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## SALLY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

### CHAPTER IV.

The month passed, and even Aunt Hannah owned that there was "good stuff" in that girl. Mattie had her baptism and called her Sarah Hope. Hope was a name of good augury. She quick-fitted herself to the ways of the house, never forgot anything, never shirked her work and only had two drawbacks, but they were bad ones, and crockery flew about so freely that Aunt Hannah tied her hands behind her back and locked her up till Kenneth returned. Never in Sally's life had she shown what it was to blush, but when he saw those discarded bonds a flood of shame and contrition dyed her young cheeks. This was the last of her outbreaks. When the month was over, she was sent to Nurse Brown and the nearest boarding school. Every Sunday afternoon she went to Bedford Lodge, and soon Aunt Hannah owned that Sally was growing quite a decent-looking girl. She was indeed rapidly changing in everything but in what was unchangeable—her fidelity to Kenneth and her love for him.

Six months after Kenneth's memorable fight there was no little commotion in Cow court one afternoon, for Biddy announced her intention of "looking up that girl." Out of a dirty receptacle she produced Kenneth's card. It had changed to a dull yellow, for whenever the famous tale was told of how the "young swell" licked "Tim" the card was handed round to finish off the story. The call was to be made in style. So at 3 o'clock a cesteromonger's barrow with a donkey harnessed to it was drawn up at the entrance to the court. In the barrow was placed an upturned fruit basket, and on this Biddy was hoisted. The crutch went, too, as a sign of her temporal power in Cow court and to be handy to belabor the donkey with. According to the tradition of the court, the best female headgear was a shawl thrown over the head, and thus attired Biddy drove through the stately streets of the west. As the day wore on she maintained her seat on the basket with increasing difficulty, for it became necessary for her to pass at sundry taverns to refresh herself, and when she reached Bedford Lodge her face was aflame. Many valets had stood at that door, but never a more disreputable figure than old Biddy. She did not limit herself in the matter of bell pulling, and her peal rang through the house.

"Go away!" cried the maid, trying to shut the door. "It's like your impudence to come to the front door!"

"No, you don't, my girl!" chuckled Biddy, adroitly slipping in the end of her crutch. "I've come to see Mr. Ken-

ned Gordon, and I don't go till I've seen him, that's more." The housemaid was so astonished that her vigilance relaxed, and Biddy established herself on the mat inside. The maid called to the cook to keep watch and ran to Aunt Hannah.

"A dreadful woman in the hall!" cried Biddy. "I'll see to it." And, like a hawk sweeping down on its quarry, she bore down on Biddy. "Be off at once!" she cried. "How dare you enter my house?"

"Stow your jaw!" said Biddy, unmoved, and then she produced Kenneth's card and thrust it aggressively under Aunt Hannah's nose. "That's his card, ain't it? Well, I've come to see him and Sally don't budge till I do."

"What have you to do with Sarah? We don't want all the riffraff of Cow court here."

"That's just what you will have unless I see the girl," replied Biddy, and then she seated herself on the hall chair, took out her pipe and announced her determination to stay till Kenneth came.

To the great disgust of his aunts, Kenneth, when he returned, ushered Biddy into his study and was closeted with her for half an hour. Biddy explained that as Tim was dead she considered herself Sally's guardian, and Cow court entirely ratified this view. Before leaving Biddy reminded Kenneth that there was an ancient and laudable custom of drinking one's host's health. Kenneth ransomed himself from this obligation by a cash payment of half a crown.

The aunts never knew what had taken place at this interview. He merely said that Biddy had something to tell him about Sally's early life.

"Nothing credible, I'll warrant," said Hannah, and he made no reply.

### CHAPTER V.

Seven years had rolled by. They had

passed lightly over Kenneth, only changing the youth of 22 into a man of 29. They had brought a few more gray hairs to Aunt Mattie, a few more angularities to Aunt Hannah, but they had absolutely transformed Sally. During the first two years Kenneth had staid at home, then he had accepted an appointment in Buenos Ayres, where he had to stay for five years. When he left England, Sally was a promising girl of 14, and he was easy about her future, for step by step she had won her way into the household, first gaining the hearts of the servants, then Aunt Mattie's and then by slower degrees Aunt Hannah's. Sally as a child, girl and woman was unchangeable in one thing—the little wild heart he had gone out to Kenneth when he fought for her and remained his always. Her love had grown with her growth. Education and refinement were as sunshine and dew to it, fostering and feeding. At first it was arranged that she was to be trained for service, but her wonderful development altered their plans. Then she was to be apprenticed to some first rate shop, and, lastly, trained as a teacher. So she was sent to Kensington high school and spent her holidays at Bedford Lodge. She was gardening one June morning soon after Kenneth's departure, and Aunt Hannah watched the tall, lithe figure moving about among the flowers.

