

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"You may ask, sir," says I, smiling; "out as for my telling you, why, that is a very different matter."

Yet I had determined upon one point almost as soon as Mr. White had informed me who was the pirate captain into whose hands the *Cassandra* had fallen, and that was to go aboard of the pirate craft, and to speak with Captain Edward England himself. I had known him before he had entered into the nefarious life which he now followed, and while he was still first mate of the *Lady Alice*. I was then with Captain Wraxel in the West Indies, and had met England at Kingston, in the island of Jamaica, upon which occasion he had appeared to conceive quite a liking for me, though I cannot say it was returned in kind. I knew him as a wild and reckless blade, but neither blood-thirsty nor cruel, and making every allowance for the change in his nature which this wicked life might effect, I did not believe that injury would happen to me if I could once gain his promise of safety in visiting his ship.

As for the jewel, I did not believe that Captain Leach would disclose the secret of it without he had been compelled to do so; wherefore, if he had it still in his own keeping, I entertained a hope that I might by some trick or other snatch the precious stone away from him again. In that event I did not believe he would say anything, for fear that the pirates might punish him for keeping it a secret from them.

But although I could perceive, as Mr. Longways had said, that it was of great importance both to his future and mine own that the *Rose of Paradise* should be regained, I ventured my life not so much in the hope of obtaining the stone as of procuring some means by which all hands might be able to quit the island; for we—and more especially the women—could not but be in constant danger from the bloody wretches thirsting for revenge on account of the check which we of the *Cassandra* had lately put upon them. Wherefore I thought it best that I should boldly visit the pirate captain, for I had great hopes of being able to persuade him to allow us to escape, and even of procuring from him some means to that end.

In any case, the venture could not but be of advantage to us, for even if I should perish, their revenge might thereby be satisfied, and they might depart without molesting the rest of the ship's company, for they were pleased to regard me as the chief cause of all their mishaps in the late engagement.

Before I dared venture aboard the pirate craft it was necessary that I should first write a letter to the captain, and also that I should have a trustworthy person to convey my communication to him; nor did I give two thoughts to this matter, for common justice pointed to Mr. White as the only fitting one to be my messenger; accordingly I sent for him, and he soon came. I told him that I desired to open communication with the pirate captain upon a matter of great importance, and that I gave him this opportunity towards redeeming his self-respect by conveying my message to Captain England. Nor have I ever seen a man more grateful than Mr. White upon this occasion; two or three times he strove to speak, and when he did contrive to do so it was only simply to say, "Sir, I thank you."

The surgeon having given me permission I wrote my letter, and Mr. White took it that very night, having no companion with him but two natives who acted as guides. I have a copy of the letter, made at the time, which runs as follows:

"To Captain Edward England:

"Sir,—I write you this in a most forlorn and distressing situation.

"Having defended ourselves, our ship, and those entrusted to our keeping, from you, who sought to encompass our destruction by all means in your power, we now find ourselves reduced to the necessity of imploring aid from you, who so lately sought our lives. Nor would we even yet ask anything from you were it not for three poor and helpless women, whose safety here is a matter of uncertainty from day to day, and who, without aid is extended to them, may perish miserably in this desolate and savage land.

"Sir, though a wild and ungoverned nature, I never knew you to be a cruel man; therefore I ask this aid of you for the sake of these three women.

"Furthermore, I ask that you do not hastily refuse this plea for aid, but may allow me to come aboard of your craft and speak to you in person.

"I know that there is with you one who is mine enemy, because of a great injury which he hath done me, and who will no doubt conspire against my life—I mean Captain Leach, lately one of my passengers, and who, I suspect, along with others, betrayed us into your hand. But although I believe he would seek my life, yet I am willing to trust it into your hands if you will promise me safety in my coming and my going.

"Sir, I beseech you to grant me this speech with you, that I may plead the cause of the weak and helpless, and am, sir,

"Your very obedient and humble servant,
"JOHN MACKRA."

Mr. White was only gone for a little more than two days, and when he returned he brought with him a letter from the

pirate captain. The communication ran thus:

"To Captain John Mackra, late of the 'Cassandra':

"Sir,—If you choose to risk your life by coming hither, devil a word have I to say against it. They're a wild set of blades under me, and mind the helm no better than a washing tub, so that my orders have little or no weight with them. All the same, if you're the man to come aboard, and have the courage to face the matter out, I'll do what I can to see that no harm happens to you. But if you'll take a friend's advice you'll stay where you are, and let a bad matter cure itself, for you know very well that there is no use splicing a rotten rope. As for the pickle you're in lay that to your luck, and not to me.

