

CAPTAIN BLOOD

By Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Miss Bishop sat bemused, her brows knitted. At last his lordship spoke. "He amazes me, this man," he said in his slow, languid voice that never seemed to change its level. "That he should alter his course for us in itself matter for wonder; but that he should take a risk on our behalf—that he should venture into Jamaica, water. . . . It amazes me, as I have said."

Miss Bishop raised her eyes, and looked at him.

"What is still more amazing is that he does not hold us to ransom," she said at last.

"It's what you deserve," he said.

"Oh, and why, if you please?"

"For speaking to him as you did."

"I usually call things by their names."

His lordship stared at her. Then he half-closed his large, pale eyes, and tilted his head a little. "I wonder why you hate him so," he said, softly.

"Hate him? Lord! What a thought! I don't regard the fellow at all."

"Then we should, ma'am!" His lordship spoke his thought frankly. "He's worth regarding. He'd be an acquisition to the King's navy—a man that can do the things he did this morning."

Miss Bishop was moved to sarcasm.

"You should use your influence with my Lord Sunderland to have the King offer him a commission."

His lordship laughed softly. "Faint, it's done already. I have his commission in my pocket." And he increased her amazement by a brief exposition of the circumstances. In that amazement he left her, and went in quest of Blood.

He found the Captain pacing on the quarter-deck. With the amiable familiarity he used, Lord Julian slipped an arm through one of the Captain's, and fell into step beside him.

"What's this?" snapped Blood, whose mood was fierce and raw. His lordship was not disturbed.

"I desire, sir, that we be friends," said he suavely. Then he proceeded to explain himself and his mission.

When he had done, Captain Blood, who until that moment had stood still under the spell of his companion, disengaged his arm from his lordship's, and stood squarely before him.

"You're my guest aboard this ship," said he, "and I still have some notion of decent behavior left me from other days, thief and pirate though I may be. So I'll not be rude to you. What I think of you for daring to bring me this offer, or of my Lord Sunderland—since he's your kinsman—for having the time and nerve to send it. But it does not surprise me at all that one who is a minister of James Stuart's should conceive that every man is to be bought with bribes into betraying those who trust him."

He flung out an arm in the direction of the waist, whence came the half-melancholy chant of the lounging buccaneers.

"Again you misapprehend me," cried Lord Julian, between concern and indignation. "That is not intended. Your followers will be included in your commission."

"And dye think they'll go with me to hunt for brethren—the Brethren of the Coast? On my soul, Lord Julian, it is yourself does the misapprehending."

"His lordship fetched a heavy sigh. "A pity," he said slowly. "Oh, but me—a cursed pity!" He held out his hand, moved to it on a sudden generous impulse. "But no offense between us, Captain Blood."

"Oh, no offense. But . . . I'm a thief and a pirate!" He laughed without mirth and, disregarding the proffered hand, swung on his heel.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Service of King James.

MISS ARABELLA BISHOP was aroused very early on the following morning by the brazen clanging of a bell in the ship's bell-chamber. In his cabin on the starboard side, Lord Julian, disturbed by the same sounds, was already astir and hurriedly dressing. When presently he emerged under the break of the poop, he found himself staring up into a mountain of canvas.

By the rail, immediately above and behind Lord Julian, stood Captain Blood in altercation with a one-eyed giant, whose head was swathed in a red cotton kerchief, whose blue shirt hung open at the waist. As his lordship, moving forward, revealed himself, their voices ceased, and Blood turned to greet him.

"Good morning to you," he said, and added, "I've blundered badly, so I have. I should have known better than to come so close to Jamaica by night. Come up here. I have something to show you."

Wondering, Lord Julian mounted the companion as he was bidden. Standing beside Captain Blood, he looked astern, following the indication of the captain's hand, and cried out in his amazement. There, not more than three miles away, was land—an uneven wall of vivid green that filled the western horizon. And a couple of miles this side of it, bearing after them, came speeding three great white ships.

"They fly no colors, but they're part of the Jamaica fleet," Blood spoke without excitement, almost with a certain lack of interest. "When dawn broke we found ourselves running to meet them. We went about, and it's been a race ever since. But the Arabella's been a sea these four months, and her bottom's too foul for the speed we're needing."

A gun boomed out behind them.

"That'll be the signal to lie to," said Blood, in the same listless voice; and he fetched a sigh.

Wolverstone squared himself defiantly before the captain.

"I'll see Colonel Bishop in hell or ever I lies for him." And he spat, presumably for purposes of emphasis.

