

# CAPTAIN BLOOD

By Rafael Sabatini

## BEGIN HERE TODAY.

PETER BLOOD is wrongly convicted of treason against the English king. He and JERRY PITT, among others, become the slaves of COLONEL BISHOP, a Barbados planter and uncle of Arabella, between whom and Peter Blood an interesting friendship springs up. A Spanish ship, the *San Juan*, is captured through the strategy of Blood, who takes the ransom party of slaves. DON DIEGO, commander of the vessel, who is given freedom of the ship, attempts to betray Captain Blood and his fellows, but fails. Blood sails to Tortuga, headquarters of buccaneers, where he joins with Levasseur, another adventurer.

The governor of Tortuga tries to break up an attachment between his daughter, MADEMOISELLE DOGON, and Levasseur. He sends his daughter on a sea voyage, guarded by her brother.

Levasseur follows, and kidnaps Mademoiselle and her brother. Captain Blood engages in a duel with Levasseur to save Mademoiselle and her brother.

(Continued From Yesterday.) It was soon over. A brute strength upon which Levasseur so confidently counted, could avail nothing against the Irishman's practiced skill. When, with both lungs transfused, he lay prone on the wharf, coughing out his rascally life, Captain Blood looked calmly at Cahusac across the body.

"I think that cancels the articles between us," he said.

"If you will come to our anchorage, you shall receive at once your share of the boat and the cargo that you may dispose of it as you please."

They crossed the island, the two prisoners accompanied by a third man, later that day, the division made, they would have parted company but for Cahusac, at the instances of the men who had elected him Levasseur's successor, offered Captain Blood anew the services of that French contingent.

"If you will sail with me again," the captain answered him, "you may do so on the condition that you make your peace with the Dutch, and restore the brig and her cargo."

The condition was accepted, and Captain Blood went off to find his guests, the children of the governor or Tortuga.

M. O'Geron was not in a forgiving mood.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "aboard this ship you shall be treated with all honor. So soon as we are in case to put to sea again, we steer a course for Tortuga to take you home to your father."

CHAPTER XVI. The Trap. Mademoiselle O'Geron bore as its natural fruit an improvement in the already cordial relations between Captain Blood and the governor of Tortuga.

So when it came to fitting out his fleet for an enterprise against Maracaibo, he did not want for either ships or men to follow him. He recruited five hundred adventurers in all, and he might have had as many thousands if he could have offered them accommodations similarly without difficulty he might have increased his fleet to twice its strength of ships but that he preferred to keep it what it was.

It was some months after the rescue of Mademoiselle O'Geron in August of that year 1687—that little fleet sailed into the great lake of Maracaibo and effected its raid upon that opulent city of the Main.

The affair did not proceed exactly as was hoped, and Blood's force came to find itself in a precarious position.

A dispute was being conducted by Hagthorpe, Wolverstone and Pitt on the one side, and Cahusac, out of whose unbusiness it all arose, on the other.

"Is it that I have not warned you from the beginning that this was too easy?" Cahusac demanded. "I see

an abandoned fort at the entrance of the lake, and nobody there to fire a gun at us when we came in. Then I suspect the trap. What do we find? A city, abandoned like the fort. Captain Blood, he will go on, and we go on. We go to Gibraltar, true that at last, after long time, we catch the deputy governor; true, we make him pay big ransom for Gibraltar; true because that ransom and the loot we return here with some two thousand pieces of eight. It is a piece of cheese in a mouse-trap, and we are the little mice. The cats are those four Spanish ships of war that have come meantime. And we wait for us outside the bottleneck of this lagoon."

He waited. At that moment, upon sauntered Peter Blood. With him came a tough, long-legged French sea-rot named Wherville, who though still young, had already won fame as a privateer commander before the loss of his own ship had driven him to take service under Blood.

The captain advanced to that light upon his long ebon staff, and he spoke quietly, almost wearily.

"You will be telling them that we have delayed, and that it is the fault of that Spanish ship, the *San Juan*. But whose is the fault of that delay?"

"Ah, ca! Nom de Dieu! Was it my fault?"