"EDWARD ENGLAND."

I was none too well pleased with this precious epistle, for I could see very readily how little command Captain England held upon the wretches under him. Nevertheless, it did not alter my determination to go aboard of the pirate craft, and to speak with him. I was the more inclined to do this as I felt well assured that the pirates could not now be as hot for my blood as they had been at first.

It was necessary for me to get away from the king's town without confiding my determination to any one, or any one having knowledge of my departure, for I knew very well that there was not one of my officers but would have stayed me from acting on my plans had they been informed of them, even if they should find it needful to use force to prevent my going.

It was the evening of the eighth day since the fight when Mr. White returned with Captain England's letter, and I determined that that very night should witness my departure upon my enterprise, which to one looking coolly upon it might seem little if any better than the frantic act of a madman. Nor was it that I myself was unconscious of the magnitude of these dangers, for I entered upon them only because that in the desperate state of our necessities I could see no other course out of our difficulties, and so had to choose this for lack of a better. Accordingly, as said before, I determined to set out that very night, for nothing could be gained by further delay.

There was no other choice left me but to make my way along the beach, which, although it would increase the distance by five or six miles, would yet afford me a sound and level highway for my journeying, the sand being firm and hard when the water was out at low tide.

That night I wrote a lengthy letter to Mr. Langely, giving him full particulars as to what I was about to undertake, and also instructions as to how he should proceed in the event of my not returning from my adventure. I also wrote my will and settled all my affairs as well as I was able. This took until night midnight.

All this I managed to do without the knowledge of any one, and by the light of a little wick floating in a dish of oil, the flame of which I kept so well shaded that no one perceived it in all that time.

About one o'clock I came out from my hut, and found the stars shining most beautifully in the sky, and all the air full of the noises of the night. I did not tarry however, but walked straight to the beach, and along it towards the northern end of the island, around which and beyond the cape I knew the bay to lie, about ten leagues distant from the king's town.

I had only been twice upon my feet since the fever had left me, and found that I was far more weak than I had supposed myself to be, so that I had to rest myself at frequent intervals. However, I managed to cover some ten miles of my journey by about six o'clock in the morning, by which time I was so exhausted that I could go no farther, but had to lie down under the shade of the bushes and rest myself for a long time.

I speak of these things to show why it was that my journey should have occupied eight upon two days, for it was not until the afternoon of the second day that I came within sight of a boat, drawn up on the beach, which I knew to belong to the pirates, and from which the crew had gone into the thickets, either to search for game or for water.

I had eaten nothing all that day, for I had not thought that my journey would have taken me so long, and I did not care to burden myself with any more food than necessary. So I was glad to see the boat, not only being very weary, but also having my feet so badly blistered by the unwonted exposure to the hot sun on the bare sand that it was only with pain that I could take a single step.

As I drew nigh, two fellows who had been lying in the shade upon the further side sprang to their feet and hailed me.

"Who are you?" says one of them—a great black-bearded fellow with a dirty yellow handkerchief tied around his head, a ragged scarf about his loins, a brace of pistols hanging from a leathern belt, and dirty shirt opened at the breast, showing a hairy throat and chest.

"I am Captain John Mackra," said I, and I sat down upon the gunwale of the boat, for I could go no further.

"The devil you are!" says he, and he stared at me from top to toe as though I had been some strange creature the like of which he had never beheld before. Then, without another word, he put his finger to his lips and gave a great, long, shrill

whistle. I presently heard a great crackling in the bushes and noise of loud voices and soon there burst out of the thickets six or eight great, bearded, dirty, villainous rascals, who came running down to the boat, having caught sight of me, and knowing me to be a stranger. "It's Captain Leach," said the one of the pirates who had not yet spoken—a young fellow of not more than twenty.

Some of those who had just come had been drinking, as could be plainly seen from the way in which they acted. One of them was for killing me off-hand, and I verily believe would have done so, in spite of all that the others could do or say, had not another of them knocked him down with an oar with such a blow that I thought at first the fellow had been killed outright.

After that they bound me hand and foot and chucked me into the stern-sheets of the boat along with the fellow who had been knocked down by the oar, and who lay without life or motion, as though neither were of more account than so much old junk.

After that they shoved off from the beach in the direction of my old craft the *Cassandra*, which rode at her anchor about a mile and a half or two miles away.

