight-locked, and Hagthorpe's followers were being driven aboard their own ship for the second time. Prompt measures were demanded. Whilst Pitt and his seamen bore their part with the sails, and Ogle went below with a gun-crew, Blood ordered the grappnels to be loosed at once. Lord Willoughby and the admiral were already aboard the *Victorieuse*. As they swung off to the rescue of Hagthorpe, Blood, from the quarter-deck of the conquered vessel, looked his last upon the ship that had served him so well, the ship that had become to him almost as a part of himself. A moment she rocked after her release, then slowly and gradually settled down, the water gurgling and eddying about her topmasts, all that remained visible to mark the spot where she had met her death.

As he stood there, above the ghastly shambles in the waist of the *Victorieuse*, someone spoke behind him. "I think, Captain Blood, that it is necessary I should beg your pardon for the second time. Never before have I seen the impossible made possible by resource and valour, or victory so gallantly snatched from defeat."

He turned, and presented to Lord Willoughby a formidable front. His headpiece was gone, his breast-plate dented, his right sleeve a rag hanging from his shoulder about a naked arm. He was splashed from head to foot with blood, and there was blood from a scalp-wound that he had taken matting his hair and mixing with the grime of powder on his face to render him unrecognisable.

But from that horrible mask two vivid eyes looked out preternaturally bright, and from those eyes two tears had ploughed each a furrow through the filth of his cheeks.

CHAPTER XVI

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.

WHEN the cost of that victory came to be counted, it was found that of three hundred and twenty buccaneers who had left Cartagena with Captain Blood, a bare hundred remained sound and whole. The *Elizabeth* had suffered so seriously that it was doubtful if she could ever again be rendered seaworthy, and Hagthorpe, who had so gallantly commanded her in that last action, was dead. Against this, on the other side of the account, stood the facts that with a far inferior force and by sheer skill and desperate valour, Blood's buccaneers had saved Jamaica from bombardment and pillage, and they had captured the fleet of M. de Rivarol, and seized for the benefit of King William the splendid treasure which she carried.

It was not until the evening of the following day that Van der Kuylen's truant fleet of nine ships came to anchor in the harbour of Port Royal, and its officers, Dutch and English, were made acquainted with their admiral's true opinion of their worth.

Six ships of that fleet were instantly refitted for sea. There were other West Indian settlements demanding the visit of inspection of the new governor-general, and Lord Willoughby was in haste to sail for the Antilles.

"And meanwhile," he complained to his admiral, "I am detained here by the absence of this fool of a deputy-governor."

"So?" said Van der Kuylen. "But why should dad dedain you?"

"That I may break the dog as he deserves, and appoint his successor in some man gifted with a sense of where his duty lies, and with the ability to perform it."

"Aha! But id is not necessary you remain for dat. And meandime de Vrench vill haf deir eye on Barbadoes, which is nod vell defended. You haf here chust de man you vant. He vill require no insdructions, dis one. He vill know how to make Port Royal safe, bedder nor you or me."

"You mean Blood?"

"Of course. Could any man be bedder? You haf seen vhad he can do."

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"You think so too, eh? Egad! I had thought of it; and, rip me, why not? He's a better man than Morgan, and Morgan was made governor."

Blood was sent for. He came, spruce and debonair once more, having exploited the resources of Port Royal so to render himself. He was a trifle dazzled by the honour proposed to him, when Lord Willoughby made it known. It was so far beyond anything that he had dreamed, and he was assailed by doubts of his capacity to undertake so onerous a charge.

"Damme!" snapped Willoughby. "Should I offer it unless I were satisfied of your capacity? If that's your only objection . . ."

"It is not, my lord. I had counted upon going home, so I had. I am hungry for the green lanes of England." He sighed. "There will be apple-blossoms in the orchards of Somerset."

"Apple-blossoms!" His lordship's voice shot up like a rocket, and cracked on the word. "What the devil . . . ? Apple-blossoms!" He looked at Van der Kuylen.

The admiral raised his brows and pursed his heavy lips. His eyes twinkled humorously in his great face.

"So!" he said. "Fery boedical!"

My lord wheeled fiercely upon Captain Blood. "You've a past score to wipe out, my man!" he admonished him. "You've done something towards it, I confess, and you've shown your quality in doing it. That's why I offer you the governorship of Jamaica in his Majesty's name—because I account you the fittest man for the office that I have seen."

Blood bowed low. "Your lordship is very good. But . . ."

"Tchah! There's no 'but' to it. If you want your past forgotten, and your future assured, this is your chance. And you are not to treat it lightly on account of apple-blossoms or any other damned sentimental nonsense. Your duty lies here, at least for as long as the war lasts. When the war's over, you may get back to Somerset and cider or your native Ireland and its potheen; but until then you'll make the best of Jamaica and rum."

Van der Kuylen exploded into laughter. But from Blood the pleasantries elicited no smile. He remained solemn to the point of glumness. His thoughts were on Miss Bishop, who was somewhere here in this very house in which they stood, but whom he had not seen since his arrival. Had she but shown him some compassion . . .

And then the rasping voice of Willoughby cut in again, upbraiding him for his hesitation, pointing out to him his incredible stupidity in trifling with such a golden opportunity as this. He stiffened and bowed.

"My lord, you are in the right. I am a fool. But don't be accounting me an ingrate as well. If I have hesitated it is because there are considerations with which I will not trouble your lordship."

"Apple-blossoms, I suppose?" sniffed his lordship.

This time Blood laughed, but there was still a lingering wistfulness in his eyes.

"It shall be as you wish—and very gratefully, let me assure your lordship. I shall know how to earn his Majesty's approbation. You may depend upon my loyal service."

"If I didn't, I shouldn't offer you this governorship."

Thus it was settled. Blood's commission was made out and sealed in the presence of Mallard, the commandant, and the other officers of the garrison, who looked on in round-eyed astonishment, but kept their thoughts to themselves.

"Now we can about our business go," said Van der Kuylen.

"We sail to-morrow morning," his lordship announced.

Blood was startled.

"And Colonel Bishop?" he asked.

"He becomes your affair. You are now the governor. You will deal with him as you think proper on his return. Hang him from his own yard-arm. He deserves it."

"Isn't the task a trifle invidious?" wondered Blood.

"Very well. I'll leave a letter for him. I hope he'll like it."

Captain Blood took up his duties at once. There was much to be done to place Port Royal in a proper state of defence, after what had happened there. He made an inspection of the ruined fort, and issued instructions for the work upon it, which was to be started immediately. Next he ordered the careening of the three French vessels that they might be rendered sea-worthy once more. Finally, with the sanction of Lord Willoughby he marshalled his buccaneers and surrendered them one-fifth of the captured treasure, leaving it to their choice thereafter either to depart or to enrol themselves in the service of King William.

A score of them elected to remain, and amongst these were Jeremy Pitt, Ogle and Dyke, whose outlawry, like Blood's, had come to an end with the downfall of King James. They were—saving old Wolverstone, who had been left behind at Cartagena—the only survivors of that band of rebels-convict who had left Barbadoes over three years ago in the *Cinco Llagas*.

On the following morning, whilst Van der Kuy-

len's fleet was making finally ready for sea, Blood sat in the spacious white-washed room that was the governor's office, when Major Mallard brought him word that Bishop's homing squadron was in sight.

"That is very well," said Blood. "I am glad he comes before Lord Willoughby's departure. The orders, major, are that you place him under arrest the moment he steps ashore. Then bring him here to me. A moment." He wrote a hurried note. "That to Lord Willoughby aboard Admiral Van der Kuylen's flagship."

Major Mallard saluted and departed. Peter Blood sat back in his chair and stared at the ceiling, frowning. Time moved on. Came a tap at the door, and an elderly negro slave presented himself. Would his Excellency receive Miss Bishop?

His Excellency changed colour. He sat quite still, staring at the negro a moment, conscious that his pulses were drumming in a manner wholly unusual to them. Then quietly he assented.

He rose when she entered, and if he was not as pale as she was, it is because his tan dissembled it. For a moment there was silence between them, as they stood looking each at the other. Then she moved forward, and began at last to speak, haltingly, in an unsteady voice, amazing in one usually so calm and deliberate.

"I . . . I . . . Major Mallard has just told me . . ."

"Major Mallard exceeded his duty," said Blood, and because of the effort he made to steady his voice it sounded harsh and unduly loud.

He saw her start, and stop, and instantly made amends. "You alarm yourself without reason, Miss Bishop. Whatever may lie between me and your uncle, you may be sure that I shall not follow the example he has set me. I shall not abuse my position to prosecute a private vengeance. On the contrary, I shall abuse it to protect him. Lord Willoughby's recommendation to me is that I shall treat him without mercy. My own intention is to send him back to his plantation in Barbadoes."

She came slowly forward now. "I . . . I am glad that you will do that. Glad above all for your own sake." She held out her hand to him.

He considered it critically. Then he bowed over it. "I'll not presume to take it in the hand of a thief and a pirate," said he bitterly.

"You are no longer that," she said, and strove to smile.

"Yet I owe no thanks to you that I am not," he answered. "I think there's no more to be said, unless it be to add the assurance that Lord Julian Wade has also nothing to apprehend from me. That, no doubt, will be the assurance that your peace of mind requires?"

"For your own sake—yes. But for your own sake only. I would not have you do anything mean or dishonouring."

"Thief and pirate though I be?"

She clenched her hand, and made a little gesture of despair and impatience.

"Will you never forgive me those words?"

"I'm finding it a trifle hard, I confess. But what does it matter, when all is said?"

Her clear hazel eyes considered him a moment wistfully. Then she put out her hand again.

"I am going, Captain Blood. Since you are so generous to my uncle, I shall be returning to Barba-

does with him. We are not like to meet again—ever. Is it impossible that we should part friends? Once I wronged you, I know. And I have said that I am sorry. Won't you . . . won't you say 'good-bye'?"

He seemed to rouse himself, to shake off a mantle of deliberate harshness. He took the hand she proffered. Retaining it, he spoke, his eyes sombrely, wistfully considering her.

"You are returning to Barbadoes?" he said slowly. "Will Lord Julian be going with you?"

"Why do you ask me that?" she confronted him quite fearlessly.

"Sure now, didn't he give you my message, or did he bungle it?"

"No. He didn't bungle it. He gave it me in your own words. It touched me very deeply. It made me see clearly my error and my injustice. I owe it to you that I should say this by way of amend. I judged too harshly where it was a presumption to judge at all."

He was still holding her hand. "And Lord Julian, then?" he asked, his eyes watching her, bright as sapphires in that copper-coloured face.

"Lord Julian will no doubt be going home to England. There is nothing more for him to do out here."

"But didn't he ask you to go with him?"

"He did. I forgive you the impertinence."

A wild hope leapt to life within him.

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KINGSTON.

"And you? Glory be, ye'll not be telling me ye refused to become my lady, when . . ."

"Oh! You are insufferable!" She tore her hand free, and backed away from him. "I should not have come. . . Good-bye!"

She was speeding to the door. He sprang after her, and caught her. Her face flamed, and her eyes stabbed him like daggers.

"These are pirate's ways, I think! Release me!"

"Arabella!" he cried on a note of pleading. "Are ye meaning it? Must I release ye? Must I let ye go and never set eyes on ye again? Or will ye stay and make this exile endurable until we can go home together? Och, ye're crying now! What have I said to make ye cry, my dear?"

"I . . . I thought you'd never say it," she mocked him through her tears.

"Well, now, ye see there was Lord Julian, a fine figure of a . . ."

"There was never, never anybody but you, Peter."

They had, of course, a deal to say thereafter, so much indeed that they sat down to say it, whilst time sped on, and Governor Blood forgot the duties of his office. He had reached home at last. His odyssey was ended.

And, meanwhile, Colonel Bishop's fleet had come to anchor, and the colonel had landed on the mole, a disgruntled man to be disgruntled further yet. He was accompanied ashore by Lord Julian Wade.

A corporal's guard was drawn up to receive him, and in advance of this stood Major Mallard and two others who were unknown to the deputy-governor: one slight and elegant, the other big and brawny.

Major Mallard advanced. "Colonel Bishop, I have orders to arrest you. Your sword, sir!"

Bishop stared, empurpling. "What the devil . . .! Arrest me, d'ye say? Arrest me?"

"By order of the Governor of Jamaica," said the elegant little man behind Major Mallard. Bishop swung to him.

"The governor? Ye're mad!" He looked from one to the other. "I am the governor."

"You were," said the little man dryly. "But we've changed that in your absence. You're broke for abandoning your post without due cause, and thereby imperilling the settlement over which you had charge. It's a serious matter, Colonel Bishop, as you may find. Considering that you held your office from the Government of King James, it is even possible that a charge of treason might lie against you. It rests with your successor entirely whether ye're hanged or not."

Bishop caught his breath, rapped out an oath, and then shaken by a sudden fear: "Who the devil may you be?" he asked.

"I am Lord Willoughby, Governor-General of his Majesty's colonies in the West Indies. You were informed, I think, of my coming."

The remains of Bishop's anger fell from him like a cloak. He broke into a sweat of fear. Behind him Lord Julian looked on, his handsome face suddenly white and drawn.

"But, my lord," began the colonel.

"Sir, I am not concerned to hear your reasons," his lordship interrupted him harshly. "I am on the point of sailing and I have not the time. The governor will hear you, and no doubt deal justly by you." He waved to Major Mallard, and Bishop, a crumpled, broken man, allowed himself to be led away.

To Lord Julian, who went with him, since none deterred him, Bishop expressed himself when presently he had sufficiently recovered.

"This is one more item to the account of that scoundrel Blood," he said, through his teeth. "My God, what a reckoning there will be when we meet!"

Major Mallard turned away his face that he might conceal his smile, and without further words led him a prisoner to the governor's house, the house that so long had been Colonel Bishop's own residence. He was left to wait under guard in the hall, whilst Major Mallard went ahead to announce him.

Miss Bishop was still with Peter Blood when Major Mallard entered. His announcement startled them back to realities.

"You will be merciful with him. You will spare him all you can for my sake, Peter," she pleaded.

"To be sure I will," said Blood. "But I'm afraid the circumstances won't."

She effaced herself, escaping into the garden, and Major Mallard fetched the colonel.

"His excellency the governor will see you now," said he, and threw wide the door.