"Who," she exclaimed, "would ever have believed that the dirty child Kenneth brought home that memorable evening would ever look like that?"

"She might be Flora amid her own flowers," said Mattie gently. "The very sight of the girl seemed to bring gladness into the hearts of the two old spinners. Aunt Hannah had softened wonderfully under Sally's pretty influences, and, as for Mattie, Sally was ensnared in her heart next to her own dear Kenneth.

"Sister," said Hannah abruptly, leaving the window, "we ought to think seriously about Sally. We love her dearly, but—"

"But what?" asked Mattie anxiously.

"But, of course, she comes out of the gutter. Our first duty is to Kenneth—we must let him run no risk."

"He has no thought of that. Besides, he won't be back for five years."

"She must go to a good boarding school and be trained as a governess. She is pretty now. What will she be when she has outgrown the awkward age?"

"But, Hannah, don't let us lose her altogether."

"Men always make fools of themselves over beauty and always will." At this moment Sally came to the open window with two posies in her hand. Her cheeks were flushed with a tender, rosy glow, her eyes sparkled with happy life.

"This is for you," she cried, pinning the posy in Aunt Mattie's dress.

"Flowers are for the young, dear. The old never want them till the end comes." Nevertheless Mattie tucked them in prettily and glanced at Aunt Hannah, who was repulsed with:

"Be off with your tomfoolery, Sally! Put your flowers in water and go and practice." But Sally coaxed till she gained her point, and the servants stared to see Aunt Hannah's uncompromising left shoulder daintily adorned.

After lunch Mattie tried to look stern, though tears stood in her loving old eyes.

"Sarah, my dear," she said (Sally started at the unusual "Sarah"), "you are 14 now, and we have determined to send you to a good boarding school."

"What! Leave you all?" cried Sally, turning pale.

"You will spend part of your holidays here perhaps," said Aunt Hannah. "Remember, you have to earn your living. My nephew can't always keep you in idleness." Sally's dark eyes flashed as she answered:

"He has done so much you may trust me to do the rest. They said at school I had a fine voice. If I worked hard, I might—"

"You'd have to toil for years to earn even your bread, but I'll see to it."

She did so, and speedily. The very next day Aunt Hannah walked Sally off to a professor to give his opinion of her singing. Aunt Hannah sat upright, umbrella in hand.

"You will understand, professor, my opinion is there's been no real singing since Malibran died, and I'd have half your modern screeching women gagged. This girl thinks she has a voice, so let her sing to you and have done with it."

When Sally had finished one verse of a ballad Aunt Hannah ejaculated, "Goodness, how the second of the professor said, 'The voice is a real contralto of great beauty, but it needs training and years of hard study.'"

"It shall have both," said Aunt Hannah.

Five years afterward, when Kenneth returned from Buenos Ayres, Sally was still at school. Almost the first thing he said was:

"What have these years done for my little Sally?"

black memory connected with those days that nothing could brighten, but that she kept hidden in the depths of her heart.

"There's a letter from Sally," cried Kenneth one day at breakfast, and then he said: "She has had an offer of marriage. Her music master has proposed to her. Of course she has refused him."

"And why of course?" asked Aunt Hannah sharply.

"For the best of all reasons—she doesn't love him."

"Fiddledstick! The man's honest, I suppose, and can give her a good home. She sprang from the gutter and can't expect to pick and choose."

"She had better go back to the gutter than marry without love," answered Kenneth.

Sally wrote simply and straightforwardly. The trouble of it was that there had been so much talk that Miss Addison thought she must leave at once and had, subject to Kenneth's approval, obtained for her the post of pupil teacher in a school at Streatham. Then came a pretty little bit in which Sally said she hoped she had acted in a way that Kenneth approved.

