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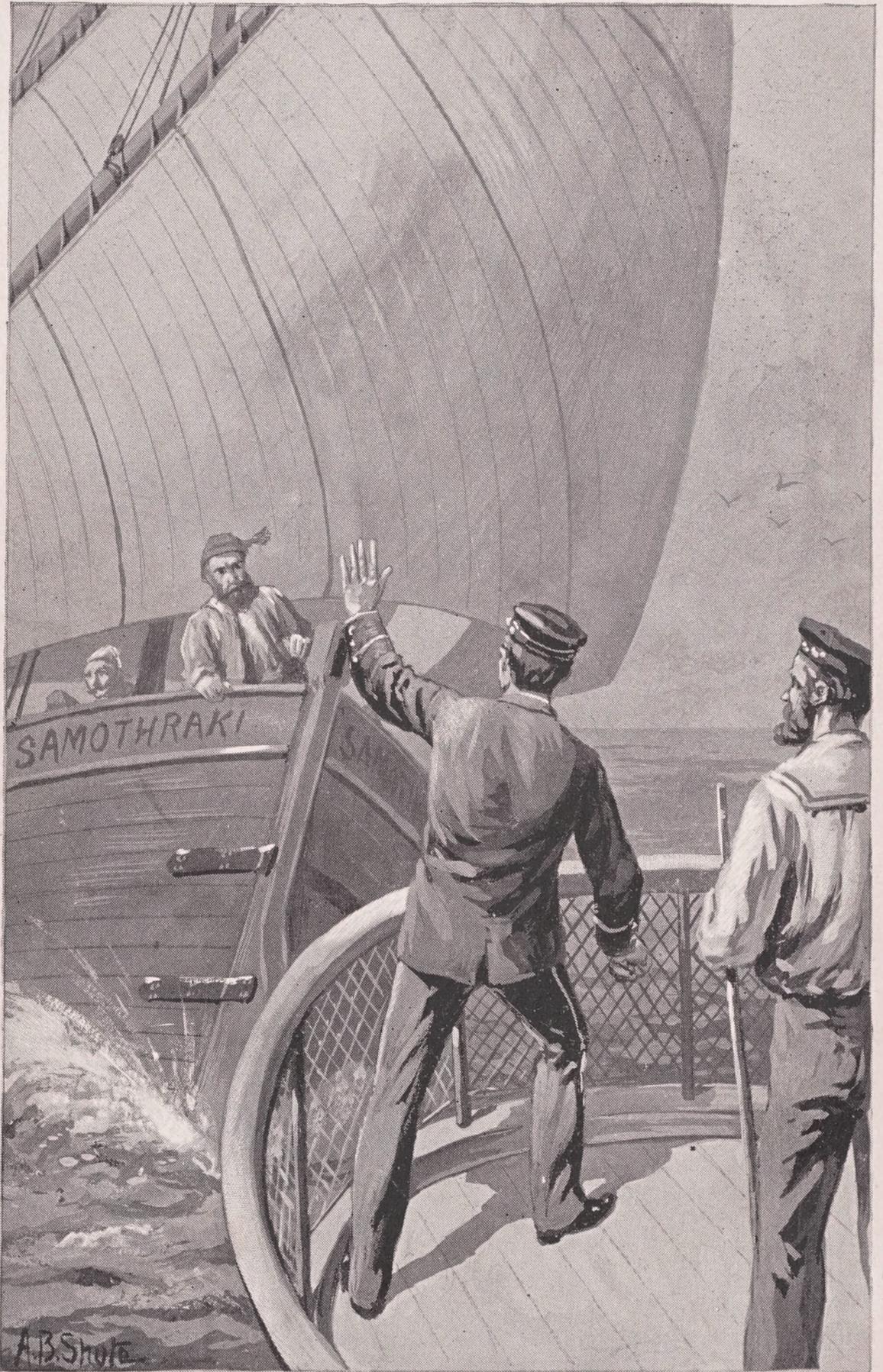
THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS

Or THE FOREIGN CRUISE OF THE MAUD

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"KEEP OFF, CAPTAIN MAZAGAN!" Page 142.