The boat had hardly come alongside when the news of my coming ran fore and aft like a train of powder. They hoisted me upon deck and laid me just aft of the main-mast, whilst a crowd gathered round me and stared at me, some of them grinning and some of them cursing me.

Most of them were more or less in liquor and it was this circumstance that came nigh to costing me my life, and this was how it happened:

One great fellow with a dreadful scar across his face gave me a kick in the loins which I thought at first had finished me, and for no cause that I could see but that he was drunk and in a savage humor. One or two of them sang out to him not to kill me just then, but he made no answer except by aiming another kick at my head, which I warded off with my arm so that it did me little or no harm. He drew back his foot for another blow, but just then an iron belaying-pin came whizzing through the air and struck the fellow in the jaw, knocking him down upon the deck as though he had been shot.

I turned mine eyes and saw that it was Captain England himself who struck the blow.

"Look'ee," says he, "we'll have none of this; if killing is to be done, it is to be done lawyer-like. He's come aboard himself, and if he's to be killed he's to be killed after his trial, and not before."

There was a moment or two of pause, for Captain England had drawn a brace of pistols, and held one cocked in either hand; but just then up stepped a fellow who it was very plain to see was of some account amongst them, for his clothes were of rich stuff, and he had a gold chain with a cross slung around his neck, and golden earrings in his ears. He walked up to England until he stood face to face with him.

"Look'ee, Ned England," says he, "what I've got to say is this: you're carrying things with too high a hand to suit us easy-going fellows. D'ye you think you're king or emperor, and that we're nigger slaves, that you knock us about as it suits your humor?"

I had expected England would have shot the fellow down where he stood, but he stayed his hand, and by the muttering of the rest I knew that the speaker carried most of them with him.

"Look'ee, now," says he, more boldly, "didn't we choose you for our captain ourselves? And here you knock us around with belaying pins as though you owned every man of us; and all for what? Why, for giving this here precious sea-captain an innocent kick or two for all the good fellows he sent to h—ll since ten days ago. What I say is, hang him up to the yardarm;" and he fetched me a terrible kick in the side without taking his eyes from his captain's face.

At this time, although I heard what was said, I thought of little of what was passing about me, my mind being beclouded with my weakness and my pains, for I had well-nigh swooned from the agony of those two kicks upon my flank and loins. Therefore I lay with mine eyes shut, feeling deathly sick and faint.

A time of silence followed, though how long it might be I could not exactly tell. Then I heard Captain England speak, the words coming to my ears as though from a great distance, because of my condition.

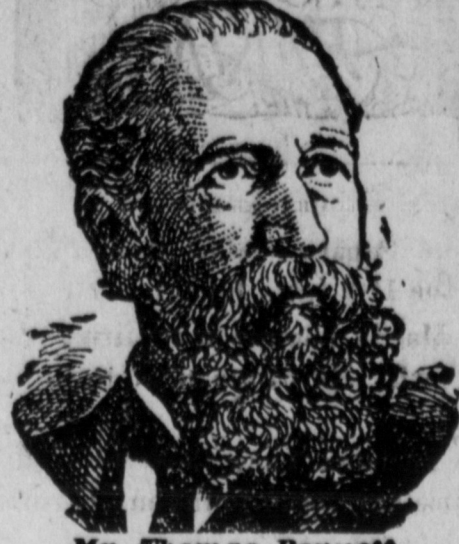
"D—n you, Burke, what do I care for the fellow? If you want the man's life, take it!" and I know that he swung upon his heel and walked away.

CHAPTER XII.

I could not at that minute see that anything stood between me and death, for the pirates were so bent upon my immediate destruction that they set about getting ready a line to hang me up without more ado.

Yet though I had cause to apprehend that the very next moment would be my last upon earth, the dread of death was in no wise keen upon me, for in my half-swoon I lay as one in a dream, and neither saw nor heard very clearly the preparations they were making for my destruction, and so was mercifully spared that pain. But God in His great mercy de-

(Continued on Page 5.)



He Could Not Live

Was what friends said, but

Hood's Perfectly Cured

Dreadful Case of Chronic Eczema.

Such a testimonial as we give below few medicines can produce. It is one of thousands possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and proves the merit of this medicine. Reliable, honest, industrious, is what all say of Mr. Bennett. He has been engaged as gas-fitter in Boston for 35 years, with Tarbell, 111 Washington street, and McKinney, Washington st., opp. Boylston. "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass."

