

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADDLER CHAPTER XIV.

THE SHADOW OF CAPTAIN KIDD

As before mentioned in this narrative, Lord Bellomont, acting on instructions from the King and several powerful noblemen, and, as the disaffected whispered, with a view to replenish a depleted treasury, had inaugurated a new system of privateering...

Hence it was that, since the navy was much weakened by the late wars, my Lord Bellomont had suggested to the King the employment of private men-of-war, and wealthy New Yorkers, notably Robert Livingston, either impelled by patriotic motives or for their own profit, expressed their willingness to co-operate in the inauguration of the new system...

There was a movement of interest and yet of uneasiness, intensified by the entrance of two figures in heavy overcoats. With a thrill of dismay—for what might not Greatbatch divulge?—it was noted that these were Captain Egbert Ferrers and another man, Prosser Williams, the two best-known members of all the Governor's household...

So far there was nothing that anyone could object to, were it not the innuendo contained in that allusion to His Excellency, which, in fact, would have been well enough received but for the presence of two of his gentlemen...

tion the highest authorities, who were accused of complicity in the disaster.

One evening, when the public excitement was at its highest, and the parlor of Der Halle was fuller than usual, Mynheer de Vries conversed in mysterious whispers with half a dozen of his cronies. That public room of the tavern was a cheerful spot, its broad-beamed low ceiling catching the cheerful flames that leaped up from the hearth and played over the tables, on the pewter mugs, and on the anxious or cynically smiling faces of those present.

But here there was an unexpected interruption. Leaving back in his chair and looking the speaker full in the face, Captain Ferrers said quietly, though there was sternness mingled with his jesting tone: "My friend, propose what toasts you wish to leave out of them the name of His Excellency?"

"I give you toast," persisted Greatbatch, with a malignant scowl at the young officer, "to Cap'n Kidd, made Admiral of the Sea."

"Who I am matters not," said Captain Ferrers, crossing one leg over the other and regarding Greatbatch with smiling composure. "But you will show your wisdom by taking my advice."

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ever, save that of Greatbatch, who, having risen to his feet, held his liquor polished in mid-air, while he looked maliciously around.

"Why, what ails you, gentlemen?" he cried, addressing himself more particularly to that table at which sat Mynheer de Vries and his friends. "Won't you drain a glass to Cap'n Kidd, the favored puppet of Lord Bellomont?"

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"One of these gentlemen has most properly resented a jesting remark of the worthy Captain Greatbatch, who, with others of his profession, has felt somewhat sore concerning the appointment of Captain Kidd to a post of authority."

Greatbatch, scowling and sullen but somewhat subdued since the quality of the adversary was made known to him, turned his blood-shot eyes from his opponent to the speaker, whose remarks he was inclined to resent.

"Now I doubt not," went on Mynheer, "that Captain Greatbatch will cheerfully explain that he was ignorant of these gentlemen's presence, and could have meant no offence to them, and that his misplaced pleasantry was but an idle jest, without intention to reflect upon His Excellency's person or authority."

Greatbatch, though he was not too tipsy to realize the awkward position in which he had placed himself, continued at first to growl that he'd be hanged if he'd offer an apology to yonder sprigling.

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"Quidder Merchant," and had suffered the penalty for other men's schemes, no less than for his own.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE STORY OF AN OBSTINATE MAN

By George Barton, in Extension Magazine

They say I'm an obstinate man. Maybe I am. It all depends upon the definition of the word. I know that what little success I have had has come about mainly through dogged determination.

There—I think I've made clear the difference between pigheadedness and the intelligent obstinacy with which I have pursued my purposes. If you can't see it well, that's not my fault. I'm going straight ahead on the line I've marked out. That, as I've said is the chief reason for any little bits of fortune that have come my way.

So far, so good. Things were running on as smoothly as a summer stream until I met Clara. And then life changed for me. It was not a case of love at first sight. It was something more reasonable than that. It was the result of observation and companionship. The upshot of it all was that I made up my mind that I must have Clara for my wife.

But, unexpectedly, I found two obstacles. The first was the dear girl herself. She had no desire to marry at that time. Furthermore, she was not at all certain that she wished to marry me. She told me this with a candor and simplicity that made me like her all the more.

My obstinacy won the day. My determination to go back to the method of the cavalier and fight him with a stone axe. It was a battle from the start, and he appeared to have all the advantages. He had an agreeable personality—and he had other things. For instance, he would come around with a hired automobile and take her driving through the park.

in it without a whimper. But we were both having our eyes opened. When I was single, I didn't think twice hundred dollars a year was any too much for one person. Now I had to divide my four hundred with four, which meant about three hundred and fifty dollars per year apiece.

One Sunday afternoon Clara came home looking flushed and unhappy. She was reluctant to tell me the reason, but she finally said she had met Watkins, that he was driving a handsome limousine, and when he saw her he drew up to the curb long enough to let her know that he had become connected with a firm of corporation lawyers, and was doing exceptionally well.

"Frank's a good fellow," said Watkins to Clara, "but he'll never be more than a subordinate. He may finally reach sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars, but that will be the limit. He's in a rut and he'll stay there. I know those Government jobs and I think I know your husband."

"Not a blessed thing," I replied promptly, "but I'm going to know something about it pretty soon. I do know that men who are no more gifted than I am have studied law and made a success of it—Watkins, for instance."

"I'm satisfied to have you share my lot," I flung back, "but I'm not satisfied with the lot as it stands now. All I ask, my dear, is that you will be patient with me for four or five years. If I don't make good in that time, I'll not have another word to say."

I had to do a great deal of mental brushing up before I got a start. First, I obtained a list of the requirements for the preliminary law examination from the secretary of the State Board of Law Examiners. For weeks I struggled with my studies alone, and then to my joy discovered that one of the small colleges in the city was giving, in its night school, a special course which covered the needs of those who were preparing for the preliminary law examination.

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