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THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS

OR

THE FOREIGN CRUISE OF THE MAUD

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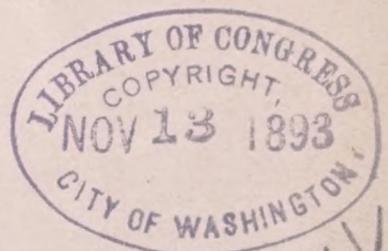
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BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS

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THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS

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ELECTROTYPING BY C. J. PETERS & SON

PRESS OF S. J. PARKHILL & CO.

TO

CAPTAIN CHARLES L. CALLOWAY

COMMANDER OF THE STEAMSHIP CIENFUEGOS

WITH WHOM I MADE TWO VERY PLEASANT VOYAGES

TO THE

SOUTH SIDE OF THE ISLAND OF CUBA

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

P R E F A C E

“THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS” is the second volume of the second series of “The All-Over-the-World Library,” and contains not only the continuation of the voyage to foreign lands of the Guardian-Mother, but also has dovetailed into its historical and descriptive matter a stirring story, which might stand alone if it were not likewise illustrative of the manners and customs of far-off countries.

“The Foreign Cruise of the Maud,” the consort of the Guardian-Mother, sailed by the young navigators, which forms the subsidiary title of the book, begins at Constantinople; and the greater portion of it is in The Archipelago, describing visits to various islands, with some exciting adventures among them. The voyage is continued to the Piræus — from which Athens is explored, — around the Peloponnesus, and to the head of the Gulf of Corinth, where some attention is given to the city in which St. Paul lived for a time, — to Parnassus and Delphi, and then to the Ionian Islands, the story ending at Zante.

While the two steamers are at anchor among the islands, or passing them on their cruise, the commander and the professor rehearse the historical events connected with them, the latter relating the mythological stories suggested by the several localities. The story of the Trojan war is told with Mount Ida in sight, and the wonders of Delos are rehearsed while the tourists are gazing at the deserted island. The events of ancient history, and the myths of the age of fable, are narrated "on the spot," which gives to them an additional interest. The writer has sailed through the Ægean Sea, and personally realized what it is to be in the midst of the scenes described three thousand years ago in the foundation works of the literature of the whole world.

Since every island, country, sea, strait, and channel abounds in historical, classical, and mythological interest, it was quite impossible to exhaust the fountain; and the narrative could include but a comparatively small portion of the subjects upon which libraries have been written, and this is a work for young people as well as for their elders.

The writer is somewhat embarrassed by the fact that he has already been over nearly all the ground covered by the present volume in the "Young America Abroad" series; and while it could not be entirely avoided, he has not been inclined to repeat himself. He has, therefore, in the three months' voyage of the

Guardian-Mother, during which she visits many of the southern ports of Europe, attended by the Maud, disposed of this portion of the voyage with a simple mention. In this connection the author can only refer those of his readers who desire a fuller description of the countries of Europe to the twelve volumes of the "Young America Abroad" series, which contains an epitome of the history and a narrative of travel in each and all of these nations.

The publishers have decided to issue three series of four volumes each, the twelve books forming "The All-Over-the-World Library." The steamers of the little fleet are now waiting at one of the mouths of the Nile to resume the pleasure excursion, as it has proved to be, around the world; and the next volume of the second series, "Up and Down the Nile, or Young Adventurers in Africa," will present the voyagers in new fields of information, and in the midst of some stirring events.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

DORCHESTER MASS. September, 1893

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THE YOUNG NAVIGATORS

CHAPTER I

SOMETHING ABOUT GREEK PIRATES AND OTHERS

“I KNEW a fellow in Von Blonk Park that ate so much turkey on a certain festive occasion that it made him sick; and he never wanted any more turkey after that,” said Louis Belgrave to the rest of the party that were voyaging around the world in the Guardian-Mother. “I am something like that young man, for I don’t want any more Turkey.”

“Why, Louis, Constantinople was one of the cities of the world that we were all most anxious to reach!” replied his mother with a smile at the apparent inconsistency of her son.