"Was it anyone else's fault that you ran your ship *La Foudre* aground in the shoal in the middle of the night? You might not be piloted. The result was that we lost three precious days in getting canoes to bring off your men and the ship."

"I have no excuse for that," said Blood. "The result was that we lost three precious days in getting canoes to bring off your men and the ship."

"There's no good can come of talking of what's past and done," said Cahusac. "The question is: what are we to do now?"

"Sure, now, there's no question at all," said Captain Blood. "We must strike at once."

"Under no circumstances," insisted Don Miguel, the Spanish admiral, have our safe passage to sea if we will depart on one day, and our own French followers wish to avail themselves of the Spaniard's terms, we shall not hinder you."

"Precisely what answer have you made to the admiral?"

A smile irradiated the face and eyes of Captain Blood.

"I have answered him that unless within four-and-twenty hours we have his parole to stand out to sea, ceasing in dispute our passage or going out on our own terms, and a ransom of fifty thousand pieces of eight for Maracaibo, we shall reduce this beautiful city to ashes and destroy its fleet."

The impudence of it left Cahusac speechless.

They must strike at once, Don Miguel repeated the re-enforcement of that fifth galleon, the *Santo Nino*, which was coming to join him from La Guayra.

That principal operations were on the larger of the two sloops captured at Gibraltar; to which vessel was assigned the leading part in Captain Blood's scheme. They began by tearing down all bulkheads, until they had reduced her to the merest shell, and then they added six barrels of gunpowder, placed on end like guns at the open ports on her larboard side.

The morning of the fourth day all were got aboard, and the city of Maracaibo was at last abandoned. But they did not weigh anchor until some two hours after midnight.

# MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

## The Freshest Ball Player—First Meeting With Pop Anson—McGraw's "Jump" to Baltimore Orioles—The First Big League Game.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

### ARTICLE 8.

Though he preceded me by a few years, the freshest ball player within my knowledge was Arlie Latham. His first appearance was with the Buffalo team, of which Sam Crane, the sporting writer, was the manager.

In those days ball players were not kept on the bench for a long time before being sent in a game. The moment a new man was signed the fans wanted to see him in action at once and so did the manager.

Arlie showed up in the morning and played in a regular game that afternoon. He was so fresh on the bench that the older players got disgusted and refused to talk to him. That didn't so much as make him hesitate.

"Quit your mouthing and get out and show something," one of them suggested to him.

"Yes," added Manager Crane, "either keep your mouth shut or stay off the bench."

Arlie was next at bat. He went over and picked up a bat and deliberately turned around and made a monkey face at his manager. Pretty good for a start, eh?

Walking to the plate, Latham addressed himself freely to the pitcher and made a profound bow to the stand. A minute later he caught a ball on the nose and whipped it to deep centre for three bases.

"Now, old Methusalem," he called to the next batter, a veteran, "you better stop talking and do something like that. How's that, Sam?" he called to the astonished manager.

The next batter did get a long hit. Latham could have walked home. Seeing where the ball had gone, though, he started turning hand-springs or flip-flops and turned them all the way to the plate, landing the last time squarely on the rubber.

The crowd, according to Sam Crane, went wild with delight. That I consider a pretty fresh start for a youngster. But Arlie didn't stop there. He remained fresh throughout his career. He was one of the most amusing characters in baseball—a good player too.

Latham is now running the check room for coats and hats in one of the London hotels. William Fleischmann, a veteran baseball fan, made this discovery of Latham. He walked into the coat room last year.

"My word, if it hadn't a bally Hamerican!" some one said behind him, trying to imitate the cockney accent.

Fleischmann turned to face Arlie Latham, just as fresh as ever.

As I say, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for the fresh youngster. I guess it was because I was that way myself, and I can understand them. They don't really mean to be impudent or disrespectful, but enthusiasm and desire for action are a mild but thorough laxative, which regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish constipation, colds and indigestion and promote healthful sleep. They are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates and may be given to the new-born babe with perfect safety. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

titled to. I made up my mind that I would show up that big league club and I felt confident that I could do so.