"Sally, a brick!" he said emphatically. "She must come here for a week before going to Streatham," said Mattie.

### CHAPTER VI.

Sally was to come at 5. Kenneth wondered what she was like. He expected to find her neat, orderly and well-mannered. At 5 he went into the drawing room and waited. Five fifteen and no Sally—5:30 and she came. For a moment he stared at her in silence—the years had done so much. She stood with outstretched hand. Her great, soft eyes sought his. He noticed in a stupefied way that she moved with exquisite grace and lightness. He would have liked to kiss her, but she was clearly out of the question, so he warmly grasped her hand in both his.

"Why, Sally, dear, my little girl grown into a tall young lady!"

Deep as any "innocent heart of rose" the young blood flushed into Sally's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, "but still the same Sally." Then Sally took sweet count of him in one quick, shy glance. Her heart told her that never had she seen anything so goodly as this bright young Englishman as he stood before her with gay, glad eyes. Half playfully, half tenderly, he led her to a sofa and said:

"Now, Sally, tell me everything."

"Where shall I begin?"

"From the moment I left England. When I left, you had high shoulders and wore short frocks and called me 'sir.'"

"I must call you 'sir' still. But look at the dear old room. It isn't a bit changed. I wonder who has dusted it since I've been away." Then she went to seek the aunts.

"To think that she came out of Cow court," said Kenneth, watching her cross the hall, "and that weeds can grow into such sweet flowers! But I won't make a fool of myself."

"And now, Sally, sing to us," said Aunt Hannah after dinner.

This was the supreme moment Sally had looked forward to for years. She knew she had a superb voice—knew exactly what her powers were, and felt in full possession of them. When she sat down to the piano, a soft flush came to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She chose an old Scotch ballad, a simple, tender thing, that needed perfect style and expression. Kenneth started as her first notes fell on the air. Here was one of those thrilling, deep contraltos, soft as velvet, rich and rounded, with the strange power to stir and move that the good contralto has. The spell of her voice fell upon him; tears came to his eyes. He moved forward to see her sweet, impassioned face as she sang. He saw her soul flashing in the sweet, dewy eyes, and a great awe and love arose in his heart. The song ended in a deep, solemn chord, like the echo of an amen.

Sally turned to Kenneth.

"Did you like it? I have labored so hard for your praise."

He did not speak at first, but when she raised her eyes to his she saw there a look so eager, so ardent and sweet, that she almost wished she had not spoken. He caught her hand in his.

"Am I pleased? Oh, my dear, surely you know. It is too beautiful for praise of mine."

Sally sang no more that night, but felt she was rewarded. That song had changed the world for Kenneth. Could a man's heart be sung out of him in such fashion? Were the days of magic still with us, and had this sweet witch of 19 summers made him forget all pride and wisdom?

Next morning he was full of content, bathed in the brightest morning sunshine. Joy was in his heart, love ruled his life. Sally was in the house. Sally was his—surely all his. Had he not fought and conquered for her. He sang as he dressed, breaking off to laugh at the contrast of his rough baritone with Sally's velvet tones, and it was not till he saw his aunts—the very models of family propriety—that he realized the difficulties of his position.

But little sleep had come to Sally that night. Love has divine insight, and when their eyes met after her song she knew that he loved her. But he should never marry her. Her valiant heart screwed itself up to the sticking point and settled that forever. The consciousness of his love came on her as a bitter sweet surprise. When, flushed with her song, she looked into his eyes and saw love there radiant and enthroned, her difficulties were at one stroke doubled. When her own heart was her only foe, she had buckled on her armor and gone down into the fight, but now she had to face another foe, before whom she felt powerless. Flight was her only chance.

At 6 she rose and packed; at 7 she went to Aunt Hannah.

"I am going away," she said. "I ought never to have come." Aunt Han-

nah's honest eyes searched her face in



"It is too beautiful for praise of mine,"

silence. "I shall never come back. It is the only way. I thought I was strong, and I was till he was weak."

Aunt Hannah took her in her arms, kissed her and said: "I honor and respect you, Sally. I saw it all last night. You are a good woman."

"A grateful one, I hope. After all your and his kindness, can I let him run any risk?"

"But it is terrible for you, my child. I can bear my own grief. I have loved him for so long my heart has got used to its ache. It is harder now, but still I can bear it."