Colonel Bishop staggered in, and stood waiting.

At the table sat a man of whom nothing was visible but the top of a carefully curled, black head. Then his head was raised, and a pair of blue eyes solemnly regarded the prisoner. Colonel Bishop made a noise in his throat, and paralysed by amazement, stared into the face of his excellency the Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, which was the face of the man he had been hunting in Tortuga to his present undoing.

The situation was best expressed to Lord Willoughby by Van der Kuylen as the pair stepped aboard the admiral's flagship.

"Id is fery boedigal!" he said, his blue eyes twinkling. "Cabdain Blood is fond of boedry—you remember de abble-blossoms. So? Ha, ha!"

THE END

FAMOUS CATCH-PHRASES.

*They ask me sadly why I am down hearted;
What secret sorrow corrugates my brow;
I answer: "Sirs, our glory has departed;
We have no catchword now!"*

So sang a poet some fifteen years ago, and certainly at that time there was no current phrase so universally popular as "Yes, we have no bananas" is to-day.

The necessary qualifications for a popular catch-phrase would seem to be Simplicity and Stupidity, and without a doubt those two ingredients abound in the phrases that have tickled the senses of the people during the last hundred years. In 1830 the small boy of the period would rudely remark to his elders, "How are you off for soap?" or, more rudely still, "Go to Bath and get your head shaved." Some five years later the slogan became, "Go it, ye cripples," while in 1838 a phrase was coined that remained topical for two generations. That was the famous "Does your mother know you're out?"

"Where did you get that hat?"

Catch-phrases, by the way, in the form of questions have frequently reached a high degree of popularity, as witness the one invented in 1840, "Do you see any green in my eye?" In the 'nineties, "Have you seen the Shah?" and "Where did you get that hat?" attained an equally wearisome vogue.

The year 1830 gave to the world the classic "Jump, Jim Crow," while in 1841 the advent of the first public soup-kitchens led to "That's the ticket for soup."

No further meteoric phrase occurred till 1850, when "All serene" lit up the comic firmament; and after that there is a long and blessed wait of ten years. But the year 1860 was a true vintage year. In those short twelve months were coined such universal favourites as "Keep your hair on," "Like a bird" (both topical to-day), "Not for Joe," and "How's your poor feet?"—an absolutely unique collection.

In 1865 the social verbal pleasantry was "Not today, baker," which had its origin in a music-hall song, and there were many more in the 'seventies and 'eighties. But with the arrival of the 'nineties they blossomed thick and fast. In 1890 "Mind the step" instantly achieved immortality, and then in quick succession through the following years came those world-beaters: "Get your hair cut," "Now we sha'n't be long," "Let 'em all come," "What ho! she bumps," rising to the classic pinnacle of "Pip-pip" and "There's hair!"—*J. O'L's Weekly*.

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THE MOTHER OF THE RAIN

Mr. Eden Phillpotts is one of the best known of living English novelists. His reputation in England and America has long since been established. He recently paid a visit to these West Indies, and on his return to England wrote a number of clever West Indian stories published under the title of "Black, White and Brindled." Mr. Phillpotts was much interested in the subject of *obeah*—West Indian superstition—and his best stories deal with the quaint beliefs and fears of the West Indian native's mind.

The editor of "Planters' Punch," while in England this year, was fortunate enough to secure from Messrs. Grant Richards, Mr. Phillpotts's agents and publishers, the West Indian rights of two of Mr. Phillpotts's tales. These appear in this issue.

PART I.

WHERE Nature has spent her fury in olden times, often are yet to be seen evidences of amazing phenomena; and to these wonders man brings his dreams and magic, that he may credit natural things with supernatural forces potent in the affairs of humanity.

At Grenada, in the West Indies, like a cat's eye glimmering up from the verdure-clad mountains, there lies the Grand Etang, a little lake of small surface but mighty depth; and in the darkness of those still waters abode the Mother of the Rain—a siren deity, concerning whom the negroes and Caribs held that she was ever ready to reward the good and punish the evil-doer.

The Grand Etang is a gem set in filigree of gold and silver foliage, seen through curtains of interlacing bough, waving leaf and feathered palm. It shines in silent peace among volcanic crags, a very fit dwelling for the spirit of romance. The trembling disciple of Obi knows the Mother of the Rain, and the older generations of the coloured people, who worship strange gods. They will tell you that the lady of the lake may yet be seen when night hides the land and a full moon shines down upon the water. At such times eye of man shall behold a sudden ripple and mark the form of the goddess rising from her grotto in the depths. Then unearthly melody floats upon the midnight air, and the chance beholder is rewarded, or punished, according to his deserts. Many are the legends of the Grand Etang, and among them old men still tell stories handed down from their grandfathers, of how the buccaneers from the Spanish Main used the goddess for their own purpose, traded upon the local dread of the Rain Mother and hid their pirate treasures beside her fount, knowing them safe enough within her keeping.

To-day the mystery grows thin and Quashie has ceased to fear those sequestered waters; but, fifty years ago, when these things happened, faith was still quick in negro hearts and the extraordinary event to be told brought new lustre to the fading fame of the Grand Etang. For how could she—the Rain Mother—be sleeping or departed who knew so well and wondrously to guard virtue and punish him who contrived evil?

Not that Nick Brown had any evil record; otherwise, when he came courting old Solomon's granddaughter, he had quickly been sent about his business. But he belonged to the doubtful sort. He was a lazy fellow, and he did neither good nor harm, but just dawdled away his life, smoking on the wharves, drinking in the bars, dreaming dreams of prosperity, working three days a week for such comforts as he required, and planning a matrimonial alliance that should make it possible to live in idleness for ever.

He was a big negro, six foot tall and finely set up; and the black maidens thought a good deal of him, yet not as much as he thought of himself.

Annie was pretty and friendly and the apple of her grandfather's eye; while he—old Pete Solomon—stood among the most prosperous coloured gentlemen in Grenada. So Nick, always hopeful where his own luck was concerned went to see Marse Solomon and ask, in mighty gentlemanly fashion, if he might pay his addresses to the girl.

Pete Solomon was a fruit-grower, and his gardens lay by a creek half-a-mile from St. George. One reached them through a grove of coco-nut palms, with grey, curved trunks, all bent delicately, as it might seem, by the weight of their great heads. There branched the drooping fronds, green above, golden-brown beneath; they were full of fruit, too, in all stages of youth and maturity. Upon some the nuts clustered ripe, wrapped in their husk cases; on others they still remained green; while many bore sprigs of infant nuts that looked like huge golden acorns.

Through a litter of mealy husks, piles of forage and fruit-crates, Nick proceeded. Then he passed a plantation patch and came to the fruit-trees—shaddock, mandarins, limes and citrons, their boughs bending beneath a green and red and yellow harvest. Above them lofty mango-trees were in flower, and little green humming-birds darted about among the masses of inflorescence. In the shadows the tiny birds were black, but like emeralds they flashed through the sunshine.

A West Indian Story of Love, Superstition, and Intrigue.

(BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.)

Here Nick met old Solomon as he led in a Barbados cow.

Pete Solomon was a survival—a full-blooded son of slaves—one who lauded the Ethiopian and mistrusted all white men. He was full of quirks and cranks and, incidentally, a firm believer in the Mother of the Rain.

"What you want dressed out so smart, Marse Brown?" asked the fruit-grower. He was a little negro with grey wool, a wrinkled face and a bent back.

"I come to you, sar, and I pay you respects and dress smart. I lub Miss Annie, and she no' hate me; but I no' do nuffin till you friendly to me, Marse Solomon."

The old man shook his head doubtfully.

"I want her to marry a black man, but I 'fraid you'se too late, Nicholas. Anudder gem'man courting Annie. Here dey is dis minute."

A man and girl approached as he spoke—a slim, bright-eyed maiden in white, with a scarlet handkerchief tied over her curly head, and a young half-caste—by no means such a fine fellow as Nick to the eye. He had a simple, cheerful face and his father's grey eyes. He was the son of an old seaman, who married a black wife, settled at Grenada, and died there when his son was a baby.

Sam Martin had now risen to be waterman, and he owned two big lighters, which came and went to load the ships and take off their cargoes. Nick knew him for a rival but was not aware that he stood higher in Annie's good graces than himself.

Now they approached, and Samuel smiled amiably, while Nick grinned also and swept off his straw hat to Annie.

He doubted not that the lighterman would soon take second place when he began to make love in earnest; but he was wrong, and when Pete and his cow had passed on their way, Annie broke the news.

"I'se terrible happy gal, Marse Brown, because I'se gwine to marry Marse Martin."

"Yo' too good for Samuel Martin, Annie, and he berry well know yo' too good."

Samuel looked astonished, and turned his face to Annie.

"You no' talk so, sar," she said. "Marse Martin, him a white gem'man, an' I always say I marry a white man."

"White!" cried Nick, with scorn. "Dat fing white! He no' white, an' he no' black. An' he no damn good. An' you no' marry him if I can help it, because I make you a better husband dan him."

The other was conciliatory.

"You make berry good husband, Marse Brown; but Annie lub me, so I better man for her," argued Martin calmly.

"I soon make her lub me den! I make her forget all about a pusson like you!" threatened Nick.

Then Annie ended the conversation.

"I'se heard nuff ob dis. You berry fine man, Marse Brown, and if dar was no Sam Martin, den I no want nobody finer; but Samuel is my man, so dar's de end ob it."

"He only want you for your gran'fadder's money," declared Nick, and Mr. Martin protested.

"Dat most wicked, Marse Brown! I have plenty money for Annie."

Then, seeing that he had to do with a very simple soul, Marse Brown calmed his rage and became more diplomatic.

"I say no more. I too sad. My life all gone to hell. I nuffin left if Annie took away. My Gard! What I do now?"

"Find anudder gal. Dar plenty udder gals, sar," said Samuel.

"I killed dead," declared Marse Brown. "Dar nuffin more to say, and I wish you a berry good-ebening, Annie."

"Berry good ebening, den. An' Marse Martin suit me, an' he ask me first."

Then Nicholas went away with a bent head and rage in his heart. For this was bitter disappointment. He had felt hopeful that Annie would be proud to win a man so popular with the sex, and he had decided to follow in Marse Solomon's shoes and sit under his orange-trees. Nick went his way, and chance threw him into the path of a very big rascal.

"De debbil send him," thought Marse Brown. "But if he help me to get Annie, I no' care who send him."

'Bolivar' Binns was an elderly, medium-sized white man, concerning whom no good could be recorded. He had a pock-marked, hairless face on a scraggy neck, cold blue eyes set curiously wide apart, a low brow and a very heavy, fighting chin. He looked as much like a reptile as a man, and one almost expected to see a forked tongue flicker when he opened his narrow mouth. His left hand lacked two fingers—the middle and fore. That was a Trinidad story; and after Bolivar had lost those digits under a bowie knife, which fell like doom upon them when he was signal-

ling at cards to a confederate, he left Port of Spain and settled at St. George, as a place less unhealthy. None knew how he lived; but he was thought to have an interest in a coasting schooner. He dwelt alone in a log-house outside the town, with an old negro to cook for him and mend his clothes. Sometimes he helped Martin with the lighters, when a steamer was in and merchandise awaited her.

He knew Brown—indeed he knew everybody; but his reputation was such that none much cared to be seen in his company.

Now he looked at Nick's fine clothes.

"Where you steal that lot?" he asked.

"I dam sick," answered Nicholas. "I gib Samuel Martin hell. He done me out wid Annie Solomon."

"What should such a fine, rich gurl want with a worthless bummer like you?"

"I not a worfless bummer. If I been a bit quicker, I cotched her. Her gran'fadder on my side."

"Larn you not to be so darned lazy then."

"Yo' smartest man in San George, sar—ebberybody know dat. How I cut out de swine? I gib my soul to de debbil to smash Marse Martin."

"Ain't what you'd give to the devil, nig; it's what you'd give me."

"Marse Solomon, him eighty-free year old," explained Nick; "and all him folk dead but Annie. Her fadder was drowned an' her mudder die ob yellow fever ten year ago. So she hab de gardens and de stone house and all."

"Well, what's that to me? She won't marry me, that's a cert."

"If yo' help me wid Martin, I do yo' plenty good turn when old man Solomon send in his checks—please Gard I die dis minute if I don't."

Bolivar Binns seemed to stab the big negro with his little blue eyes.

"You're not tough enough," he said. "You're not made of the stuff to be any good, nor yet partickler bad. You're the squashy sort of mess that wants everything for nothing—too lazy to be anything but lazy—not hot enough to help stoke hell, and not class enough for anywheres else."

"I stoke hell for Marse Martin," promised Nick. "I no' lazy 'bout dis job. I take plenty trouble, and if yo' help me to get Annie away from dat beast, I no' forget you."

"That you won't, my son. Well, Peter Solomon's shoes—eh? And a corner for me and the run of my teeth and a bit of the ready when I want it."

"You straight to me; I straight to you," said Marse Brown.

"You're the sort of one-hoss blackguard that always wants a worse man to help him. I'll think about it; and don't you say you've been talking to me. If that dirt-coloured boy's barges were on the market—perhaps I— But—no, Nick, you're not hard enough in the gizzard. You'd want me to do all the work."

PART II.

ANNIE SOLOMON had found that her grandfather was less pleased with Samuel Martin than might have been wished. For Pete was a full-blooded negro himself, and his granddaughter a pure negress; and while she and her generation valued white blood, it happened that Marse Solomon preferred pure Ethiopian and was distinctly prejudiced against the "Che-che," a generic term for anybody with a European or American strain in his composition.

"I no' quarrel wid Marse Martin," he said to Annie. "He berry good man; but Marse Brown—him negro. An' I wish you lub him stead of Marse Martin. Yo' gals all tink if man got streak of white man in him he better dan black man; an' I say not so—him mostly worse."

"Marse Martin work harder dan Marse Nick, an' he tink great tings ob you, gran'fadder."

"So Marse Nick—he tink great tings ob me too. He berry civil gem'man. I wish yo make udder arrangements, Annie. But yo' no' hab it all yo' own way wid Marse Martin. I must get second opinion 'bout him."

"Ebberrybody tell same 'bout him—harbour-master and ebberrybody."

"Yo' laugh, yo' children, because yo' fools," said Pete. "Yo' laugh at what we old folk know de solemn troof. And when I say I get second opinion, I don't mean udder people; I mean de spirits."