Bill Hutchinson, one of the best pitchers ever turned out by Yale University, was pitching for Chicago, and I got the first crack at him—a clean single.

"Say, old timer," I said to the famous "Cap" Anson, as I ran past him, "so that's what you call big league pitching, eh? We'll murder

McGraw, general utility man, and Wilbert Robinson, one of the best catchers in the game, as members of the Baltimore Orioles, 1893.

that fellow."

Anson looked at me in astonishment. My impudence almost took his breath away. You can imagine how this must have sounded coming from a kid of eighteen years and

stop of the St. Louis Browns when Charley Comiskey was manager, had finished his days as a big leaguer and was playing with one of the clubs in our league. He knew of my ambition and told me he would see what could be done for me. In the meantime I had received several offers, one from the Pacific Coast.

"I have a letter from Billy Barnie, manager of the Baltimore Orioles," Gleason told me one day. "He wants to know how good you are."

That information gave me the greatest thrill of my life. I was up in the clouds.

"Well, you can tell him I'm just about as good as they come," I suggested, Gleason grinning at my cockiness.

Just the same he gave Barnie a good report. A few days later Gleason advised me to join the Baltimore club that Barnie would send me a ticket.

I packed up my bag and went out of Cedar Rapids with a running jump, reporting to Baltimore in the middle of the season of 1891.

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who weighed but 120 pounds. Before the day was over I had three hot arguments with the Chicago manager, but finally he saw the humor of it and smiled at me encouragingly. I'll never forget how good that smile made me feel.

At shortstop I accepted eleven chances that day and led our team at bat. It was a big day for me. After the game Anson, forgetting my freshness and impudence, said some nice things about my playing—actually asked me how I would like to play for Chicago some time. That went to my head immediately. Gee, but I was chummy over having attracted the attention of the great Anson!

All thoughts of Three-I League (Illinois, Iowa and Indiana) and things like that went out of my head. I would be a big leaguer or nothing.

In those days, you must understand, we had no such baseball government and system as we have now. If a player in a small league got an offer from a big league team he would simply jump his club and take it. There was no penalty attached. That was quite customary.

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I walked into Barnie's office and announced myself as ready to do a lot of business. For a whole minute he stared at me.

"You don't mean to say that this is the ball player I've been writing about. Why, you're just a kid—can you play ball?"

"If you don't think so," I protested, "just let me out there and watch me smoke. I'm a bigger fellow than I look." I weighed 121 pounds.

I got my chance right away at short. I was so nervous, though, that when the first grounder came to me I kicked it all over the lot.

Then came my great chance in my first big league game. The bases were full when I came to bat and—I struck out.

"Kid," Barnie said to me, "what was that you said about smoke?"

Old Phil Kneill was the pitcher that day and I'll never forget his curve. Finally I hit one for a single. I had a start—and in the big league. (Copyright, 1923, in United States and Canada, by Christy Walsh Syndicate)

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Relieved Her of Headaches

Headache seems to be habitual with many people, and some, if any, are seldom free from it, suffering continually, and wondering why they can get no relief.

In all cases of headache the treatment should be directed to the removal of the cause, and with the cause removed the headaches will vanish.

It is impossible to find a better remedy for headaches of every description that can equal B. B. B., acting as it does on every organ of the system.

Mrs. Douglas Hiseborough, 250 McKenzie St., Barnia, Ont., writes: "Having suffered from severe headaches for a considerable length of time I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and found that it helped me wonderfully. It relieved the headaches, and I noticed a decided improvement in my health."

Burdock Blood Bitters is a remedy that has been on the market for the past forty-four years, so you don't experiment with some new and untried medicine. It is put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old remedy is easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost magical. It takes but a moment to prepare and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, this mixture saves about two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly, and tastes pleasant.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tickling cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out, and then disappear altogether. A day's use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness, and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, the most reliable remedy for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for the 2½ ounces of Pinex with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

# RED PEPPER FOR RHEUMATIC PAIN

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It can't hurt you, and it certainly stops that old rheumatism torture at once. When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has so concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone. Ask any good druggist for a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.—Advt.