Came the roar of a second gun, and a round shot splashed the water less than half a cable length astern. Blood leaned over the rail to speak to the fair young man immediately below him by the helmsman at the wheel.

"Bid them take in sail, Jeremy," he said quietly. "We lie to."

But Wolverstone interposed again. "Hold there a moment, Jeremy!" he roared. "Wait!" He swung back to face the captain, who had placed a hand on his shoulder and was smiling, a trifle wistfully.

"Steady, Old Wolf! Steady!" Captain Blood admonished him.

"Steady, yourself, Peter. You've gone mad! Will ye doom us all to hell out of tenderness for that cold spite?"

Their glances met, sudden defiance braving dull anger, surprise, and pain.

"There is no question," said Blood, "of surrender for any man aboard save only myself. If Bishop can report to England that I am taken and hanged, he will magnify himself and his ship. I'll send him a message offering to surrender aboard his ship, taking Miss Bishop and only on condition that the Arabella is allowed to proceed unharmed."

"It's a bargain he'll never be offered," roared Wolverstone, "his earlier vehemence was as nothing to his vehemence now. 'Ye're surely daft even to think of it, Peter!'"

"Not so daft as you when you talk of fighting that!" He flung out an arm as he spoke to indicate the pursuing ships, which were slowly but surely creeping nearer. "Before we've run another half-mile we shall be within range."

Wolverstone swore elaborately, then suddenly checked. He eyed the tall of his single eye he had espied a trim figure in gray silk that was ascending the companion. So engrossed had they been that until now they had not seen Miss Bishop come from the door of the passage leading to the cabin. And there was something else that those three men on the poop, and Pitt immediately below them, had failed to observe. Some moments ago Ogle, followed by the main body of his gun-deck crew, had emerged from the booby hatch.

Captain Blood bared his head and bowed silently in a greeting which Arabella returned composedly and formally.

"What is happening, Lord Julian?" she inquired.

As if to answer her a third gun spoke from the ships toward which she was looking intent and wonderingly.

"They are ships of the Jamaica fleet," his lordship answered her.

It should in any case have been sufficient explanation. But before more could be added, their attention was drawn at last to Ogle, who came bounding up the broad ladder, and to the men lounging aft in his wake.

"At the head of the companion, Ogle found his progress barred by Blood's sternness. He eyed him, a sudden sternness in his face, and in every line of him.

"What's this?" the captain demanded. "Your station is on the gun-deck. Why have you left it?"

Thus challenged, the obvious trouble faded out of Ogle's bearing. But it gave no pause to the gunner's intention. If anything it increased his excitement.

"Captain," he said, and as he spoke he pointed to the pursuing ships. "Colonel Bishop holds us up. We're in no case either to run or fight."

Blood's height seemed to increase, as did his sternness.

"Ogle," said he, in a voice cold and sharp as steel, "your station is on the gun-deck. You'll find it at once, and take your crew with you, or else."

But Ogle, violent of mien and gesture, interrupted him.

"The men are of my thinking, and they'll have their way."

"And what way may that be?"

"The way that'll make us safe. We'll neither sink nor hang whiles we can help it."

"You come to give advice, then, do you?" quoth Captain Blood, relents nothing of his sternness.

"That's it, captain; advice. That girl, there. He flung out a bare arm to point to her. Bishop's niece. We want her as a hostage for our safety."

"Aye!" roared in chorus the buccaneers below.

In a flash Captain Blood saw what was in their minds. And for all that in nothing of his outward stern composure, fear invaded his heart.

"And how," he asked, "do you imagine that Miss Bishop will prove such a hostage?"

"It's a providence. Having aboard, a providence. Having aboard, captain, and signal them to send a miss to us. That'll cool Colonel Bishop's heat, maybe."

"And maybe it won't." Slow and mocking came Wolverstone's voice to answer the other's confident excitement, and as he spoke he advanced to Blood's side, an unexpected ally. "Some of 'em dawdles may believe that tale!" He jerked a contemptuous thumb toward the men in the waist, whose ranks were steadily being increased by the advent of others from the forecastle. "Although even some o'

they should know better, for there's still a few was on Barbados with us, and are acquainted like me and you with Colonel Bishop. We've got to fight, my lads."

"Hold on, Ogle!" cried Ogle, "I'll see Colonel Bishop in hell or ever I lies for him." And he spat, presumably for purposes of emphasis.