"Oh, my! How we know what de spirits tink ob Marse Martin?"

"Cause if we call on dem, dey tell us, Annie. De Mudder ob de Rain am de great Spirit dat lives in de Grand Etang."

Annie's eyes grew round.

"She Negro Spirit," he continued, "an' she know to mark de sheep from de goats. An' she tell negroes many tings dey better for knowing. She terrible wise and strong. An' dis I say. If Marse Martin a good man, he no' fear de Spirit; an' if he bad man, den she soon treat him rough an' show him up."

"People frightened to go to Grand Etang by night," said Annie.

"Why? Because dey mostly bad; an' dey know de Mudder ob de Rain catch 'em out," he answered. "But she nebber do hard tings to a good man; and if Marse Samuel so wonnerful good as he say, den she reward him; but if he be lying an' hé wicked man, den we nebber see him no more."

Annie reflected over this tremendous proposition. Marse Martin was a Christian and went to church. She had never heard him talk about the Mother of the Rain and she felt little doubt that Samuel did not believe in the lady. But he was superstitious, as most negroes are, and, for all she knew, might refuse any such ordeal. On the other hand, he might be braver than she suspected.

"I tell him what you say," she promised, and a day later she went to the wharf and broke the news to Samuel.

He stood among a dozen ragged fellows who were loading one of his lighters with coco-nuts and boxes of raw cocoa.

She explained that her grandfather believed in the goddess of the island lake and desired an expert opinion on the subject of Marse Martin.

"If you good as you are good," said Annie, "den gran'fadder say de spirit reward you; an' if you no' good, den he say you no' come back 'gain."

The matter-of-fact Samuel stared and his brown eyes rolled.

"De Mudder ob de Rain!" he said. "Dar no such pusson, Annie!"

"Ole man sure dar are. An' if dar aren't, den yo' all right, an' if dar are, den yo' all right still—'cause you so good Samuel."

"I berry good, an' I Jesus Christ's man an' I no' frightened ob nobody."

"Den yo' go up when de moon full, Samuel. An' I tell old man yo' go."

Nick Brown wandered along at this moment. He had come to see Mr. Binns, who was helping to load a lighter, but, on observing Annie, ignored his fellow-conspirator. Despite his reverse, he had preserved a show of friendship with both Samuel and his sweetheart; he had even apologised and expressed regret that he should have been rude to his successful rival.

"I see yo' terrible busy, Marse Martin," he said; "I take off my coat and lend a hand, sar, if you please."

"Do you tink de Mudder ob de Rain in de lake in de mountains, Marse Brown?" asked Annie. "Because my gran'fadder say she am."

"Den I say she am," declared Nick stoutly.

"He say de spirit plenty short and sharp wid bad man and plenty kind to good man" explained Annie; "and she know sure if Marse Martin is good."

"De power ob de Lord hab made me good," explained Martin, "and so I no' frightened ob de lake by

right. Marse Solomon want me to go up dar at full moon an' see what happen. So I go."

"Would you do dat, Nick?" asked Annie.

"If Marse Solomon say me go, den I go," vowed Nicholas.

Then Marse Martin was called to his laden lighter and put off with her to a steamer lying half-a-mile from shore.

Annie, full of pride at Samuel's rare courage, went home to tell her grandfather that he accepted the ordeal, and when she was out of sight, Nick strolled over to Bolivar Binns, who was resting from his labours until Samuel's second lighter returned empty from the steamer.

"I come yo' house to-night," he said. "I hear a tale plenty interesting 'bout dat Martin."

They were out of earshot, and Binns spoke.

"I was turning over if I could give the boy a bit of jolt some night coming back from a cargo boat after dark, as we often do."

"I tell yo' all I know to-night, Marse Binns," promised Nick, and then he strolled off.

The negro had seen Bolivar several times of late, and suffered in reputation accordingly. He had also suffered in his soul. His empty mind left him unarmed against this hardened black-guard, and from a first dread and fear at the character of Bolivar's suggestion, Marse Brown gradually worked himself into a kindred, cutthroat ferocity. He liked talking big, but Binns knew the average negro is not to be trusted with single-handed crime, and as yet felt no temptation to put confidence in his accomplice. It amused him to terrify Nicholas and see his temper triumphing over his native cowardice. Bolivar was already calculating whether it would pay him best to assist Brown, or turn traitor and warn Martin against him.

It is certain, at this stage of the adventure that Mr. Binns had no idea of soiling his hands with blood. At best the game was not worth the candle. But now that happened to inspire a more sinister view. The means to do an evil deed had from time to time presented themselves to Bolivar Binns, and it cannot be said that he often neglected his opportunities.

Now came Marse Brown by night, and brought the news that old Solomon still stood in doubt concerning Samuel, and had proposed the nocturnal ordeal of a visit to the Grand Etang.

"Ole man Solomon, he say de Spirit up dar still; he tell Martin him go an' see what she do to him, 'cause she good to the good an' mighty bad to the bad."

"He won't go," said Bolivar. He'll just creep off and play 'possum, and next morning he'll sail round to show he's all right."

"He say him go."

"He don't funk it?"

"Not him—no more dan a calf funk de butcher." Binns considered.

"And if he don't come back?"

"Dat all right. Dat show he not so good as he pretend. If he no' come back—den de Spirit wipe him out an' no more said. Den I come along."

"And what does the gurl think?"

"She no' feared, 'cause she reckon Samuel hab plenty angels to look after him."

Bolivar now permitted his thoughts to take a darker colour. But he knew what looks easy is often difficult at a pinch. The future centred on Nicholas and how far he might be trusted. Mr. Binns saw one thing clearly enough. If this was to happen, it must leave Marse Brown in his power, and not place him in the power of Marse Brown.

"Waal, old son, and what d'you think about it?" he asked. "Of course this is your pigeon—not mine. You've got everything to gain, and once this psalm-singing bloke is out of the way you win in a canter. The old man likes 'em all black better than brindled, and he'd be very willing for you to be his grand-daughter's husband, so I'm told. So how does it strike on your thinking-box?"

Marse Brown replied:

"Fust place, dar no such pusson as de Mudder ob de Rain."

"That's so. We can rule out conjuring tricks."

"He come all alone, free mile away from de nearest house."

"Right."

"An' if yo' see him in de moonlight and tink him a loup garou—such a dead shot wid your revolver as Marse Binns! How dat?"

"Fine, Nick! And you stop at home in bed, so you shan't be drawn in. And I come back and say I've had a shocking accident in the bush."

"Me Gard! A splendid plan—you too clobber, Marse Binns!"

"Too clever to do your job, anyway No, nig; we won't pretend nothing. If this is going to happen, you and me don't come into the picture, no more than Samuel will afterwards. No dead bodies around for me. If there was brains wanted for this, I'd say leave it alone; if it could go wrong any sort of how, I'd take darnation good care not to meddle with it or let you; but it's about the greatest cert I ever struck since—no mater when. Your star's up, Nick."

"Whar yo' come in, den?" asked the negro.

"I come in at the death—see? You win the trick and take the stakes—Annie Solomon and the fortune—and I'm at your elbow to see you through and do all that's to be done."

"Yo' see me troo?"

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"Bet your bottom one I shall—and see the enemy through too."

Marse Brown breathed hard now, snorted through his broad nostrils, and worked himself up into a fine fervour. He was like a child who tries to grow angry—to save himself from getting frightened.

"Cuss de dam fellow—cuss and cuss him! To hell wid de scamp!"

"Remember he stands between you and the best time ever a nigger hoped for. Just you remember Annie, and the stone house and the citron orchard and the coco-nuts and all the rest of it! All yours—for what? For letting moonlight into that putty-coloured swine. And no more danger to it than if you was shooting a cat. He drops, and we look after him, so his bones won't luff up in the public eye till Judgment Day. Presently it gets out he's missing and went up to the Grand Etang by night. The police will look for him and be very clever, and guess he's drowned, and that, given time, he'll float; but—no sir! He won't float any more than he'll fly. They won't find him. And Pete Solomon will swear that the Mother of the Rain's got him, and Annie will see he weren't so good as she thought and soon be ready to let you take his place."

"Yo' help—yo' stand by, so I make no mistake?"

"Yes, I'll stand by all right; and you can't make no mistake if you put the iron against his ear-hole and pull the trigger. That's all you've got to do. I'll look after the funeral, and read the burial service."

"I kill de beast—I kill him, Marse Binns!"

"Keep your nerve and keep your mouth shut, and don't think about it—see? Don't think about it more than you'd think of climbing a tree for mangoes. Lucky there's no long time to wait. Moon's full on Friday. And hold off the rum till after. Just be about as usual and see me here Thursday night. Then I'll have the contraption ready."

"I hate him—worse dan de debbil I hate him, so help me," swore Nick.

"That's so—so do I—hate him through his flesh to his bones. But you mind not to say so. Be mighty friendly if you run up against him. Tell him he's a brave man, and say you wouldn't go to the Grand Etang at full moon for a sack of diamonds."

"I tell him dat," promised Marse Brown.

Then he departed, and Bolivar Binns, strung up to the business of murdering an innocent and defenceless man, looked out his iron—a Colt's revolver of bulldog pattern, suited to operations at short range.

PART III.

WHEN Friday came and the sun had turned west over the Grand Etang, where its waters blazed, like molten metal, in their setting of precipice and forest, two men were busy not far from the margin of the lake. A rough path skirted the tarn, and removed twenty yards from it, in a little rift of the underwood, there rose a lump of porphyry rock lifted ten feet above the level ground. It was a stone whereon lizards were wont to bask and great black and lemon, swallow-tailed butterflies sit and sun themselves. The mass sank into the ground, and at its foot Bolivar Binns and Nicholas were digging a grave.

They did not dig together, for while one worked the other stood in the fork of a dead tree that overlooked the lake and the rough mule track that circled it. Chance of a passer-by was very small, yet could not be disregarded; so the rascals took turn about, and while one toiled in the stony grit, the other smoked cigarettes and kept his eye on the path.

Nicholas had supposed that they would fling their dead man into the Grand Etang, but Mr. Binns held other views.

"Never trust water, my son. Water played a friend of mine a dirty trick once. 'Dust to Dust' is a very good motto. We'll pop him in the ground and make all ship-shape, and the lizards won't tell no tales, and more won't Sammy. Three feet he shall have, and we'll trail the growing weeds over him and fling a bit of trash on top and plant a few seeds for luck."

The plot left not a loophole for failure, and it seemed that no power on earth could save Marse Martin now. He would come at midnight, to perambulate the lake; and abreast of his hidden grave he would perish. There remained only the Mother of the Rain to save him, if, indeed she held the young half-caste worthy of her attention.

The sun began to sink, and the grave was two feet deep when Binns knocked off and Nick proceeded with the work.

"Get busy" said the white man. "There's not more than twenty minutes of daylight."

He climbed to the fork of the lightning-stricken tree and listened to the dull reverberation of Marse Brown's pick as it echoed on the air. But presently the noise stopped and a great silence brooded over the woods and water. There was no gracious twilight here. A gorgeous sunset of rose and gold streaked with tattered ribbons of orange cloud lit the wide sky and flung a reflection on the enchanted waters. It waned swiftly; the green began to die from the forest, and approaching night soon threatened to smudge the colour out of everything.

Cursing his accomplice, Bolivar prepared to descend from his perch; but before he had reached the ground Nick already stood at the foot of the tree.

"What the hell's the matter? It'll be dark in a minute."

"Oh, my Gard, sar! Come—quick—another gem'man buried in de hole a'ready!"

The negro was much excited. Binns said nothing, but followed him to their excavation and found that Nicholas had come upon a face of wood. He could see rough and rotting boards bound with clamps of rusty iron.

"A coffin, by de Lord," said Marse Brown

The other looked and jumped down. The mouldy wood cracked under his weight.

"A coffin? It's no coffin, you loon! Give me the pick," cried Bolivar, and with a few strokes he smashed in the top of the chest. And through the fading light, touched by the afterglow that now ran in a flood of mellow rose over the sky, Mr. Binns found that he had struck it rich.

Gold chinked to his stroke from rotten sail-cloth wrappings; golden doubloons were hid here—how many remained to be discovered; but the stock was apparently large. He buried his hands and brought them up full.

Nicholas stared and Bolivar laughed.

"Pirates' stuff" he said. "We've took the trick this journey. Work like hell, before it's dark—get 'em out—get 'em out!"

"Dey often tell de ole sea-robbers hide gold by de lake, 'cause de folk feared to come to dis place."

"They told true for once. There's no money like this moving in the world nowadays."

"We share an' share, massa?"

"That's so—that's so. But for God's sake keep you mouth shut about it. Don't let on to a soul."

The great pile increased and night spread fast over the hills. Already the palms were ink-black silhouettes against the sky, where they broke the rolling masses of the trees. Fire-flies began to twinkle and flash; the tree frogs started their purring; the blacksmith frogs of Grenada lifted their voices round the lake with musical croakings, like hammers falling upon distant anvils.

Mr. Binns calculated that he stood in front of something like twenty thousand pounds of gold. It might represent more or less, but it was a mighty sum to him. They had got to the bottom of the chest, which contained nothing but the doubloons. Then he lit a cigarette and used his brains, while Nick gabbled cheerfully. He could not see Bolivar's face. Together they shifted over the pile and counted it roughly in hundreds.

Then Mr. Binns brought the other's mind back to the matter in hand.

"This bit of fun has saved us the trouble of digging any deeper," he said; "but we must widen a bit, I reckon. Perhaps we'll tap another chest if we go down. We needn't leave any doubloons for Sammy, anyway. He won't want 'em."

"I no' kill Marse Martin now—me Gard no!" swore Nicholas. "Ebberytting different now."

"You think that, old son?"

"I big man now—million time bigger man dan Marse Martin. I too big man to kill damn Che-che now. I too big to marry Annie now. I go to Barbados now and be somebody. All niggers somebody dar."

"Waal, I don't like going back on a plan once made, Nick."

"Dar no reason now. Why we kill de fellow if he not in our way no more? He nuffin now. I spit on him and old Solomon too. Dey trash."

"I'll smoke a cig and turn it over," said Bolivar. "I'll just stroll down the path and think round this. I never had no luck going back from a thing, once my mind was made up to do it."