At breakfast Aunt Hannah said Sally had slept ill and could eat no breakfast. All Kenneth's inquiries got nothing more out of her than that.

At 12 Sally went quietly out of the back door, her eyes full of tears, her heart like lead.

At lunch Aunt Hannah said: "Sally has gone, Kenneth—for your good as well as her own. She has saved us a terrible trouble by acting so nobly."

Then Kenneth lost his head, but Aunt Hannah presented a front of iron.

"It was the right thing to do, and so you will own in time. Be patient. My heart is sore for you both, but you are young, and life with its duties is before you. At any rate don't let a girl of 19 beat you in self sacrifice."

But Kenneth flung family pride to the winds and said, "You may say what you like, I'll marry her tomorrow if she'll have me."

After an hour's hot debate he agreed to wait a month.

### CHAPTER VII.

Sally went to Miss Parker's school. She had to face all the drudgery of preparing the girls for their lessons and taking them safely through the rudiments. She knew what awaited her and did not flinch. During the last five years she had learned how to master her love, to use it as an incentive to hard work, but it was easier to fight the battle alone. To fight at all in Kenneth's presence was impossible. Day by day she plunged with feverish vigor into the work of teaching, plodding on with a pale face and heavy eyes through the long list of pupils. During the night watches she thought it was a hundred times better that she should suffer than he; better that the wrench should come now than that he should marry her, his good name beclouded by her shameful story.

Time passed more quickly for Kenneth, for at the end of it she shone hope. Sally had none.

When the month was over, Kenneth said, "Today I am going to Sally."

"What! You will let the whim of a moment ruin your life?" said Hannah.

"If I followed your advice, two lives would be ruined."

That very day he went to Streatham. Sally's work had been harder than usual. The everlasting exercises, the never ceasing scales, the persistent wrong notes, the enormous difficulties of teaching suburban young ladies without voice or ear to sing, had worn her out.

Suddenly a pupil exclaimed: "Oh, there is such a handsome young man coming up the drive!" (Sally was moved—no young man was likely to call on her.) "He must have come to see Miss Davison. That's four cousins in three weeks!"

Sally looked up and saw Kenneth. Her heart seemed to rush into her mouth. She dismissed the girl and steadied herself. A mirror was in front of her, and she saw her own face pale as death, with dark shadows round the eyes. She wore a dingy, old black dress, but even that could not conceal the grace of the lovely young neck and the sweep of the beautiful shoulders. And now Kenneth entered. And when she saw his radiant face, full of strength and fervor, she felt that he looked years younger than she did. That sorrowful, girlish face, full of pathetic endurance, appealed to his heart irresistibly, and, without a moment's thought, he flung his arms round her and kissed her.

All Sally's 19 years of life culminated in that first unwarrantable embrace. As her pretty, flushed face rested for a moment on his shoulder her heart whispered, "Why not rest there forever?" Then she wrenched herself free, and her blush ebbed away, leaving her as pale as marble and as hard.

"You might at least have spared me this and left me some self respect," she said, looking like a young Joan of Arc. He ought to have been abashed and humbled, but he wasn't.

"Sally," he whispered so tenderly that she drew back again, mistrusting herself and him. "Sally, I love you—you know I do." Sally tried hard to keep back the flood of joy that welled up from her heart into her eyes.

"Do men in your rank of life act like that and speak afterward?" Looking down into the sweet depths of her eyes, he said:

"Oh, my love, you are wasting moments that might be so sweet. We love

each"—Ere he could finish Sally flashed in:

"Who told you I loved you? Have I ever let you to think I loved you?" He gazed at her with such sweet, manly assurance that she felt her anger melting away.

"Sally, my darling, I see it in your eyes—I hear it in your voice. Love has given me insight."

"Of course you know it." And her voice took those thrilling tones which had moved his heart so when she sang. "I dare say every one does. I have loved you for years and shall love you always. I am not ashamed to own it. It has been the strength of my life. If you had never spoken I should have gone on loving you all the same and gone down to my grave single for your sake; but, oh, my love, I shall never wed you—never be with you."

Kenneth would once more have flung his arms around her, but she composed herself by a great effort and said:

"Wait just a moment, and I will tell you all."

"You told me all when you said you loved me."