The rest of his words were drowned in the shouts of the hands insisting that the girl be given up to be held as a hostage. And then louder than before roared a gun away to leeward, and away on their starboard beam they saw the spray hung up by the shot, which had gone wide.

"They are within range," cried Ogle. And leaning from the rail, "Put down the helm," he commanded.

Pitt, at his post beside the helmsman, turned intently to face the excited gunner.

"Since when have you commanded on the main deck, Ogle? I take my orders from the captain."

"Wait!" Blood bade him, interrupting, and he set a restraining hand upon the gunner's arm.

"There is, I think, a better way."

Standing now at the rail, with Lord Julian beside him, Captain Blood explained himself.

Briefly and clearly he announced to all the object of Lord Julian's voyage to the Caribbean, and he informed them of the offer which yesterday Lord Julian had made to him.

"That offer rejected, as his lordship will tell you, leaving me myself affronted by it. Those of you who have suffered under the rule of King James will understand me. But now in the desperate case in which we find ourselves—outailed, and likely to be outfought, as Ogle has said—I am ready to accept the king's commission and shelter us all behind it."

It was a thunderbolt that for a moment left them all dazed. Then Blood was re-acted.

"I'll rot in hell or ever I serves the king," bawled Wolverstone in a great rage.

But Blood quivered him and those who thought as he did.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

TO JOHN J. MCGRAW FROM JOHN P. NIXON, APRIL 2/18

EDWARD HANLON SAYS JOHN J. MCGRAW WAS THE MOST VALUABLE PLAYER TO A BASE BALL CLUB HE EVER KNEW.



The greatest baseball team in history. Note the moustaches. Ed. Hanlon, manager, in center; McGraw, left bottom.

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

"Hit 'Em Where They Ain't" Keeler—The Greatest Team in Baseball History—Horseshoe Luck That Beat the Giants.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 12.

In the spring of 1894 we again arrived at New Orleans for training to find that Manager Hanlon had given us the needed cog to our machine—the key to the combination that made the Orioles the most famous of ball clubs. During the off months he had put through what I consider one of the greatest trades ever made in baseball. It was certainly the greatest ever made by Hanlon—and he made many.

Hanlon had traded Shindle and Treadway to Brooklyn for Willie Keeler and Dan Brothers. As I remember, it was even swap. I mean we haven't had enough since. As a matter of fact, Hanlon in a couple of trades like that laid the foundation for baseball fame and fortune. He was a wonderful trader.

Dan Brothers was one of the heaviest hitters in baseball and Keeler developed into one of the most scientific players the game has ever known. To this day one of Willie's remarks about hitting is a classic epigram of the diamond.

When asked the secret of hitting the little fellow replied, "Hit 'em where they ain't." That was all.

In addition to Keeler and Brothers Hanlon also had secured Bill Clarke, the catcher, and Heinie Reitz, the second baseman, from California.

With that group of talent Hanlon immediately formed a new line-up—the line-up that made the Orioles a historical institution. The batting order was: McGraw, 3b.; Keeler, rf.; Kelley, lf.; Brothers, 1b.; Jennings, ss.; Brodie, cf.; Reitz, 2b.; Robinson, c.; McMahon, p. Later Kid Gleason came from St. Louis and joined us. That, believe me, was a ball club.

This was a new combination, all young players, full of pep, fire and ambition. They surely could play ball. It was easily the best team of its day and time. I still hold the opinion that, from many angles, it was the best of all times. Team work was our middle name; everything had to give way to that.

The great thing about that team was that every one of us, individually, felt that it belonged to us. Hanlon didn't have to scold or punish a player for failing to do his part. We attended to that ourselves. No player could come back to that bench after a bad play and expect to take it easy.

Another evidence of the greatness of that ball club is that it is the only one that remains in spirit a team to this day. Every year we have a reunion. The players have looked after each other all these years. It is like an old college football team. You can remember that team as a unit. Others you can not. On other ball clubs the players have forgotten where their members are. On the Orioles we always know.

Dan Brothers, for instance, is now watchman at the Polo Grounds. Dan is growing old, but he always will have a job. Keeler is ill at his home in Brooklyn. Every year, though, we go over to see him. He was badly missed at the reunion in Baltimore this fall.

The old Orioles thought of nothing but baseball. Our interest was to win. Salaries were secondary in consideration. We met every night and talked over our successes and failures. If it was a trip to a theatre all

of us went and sat together. Nowadays one or two ball players may go out together at night. In those days we all went together.

