

# In Sheep's Clothing.



CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Lieutenant Hedges tried to induce Untilla to go below and occupy Captain Denham's cabin, but to his solicitations she replied:

"Why lie down when I am not weary and cannot sleep. No! I shall stand and drink in your daring with my eyes. I cannot help with my hands. Day will soon be here, and the Montauks must find me ready."

"But surely, Untilla, you will not expose yourself to danger. We have plenty of men to do the work, and your life is precious—very precious to me—to all of us."

"The Great Spirit commands; I wear the plumes and carry the spear of the mighty Wyandach. Where they are seen the Montauks will follow; and where they could be seen but in my keeping. To-morrow's sun will see me as now standing by your side," said the heroic princess.

"Ah, Untilla, would that it were my fate to stand by your side through all the suns of my life."

Alarmed at his own boldness, and perhaps struck by the incongruity of hinting at love on such an occasion, Mr. Hedges turned away. Untilla, however, directly engaged in the sailing of the ship at once made preparations for the morrow's battle. All laid away their caps and bound kerchiefs about their heads; and as the night was warm, many of them stripped to the waist and tightened their belts.

The long gun was cleaned and loaded. The broadside guns were doubly shotted.

The boarding pikes in the racks about the masts and the cutlasses which the men girded on were all examined by Mr. Dayton.

The fire buckets were filled and placed within reach of the cockpit by the ship's surgeon, and his assistants made every preparation for the reception and treatment of the wounded.

Rations were cooked for the men, to be used on the morrow, and then the fire in the galley was extinguished.

While these preparations were going on, Lieutenant Hedges, with Untilla, stood near the helm, saw the lights on board the Wanderer off Gardner's Island.

"There is the ship we are looking for," said Untilla.

"I see her; but we shall keep on till we see the Montauk beacon, then 'bout ship and come back; by that time it will be daylight," replied Mr. Hedges.

The Sea Hawk bounded away, the waves hissing from her prow like the voice of an angry serpent, and her ropes straining like the muscles of a creature hungering for the contest that lay before her.

"Montauk light on the starboard bow," repeated the officer of the watch.

"Near away on a point," to the east," said Lieutenant Hedges to the two men placed at the wheel.

On sped the Sea Hawk with the eager flight of the bird after whom she was named. Montauk light rose up bold and clear from the headland; and as the eagle in wild speed steps and wheels back on the course he has come, so wheeled and turned the ship.

A gray streak of darkness to the east, but the Sea Hawk faced the darkness to the west. Gardner's Island was now dead ahead.

More light filling land and sea, and the Sea Hawk turned the point, and up to her peak ran the ensign of the province.

There at anchor, not a mile away lay the Wanderer, her boats alongside after leaving her visitors.

In alarm Captain Fox ran forward and shouted to the coming ship.

"Larboard, you lubbers! Larboard!" a shot from the long gun of the Sea Hawk was the only reply.

The ships were now only a hundred yards apart. Fox saw his danger and shouted to his boatswain, and then rang out the shrill call of the danger, the startled crew of the Wanderer to arms.

The Sea Hawk folded her wings. She was alongside, and her grappling irons, like great talons, were fastened in her victim. Down went the anchors, and Hedges' guns and the cheers of his men rang along the shore.

Wanderer, Mr. Dayton remaining back to direct matters on board.

With the quick bound of tigers two score stalwart young men imitated their daring leader, and, quicker than the heroic deed can be recorded, they made for the long run amidships, and drove back or killed the men who were fighting it.

With that quickness of perception and action that would have made him the foremost seaman in the world, had he been engaged in a righteous cause, Captain Fox saw his opportunity.

"Throw off the grapples!" he roared. "Leave the deck to me, Frenaud! Heave for the men of the Wanderer!"

High over the clash of swords, the roar of cannon, and the quick, harsh, crashing of firelocks, rang out the voice of the pirate chief; his men heard his words and seemed transformed into fiends.

Frenaud ran to part the ships; another instant and the tide and wind would have separated them, so far that, though they were anchored nearly head to head, boarders could not get from one to the other.