"Not all. Let me speak once and forever. What I am you made me. All I ever gave you, and in return I mean to guard your good name—to guard it from yourself and from me." He interrupted her by an impatient gesture.

"But she persisted: "You know what I was when you found me. You think you know all, but no one ever told you that I had been in prison for theft; that I had my hair cut short, wore prison dress and ate prison food, and"—

Her voice failed her, her face grew deadly white, her hungry eyes searched his face to see if he shrank from her. To her joy, the brightness of his eyes never eluded for a moment. He took her hand, with a sweet gesture of love and reverence, and holding it steadfastly between his own he spoke:

"Dear, I know it—have known it for years. Bitty came and told me long ago. And, knowing all, I still ask you to be my wife."

Sally's blood slowly came back to her pale cheeks, slowly flooded her fair face with its tender rose. Slowly the sweet light mingled with the tears in her eyes and conquered them. It was so doubly sweet that he should know all and yet love her. Her joy at first was too great for words. She moved a little closer to him; then with swift, sweet abandonment she flung her arms round his neck and drew his face down to hers.

"But, dear," she whispered, "the world will know." As their lips met he answered:

"You are all the world to me."

THE END.

## A HIDDEN CRIME IS CONFESSED.

### MURDERED FOR HIS WATCH AND PISTOL.

#### A Former Citizen of Greenville Is Shot Through the Head and His Body Thrown into the River—His Partner was the Assassin.

Special to Atlanta Journal.

HARMONY GROVE, Ga., Feb. 25.—Grady Reynolds, a merchant of Belton, Ga., was arrested here yesterday afternoon by the marshal of Belton for the murder of his business partner, Mr. M. C. Hunt, a prominent citizen of Belton.

News has just reached here that Reynolds has confessed and has told the officers that he would find Hunt's body in the Oconee river, about three miles from this place. A large posse of citizens and officers have just left here for the purpose of dragging the river at the point designated by Reynolds in search of the body.

It seems that Hunt and Reynolds were partners in a store at Belton and both left that place on Monday, the 14th, on a trading tour. They were in Harmony Grove trading on last Monday and went out of town about three miles and spent the night, near the Oconee river. That was the last ever seen of Mr. Hunt.

Reynolds returned to Belton with Hunt's gun watch and pistol, which he claimed he had bought from Hunt, and stated that Hunt had taken the train at this place for Athens.

Reynolds began selling out his goods for almost nothing and the people of Belton became suspicious and threatened to arrest him. He became frightened and came back to work near the place where he has confessed to have killed Hunt. He was arrested there yesterday and carried back to Belton last night.

The affair has created the most intense excitement both here and at Belton.

The searching party has just returned from the Oconee river with the dead body of M. C. Hunt, which was found at the exact spot designated in Grady Reynolds' confession. The body was weighted down by heavy rocks so as to prevent its rising. A bullet hole was found back of the right ear, and it is supposed the ball came out of the mouth, as the tongue was split open.

The posse is en route here now with the body and an inquest will be held by the coroner. Excitement and indignation are running high at Belton and there may be a lynching there soon.

—Col. Samuel Boyd, for many years the head of the cotton press business in this country, died in New Orleans a few days ago, aged 72 years. He was a native of County Antrim, Ireland. He came to this country in 1838. He rose to the ownership of the Louisiana Cotton Press, and in 1870 was the owner of five presses in New Orleans alone, and in practical control of the business. Excitement and indignation are running high at Belton and there may be a lynching there soon.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