We knew that we had a great ball club and for that very reason I think we won a lot of ball games. We fought each other, of course, but such rows were the result of some player making a mistake. We fought for the welfare of the team. Each player regarded himself as the manager of the other. Hanlon had little to do other than to encourage us to keep on. He had built well.

During the training period we perfected many inside plays, such as the hit and run, the unexpected bunt, and so on. Keeler was a marvelous place hitter. I was not so bad at it myself. My long suit, though, was my eye. I was a good waiter and rarely hit at a bad ball. For that reason I led the batting order. Keeler, on account of his place-hitting ability, followed me. I think, with all due modesty, that we worked the hit and run play more perfectly than I have seen since. If I reached first I would give the sign and Keeler almost invariably would hit the ball in the right place. Then we had Kelley and Brothers, the long hitters, to clean up. If we slipped, there were Brodie and Robinson at the other end of the batting order to clean up after Jennings and Reitz had started something.

Word had reached other clubs of our new style of play—this trick stuff by kids, as they called it. All over the league the old-timers were disposed to kid us. I shall never forget our start that year.

We went up against the New York Giants, managed by John Montgomery Ward, in a four-game series. They had trained at Charleston and had come direct to Baltimore from the camp to start the season. The Giants had been touted as sure pennant winners. They had a staff of famous pitchers—Amos Rusie, Jovett Meekin, Dad Clarke and Hyler Wervert.

All baseball was astounded by our feat of winning four straight games from the famous Giants. Right off the reel, in the first game, Willie Keeler and I stood them on their heads by pulling the hit and run play.

They thought it merely a bit of luck that we should happen to hit the ball through a hole just left by the basemen going to cover the bag. Not for a moment would they believe such a play was prearranged.

"Just a lot of horseshoe luck," said John Ward, dumbfounded at our victory.

Not until we had won four games by these so-called tricks did Ward grasp the system of team work and new plays that had been sprung on him. He sincerely believed them to have been accidents. Later he awoke and acknowledged that we really had pulled something new in baseball.

What we did to his four star pitchers was plenty. It happened to be my luck to win the last game 22 to 1 in the ninth inning.

That one series made the Orioles. Seeing that our staff had worked, we were full of confidence and cockiness. Jennings, Keeler, Kelley, Robinson and myself organized ourselves into a sort of committee. We were scheming all the time for a new stunt to pull on our opponents. We talked, lived and dreamed baseball. That was the secret of our success. We bet the player who failed us! His life on the bench was not a pleasant

one. He never forgot the roasting and never failed to deliver one if somebody else failed.

Last fall I heard much of the sensational invasions of both the Giants and the Yanks in the west. Well, that year the Orioles made an invasion that was even a greater sensation. We started on the last western trip a half game in the lead. We finished four games ahead, having won 18 straight games and 24 out of the last 25. But for an accident to Wilbert Robinson, who slipped in the mud while about to make a play, we would have won the whole 25.

Our best work was at Pittsburg, where we gave the prettiest exhibition of place hitting that I ever hope to see. The left-handers poked the ball into left field and the right-handers poked it into right, time and time again. The Pirates were completely confused and dazed. They had never seen anything like that before—never had we.

That fall we lost the Temple Cup series to the Giants, but Jennings and I got back to St. Bonaventure as heroes. We were champions. It was a royal reception. But, speaking of receptions—well, tomorrow.

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MAYOR ASKS FOR PROTEST AGAINST NORFOLK TAXES

Simcoe, Jan. 17.—At the call of Mayor Baille a meeting of the taxpayers of Norfolk County will be held on Wednesday next to protest against the excessive rate of taxation in this county, to devise means of lowering the burdensome tax and, if necessary, to form a taxpayers' association.

The gathering is a result of petitions against high taxes received by Simcoe's chief magistrate from a number of prominent taxpayers in the county.

ADMIT AUTO THEFT, GET ONE YEAR TERM

R. Kurl and P. Puttock, Kitchener, Sent To Ontario Reformatory.

Special to The Advertiser.

Kitchener, Jan. 18.—Robert Kurl, 18, and Percy Puttock, 17, were sentenced to one year in the Ontario Reformatory yesterday by Magistrate Weir when they pleaded guilty on charges of stealing automobiles and also to shop-breaking.

The boys admitted taking six cars just for the sake of a ride. They pleaded with Magistrate Weir for leniency, declaring that if they were given another chance they would lead straight lives. The magistrate, however, was unable to comply with their wishes and passed sentence upon them.

BUDAPEST ROWDIES FIRE SHOTS IN CITY THEATRE

Special Cable to The London Advertiser and Chicago Tribune.