But before the axes could sever the last ropes a high, shrill cheer rose up from the deck of the Sea Hawk. It was like the united cries of a hundred eagles when circling in mid-heaven they see far beneath them the robbers despoiling their nests, and they sweep down to defend and destroy.

"I wear the plumes of Wyandach! Men of Montauk, follow your queen!"

Untilla stood on the bulwark of the Wanderer and waved the glittering blade above her head.

"We come! Our princess, we come!" shouted the Montauks.

Untilla leaped to the deck and when she raised the spear of Wyandach again it was redder than the waves, and blushing in the light of the rising sun. In the meantime Frenaud's men swung their axes with all their might; and when about one-half the Montauks reached the Wanderer's deck the gap between the ship had increased so much that the others were forced to remain behind.

Wondering why Captain Denham, who must have heard the signal given, did not respond, Lieutenant Hedges, with a view to cheering his own men as well as to attract the attention of his commander, raised the cry:

"Ralph Denham! Ralph Denham!"

Fox heard him, and pressing his men to the deck, he replied to the sound of the voice of his friend:

"Ralph Denham is dead, curse you!"

The next instant he was before Lieutenant Hedges.

"Murderer, you lie!" retorted the gallant sailor, and with a leap that would have been surprising even in an athlete, he stood face to face with the pirate.

There was time for taunt or expression of rage. The red swords circled and fell; glanced, flashed, and rose again, and Hedges, the stronger of the men, pressed on, and bore back his assailant. At the best, the contest between the men would have been uncertain, had not one of the pirates leaped at the first officer of the Sea Hawk, struck him over the head, and laid him reeling and bleeding to the deck.

Untilla saw the act, and with a cry of rage that appalled those who came in her way, her spear gleamed like the lightning, and, like its bolt, transfixed the man who had stricken down the Lieutenant.

While this was going on Capt. Denham and his men, at the sound of the signal gun, had made their way through the opening, which Don had arranged. But the very shot that had called them to action had so torn the timbers in the advance as to virtually block them in.

In the dim light they worked like giants to release themselves, but when ever they lifted one timber from their front another dropped in behind it.

Capt. Denham heard his name shouted on the deck, and he recognized the voice of Lieut. Hedges. He felt like answering back, but checked himself.

Still the Captain and his men worked, and still rose and fell the tramping of feet, the oath and shout, and the clashing of arms overhead, while the ships, though no longer side by side, used their cannon on each other with murderous effect.

In despair, Capt. Denham was about to turn back for the purpose of finding some other way to the deck, if that were possible, when he heard Don in front calling out:

"Patience, men of the Sea Hawk! patience!"

By the dim light they could catch the gleam of an ax in the hands of the youth, and they saw that it rose and fell.

A few minutes and there came a crash, followed by a cloud of dust. Don had cut the key-piece, and the whole mass of rubbish came down.

The men, eager to speed to the aid of their comrades, could not restrain the cheer that leaped to their lips.

"God bless you!" was all the Captain could say; as he ran past Don into the arms of the men, who were lined with cut-throat knives. For the latter the sailors cared nothing. They flew for the cutlasses, drew the blades, and flung away the scabbards, and then rushed after the Captain, who was on the stairs leading to the deck.

The sight that met Captain Denham's eye would have appalled a heart less resolute.

The handful of men that Lieutenant Hedges had led to the ship were gathered about the prostrate form of their leader, fighting; desperately, though against overwhelming odds.

The Montauks under Untilla had just charged over the deck, and were repulsed, and the pirates, confident that the tide of battle was turning in their favor, cheered and fought like incarnate demons.

As Ralph Denham hurried to the deck he threw off his disguise, and though dressed exactly like his crew, there was no mistaking him.

The Sea Hawk men and the Montauks, on the forward part of the ship, saw and recognized him before the pirates did.

"Ralph Denham! Ralph Denham!" went up the cry from the gallant sailors who saw victory coming, personified in the person of their beloved leader.

"Men of the Sea Hawk! To the rescue! Charge!" thundered Ralph.

There was only need to follow his example.