"Gentlemen!—I am only doing what is just when I tell voluntarily what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I know it Saved My Life.

"A year ago last winter, after exposure to storms, I caught a severe cold, after which chronic eczema appeared on the calf of my left leg and spread all over my lower limb from knee to ankle, and the itching and burning was something awful. Added to this was a severe pain, seemingly in the bone. At last it became so that I had to give up work and was unable to walk. I had to have my leg bandaged all the time and frequent changes of the cloths. For nine months I sat with my leg resting in a chair.

Oh, It Was Dreadful!

Friends said I could not live long. In all I had seven different physicians, all to no purpose whatever. I knew the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as I had, some years before, taken it with benefit, and decided to try it for my apparently hopeless case. In two or three days after I began my appetite was better and my courage revived. To make a long story short, the eruption entirely disappeared, and the flesh on my leg resumed perfectly healthy appearance. I was soon able to walk about. I cannot tell how amazed my neighbors and friends were. I can now walk without any lameness, as well as ever.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

eczema, as well as ever. Have not the slightest eruption or itching or burning, or any sort of trouble whatever with my leg. The gratitude I owe Hood's Sarsaparilla is simply unexpressed. TROUS. BENNETT, 172 Sycamore St., Roslindale, Boston, Mass. Try HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists, etc.

For Sale at SHORT'S DRUG STORE.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works, T. F. SHERARD & SON,

Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones. Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled. MONCTON, N. B. (aug31st)

A. E. LANDRY

SAINT LOUIS, N. E.

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Rubber Goods, etc.

Selling Cheap for Cash.

Watchmaker and Photographer. Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Thos. L. Bourke,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE

WINE & SPIRIT

MERCHANT,

11, 18 AND 25 WATER STREET,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

LOTS OF LAND

FOR SALE!

I am instructed to offer for sale the following lots of land:

1. In Galloway, Richibucto:—A lot containing 75 acres known as the Daniel Young lot, and granted to him in 1863.

2. In Carleton Parish:—A lot containing 66 acres, known as lot M. in block R. on the "Allen Road," north side of the Kouchibouguac River, adjoining John Potter.

3. A lot containing 100 acres on the Acadiaville Road, adjoining the James Potter lot, and distinguished a lot No. 72 in block 11.

4. In the Parish of Wellington:—A lot containing 50 acres on the north side of the Big Buctouche River, and known as the John Donaher lot. These properties will be sold cheap if applied for at once. J. D. PHINNEY.

Richibucto, March 6th, 1894.

All parties are hereby forbidden to trespass upon any of the said lots.

J. D. P.

NOW LANDING:

- 30 Casks Zinc,
- 80 Plates Zinc,
- 6 Tons Spelter,
- 1,000 Casks Lion Cement,
- 600 Casks White's Cement,
- 10 Cases Plate Glass,
- 150 Bds Iron,
- 20 Tons Chain,
- 8,293 Cases Window Glass,
- 25 Cases Mirrors,
- 225 Bds Whiting,
- 1 Car Brandram's White Lead.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,

MARKET SQUARE,

St. John, N. B.

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON

& ALLISON,

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS & MILLINERY, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS & HOUSEFURNISHINGS.

27 and 29 King Street,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. H. CARNALL

Taxidermist and Naturalist,

98 King Street, (up stairs) St. John, N. B.

Birds and Animals mounted in the best style of the art. Moose and Caribou Heads mounted in the best style. Furs of all kinds dressed. Good collection on hand for sale. Skins tanned and made into mats. Rare birds bought and fair rates paid. Arctic Birds particularly required. I guarantee that no moths will appear in my work.

CARD.

TO THE GROCERY TRADE IN KENT COUNTY.

WE have engaged the services of Mr. BEV. SMITH, late of the B. & M. Railway to represent us in Kent County. Mr. Smith will call on you at regular intervals, and as we have a very large and well assorted stock, purchased for cash, he will offer Goods at

Lowest Market Prices.

We bespeak a share of your orders for him. We take this opportunity to thank our customers in Kent County for past favors and would ask a continuance of your confidence.

P. S.—We sell only to the trade.

F. P. REID & CO., MONCTON, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys. WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOP SHIRTS, NEGLIGÉ SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS, @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, besides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance, \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

Furnishes its readers every week with more reading matter than any other paper in the Province, outside of the cities.

SUBSCRIBE NOW.