# MRS. MISENER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—'When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wonder if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It was the most profitable thing I ever got. I have taken six boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the 'Great War' I worked on munitions, and in the heavy lifting which my work entailed, I strained myself, causing inflammation from which I suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicines." —Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because they give up hope of recovery. C

IS A COMMON ALIMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN TIME MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS COUGH OR COLIC MAY BE TREATED AT ONCE MUCH INCONVENIENCE AND SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

Prince George Hotel

TORONTO

In Centre of Shopping and Business District

250 ROOMS

100 with Private Bath

EUROPEAN PLAN

E. WINE & L. H. CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

# Seeks Lower Rate On the Grounds That Ice Cream Is An Essential Food

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, Jan. 13.—A sub-committee of the cabinet was asked this morning to decide that ice cream is a necessary food product consumed by the poorer as well as the richer classes, and entitled to a second-class rating by the express companies of Canada.

The National Dairy Council appealed from a ruling of the railway commission whereby ice cream is placed in the first-class and compelled to pay the highest rate.

The ministers were told today that bread, butter, eggs, cheese and other dairy products were given the second classification by the railway commission. The commissioners, however, had refused to give the lower rate to ice cream, taking the ground that it was a luxury as well as a food. If ice cream was a luxury, so were caviars, but they were carried second-class.

NORTH BAY'S STREETS ARE LEFT IN DARKNESS

Decided Shortage in Hydro Results in Inconvenience To Citizens.

Canadian Press Despatch. North Bay, Jan. 13.—Developing as a result of lack of rain last fall and lack of development facilities at the Nipissing Junction plant of the Hydro-Electric power commission, a serious shortage of power has caused the streets of North Bay to be left in complete darkness for the last four nights, and has dangerously curtailed the water supply of the town. Efforts are being made to get in operation the steam plant, which would provide additional power, but tonight the situation was unchanged. Residents are complaining bitterly of the dimness of the lights in their homes, and coal heaters are being substituted in numbers for electric ranges.

Mayor McDonald, in a statement this afternoon, said that if necessary a strong delegation would take the matter to the government itself.

RAMSDEN GETS APPOINTMENT.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, Jan. 13.—George Ramsden, an ex-controller of Toronto and treasurer of the Toronto Radial Association, has been appointed a member of the provincial hydro commission, it was announced this afternoon.

# QUEBEC PREMIER IS CONFIDENT OF VICTORY

Taschereau Concludes His Manifesto With Review of Administration.

Associated Press Despatch. Quebec, Jan. 13.—"Victory is ours" is the cry of hope and confidence with which Hon. L. A. Taschereau concluded his manifesto to the electors of the province of Quebec. What the premier calls the balance sheet of three years' administration and the program of the Liberal party in Quebec was handed out to the press this evening.

In his manifesto Hon. Mr. Taschereau deals with every problem which was faced when he took over the leadership from the former premier, Sir Lomer Gouin. He reviews briefly what has government accomplished during his term in office, but he forecasts no important new legislation for the future if the Liberal party is returned to power at the forthcoming elections.

The manifesto will be used as the official statement of facts by the government, and its program by the Liberal candidates in all parts of the province as they hold their first meetings.

U. S. ARMY OF 137,000.

Associated Press Despatch. Washington, Jan. 13.—A standard army of 125,000 enlisted men and 12,000 commissioned officers, the same as authorized last year, is provided for in the United States army appropriation bill reported today to the house.



Black Pussy watched him and at once followed.

Farmer Brown's Boy's first impulse was to throw a stick of wood at Black Pussy and chase her out of that shed. But he didn't. He was smart enough to know that if he did that he would lose her. He knew that in the night she would be sure to return. Moreover, he was fond of Black Pussy and didn't want to hurt her. Instead of shouting at her and throwing something at her he spoke to her gently and called her. Presently she came to him and rubbed against his legs. Then he picked her up and stroked her head. "Pussy," said he, "this is no place for you. I am going to take you in the house and shut you in there. You have your prowling around in the night and frightening poor Welcome Robin."

So Black Pussy was taken into the house and