"It's murder for nuffin if I kill Marse Brown now."

"I see that. You don't want his gurl and I don't want his lighters now. Maybe he'd better live. I'll just turn it over."

"I no' kill him whatever you say," answered Nicholas rather truculently. "I big man now an' yo' no' my boss no more."

"Quite right. I'm not telling you nothing. You're a very clever fellow—I always knew that."

Mr. Binns departed to reflect; but it was not the fate of Samuel Martin that occupied his mind. In two minutes he had forgotten the existence of Samuel Martin. Him accident appeared to have saved effectually; for the white man, of course, perceived the truth of what the black man had pointed out. But Mr. Binns found himself inspired by thoughts of another sacrifice to Mammon. It irked him a great deal that the crowning event of his life should be shared with a chattering and very second-rate coloured person.

The tropic moon sailed clear of the eastern crags presently and the wonder of it brooded over that desert place. Radiance from on high poured down like silver rain and fringed that rustling palmetto with light and the palmesa with brilliance. The lake spread in one mysterious sheet of darkness without a ripple, and the reflected moon seemed to float, like a great golden lily, in the midst of it. Across the gloom of the banks the fire-flies flitted and wove a network of glittering threads through the forest.

Bolivar smoked several cigarettes, and his mind concentrated upon Marse Brown. Minor difficulties also presented themselves. How were they going to explain the find? People did not go out digging for treasure-trove in Grenada. Bolivar's instinct was to keep profound silence on the subject and ship off his gold as he might without revealing it to a soul on the island. But such a plan would be impossible if Nick

were to share the treasure. Mr. Binns considered deeply, and presently he assured himself that it would be flouting Providence to let Nicholas have half the money.

He took stock of the scene and knew exactly where he stood by the spectacle of the dead tree, now towering bright as silver under the moon.

"Be a man and not a darned idiot," said Mr. Binns to himself. Then he slipped into the underwoods, took a wide turn, and peering upwards from time to time, that he might mark his way, made a detour through the jungle, and began to stalk his companion as a hunter stalks his game.

He went very slowly, and often stopped to move a broken stick or other obstacle from his path. The brilliant moon helped him, and poured light through the woods, while, with prodigious caution he came nearer and nearer to the great stone in the clearing, and the hole that was, after all, to be a grave.

He saw the rock at last looming ahead; then Marse Brown helped to make his progress easier, for he began to sing. He was extemporising, and evidently in the best of spirits.

He, too, had forgotten the existence of Samuel Martin.

"Whar yo' gone, yo' Bolivar? Whar yo' gone, yo' Bolivar? If yo' not come back berry soon, I run off

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THE HUMOUR OF THE BABU.

BY COL. A. A. IRVINE
IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY REVIEW.

wid all de doubloon!" warbled Nicholas; and Mr. Binns, availing himself of the melody, pushed forward rapidly, and was behind the rock before the negro drew breath. He heard Marse Brown chinking the gold; then he cocked his revolver and crept on his stomach to the edge of the boulder.

Half-a-mile away there marched solemnly Marse Martin to his ordeal. He carried a big stick, but no other weapon save his own unconquerable belief in righteousness. Already the Grand Etang had glinted in his eyes as he walked the white footpath. He was calm and untroubled, for he felt not the least fear and had no belief whatever in the Mother of the Rain. But then, mellowed by distance, he heard the sound of singing. There could be no doubt about it. Some sort of melody floated to Samuel's ears, and he stood still and his jaw fell.

For a few moments he did not move; then he gripped his stick, shut his mouth, and pushed forward briskly.

"I in de Lord's hands," said Marse Martin to himself, "an', wedder or no, de Spirit nebber known to be cross wid a good religious pusson."

He stood again to listen, but the drone of the song had stopped.

"Berry like it a frog," he told himself.

He was within two hundred yards of the lake when another unexpected sound fell on his ear for he heard the thin, whip-like crack of small-arms. Little in itself, the noise was caught up by the hills and echoed, back and forward, from one side of the lake to the other. A second shot followed; then came an interval of twenty seconds and a third and last shot rang out.

Though amazed at such an astounding incident, Martin felt no alarm before it. Where there was a revolver, there were men; and he was a white man's son and did not fear men. He ran as fast as he could in the direction of the shots, and presently smelt gunpowder in the still air and saw a little, flat layer of smoke hanging low over the jungle on the left of the path. But all was silent.

What had happened may be soon told. As Binns lifted his revolver, the man he meant to murder had heard a sound and chanced to be looking exactly where the other lay concealed. Then Nicholas saw the moonlight flash on the barrel and the hand that held it. His mind moved quickly and his body too. He leapt up, and so got the first bullet in his shoulder instead of his head. A strong and heavy man, he knew that if he could reach the traitor he might yet save himself; but as he came with a rush like a bull, Binns fired again, and hit Nicholas through his lung above the heart. The wound was mortal, yet it did not drop the negro, and Bolivar, being on his stomach at the time, could not escape. Marse Brown fell on him, bleeding at the breast and mouth, and in his dying agony crushed Binns like a dead stick under him, tore the revolver out of his hand and fired it into his face. The pair thus perished simultaneously and their death occupied far less time than it takes to record it.

Marse Martin, guided by the smoke, crept to the scene of the tragedy, and there in the little clearing under the great stone, the moonlight showed him two blood-spattered corpses gripped together, a big hole in the ground and a pile of glittering gold. He rubbed his eyes, called upon his Saviour to protect him, and examined the dead men. He recognised them, stood for ten minutes staring at the treasure, then smelled the reek of the shambles and shivered.

He touched nothing, and by two o'clock in the morning had aroused the police of St. George. Hereafter the forensic and detective skill of Grenada was occupied with the incident for many days. Certain points appeared sufficiently clear. One or both of the dead men had found a treasure, and one, in murdering his rival, or accomplice had also met his own death. Bolivar Binns was known to possess the revolver, and the accepted theory of what had happened came very near to the fact. But how the precious pair had discovered the money could not be easily learned, though even this accident, thanks to certain testimony, was guessed at.

The old negro who waited on Binns made a confession. Eavesdropping, he had heard his master and Nicholas Brown plotting to do away with somebody. Who the victim might be he knew not; and having ascertained so much, he grew frightened for himself, and kept silent for fear of trouble. The ancient was intelligent, and his explanation seemed to fit the facts. For in connection with it there came out the midnight visit of Samuel to the lake and the knowledge that Nicholas Brown desired to replace him in the affection of Annie Solomon.

Samuel, then, it was who should have perished but for the accident of the doubloons; and the men who dug his grave for him were now in their own.

"It all come 'long ob me being such a mighty good pusson," explained Marse Martin to his future grandfather-in-law after his great escape. "When tiefs fall out, dat's whar de honest folk come in. An' de money mine by de law ob de land, 'cause I de last live man who found it an' no man hab no claim—dey 'splain all at de Government House to-day."

"De Mudder ob de Rain done ebberying, Samuel," said old Pete, "an' don't yo' forget it."

"Dat so—under de Lord, massa—under de Lord. But me and Annie, we always berry civil to de lady—I promise dat, sar."

The Babu is the unconscious humorist of the East. With well-chosen words and phrases he helps to lighten the monotony of our official life in India. Like Mrs. Malaprop, he is a firm believer in a 'nice derangement of epitaphs'; and not infrequently he is a poet of florid imagination who, above all things and at all costs, must have his rhyme.

Probably more than one English lady in India has received a letter beginning "Holy Mother"; but it was reserved for a well-known general, who was at the time head of the Mule Transport Corps at Simla, to be addressed as "Almighty Ass-Master." Equally quaint was a letter sent to a certain Deputy Commissioner in the Punjab, which commenced with "My Lord, my saviour and my what-not," and concluded with "May the Almighty give you everlasting L. S. D."

Our friend the Babu, anxious to obtain some post in an office, may possibly begin his petition with the assertion that in attending to his duties he has always been "punctual as a tick". Undue modesty is not in the nature of his composition; and he will go on to detail his numerous virtues and accomplishments, not omitting to mention how "on the advent of the Great War" he "took the sword, and became clerk in Military Accounts Department."

He invariably has a large number of relations dependent on him—his 'family members'—and it may be that he will inquire how 'on his exiguous salary' he can 'make the two ends of his grandmother meet'. The question would seem to be unanswerable.

It is his policy to assume that something will be done for him; and he will write to his patron:

Honored Sir:—During my father's life-time having been well-petted and well-breaded, I now knock at your honour's mercy clean and clothed in white. In short I depend on you and God, having no cousin or other relation.

The letter of a clerk in an Indian firm of tailors to a customer who had complained that his breeches, instead of being patched inside and fine-drawn, had been repaired with a large circular patch of bright-coloured hairy flannel applied to the outside, ran as follows:

We warn your Honour that if trousers be washed, the flannel of new seats will fade to old colour. But if your Honour does not approve new flannel in old seats, we will remove it and return the trousers *without seats*.

Curious misunderstandings of English words were those of the gentleman who explained that he had at present no son, because his wife was "impregnable," and of the Indian veterinary surgeon who wrote:

I have brought the horse time and again for your Honour's perusal, I think he is prone to suckle wind.

The description of a lady as "a female woman of the opposite sex" is perhaps surpassed in excellence by the description of a baker of English bread as a "European Loafer."

Letters concerned with domestic matters afford a fruitful hunting ground for Babuisms, and are frequently somewhat embarrassing. The present writer has before him a letter to a friend which includes this remarkable passage:

"I would suggest of you finding a respectful lady for marriage, because it is absolutely necessary for everybody to hand over charge of the world to his sons; and in the absence of a wife children are not expected."

'Best salaams to the prolonged baby' occurred in a letter of congratulation to a young couple recently blessed with twins; but whether the writer intended to congratulate them on the advent of the 'longed-for baby' or meant to imply that twin babies placed end to end were greater in length than a single gift from the Stork, we shall never know.

No one save a Bengali student could have written (in a college magazine), "With a last lingering look at the abode of his birth he gave motion to his legs with a gesticulation rather automatically without aim or destination." The person in question must have possessed curious extremities, for further on, we read: "The former giant in structure, but short in sight, saluted his friend with a dash of his legs."

The excuse of a firm of polo-stick-makers for non-compliance with an order is amusing: "The delay is due to the death of our grandmother, which is to be excused. For when the Maker calls the Make, what can we be doing?"

The mail-bag of the Collector of a District often yields strange communications, usually anonymous. One writer may complain of the conduct of certain rowdy young students "engaged in a bacterious plot to tease women and young chaps," adding the warning that "if these young bacteria are not stunted in their infancy, they will be highly perilous." Another anonymous correspondent may request that action be taken on the ground that

"We have prayed for this man's destruction, but not a single hair of his head has become curved. Having sucked our blood, he now proceed to squeeze our bones. If you do not believe me, then cut my throat and the throat of all my family members with your own fair hands."

The railway station Babu occasionally provides

parabulum for the diligent collector of Babuisms. He dearly loves the railway regulations, which he knows by heart; but he can be relied upon to get over a difficulty:

"How much shall I have to pay for freight?" was asked by an inquirer anxious to despatch by train an artificial leg sewn up in sacking. "There is no special provision for such goods, sir," was the reply, "but I am booking as musical instrument."

Among Babuisms from the law-courts are these: "My opponent, feeling that he has gone too far, has cleverly burnt his boots," and "My client is not a shuttlecock running from pillar to post." The written argument of counsel for the defence in an assault case contained this paragraph:

"The slight and trifling injuries of this Hindu lady indicate that they were not caused by the appellants, my clients. They seem to be the result of blows given by brotherly hands (or hand) who had maternal love behind to dwindle the face of anger."

The Indian press and the Indian politician sometimes add to one's collections. In the advertisement columns of a newspaper we find a Rajput Hindu widower seeking "a lady of kind habits, healthy and most attractive, without any kind of sorrow. Widow from infancy or unmarried woman will do."

Another advertiser makes inquiries for "respectable Parents having an Intelligent Noble Daughter" for "an enlightened Son-in-Law (England-returned). Sure millions income. Will prove rare Son-in-Law, really True-Companion."

A somewhat drastic suggestion was that of a speaker on the Habitual Offenders Bill, who declared: "If a man be convicted of a crime, let him be nailed to the counter."

It is however in matters ceremonial and in his poetry that the unconscious humour of the Babu appears in all its glory. 'Tell Father We Are Happy,' was the legend over a triumphal arch which much amused our King and Queen when they visited Lahore during their tour of India some years ago, in addition to which there was a large "Welcome" over the European Cemetery.

"God bless Mr. Smith!" was the gratifying expression of good-wishes on an arch erected in honour of the visit of a popular deputy commissioner to a small town, and further on, as a compliment to his lady, "God help Mrs. Smith!"

Sometimes the City Fathers, with a commendable desire to save public funds, will exercise thrift in the matter of the decorations; and on one occasion an arriving governor of the Bombay Presidency (who landed a few days after his predecessor, owing to illness, had been obliged to sail for England), was somewhat astonished at being greeted with "God Speed You Home To Your Firends!" With an eye to economy, the city fathers had made the same set of decorations serve for both the departure and the arrival.

When, like Mr. Wegg, our friend the Babu "drops into poetry," his main endeavour is to find a rhyme—a rhyme of some sort! The classic illustration of his fertility of resource in this direction is the verse:—

Oh come, my Love, oh come!
Of Love you are the sum!
I love you to Heart's bot-tom!
Come!

Eastern hospitality to a guest is proverbial: and, when Mr. Montagu last visited India, the bard of an Indian State, where a great shooting party had been arranged, announced that

The animals, too, in honour of Secretary of State,
Were ready to sacrifice their lives—at any rate!

This assurance on behalf of the animals may have been due to mere poetic license, but the bard achieved his rhyme.

At another festivity, printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, and handed round to the principal guests, was this effusion:

Each year God bless you more and more
With Garden Parties from his bounteous store!

But, without doubt, the gem of the present writer's collection is a fragment from a poem written on "The Death of Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria." If ever there was a Queen beloved of her people, that queen was Victoria, and the people the people of India. At the present day, even in the most truculent organs of extremist opinion, the Queen-Empress is invariably referred to as "the Good Queen" or "the Great White Queen;" and we must believe that the poet wrote with the utmost respect and reverence when he penned the extraordinary couplet:

Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes!
Into the Tomb the Good Queen dashes!