Those who had been burning with anxiety to get to the deck, now saw their chance.

In the front Frenaud wheeled his men, and tried to stop the unexpected onset.

He fell beneath Denham's blade, and many of his followers, to avoid the fury of that irresistible onset, leaped into the sea.

That part of the deck was speedily cleared, and Ralph knelt to raise his old friend, but Lieutenant Hedges grasped his hand, and his voice still grasped, though he was bleeding to death, said:

"Don't mind me! Don't stop till the ship is ours."

Telling one of the sailors to call Mr. Dayton to send the surgeon on board, Hedges, sword in hand, was the first man to leap on the deck of the

engined his men to follow again, for it was an important fact that the pirates should not have time to recover from the demoralization which his coming had caused.

"Never mind your pistols, my lads!" cried Denham, when he saw his men drawing the weapons they had concealed on their persons. Give them the cold steel, and drive them into the sea."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Swep the quarter deck; capture Kidd alive!" This Captain Denham shouted, as, with Untilla by his side, and the sailors and warriors pressing close behind, they sped to the place where the pirates, rallied by their desperate leader, were to make their last stand.

Fox saw Ralph Denham, looked into his blazing eyes, but still he could not credit the evidence of his senses.

Ghost or man, he would try him. And Fox did try, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, to defend or check the onset.

But his men had lost heart. They went down before the flashing blades as the ripe grain drops before the sickle of the reaper, and the pirate chief was left nearly alone on the quarter-deck of the Wanderer.

"Surrender, Kidd! Surrender!" shouted Ralph.

For answer the pirate with a horrible oath, discharged his remaining pistol at his conqueror, and waiting only long enough to note that the shot had no effect, he turned and flung himself into the sea.

It will be remembered that the boats in which the visitors were landed, were still alongside, there not having been time to hoist them on deck before Lieutenant Hedges made his daring attack.

Captain Fox found a number of the pirates in one of these boats, and they had seized the oars and were in the act of cutting the ropes when he crawled on board.

He never for an instant lost the power to command. Seizing the tiller he called out to his men:

"Better look next time, my lads. We have booty enough or more to fit out a ship for the pirates like the Wanderer. Pull away!"

The pirates took the oars and obeyed him, for obedience is a habit that clings to men after the power to enforce it has gone.

So busy were Captain Denham and his men, that they did not see this act of the pirate chief, an act that was not destined to be of great advantage.

Within a few minutes after the disappearance of Fox, every pirate on the Wanderer not dead was a prisoner and under guard.

Mr. Dayton had by this time worked his ship alongside the Wanderer and again they were made fast, with their shattered hulls grating against each other.

Captain Denham was about to go forward to where the surgeon was dressing Lieutenant Hedges' wound, when Don touched him on the arm and said:

"If you please, sir, there's some ladies in the cabin that was locked up till I released them. They wished to come on deck, but I advised them not, and they want to see you."

Ralph Denham did not wait to ask who they were; his heart told him, so he ran at once below.

He bounded down the companion-way and into the cabin, with his picture and articles of luxury untouched, and he saw in the middle of the floor, with their arms encircling each other as if for mutual protection, Lea Hedges and Ellen Condit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## QUEER CLOTHES.

### THE UGLY COSTUMES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

#### What Children Wore Seventy-Five Years Ago—The Pantalotte Agony and the Reign of the Red Shoe.

"DO I remember how we used to dress when I was a child? Indeed, I do, my dear; I can see every one of those queer little frocks—you would certainly think them so now, at any rate—as plainly as if I had them before my eyes." The speaker, says the New York Tribune, was a white-haired, sweet-faced old lady of eighty, whose remarkably faithful memory, not only on the subject of clothes, but concerning nearly every incident of her rather eventful life, is a constant source of marvel to her friends.

"The first dress of which I have a distinct impression was made for me when I was four years old. That was in the year 1821; so you are hearing now of the styles of seventy-five years ago. It is a long period to look back upon, but the time doesn't seem so far away to me. Well, the frock was given to me by my godmother—for my name, you know. It was made of rattin—I don't suppose you ever heard the word before—but it was the name of a kind of thin woolen goods very fashionable at the time. The color was scarlet, and as I had never had anything so gay before, you may be sure I was proud of it. There was a little red cloak to match, and a red bonnet, trimmed with swansdown.