#### An Experience of the War Recalled by the Ships at Charleston.

As blockade running is once more brought before the public mind—most notably by the presence of the United States fleet around Charleston harbor, it follows that experiences in that very hazardous business are quite interesting reading, especially when the story is told by actual participants therein. It is one thing to play soldier and another to be soldier sure enough; and only the man who has heard the wicked "whizz" of the bullet and the indescribable shriek of a big parrot shell can enter into the great excitement attendant on running the blockade. In the month of June, 1864, your correspondent arrived in Wilmington, N. C., to try the efficacy of Uncle Sam's blockade, as it was found that it was no use making an effort from closely guarded Charleston. It was notified that the steamer "Let Her Be" would sail the first dark, cloudy night, and Captain Coxeter, her commander, was ordered everything to be in readiness for departure at a moment's notice. Being thus warned, I took steamer at Wilmington for a run down Cape Fear river, and at Smithville found the finest little steamer I had ever seen all ready for the dangerous effort. Six hundred and fifty bales of cotton constituted the cargo, snugly stored under and above deck, and a well-organized crew were determined to make Nassau, Bahamas, their goal. Fortunately it was a dark night, one of the darkest, and not a light was permitted on the steamer. Very soon I felt from the vibration of the engines that the ship was "under way," slowly and quietly stealing down to the broad Atlantic, with only a twinkling light ahead of ten or twelve well-prepared United States ships-of-war to dispute the venture—if it was discovered. And it was a time, too, for serious reflection—the night shadows, dark and murky, the little ship with its leathery paddles silently pursuing her way, dark and moving hither and thither, orders given almost in a whisper and everything ready in case of discovery to put every pound of steam that could be carried and make her fly through the water. And just then the lights of the blockaders came into view, no less than twelve ships, all of them ready to pounce upon us, and our six hundred bales of cotton if they only had the chance. But we were singularly fortunate, for we had almost reached the line of the last ship, had passed the admiral's vessel, and all the others, when the steamer "Montgomery" discovered us, and up went a rocket—and in a moment answering signals were on every hand, calcium lights were brought to bear on us; and you ever saw paddle wheels go round those belonging to the "Let Her Be" were doing the best that can be accomplished in that line.

Now we were permitted to smoke and talk and laugh, and everything was done to promote cheerfulness, especially as we found that we had cause for alarm, for if there were no enemies ahead of us those behind we were surely leaving. Gradually they gave up the chase, until when the morning dawned there was only one ship left, the "Connecticut," which seemed determined to continue to make us do our best. Three or four shots she fired at us, but they fell so far astern she concluded to waste no more powder and gave up the chase. And a happy man was our captain, for in the most genial manner he told stories, sang songs, one of which was something about "McGingaw," and we were expected to join in the chorus.

Well, no doubt, the captain felt greatly relieved; he might have had an interloper, a deck cargo, and while the "Connecticut" seemed to be getting uncomfortably close there was anything but the assurance of getting safely into port. But we distanced them all and at 12 o'clock next day there was not one to be seen. This gave us a good opportunity to take a look over the steamer, a nice time to get acquainted with the engineers and other officers, and to find out what a large cargo we had on board for such a ship. True, we were not overloaded, especially on such a business as we were bound, but a deck cargo is always in the way, and never more evident than when chased by a number of fast cruisers, and all the space is necessary for quick movements and prompt execution of orders. The steamer was a new vessel built on the Clyde in Scotland and had all the appliances for quick running, and steady movement in a sea-way.

Well, we found that instead of shaping our course for Nassau, Bahamas, it would be safer to bear up for St. George's, Bermuda, and in all probability we should find fewer vessels. But while we had so far made an excellent trip, and were only about a hundred miles from Bermuda, we came very near having to give up our pretty steamer and our cotton after all by perhaps being too confident that all ships about the nearby vessels. But none of us see the inside of a northern prison. It happened in this way. The navy department of the United States had just sent out a number of new ships that we called "double-enders," which were full rigged like sailing vessels, and had a funnel that was something on the telescope order, enabling the ship to put it out of sight entirely when she was not using steam, so that from a distance the appearance was a merchant ship going on a peaceful mission.

One day one of these ships was seen

to windward of us and with all canvas set and a fair wind was making good headway, and going in the same direction with us. After awhile the pilot came to the captain and told him that he did not like the appearance of the strange vessel. "She looks, I know, like a merchant ship, but there is too great a distance between the main and mizzen masts. I am afraid there is a funnel there somewhere." The captain did not think so, but as a precautionary measure, ordered the helmsman to put the ship off four points. This was done, and the apparent "merchantman" took no notice of it. "Put her off four points more," said our captain, and hardly had the ship answered her helm and changed her course before our "peaceful friend" ran up a funnel sure enough, and in a little while was doing everything possible to catch us. By the use of a good glass we could see the water leaping from her bows, and we were busily holding our own. But night soon began to settle about us, and our captain, by skillful movements, went completely round her in the darkness, and came once more on the straight course for Bermuda. About 1 o'clock