Anything more foreign to the habits of the Great White Queen it would be difficult to conceive, but the poet required a rhyme.

A. A. IRVINE.

Nineteenth Century,
August, 1922.

★ ★ OBI: A Murder Mystery and an Obeahman. ★ ★

(BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.)

WESTON WYNNE rode a hired horse through the wild lands lying behind Scarborough, in Tobago. He constantly fell into thought and forgot the surrounding scene; but, if he did so, the lazy creature under him appeared mysteriously to know it. 'Napoleon,' instantly aware when his rider's attention deserted him and his operations, slowed down and occasionally stopped dead, with his nose in the green luxuriance of the wayside. Then Wynne returned to himself once more, rated 'Napoleon' and pushed forward again.

They came to a fair place presently, where streams of pure, bright water wound through the woods and flashed like silver under the gorgeous colours of a tropical wilderness. Great trees decked with veils of lichen and adorned with white orchid blossoms hung over the rivulet; anthuriums, vast-leaved philodendra, ferns and trailing parasites innumerable covered the banks with a tangle of lush life; and upon many a bough and branch, where their flying seeds had fastened, there clustered little grey dog-pines in sprightly companies. The hill-side was rich in wild plantain, wild indigo, guinea grass, cotton, cashew palms and cabbage palms; one tree on the stream brink glowed with purple flowers, and other lesser shrubs beneath it flashed feathery red-gold through the green. A king-bird like a little image of new bronze, sat on a stone by the water, and sugar-birds and humming-birds made the hot air glitter with their sparkling shapes.

The stream itself reminded the young traveller of little rivers in his native land. He had seen such in Devon, though here another sort of volcanic boulder took the place of the granite. The waters bustled merrily along with whirls and eddies, with flashing falls and still, placid reaches that mirrored the flaming flora of the banks; but, instead of brake and bramble and heather, here were ferns and tangles of stephanotis or allamanda.

Weston Wynne was come to the West Indies on a sad errand. Roland Wynne, his father, the overseer of the Fort King George Sugar Factory, had suddenly disappeared from his home. That accidental death had overtaken him appeared certain, for ample evidences of the fact were recorded. All particulars reached the dead man's son by letter and since Roland Wynne had many interests in Tobago, and the lawyers seemed unwilling to wind up his affairs, Weston Wynne, a partner in a London stockbroking firm, determined to go abroad and settle matters on the spot.

A sum of ten thousand pounds was involved, and he alone had interest in the estate.

The young man hardly knew his father, for he had been sent home soon after his third year, and with the exception of a visit to Tobago when he left school at fifteen years old and before he went into an office, he had never seen him. That was twelve years ago, and he only remembered a brown, taciturn man who spoke little, but was always kind and generous. He recollected their excursions together. The father had ridden everywhere with his boy, showed him the works and the various enterprises in which he was interested, had taken him to see his few friends, who left no impression on his mind and to visit an ancient native Obeah man—an experience that the lad never forgot. Toby Pierce the strange creature was called, and Wynne remembered still his den—a grotesque place full of things that to the lad's intelligence had seemed weird and horrible indeed.

Weston recollected how Toby Pierce had been useful to his father, for the cult of Obeah was a living myth yet, and the youth remembered what his father told him on that former visit. His memory even recalled the identical words spoken, though as a boy he had missed their irony.

"Time has not rooted his primitive faith out of the Ethiopian's mind. Quashie treasures his aboriginal gods and demons quite as much as any that the missionaries have presented him with. But our negroes mix their creeds and take what they like from each. When a man or woman dies, the 'loup-garou' has to be reckoned with, you know—a vampire creature that is drawn to a dead nigger like a cat to fish. I've often heard the mourners singing through a long night to scare away loup-garou with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. So ancient and modern join hands and superstition is justified of her children from generation to generation. Loups-garou take off their skins when at work and hide them at the roots of a silk-cotton tree. Naturally it is very desirable to find these skins, because without them the monsters die—catch a chill, I expect. I've never found one yet, but perhaps you will, Weston, if you hunt carefully. Myself, I have the greatest respect for Obeah and Pierce is an old friend of mine. We used to have epidemics of thievery in this island, and Christianity and the Eighth Commandment were powerless to stop them. The cane disappeared by the hundred-weight till Toby

* The "Old Hige" of Jamaica.

Pierce came to me and promised to settle the matter for a stiff consideration. And he kept his word. The old black devil put Fort King George plantations under Obeah—a high-sounding performance, though it merely consisted in tying empty bottles and bright-coloured rags and rubbish on sticks all round the estate. But he was right—we never lost another cane."

Weston Wynne had spent two months with the harbour-master of Tobago, an old friend of his father, and now, his affairs completed, was about to return home. The properties that accrued to him on Roland Wynne's death were not to his taste as investments, and he had already completed operations for the sale of shares in a large local, agave-hemp estate, found a purchaser for a grove of coco-nut palms beside the sea, and sold considerable gardens of cocoa and nutmeg, which local men were willing to take off his hands. In the course of his business with certain merchants and magnates of the island, Wynne had detected a general attitude not wholly friendly to his vanished parent. Himself, he was still under thirty—a frank and straightforward young man the junior partner in a prosperous business—and Roland Wynne it was who had bought him the partnership and laid the foundations of a successful career. Half the dead man's capital went to that enterprise, and the son entertained nothing save regard for the memory of a generous father; but he found his own natural affection not widely reflected at Tobago. None, indeed, in his hearing spoke an evil word against the dead; but, at best, his former companions were indifferent; at worst, they implied to Weston's sensitive ear a measure of dislike and disrespect. His host was evasive when he remarked on this experience.

"Think nothing of it," said Teddy Rice, the harbour-master, an Irishman. "Your father kept himself to himself and neither sought nor cultivated friends. In business he was frankly a hard man. He let nothing he could shift or circumvent come between him and his purpose. He was too clever for us here, and there are men among us who have a long memory for a bad deal. Nobody has any quarrel with you, at any rate and I can assure you that most of us were sorry enough when he came by his tragic end—sorry enough and surprised enough."

The taking off of Roland Wynne had been strange, and his son found a local suspicion that the apparent manner of it differed widely from the truth.

For two days the vanished planter was reported missing from his home; then his clothes were found on a lonely beach at the north side of the island. They lay on a rock fifty yards from the limit of the sea and from this spot footmarks extended to the water. These left no distinct impression in the soft sand, but suggested that Wynne, suddenly tempted to bathe, had followed his inclination and never returned to the shore. His horse stood tethered under the shadow of trees a quarter of a mile distant, and it was through the neighing of the creature that searchers had first been drawn to the spot. Once in the sea, Wynne might have died of cramp or shock, or he might have been destroyed by a shark. But the improbability of the overseer riding to this lonely spot and deliberately entering the water seemed so extreme that none felt satisfied that the circumstantial evidence could be trusted.

The harbour-master dilated on this subject for the benefit of Roland Wynne's son.

"If his watch and purse had been missing, then we might fairly have argued a crime; but they weren't. He had, as you know, ten pounds in gold in his pocket and his gold watch and chain as well. Also that pocket-book you had. Some men thought, and still think, that your father did away with himself; but I'm not one of them. He wasn't that sort at all and I'm sure found his life very well worth living. But to me the grand mystery is why on earth he wanted to go bathing. That was a most fantastic and unlikely amusement for a man of his age and habits."

"That's a question of fact I suppose? He must have done it," said Weston. "He may have been suffering from the heat and taken a sudden fancy for a swim, for I remember when I was a boy out here one winter he taught me to swim in the bathing pool."

"He never suffered from heat in his life" answered Rice, "and no more did another man who came to an end in exactly the same way. That's another story fifteen years old—and yet we ancient Tobagans were reminded of it by your father's death, because it is an identical mystery and was never explained and never will be. Yes, it's fifteen years ago at least since Bertram Stockley vanished off Tobago. And he went bathing too, and his clothes were found not half-a-mile from where they found your father's. Stockley was a coco-nut grower—an amiable sort of chap without enemies. And then, again, he was well over seventy when he disappeared—a man as likely to go bathing as a land crab. Everything appeared quite straightforward at his death, too, and the tragedies are parallel in almost all particulars, save that in Stockley's case no horse was involved. He lived on that side of the island and his home wasn't a mile from where he disappeared."

"Is there any possible way of connecting the two incidents?" inquired the young man; but the other shook his head.

"I wondered the same thing, but nobody here sees any link, except that in both cases the circumstantial evidence points to a most unlikely accident. Black

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men go into the water with comparative impunity, though they've been snapped up sometimes; but that an experienced white should take the chances, and above all such men as these, is wildly improbable. For my part, I doubt if either of them ever went near the water."

So the matter stood, and while Wynne mourned his father's end and would have made every effort to solve the problem had opportunity offered, it was impossible that he could feel any deep emotion or reach such sorrow as he must have endured in different circumstances. His father was no more than a well-loved name to him, not a personality.

He rode now on an excursion to amuse himself and the little stream reminded him that here, in his boyhood, he had come with his father to see a famous wizard who lived near by. To his youthful eyes Toby Pierce had seemed a creature of infinite age, and forgetting the point of view, he doubted not that the negro was long dead.

Some negroes were filling calabashes with water at the river, and Weston, drawing up his lazy horse, chatted with them. They loved to talk and were full of local information, for the most part untrustworthy. Sometimes they contradicted each other and argued shrilly together. Once or twice the rider confounded them himself and volunteered the truth respecting the names of plants and other things. When he did so, the girls fell in with his opinion at once, and agreed that he was right and they were wrong.

"Dat so, Massa—Massa too clebber!" they said.

He asked them whether they knew anybody called Toby Pierce.

"He used to live out this way; though I expect that was before your time," said the visitor; but then the water-carriers all spoke at once and assured him they knew Toby and that he was very much alive.

"Him terrible ole, secret man, sar—most dangerous ole man—you no' go near him—he Obi man an' do fearful tings!"

"I'm not afraid of him, Jane," answered Weston, "he won't hurt me. I thought he must be dead years ago."

"Obi man him nebber die, sar—de Debble look after him," said another girl.

"Where does he live, that's what I want to know?"

They pointed the way and, giving them money to buy cakes, Weston left the party, rode on and followed a rough track that presently abandoned the stream to climb up a little secluded knoll at the very edge of the jungle. On the summit there stood a negro dwelling—one somewhat larger than most. Its walls were dirt colour and the roof was thatched with palm leaves. The place came back to the traveller's vision unchanged after the absence of years, and he well remembered arriving there on a pony beside his father.

The spot was silent, the house of the Obi doctor very lonely. No sign of life appeared before the open door, but fragments of things that had lived adorned it, for on either side of the entrance lay a bullock's skull bleached silver-white by the suns of many years. A patch of sweet potatoes and a pomegranate-tree stood beside the hut, and the estate of Toby Pierce also comprised a few banana clumps, where hung some heavy clusters of fruit. His boundaries were marked by a wire fencing on which danced feathers and depended old beer bottles at intervals of three yards. Within this zone no man might enter uninvited, and it is certain that no black man would have done so; but Weston Wynne felt no fear. His only interest was psychological and centred in the consciousness that these things, long faint in memory, now flashed sharply out again. He tethered his horse at the fence, strode over it and walked towards the hut. Then he lifted his voice and shouted:

"Massa Pierce—Massa Toby Pierce!"

He was answered, and a very singular human being appeared from behind the hut. The creature carried an old rifle and wore nothing but a pair of tattered pants and a necklace of white teeth. He was very ancient and his ribs made a gridiron of his lean breast. His limbs were leather and bone, and so thin was he that the bones threatened to break the skin. His scanty wool was reduced to white tufts over his ears, and a tangled network of furrows and deep lines scarred his shrunken face over which shone the dome of his skull. His deep-seated black eyes shone brightly, and his countenance was alert and intelligent, despite its ugliness.

"Who want Toby?" he asked. "Who you, sar? Dis my land yo' walk on."

"You don't remember me? How should you? Yet I've been in your house before to-day, Toby."

"I no' 'member, massa," he answered, looking intently at the visitor.

"But you remember my poor father. It was he who brought me to see you ten years and more ago, when I was a youngster."

"What his name, den?"

Toby showed a good deal of independence and was not much interested in the stranger. But soon his manner changed, and on hearing that the son of Roland Wynne stood before him, he became much more alive.

"My father died strangely, you know, and I came out here to settle his affairs. And I remember that he thought a lot of you, Toby, so I decided that I'd look you up before I sailed."

"Me Gard! Yo' Marse Wynne's son?"

"I am. He brought me here to see you when I was a child, and told me how clever you were in frightening the niggers away from the sugar-cane."

"Well, well! Yo' Marse Wynne's boy—dat so? Poor gem'man. Berry sad him die."

"I can't understand it Toby. What did you make of it?"

Toby reflected and shook his withered head.

"A dam bad business, sar. I say nuffin, but I fink a lot."

"And another chap, they tell me, disappeared in the same way years ago."

"Dey 'member 'bout dat? Him go same way as po' Marse Wynne. Dar's wicked men in Tobago sure 'nuff."

Toby appeared to be full of mystery, and the other scented light. He began to wonder whether he might be on the track of his father's murderers, and even imagined that the ancient man before him knew more than he chose to tell.

"If there was foul play, Toby, I'd pay a pretty long price to get to the bottom of it. Those who knew my father best don't for a moment believe he ever went down to bathe in the sea."

Toby Pierce nodded and mumbled to himself.

"Dar plenty hid; but who care what one ole man say?"

"You know something, Toby?"

"Wait here, Marse Wynne," answered the other. "You go see yo' horse him tie up safe—den you come in and I tell you what happen to yo' farder. I know—I know—I know whar him am dis minute!"

"Good God! Not alive?"

"No, sar—him gone plenty dead. I tell you 'bout him an' I tell you who kill him. You wait dar an' I call you in one, two minute."

The ancient hopped off into his den, leaving the rifle at the door. He was lame, but moved with great agility. The young man felt dazed before the thought of a coming revelation, and marvelled what it might be. Already he wondered if one among those he had met in Tobago would prove to be his father's enemy. Had he already shaken the hand responsible for Roland Wynne's death? But the negro might know nothing, and lie to gain some private end or make some money.

Toby had hardly disappeared before he was back again.