"The next dresses I remember were two Sunday frocks, made exactly alike, which my sister and I wore, perhaps a year or two later than the time of the red rattin. You will laugh when I tell you that these dresses, which were considered especially beautiful and elaborate, were made of—calico. It was French calico, though; much finer and prettier than anything of the kind to be bought nowadays, and it cost from fifty to seventy-five cents a yard. All materials were dear then, and you saw very few silk dresses, particularly for children, except the wealthy families. You could have a silk gown now for what French calicoes used to cost. I can even remember the exact pattern of the calico in

those two frocks. There was a white ground, divided into squares, with a vine and leaf design in purple, running all over it. We thought it was wonderfully handsome, and I believe it would be considered very dainty even to-day, among the variety of pretty, thin goods which are shown. All children wore low-necked and short-sleeved dresses in those days, and, indeed, for many years after—

untie her pantalettes deliberately from her stockings, to which they were fastened, and bundle them in some convenient corner until she had finished her play and was ready to go home.

"The boy's clothes at that time were almost as funny, when compared with modern styles, as were those of the girls. No knickerbockers in the days when my brothers were little fellows! Boys wore long, loose trousers, similar to those of their fathers, and usually made at home from an old pair which the head of the family had discarded. Their queer little jackets were sometimes belted in at the waist, with the skirt hanging a few inches below in loose style, and sometimes they wore open coats, very short and elaborately braided, in military fashion. They wore various kinds of caps, and I remember a flat-shaped one, with a long tassel hanging down behind, which was regarded as very stylish.

"Fashions did not change so often then, my dear, as they do now. When you had a dress you could wear it for years, just the same—unless you wore it out. Fine clothes could even be handed down from one generation to another. Years later than the time I have been talking about, when I had a small family of my own, the styles in children's frocks were not greatly altered. The materials had changed more than anything else, showing

more variety, and the woolen goods in particular being finer in quality."

The Forth Bridge, in Scotland, is constantly being repainted; in fact, no sooner have the painters reached one end than they have to commence again at the other. It takes fifty tons of paint to give it one coat, and the area dealt with is something like 120 acres.

At Athens, Greece, a small potsherd has been found which bears the name of Themistocles, and is supposed to have been used when the ostracism of Aristides took place.

## THE DINING ROOM.

Its Furnishing and Decorating—Colonial Effects the Most Becoming.

There is no more barbarous contrivance than the basement dining-room in the ordinary city house; although it may be made necessary by considerations of economy and convenience, these facts do not make it any more admirable. Architectural limitations are such that the basement dining-room must necessarily have a low ceiling, little natural light, and an unattractive outlook. These are drawbacks very difficult to overcome by any scheme of decoration or furnishing. For various reasons rooms of this kind may be dismissed from consideration in the present article. City houses are always built with certain restrictions and limitations in mind, and each house must be a law unto itself. But aside from the question of means, the builder of a detached villa house has free rein, and can consult his own taste and inclination in the arrangement of the various rooms.

One who plans the erection of such a house will be wise if he gives his greatest care and attention to the dining-room, for no room is more important, nor contributes more to the

character of the house. No handsome room was ever designed than a colonial dining-room, and it will be well to follow its general style unless it forms too violent a contrast with the remainder of the house. For this reason it is well to have a cluster of narrow windows at one end of the room, opening with hinges, perhaps, glazed with diamond panes of glass in leads. This gives most beautiful effect, if the remainder of the room can be brought at all in keeping. As the room should be warm in the severest weather, an open fireplace with brass fire dogs must be in evidence. The trimming should be walnut or oak with colonial ornaments, unless these are found too expensive. The mantel should be simple, so that it will not detract from the crystal and plate with which the room will naturally be ornamented. The walls should be a warm, red brown tint, or be covered with some warm colored paper with a simple, formal design.