Budapest, Jan. 17.—During a performance at the Metropolitan Theatre last night, young men fired seven shots in the direction of the stage during the course of an anti-Jewish demonstration.

The demonstration was directed particularly against Ben Blumenthal, the proprietor, an American citizen, who changed the name from the Metropolitan Theatre to Theatre Operette. New York showmen have bought a number of theatres in the former Austrian Empire.

Among them is Jacob Steiner, who has acquired three of Vienna's stages, among them a popular opera house erected in honor of the late Emperor Francis Joseph.

Suits, Dresses and Coats AT A SACRIFICE

Our annual sale continues big as ever. Here are a few outstanding values for this week-end:

Suits	Coats
Beautiful Suits, in Broad-cloth and Tricotine, some fur-trimmed; others with fancy braiding. All in new styles. Annual Sale Prices.	Beautiful All-Wool Velours and Duveltyes, some fur-trimmed, others with novelty braids and stitching tassels and buttons. Specially priced for our annual sale.
\$24.95, \$27.50	\$14.95 \$18.50
	\$23.50
Dresses	
SILKS AND SATIN—A Wealth of styles will be found here in lovely Silk and Satin Dresses, some with fancy braiding. All in new styles. Annual Sale Prices.	TRICOTINE AND POIRET TWILLS—In all newest and latest designs, navy and black. Just received for this sale. Regular prices up to \$30. Annual Sale Price.
\$10.95 \$14.75	\$14.95 \$16.50
\$16.95 \$18.45	\$18.50
TRICOTINE—Extra fine quality of styles and tricotines, in navy and black, embroidered, braided, piped, etc. All in newest styles. Regular price up to \$20. Annual Sale Price.	CANTON CREPE—These wonderful Dresses come in black, navy and brown, and in the style follow-up to the minute designs: long-waisted styles, blouse-over styles, panel effects and over-dressed. Regular up to \$35. Specially priced for Annual Sale.
\$8.95 \$10.95	\$15.50 \$18.95
\$13.95	\$21.50 \$24.50

FISHBEIN'S Ready-To-Wear 254 Dundas St.

Cowan's Big Busy Store THE STORE WITH A STOCK

FLOOR WAXERS Combination waxer and polisher; greatest labor-saving device that can be placed in the home. Sale price, \$4.50	Hammers 85c—\$2.50 Planes \$1.10—\$6.00 Braces \$1.00—\$5.50	ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS 25-watt Special 29c 40-watt Special 29c 50-watt Special 29c 60-watt Special 33c
MITTS! MITTS! 1-Finger Muleskin, 30c pr Jersey Gloves 25c pr Lined Mitts, Horseshide \$1.10 pr Lined Mitts, Horseshide \$1.50 pr Lined Mitts, Muleskin, 50c pr	FLOOR BROOMS Corn, Special, 5-string, .75c Push Hair Brooms—A wonderful variety to choose from \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.	Extra Special! 100-watt Nitro 69c
HANDY HOME TOOLS Get a few of these good tools and make your own repairs around the house, garage or barn.	COOK STOVES AND HEATERS Findlay and McClary make 20 styles to choose from. Special For This Week McClary "Regina," 6 lids, 18-inch oven, white enamel doors; a splendid cooker. Sale price \$48.50	FUSE PLUGS Repeater, 6 fuse plugs in one 15c each Regular Plugs 4 for 25c
FOR WOOD CHOPPING JOBS We are very particular in selecting our lines of Saws and Axes. We guarantee every one to be perfect. Axes, handled, \$1.50—\$2.25 Axe Heads, \$1.50—\$2.50 Crosscut Saws, \$5.50—\$9.00 Splitting Wedges, Saw and Axe Handles, Saw Sets, etc., always in stock.	PAINT! PAINT! Good Old S. W. P. Family Paint. 1-2-pint 30c 1-pint 55c 1-quart 1.00	

Cowan's Hardware Limited THE STORE WITH A STOCK. 125-127 DUNDAS STREET

"My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells"

Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes—

"I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD
50 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

REPORTS HOME ROBBED WHILE ILL IN HOSPITAL

Special to The Advertiser.

Chatham, Jan. 17.—Antonia Legue of Prairie Sliding has reported to the county police that his home at Prairie Sliding was recently broken into and a quantity of tools and clothing stolen. Legue has been sick in a local hospital and returned to his home recently only to find a number of valuable articles missing. An officer of the county police is investigating the theft.