Already Wynne's hopes cooled, for nothing but patent greed now sat in the old man's face.

"One ting 'fore you come in my house," he said. "You pay me for what I tell?"

"Yes, I will. If you can bring me face to face with my father's murderer and prove it, I'll give you plenty of money."

"Hundred pound, sar?"

"Yes, Toby."

"I Obi man—I wise. Nobody done quarrel wid me—dey frighten'."

"I'm not frightened—nor was my father. He was your friend. Obi's all humbug, and you know it is, Toby."

Toby laughed—a loud, cracked chuckle.

"Dat so, massa—you too clebber for poor ole nigger. But you no' tell de folk I humbug dem."

"They wouldn't believe me if I did."

They entered and it was some moments before the visitor's eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. Then weird and bizarre objects thrust upon his gaze from every side. Dead creatures haunted the place and were propped in corners or hung on the walls with a hideous semblance of living. Festoons of eggs and empty bottles depended from the roof; skins of animals and birds littered the floor; strange, malodorous smells greeted Wynne's nostrils.

There was a square of red glass let into the ceiling, and from it across the velvet gloom fell a flaming eye of light upon a three-legged table with a copper face. A lump of glass lay here and flashed as though red-hot. Filth, mystery and darkness shared the hole, and across one corner was hung a curtain which concealed Arcanum—the holy of holies. Near it squatted a little, black almost naked woman, with a dirty red garment drawn over her middle. Her eyes were shut, and the visitor perceived her face shrunken, with an appearance of infinite age. She sat quite motionless and appeared to be as dead as the other fragments of animal mortality—shrivelled apes and bloated reptiles—perched around her.

So, indeed, it proved.

"Dat my po' wife, sar—she mummy—she die, an' I lub her too well to put her in de ground, so I stuff po' Mamie—an' dar she sit. She alway berry quiet lady; but now she nebber say nuffin—po' gal!"

Weston stared at the corpse and edged farther away from it. Obi was doubtless all rubbish, as he had affirmed and Toby allowed; but he could well understand the psychological effect of such a den on any ignorant mind. He liked it little himself. There was something magnetic and mesmeric about Toby. Wynne felt it.

Drawing a chair, Massa Pierce dusted it and begged his visitor to be seated. Then he cleared the little brass table.

"I fetch gem'man a drink, den I tell him who kill his farder," said Toby. "I tank God Him send Marse Wynne's son to hear 'bout it."

He brought out two calabash bowls, a bottle of Hollands, and a jar of water. Then, pouring the spirit

into the bowls, he added water and drank from his own.

"Good luck an' berry long life sar. An' now I tell him dat it Marse Teddy Rice, de harbour-massa—dat dam villain kill your farder I prove 'bout it. Him pretend him friend, an' he kill him."

"Rice! Good Lord, Toby, what a mad idea! The last person on earth to do such a thing—my father's best friend in Tobago."

"I hab de proof, sar. I fetch dem for you. Drink de Hollands—yo' farder gib me dat bottle an' plenty udder bottles. I no' get no more now him gone."

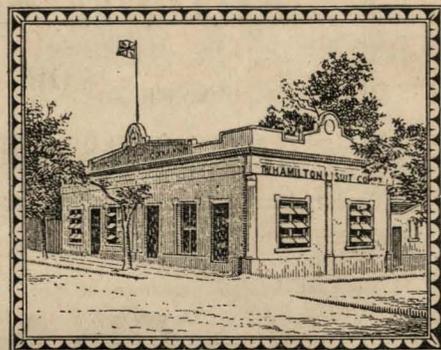
Toby emptied his own calabash, then rose and went behind the curtain. Weston heard a door shut. He sat bewildered, and felt that he was breathing some creepy essence. He gasped and felt his blood beating through his arteries.

It seemed unspeakably mad to suggest that Rice could have had any hand in his father's death; and yet the knowledge that no accident had destroyed Roland Wynne did not astonish the young man. His mind moved slowly, heavily.

Something in the foul air of Toby's den made him drowsy. He felt thirsty, too, for his own flask had been emptied long ago. He lifted his calabash. Toby had not returned, but he heard the sound of a man digging outside. Then he prepared to drink, and the bowl was actually at his lips when his eyes happened

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to fall on the mummy of the woman in the corner, and he saw that her eyes were open.

A moment before they had been glued together in the puckered and withered face; a moment afterwards they were glued together again. Not a sign or tremor of life was revealed by the creature, but he could have sworn that she had looked at him.

Something as near to fear as he had ever felt took young Wynne at his waistband. He knew by a sudden, deep premonition that he stood in great danger, and panic terror nearly lifted him from his seat and sent him flying to his horse.

But he mastered it, called upon his reason, and made that play servant to the intuition that now warned him of peril. What the peril might be and how he had incurred it he could not guess. For a moment his mind flew to the other extreme and he was inclined to laugh at himself and his hallucination.

But reason saved the situation, for he was a reasonable man, without much imagination or power of dreaming in his waking hours. He believed himself in danger, yet knew not in the least its nature. Yet he could trust his eyes. The creature in the corner by the curtain was alive, and she had certainly been watching him.

She must not know that he had marked her; he must proceed as though unsuspecting. He turned his back on her, took out his flask poured some of the contents of the calabash into it, whistled cheerfully, and then shouted out to Toby:

"Come on, old boy; I want another drink."

Then he lifted the calabash to his mouth and made a sound as though emptying the contents down his throat, though in reality he avoided doing so.

His manoeuvre met with an immediate and terrifying response. He heard a scream behind him, and turned to see Toby's wife leap from her chair and rush away. The little monster yelled at him:

"Yo' dead! Yo' dead man!"

Then she cried to Toby:

"Him drink—him drink de calabash. Dig him grave, Toby!"

He heard a laugh outside, and Massa Pierce went on with his operations.

Wynne's first instinct was to fight; but he knew not what powers the Obi doctor might have in reserve. He made a bolt, therefore dashed after Mamie, who had joined her husband, and, running to the fence, mounted his horse and flogged the astonished steed into a gallop.

It seemed however, that he was not to escape, for his hasty departure and power to mount the horse told the enemy that no drop from the fatal calabash had passed his victim's lips.

He snatched up his rifle, which stood at the door, and at a range of less than fifty yards fired at Wynne just as his steed broke into a gallop. The horse reared and the man fell off. Then the frightened creature galloped away, and Massa Pierce, putting another cartridge into his weapon, came limping down to finish the victim if necessary.

But from this moment fortune ceased to smile on the Obi man, and Wynne, in a fury of passion, leapt from the ground at his approach, dashed upon him, and tore the gun from his hand. It was the horse, not the rider that had been hit, and, with the muzzle of his own rifle at the small of his back, Toby was now driven to trudge the six long miles that separated his habitation from the port.

The negro passed the time for his captor, and poured undying hate and the reason for it into the young man's ear. It was not a long story, and that night, when Toby lay safe in Scarborough gaol and half-a-dozen black policemen had set out to catch Mamie and find the stricken horse, Wynne gave the harbour-master particulars of his adventure, and then proceeded to Toby's own narrative.

"I hope the old devil was lying," he said, "for he's told me something that will darken my days for ever, if it's true. It may be, though nobody can prove the truth of it now my father is dead.

"For some time, when he found the game was up, the old brute said nothing. Our progress was slow, because he is lame and could only crawl. He wanted night to come down and give him a chance to make a bolt; but we fell in with a couple of policemen, and though they were evidently frightened out of their wits at Toby, they did as I bade them and kept me company till I got him to the station and saw him under lock and key.

"It seems, according to him, that he and my father were very thick many years ago, and that he was very useful to my father in all sorts of blackguard ways. I never will believe it, for if it's true there must have been a side to my father I neither knew nor guessed at—or anybody else I should hope. But he says that he and my father were hand and glove, and that he did many a dirty trick and was useful to my father over and over again, and put away more than one nigger for him. He asked me who bought Bertram Stockley's coco-nut grove when he was supposed to be drowned fifteen years ago, and, of course, I knew that my father did. Then he swore he put away Stockley, and that the man never went near the sea, but lies buried in his own compound outside his den. And—it's horrible, Rice—he says my father fell out with him a month before he died, and turned on him, and stopped certain payments and so on, knowing that Toby's word could do him no harm and would not be believed against him. If that's true, it's terribly

clear that my father did not guess how strong and agile the old wretch is still. At any rate, he doomed himself by that quarrel. Toby waited his time and cringed, and never let my father guess what he meant to do. Then, after stalking him for some weeks, he got him on a lonely ride and shot him through the head, as he tried to shoot me. He took his horse and his clothes where they were found, and buried him with the other. That can be proved or disproved, of course."

"And why did he want to poison you?" asked Teddy Rice.

"Because I am my father's son. As soon as he heard that, he hated me, and was determined to settle me too. So he got me in and hatched the yarn about you to distract my mind and make me forget him. What kept me from drinking was the accidental glint in that old hag's eye. He'd set her to watch that I drank, because, no doubt a mouthful would have had me down and out in a twinkling, and when she shut her eyes again, not guessing I'd seen them open, I tumbled to it all in a flash, and acted accordingly. Some of the liquor he meant for me is still in my flask. And one thing's certain—the money I had for the coco-nut trees must be given to any heirs of poor Stockley who are known to exist."

"Your father paid for the trees my boy."

"It's an awful thing—hard to believe for a son."

"A man doesn't choose his own father, anyhow. But don't be too inquiring, my dear Wynne. Naturally the people here weren't going to speak against the dead to you; and for my part I liked Roland very well, though I couldn't help knowing he was a bit of a buccaneer in his methods. He was always straight enough with me. But you can speak of him as you found him, and think of him as you remember him."

"He was a rare good father anyway, Rice."

"Then let it go at that. We can prove whether Toby was lying, though I don't think he was, myself. We shall get at the truth when he is tried at Trinidad."

But Toby Pierce was never tried. He escaped judgment and sentence, for a negro warder peeping into his solitary cell after midnight, found the old reprobate had strangled himself with his waistbelt.

Teddy Rice was wont to tell the end of the tale in his own fashion.

"In death they were not divided, and after Mamie saw her husband marched away by young Wynne she knew the game was up, and had poisoned herself before the boys got to her.

"As for the rest, they found the Obi man's garden-patch a proper bone-yard. There was poor Roland Wynne right enough with a bullet-hole bored through his head, alongside a skeleton we took to be Stockley's. And half-a-dozen niggers slept their last sleep close at hand. Toby, sure of his prey, was already digging another grave for our young friend when he gave him the slip. No, we haven't encouraged Obi since then. Any nigger starting that racket in Tobago will get himself disliked. This is a very advanced island nowadays. As for me, I was only sorry for the visitor. It's a nasty jar to find your father such a shady customer—especially if you're dead straight yourself. A pity every way, because Weston Wynne will always be a bad advertisement for the West Indies, and we need all the friendship we can get from England in these hard times. We're like my native Ulster—want to stick to her, if she'll let us. But there'll be the deuce to pay if she tries to square her American debts with us. Faith Tobago won't stand for it! She'll rise like one man."

IN A "SMOKER."

There was a good story told about Frank Lockwood, the distinguished lawyer and politician, and how he tried to teach behaviour to a fellow-passenger. He was travelling in a first-class smoking compartment, smoking a pipe. There were two strangers in the carriage, smoking cigars. One of them, in an offensively loud voice, said to his friend, "What bad form it is for a man to smoke a pipe in a first-class compartment! Lockwood said nothing at the time, but when he had finished his pipe, he knocked out the ashes, and, turning to the speaker, he said, "That remark of yours, sir, bears only one interpretation—that you intend to offer me a cigar." The stranger, very much taken aback, produced his cigar-case and handed it to Lockwood, who examined each cigar, holding it to his ear and cracking it; then, after smelling the case, he handed it back to its owner, saying: "Thank you, sir; I prefer my pipe."

IT HAD TO BE HOT.

Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador to Great Britain from 1899 to 1905, lawyer and scholar, was distinguished for his ready wit. When a friend, calling upon him on a broiling summer day, found him working in an office with a big fire burning, and told him that the place was as hot as an oven, he expressed his regret, but added that it ought to be so, as he made his bread there."

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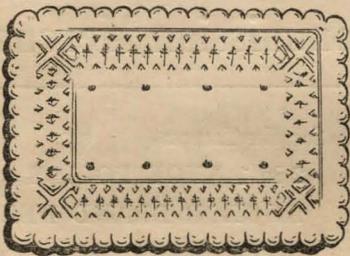
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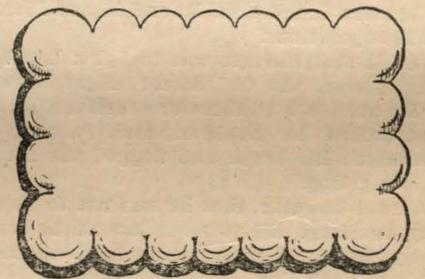
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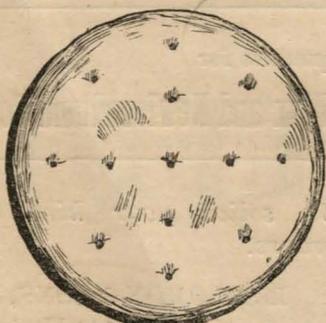
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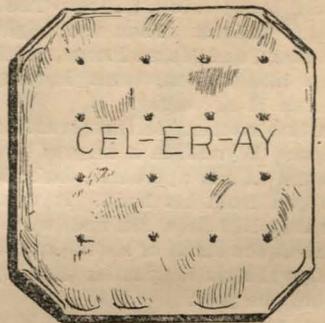
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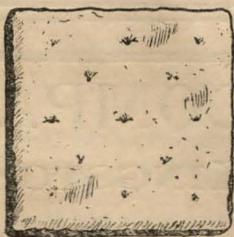
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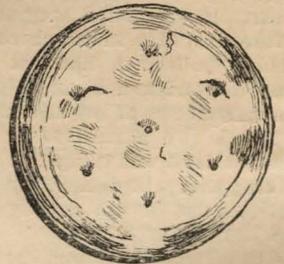
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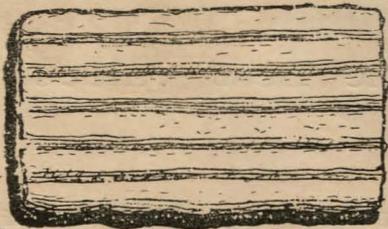
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CLAUDE SOUZA

The Child, the Wife, and the Father

HOW A PARENT'S AND HUSBAND'S OBLIGATIONS ARE BROUGHT HOME.
A GREAT AND GROWING INSURANCE AGAINST THE FUTURE.