By far the most effective furniture for the dining room is mahogany, but this is costly. If one has the good luck to inherit old pieces of mahogany the problem of furnishing is made easy, for these can be made more beautiful than any modern pieces at very little expense, no matter how much they may have been marred by usage. With mahogany out of the question, pretty effects can be had, which will make the room rich, with well-made oak furniture, provided it is simple in design and not disfigured with machine carving and gilded ornaments.

A hard wood floor costs no more than a fine carpet, and is far more appropriate. In this case a large rug will be wanted, but it need not be expensive; extremely pretty designs are to be had in what are known as "art squares," which are nothing more than

choice hunting scenes finish the walls.

The cost to build the house illustrated in this article in the vicinity of New York City, is \$3500, not including the heating apparatus. In many sections of the country the cost should be much less.—Copyright 1897.

### The Milky Way.

The milky way, says Miss Agnes M. Clerke, in Popular Astronomy, is made up of a finite number of star collections, each of finite dimensions; while the remainder of the sky, instead of being veiled with shining orbs, thick-set in endless backward files, shows a clear background sprinkled with stars, the proportionate numbers of which diminish rapidly with penetration into the ethereal abysses. The star depths, as Sir John Herschel distinctly perceived, are open, but, beyond a certain point, empty. The stars and nebulae form together a stupendous system, framed on lines dimly significant of an origin and progressive relations. But a system cannot be infinite—not, at any rate, in a sense intelligible to the human intellect. Both observation and rational inference indeed, while setting no bounds to the display of creative energy, enforce belief in a terminated sideral world; only a certain horror vacui in the human mind shrinks back from the void beyond, and evokes imaginary stellar populates to inhabit imaginary wildernesses.

### An Extraordinary Growth of Hair.

This astonishing growth of human hair is known as the Plica Polonica, from its prevalence in Poland. The Plica consisted of hair closely matted

together; and the above example was sent to Dresden in 1780, after adorning the head of a peasant woman for a space of fifty-two years. It was over twelve feet in length, and nearly a foot in circumference. It was considered fatal to cut it, hence the dimensions it sometimes attained.

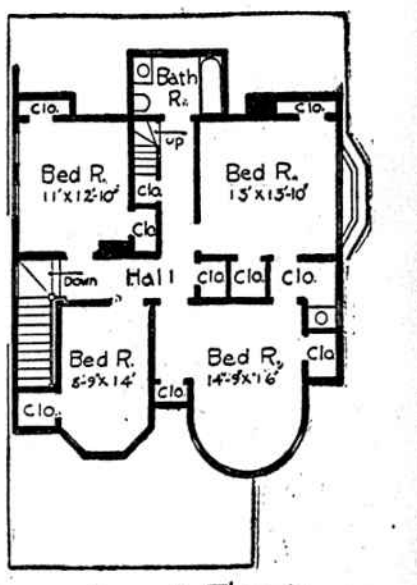
### Origin of Fear and Terror.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has lately been studying the origin of the various forms of fear and terror, and he suggests that the common fear of high places, which many animals exhibit and which is very acute with some human beings, may be "a vestigial trace, like the gill-slits under the skin of our necks, antecedating limbs and inherited from our swimming ancestors." In reply to this, Professor Wesley Mills, of McGill University, says that while the youngest mammals and birds exhibit peculiar manifestations when placed near the edge of an elevated surface, yet a turtle will walk off any elevated support again and again, and a frog "will jump almost anywhere." These exceptions, he thinks, present a difficulty to the acceptance of President Hall's theory.

### A Surprise for Pa.

1. Tommy was sent to sow the lawn plot with grass seed. Pa and the poodle were having a siesta out there. As Tommy daren't wake them he scattered the seed everywhere but where they lay.

2. When the grass began to come up, those bald places looked—well, quaint. The neighbors thought they were new designs for flower beds!—Comio Cuta.



Second Floor



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



First Floor



EARLY VICTORIAN DRESS.



GIRL'S COSTUME, JANUARY, 1841.



GIRL'S COSTUMES, FEBRUARY, 1843.