MANY a man, on entering a house or a business office in Jamaica, must have noticed a large and attractive calendar on the wall, with a striking illustration which rivets the attention at once. It may be that the picture is of a little girl, bright, chubby, with heaven in her eyes, with beauty



R. B. HARRIS.

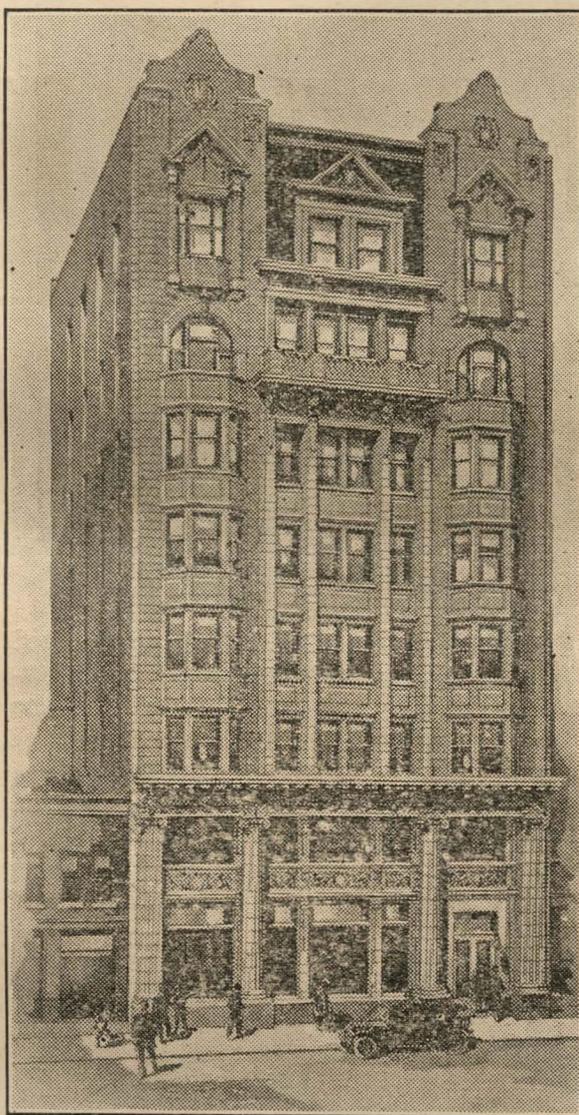
in her countenance. One looks, admiring, and then one reads the writing on this calendar. This is daddy's little girl, he reads, and what will become of her if daddy dies and leaves her penniless? A question to make a father pause! The moral leaps out at him. He is advised, warned, to see that his life is adequately insured for the sake of those whom he should love far better than himself. And repeated admonitions of this kind, with pictures showing a wife distressed, a family with no hope in the world, bring home to many a man's mind his duty towards those for whose future he is so much responsible.

It is in this way, and in others, that the Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada advertises; in this way that it has brought thousands of people to insure against death, old age, the contingencies of the days to come. It is a wonderful organisation; it has grown greatly and is growing. It does an immense amount of business in Jamaica. And it will do still more.

It has been extremely fortunate in many respects. It is fortunate in its local agents. These are Messrs. Manton & Hart, a firm of lawyers and insurance agents whose name stands high in the local business world, and whose personality has been so great a factor in building up the Company's Jamaica business.

Twenty-nine years ago the Imperial Assurance Company was incorporated in Canada, and for nearly twenty years it has been operating in Jamaica. All this time it has given complete satisfaction, as much by its methods in Jamaica as by its immensely strong position in the Insurance world. The Policyholders' net surplus fund over all liabilities amounts to-day to more than two and a quarter million dollars, and far exceeds the surplus held by other companies of longer standing in the Dominion. Ninety per cent. of the Company's surplus arising from participating policies is apportioned among its policyholders. Thus each policyholder is a partner in an institution which combines the strength of a stock company with the benefits of a mutual organisation.

The local office of the company is authorised and equipped to transact all the local business of the company. Immediately after medical examination, policies are issued here; they may also be surrendered here and the surrender value obtained in cash. There is no tedious delay due to reference to Head Office. Claims on proof of death are paid without any such reference. The Imperial Assurance Company of Canada acts on the spot as promptly as it would in Canada. The local arrangements are perfect. Everything is done with a smoothness and speed which betokens a perfection of business method.



IMPERIAL LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, CANADA.

The great objection which some persons have urged against insuring in a company with its Head Office in some other country is the delay they may experience if they want a loan on their policies. There is no delay with the Imperial Assurance Company of Canada. Their agents, Messrs. Manton & Hart, can deal immediately with any loan. And one may borrow as much as 94 per cent. of the surrender value of a policy.

The capital of this company is one million dollars. From its inception it has paid all its death claims from its interest earnings alone. Its investments have been sound and profitable; thus it has been able to strengthen its financial position until to-day it is unshakable. It has acquired a great reputation in this island. Its policyholders are to be found among every class of our population, and each one of them is an enthusiastic agent on the company's behalf.

Its local canvassers, Mr. Braham Harris

and Mr. R. A. Figueroa, whose portraits appear on this page, are known in every part of Jamaica. They are energetic, intelligent, obliging young men, who made a special study of the Theory of Life Insurance, who spare no pains in explaining what would-be clients would like to know, and make it part of their business to facilitate such persons in every other way. Patience as well as assiduity mark their relations with the public. This the public highly appreciate, and they have practically demonstrated their appreciation.

"Your biggest creditors is your family. They should be adequately secured by life insurance." Thus runs one of "wise saws" of the Imperial Assurance Company of Canada. And here is another: "Every day's delay in insuring your life may mean many years of misery to your family." And yet another: "The man who will not insure his life for the benefit of his wife doesn't deserve to have a wife."

Quite true!

Every year Mr. S. J. Mackie, who is well known in Jamaica, visits this island as the superintendent of the local agency. The President and the Managing Director of the Company, Mr. G. A. Morrow, and Mr. F. J. Weston, have also been here. They will come again, for it is the policy of the Imperial Assurance Company of Canada to keep in personal touch with countries like this which do so large an amount of insurance business with it, and which promises to do a great deal more.

Messrs. Weston and Morrow are greatly impressed with the natural wealth of the soil in Jamaica; and one result of their visits has been the decision to make prudent investments on real estate loans in Jamaica. This



R. A. FIGUEROA.

Company not only endeavours to get business in Jamaica but also to assist in the colony's development. This is impotrant. Jamaica, naturally, does not like a great part of its capital to leave the island; she knows that she still needs money for development. Recognising and sympathising with this feeling, the Imperial Life Assurance Company now advances money on estate here. This is greatly appreciated.

The building of the Imperial Life Assurance Company, a photograph of which we print on this page, is well known in Toronto. Jamaicans visiting that city should pay this handsome edifice a visit.

A GREAT JAMAICA BUSINESS ORGANIZATION

**THE SUGAR WHARF : : : :
HOW IT HAS GROWN AND
WHAT IT IS AT PRESENT.**

A brief Sketch of the firm of Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son, which, established in 1879, has steadily developed since until to-day it is one of the Largest and Best Known West Indian Business Houses.

IN another few years the firm of Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son will celebrate its jubilee. It was founded in 1879 by the late Mr. Fred. L. Myers, it is being carried on by his son, the Hon. Horace Victor Myers, and when its centenary arrives a Myers—direct descendant of its present chief—will doubtless be found at its head. For at the present time Mr. Eustace Myers, the only son of this branch of the family, is studying at a commercial college of the University of Pennsylvania with a view to entering the Jamaica business as soon as his college course shall have been completed.

The idea of the Myerses has been to establish a business which should have the stability and reputation of an institution. This was the ambition of the founder of the firm, and his son, Horace, was brought up with that ambition in his mind. The late Mr. Fred L. Myers had seen many a commercial house develop during the lifetime of one man, and disappear shortly after the death of that man; there had been no continuity about them, no permanence, unless they happened to have been converted into limited liability companies. His aim was different; he believed that commerce, honourably conducted, was a calling worthy of any man, and he wanted his son to follow in his footsteps. Happy in that his eldest boy was not only a young man of keen commercial aptitude, but had received a liberal education and was endowed with great energy and intelligence, Mr. Fred L. Myers was assured before his death that the wish of his life would be fulfilled. It will, indeed, be fulfilled far beyond his most sanguine expectations. For the position of the firm is infinitely superior to-day to what it was when its founder retired. Its development has been enormous, thanks to the driving power and quick appreciation of conditions which are characteristic of Mr. Horace Myers.

The latter has always realised that a big business is not to be built upon narrow foundations. Its chief must not only devote himself to his commercial affairs, but also be a man of the world, coming into close and varied contact with all sorts and classes of people, taking an interest in matters not directly connected with trade, and avoiding that form of selfishness which consists in believing that nothing save the direct making of money should be the pursuit of the business man. The consequence is that we find the present head of Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son a member of the Jamaica Legislative Council, an active worker on various committees formed for social and philanthropic purposes, a man ever ready to give some of his time to public duties. In war work he was conspicuous; for his activities at that time, and the successful efforts he made to enable the Bahamas to send over contingents



THE LATE MR. FRED. L. MYERS, J.P., FOUNDER OF THE FIRM OF FRED. L. MYERS & SON.

of men to join the Jamaica Regiments raised for the War, he was rewarded by his Sovereign with Membership of the Order of the British Empire. But he had no thought of reward when he embarked upon the task of aiding his country to take a proper part in the struggle which was to decide the fate of the British Empire. What he did was in obedience to patriotic impulse and sense of duty.

Of a sunny, hopeful disposition, on the happier side of fifty, blessed with excellent health and with remarkable tenacity of purpose, Mr. Horace Myers, it is safe to say, will continue to develop his business for very many years yet, and will hand it on to his son so established that it will stand for what, in older days, some of the great West Indian Houses stood for in the Mother Country. Indeed, it has already won to that representative position. "The Sugar Wharf" is a name widely known outside of Jamaica, and even in distant Australia "Myers' Rum," has won deserved popularity.

The Sugar Wharf, situated to the west end of Harbour Street, in the city of Kingston, embraces a large area of land to-day. It was nothing like its present size when Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son, after the great earthquake of 1907, removed thither their business, which had previously been conducted in Port Royal Street; but Mr. Horace Myers adopted the policy of adding steadily to the premises by judicious purchases of neighbouring property; in so doing he was thinking of the future as well as of the present, for it is his firm conviction that Jamaica must progress and that all local business will develop with such progress. A wharf means piers with a capacity to accommodate ships of a decent size; it should also have a suitable seawall; it should possess, if possible, facilities for quickly transporting the goods brought to it from various sources. But The Sugar Wharf, originally, was very poorly if at all equipped with any of these modern conveniences. It had only the possibilities of them—land and the sea in front of that land. But here was an excellent opportunity of making a modern West Indian Wharf, and Mr. Myers embraced that opportunity with joy. The pier was lengthened and strengthened; which is only another way of saying that the pier was rebuilt. Work was begun on a seawall. For this purpose a large tract of land had to be reclaimed from the sea, and the contingent expense was considerable. But the firm takes a "long view" of such matters as expenditure for desirable objects. It



THE SUGAR WHARF. TRAIN DISCHARGING CARGO; DROGGERS IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.



HON. HORACE V. MYERS, M.B.E., J.P.

thought of the convenience of the numerous coastwise boats (or droghers as they are called in the West Indies); it knew how greatly these would be assisted by a seawall so constructed that during heavy weather they could lie moored in safety, and could be loaded or discharged with quick ease in ordinary times. So the decision was taken that a seawall The Sugar Wharf should have, and a seawall The Sugar Wharf possesses to-day. It is the only one of its kind in Jamaica.

There remained the question of swift transportation. In Jamaica the wharves are not connected with the public railway system. But The Sugar Wharf lies just next to the chief terminus and station of the Jamaica Government Railway, and if the firm chose to pay the expense, a railway line could be run from the station to the very foot of the pier. This could not be a cheap undertaking. But by merely saving money no business develops. The "long view" came into operation again; negotiations were opened with the Railway's Management; to-day The Sugar Wharf is connected with the Jamaica Government Railway. And the visitor will often see a train of cars being hauled into or from the wharf, laden with produce or with imported goods. The connecting of the wharf with the Railway has already justified itself.

Just off the wharf, to the north, are the West India Saw Mills, which are connected with the wharf and the Railway by a railway line. These Mills form part of the enterprises of Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son. They were acquired in 1919, and since then they have been improved, put under capable expert management, and have been manufacturing a goodly quantity of furniture and ornamental fretwork. Here the valuable native woods of the island, as well as ordinary "deals" and "pines," are fashioned into a dozen useful forms, and a large number of native workmen are kept busily employed.

The aim of the firm, of course, is always to utilise local material and local brains and energy; essentially a West Indian business, it believes in developing whatever is essentially West Indian, whether human or otherwise. For this reason, among others, it has for decades concentrated attention on maintaining the high reputation won by Jamaica Rum in bye-gone days, and so well has it succeeded that "Myers' Rum," is a trade mark of the highest value, while the product itself is even

better than its name. The firm has a distillery of its own; it also has contracts with estates renowned for the high class of the rum they manufacture. Thus, so to speak, there is a constant stream of the best liquor always pouring into the Myers' bonded warehouses, and care is taken that much of this does not leave those warehouses until it has been so thoroughly matured as to deserve the appellation of "Old Rum." To store rum for so many years signifies that a lot of capital has to be locked away; but here, once again, the "long view" comes into play. If you are out to make a fortune in a year or two you will not be concerned about the distant future. But if your ambition and aim be to build up a business to last for decades and generations, it matters very much what sort of goods you sell now and what sort you will have to offer to the public some ten or fifteen years hence. Some commodities are at their best when just manufactured. That is not the case with rum. Hence this close attention to age and maturity which the firm of Fred L. Myers & Son devotes when its rums are in question. The "long view" pays best in the end, if it is properly and wisely taken.

Naturally, the firm is the local agent of many great business houses abroad, and it has always taken care that it represents the best. It has been very fortunate in this respect. A mere list of the businesses it represents will convince anyone who has any knowledge of the standing of business houses elsewhere that Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son have every reason to feel proud of their foreign connections. W. & A. Gilbey's Wines and Spirits; Hennessy's Brandy; Moët & Chandon's Champagne; M. B. Foster's (of Bass & Guinness) Bugle Brand Stout and Beer; Scheweppe's Aerated Waters; J. & J. Colman's Mustard and other manufactures; Vulcan Safety Matches; Riise's St. Thomas Bay Rum; "O. K." Cement; the catalogue could be increased, but these names and articles are sufficient to show that the firm's boast, that it handles only the best, is amply justified. Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son are also agents for the East Asiatic Company which operates Shipping Services in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Their Motor Ship

the "Virginia" of 1,000 tons calls at the Sugar Wharf, Kingston, monthly landing cargo transhipped at St. Thomas from Europe, the Orient, San Francisco &c. and taking island produce to Hamburg, Havre and other places in Europe and elsewhere. During the nearly fifty years of its life the firm has had ample opportunity of proving to itself the wisdom of maintaining a high standard of quality. That has been good business as well as good commercial morality.

But, after all, the great line of the firm's activities is Jamaica produce. It is a great exporter of sugar, of coffee, of cocoa, of pimento and ginger and other products for which this colony is famous. Its well-known slogan, "Myers are Buyers, and also Suppliers," very rightly puts the fact of its purchasing and exporting trade in the first place. Jamaica lives largely by her export trade, and this must be in the hands of skilled and experienced people. Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son have a skill and experience in this line that is surpassed by none. The name of the firm, as "Buyers," is known throughout Jamaica; the peasant a hundred miles from Kingston is well acquainted with The Sugar Wharf, to which he proposes to send his annatto and his ginger; the big planter knows that the next time he goes up to the capital he will arrange a considerable deal in sugar with the head of the firm.

But facts, stated thus, seem tame. To realise the magnitude and variety of the firm's operations, one should be at The Sugar Wharf on a normally busy day. On such an occasion one enters through a huge gate through which carts laden to the limit are constantly passing to and fro; one sees a long line of cars drawn by a sturdy engine filing towards the pier; everywhere are bags upon bags of produce, with scores of men busily sewing them up or marking them, or loading them upon trucks or carts or waggons.

In the warehouses there is also activity. But it is towards the pier that your feet are directed. On each side of the long structure you find ships anchored; one is loading sugar and other produce for some distant port, another is discharging cargo, a third is dumping the glistening salt from Turk's Island or



A BUSY DAY AT THE SUGAR WHARF. LOADING CARGO FOR THE OUTPORTS.

from Inagua, or from the Bahamas on the pier, a few smaller boats are unloading the produce which has been collected from different island outports. There is bustle everywhere, but without noise. And there is no confusion. The direction of all the labour employed at The Sugar Wharf is skilled and competent; everybody knows his job, because everybody has been trained to it. The chief long ago put into practice the precious maxim which every good business man knows to be of value: "Organise, deputise, super-

in the writing of its advertisements, and in the form in which they appear. They are always read, even by people who have no thought of buying from Messrs. Myers or selling to them; but a constant perusal of such literature can in the end have but one effect on the reader's mind: he feels an urge to purchase some of the goods mentioned, to offer to Myers (if he be a producer) some of the things he produces. This inevitably means a steady increase of business. This firm is satisfied that advertising pays; if it

head of the firm would be disappointed if he did not meet him. Now, business must always be, to a certain important extent, a matter of mutual confidence and trust. And such confidence may more easily be established on the basis of personal knowledge than on any other basis. A straight talk with a man will reveal to you something of his character, of his intelligence; and even though you may be deceived at first, a few more interviews will enable you to readjust your first impressions. At the very least, personal in-



THE SUGAR WHARF, SHOWING PART OF THE SEAWALL. STEAMER AND DROGHERS WAITING FOR CARGO.

12462
vise." There it is in three words, and that maxim you will find in full operation at any time at The Sugar Wharf. A good head and a good staff are the essentials of success in any business. They are to be found in the business of Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son.

When there is a large Exhibition, whether in Jamaica or in London or in Toronto, Mr. Myers himself sees to his firm's representation at it; he arranges what is to be done; if possible, he attends the Exhibition himself. He spends much money on his exhibit, he devotes much thinking to it; thus it is that his displays of Jamaica products make always a striking and effective appeal: they are designed with that end in view. Many first-class diplomas have been awarded to the firm at various Exhibitions. At the Toronto Exhibition of 1922 the Myers' Exhibit attracted the favourable attention of thousands of Canadians.

The firm is known as the largest advertisers in Jamaica; constantly it is seeking to find new and effective methods of bringing the commodities it handles to the public's attention. It understands the psychology of advertising, the cumulative effect of skilfully varied repetition. Thus great care is taken

spends largely on this line of its activities, that is because experience has shown that a great business in these modern days must not rest content with its reputation only—though that is of the first importance—but must keep itself prominently in the public eye.

It is not only on organisation and attention to details, as well as paying good prices for products and giving good value for money, that Messrs. Fred L. Myers & Son depend for their success. These might be sufficient, but this firm is not content with these. Mr. Myers himself believes in "the personal touch" in business, has great faith in the efficacy of a personal knowledge of seller and buyer; he does not strive to conduct all his multifarious business operations by correspondence alone; he wishes to see and talk with those with whom he has business relations, or who may desire to develop business relationships with him. You hardly ever call at his office without finding him in conversation with someone, yet callers are never told that they cannot see him. They may not be able to see him at that moment, or even on that day. But an effort is always made to fix an appointment; the visitor is made to feel that he is welcome, and that the

interviews in business tend to establish a friendly feeling between the two parties in such business; you may disagree over a transaction, but that disagreement may be softened by a degree of personal cordiality. And many misunderstandings are to be removed by "talking things over." This principle of "talking things over" has been one long established in the firm of Fred L. Myers & Son since 1879, and in spite of the circumstance that its present head may often be away at the Legislative Council, arrangements can always be, and are, made for seeing the firm's numerous clients—there has been no alteration of this rule.

The firm will continue to grow, to develop, for it cannot stand still. It has never stood still; expansion is the law of its existence, and that law it must obey. And one thing is certain: the people of Jamaica as a whole will watch its expansion and increased success with appreciative interest. A good business is a good friend, and the firm of Fred L. Myers & Son has been a good friend to hundreds and thousands of people in Jamaica.

This firm has determined to make a special exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition.

Wholesale & Retail Dry Goods Merchants

SPECIALISTS
in
Ready-to-wear
Clothing.
Largest
Variety
of
DRY GOODS
in the
Island.

KING STREET,
KINGSTON.

SHERLOCK AND SMITH.

Gents' Hosiery,
Tailors,
Outfitters, etc.

Every Mail
Brings us
The very Latest
and
Newest of
Fashion's Fancies
in the
Dry Goods
World.

Largest Stock of Linens
in Jamaica.

Kingston's Lowest Prices==Always.

THE JAMAICA MINERAL WATERS COMPANY,

THE MOST MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE MINERAL WATER FACTORY IN THE WEST INDIES.

The factory, situated at Nos. 9 to 17 West Street, Kingston, is the last word in the manufacture of high-class Table Waters. This factory is equipped with the latest machinery manufactured by Messrs. Wm. Barnard & Sons, Ltd., of London, and no expense has been spared to supply the Public with PURE MINERAL WATERS.

The sanitary conditions have been carefully studied, and apart from the Freezing Plant which has been supplied by Messrs. Baker & Co., of New York, nothing has been left to make the water, which is the most essential part in manufacturing, free from all contamination. Before being used the water passes through a 36 Candle High Pressure Filter, afterwards through two powerful purifiers. The water which passes through this filter is the same as supplied by the Kingston Municipal Corporation.

This has been found necessary as very often manufacturers have resorted to the use of well-water which as a rule is contaminated by certain refuse. The pipes used for the distribution of the water are all zinc-lined, therefore free from any lead poisoning.

The waters produced in the Mineral Water Department consist of:

- DOUBLE SODA,
- KOLA,
- CREAM SODA,
- GINGER ALE,
- LIME JUICE & SODA,
- DRY GINGER ALE,
- QUININE TONIC,
- GINGER BEER, ETC.



The firm are also recognized bottlers of the celebrated Ward's Crushes, consisting of: Orange Crush, Lime Crush, Lemon Crush, Ginger Crush, Cherry Crush and Grape Crush, which are under the personal supervision of Herbert McGill, late of Eidris & Co., Ltd., of London, Purveyors to H. M. the King.

The Native Wines department is in a position to supply all kinds of Native Wines including Kola Wine, Orange Wine, Sherry Wine, Peppermint Wine, Raisin Wine, Port Wine, Cherry Cordial, etc.

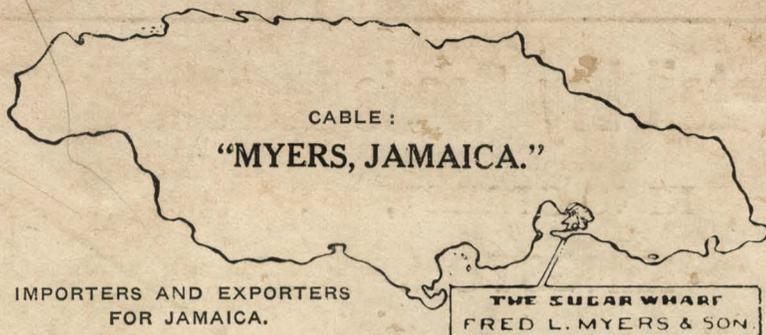
The Rum Department:—Most people consider themselves good judges of Rum, but before passing their opinion they should try the various kinds of the rums manufactured by them, which consist of: Royal Blend, Blue Seal, Red Seal, Yellow Seal and Boxer Brand. In this department St. Thomas Bay Rum is also bottled.

SUGAR.

White Vacuum Pan
 Yellow Vacuum Pan
 Clear Muscovado
 American Granulated.



ESTD. 1879.



RUM.

From Current Crop
 To Well Matured.
 White and Coloured
 From the Best Estates.



IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS
 FOR JAMAICA.

**THE SUGAR WHARF
 FRED L. MYERS & SON**



Shipping Sugar to Canada
 S. S. Caledonia at Messrs Fred L. Myers and Son's Sugar Wharf, Kingston, Ja;
 Sailing Vessels Loading and Unloading Alongside Pier and Sea-wall.

We are Importers and
 Wholesale Headquarters for:-
 Flour: Gold Medal & Monarch.
 Rice: White Siam, White Ran-
 goon, Ballam Brown.
 Cotton Seed Oil.
 Salt: Coarse and Fine.
 Paper: Straw Wrapping.
 Canned Goods and Groceries.
 "It Pays to Deal with Myers".

Importers - Wholesalers,
 Exporters - Wharf-Owners.
 Steamship Agents.
 Wholesale Wine and Spirit
 Merchants.
 Bonded Warehousemen.
 Cable Address:
 "Myers, Jamaica".
 All Codes Used.
 Established 1879.

"MYERS are BUYERS and also SUPPLIERS"

Shipping Facilities.

Agents for East Asiatic Co.
 Monthly Service. Tranship-
 ment at St. Thomas, connect-
 ing Jamaica with
 (a) Europe, including Lon-
 don Hull, Copenhagen, Goth-
 enberg, Christiania, Antwerp,
 Hamburg, Rotterdam and
 Amsterdam;
 (b) Pacific Ports, including
 San Francisco, San Pedro and
 Seattle; and
 (c) The Orient.
 Gasolene and Fuel Oil.

Jamaica Coastwise Service:
 Sailing and Motor Vessels
 weekly from the "Sugar Wharf"
 to all outports.
 Sailing Vessels connecting
 Kingston and Turks Island,
 The Bahamas & Cayman Is.,
 load and unload at our wharf
 regularly.

Wharf Facilities.

Area of Premises: 186,000 sq ft.
 Warehouse Space: 46,000 sq ft.
 Berthing Space: 1,000 ft.
 Sheltered Water--Pier--Con-
 crete Sea-Wall.
 Vessels load and unload in
 perfect safety alongside.
 Railway Siding links up
 Wharf, Pier, and Warehouses,
 with Island System.
 Shipping and Landing.
 N.B. "Myers' Wharf" Post and
 Telegraph Office on Premises
 connects with all parts of the
 world.

COFFEE	SUGAR	HONEY	COCOA
RUM	MYERS	WAX	
GINGER	GENUINE JAMAICA RUM.	PIMENTO	
LIME JUICE	FROM CURRENT CROP TO WELL MATURED. GOOD ORDINARY MEDIUM FLAVOURED HIGH FLAVOURED	KOLA-NUTS	
DIVI-DIVI	In puncheons 110 gals. In Cases of 1 doz. bottles. In Casks of 5, 10, 15, 30, 40 & 50 gals.	GOAT-SKINS	
ANNATTO		CASSAVA-STARCH	
ORANGE OIL			
SARSAPARILLA			

**Our Agencies in Jamaica,
 Include:-**

W.&A. Gilbey's Wines & Spirits
 Moet & Chandon Champagne
 J. & J. Colman's Mustard
 Hennessy's Brandy
 "Vulcan" Swedish Matches
 M. B. Foster's Bugle Brand
 Bass' and Guinness'
 Riise's St. Thomas Bay Rum
 Mackintosh's Toffee
 Consolidated Distilleries Ltd.
 The British Soap Co.
 Tyson's Laundry Soaps
 "Tricentrol" Gasolene & Fuel
 Oil.

Sawmills.

Our West India Sawmills
 handle Native Woods.
 Manufacture Doors, Window-
 sashes, Cedar Scantling,
 Cedar and Oak Shingles,
 Mouldings, Tables, Ward-
 robes, Chairs, Writing Desks
 Filing Cabinets, Garden and
 Church Benches, School
 Desks, Bee Frames and
 Special Requirements.
 Buyers of Cedar, Mahogany
 and Mahoe in logs, boards,
 planks, and scantling of any
 length; Cedar and Oak in
 22" blocks.

FRED. L. MYERS & SON, "The Sugar Wharf" Kingston, Jamaica.