“It was just that way with the fellow that ate the turkey. He looked forward with the most delightful anticipations to a plate piled high with slices of the bird; but it sickened him all the same. That is just my case,” continued Louis. “We have spent two weeks in these waters, and tramped all over the city, looking at dirty streets and dirty Turks, till I am

tired of both; and I am glad we are going to some other locality."

"I did not expect such a remark as that from you, Louis," added Captain Ringgold, the commander of the steam-yacht owned by him who had taken Turkey enough. "I thought you were having a very pleasant time, especially when you were sailing through the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, with an occasional run out into the Sea of Marmora in the Maud."

"You mention only the part of this visit which I did enjoy very much indeed," answered Louis, who was usually a well-contented young man. "But Sordy had to clean my shoes every time I put my foot on shore. It is a nasty place; and I shall be glad to visit some other, as a corrective, where you can walk without wading through the mud."

"I believe it has rained here about every night since we let go the anchor in the Golden Horn," said the commander. "It was the rain which made the mud."

"I beg your pardon, Captain, but the rain did not make more than half of it; and a Kilkenny Greek might as well try to make mortar out of water alone, without lime and sand, as the Ottoman mayor and aldermen of this village to make mud without the filth in their streets. Why, we have been like so many August flies wading through the contents of a swill-barrel!"

"The frequent rains, which for our comfort and convenience almost invariably came in the night, have made the streets exceptionally dirty."

“Are they ever exceptionally clean, Captain?”

“I have been here twice before, and I found the streets in much better condition than they have been the last two weeks. But I am sorry you have failed to enjoy your visit to Constantinople, my boy,” added the commander.

“I don’t say that, Captain Ringgold; on the contrary, I have enjoyed it. Do you think the fellow I quoted did not enjoy the eating of his turkey because it made him sick in the end? In fact, he enjoyed it so much that he overdid the thing. We have certainly seen a great many sights that we could not have found in any other place, and we have learned more about the Ottoman Empire than I ever knew before, though I shall not set up for a Turkeyologist even now.”

“But you ought to be tolerably well posted in Turkeyology by this time, for I noticed that you studied the ancient relics in the place very attentively.”

“All that I want to say is that I have had enough of it. I think the Sultan ought to take an occasional walk through the streets of his capital, especially from the landing-place up to the Rue de Pera, so that he might see what is most needed to make the town decent,” said Louis, as he rose from his arm-chair and walked over to the side of the ship.

It was very early in the morning, not yet sunrise; for the tourists around the world had been called to obtain a better view of the Sea of Marmora than they

had had in the night when they passed through it before, as well as to take a last look at the great city of the Sultan, beautiful and glorious in the distance, but losing all its charms upon close inspection. Some of Rubens's paintings which appeal to the very soul when studied at a proper distance become dabs of paint when seen within hand-reach.

The anchor of the Guardian-Mother had been "hove short;" and she was ready to sail as soon as Mr. Melancthon Sage, the chief steward, returned with something which had been forgotten the day before. He had gone ashore in the Maud, and had already been absent a considerable length of time. The commander was becoming impatient, for he desired to reach a certain place before dark. The steamer and her consort were to cruise the next two or three days in the Archipelago, and it was to be done mostly in the day-time so that his passengers could see the islands.

The captain followed Louis over to the side of the ship to look out for the Maud, as he had done a dozen times before within the last quarter of an hour. He was a man six feet high, with a commanding figure, and of great dignity; and though he was one of the most kind-hearted men in the world, he could discharge a disagreeable duty with stern firmness.

"I suppose Mr. Sage had to call some dealer in ship-stores out of his bed in order to obtain what he wanted," said the captain. "I hope he will make short work of it."

"He is so precise and methodical that I am sure

he must have some good reason for his delay," added Louis. "There she goes again!" exclaimed he, hastening across the deck to the side of the ship nearest to the Bosphorus.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the commander, joining him at the side; for the exclamation excited his attention.

"Do you see that felucca, Captain?" asked Louis, as he pointed to a craft that was passing out of the Golden Horn, headed up the Bosphorus. "I suppose she is a felucca, though she is not just like the one in which some of us made a trip off the Canary Islands. She is three times as big as that one."

"She is a felucca fast enough, for the big lateen sails are the distinguishing feature of that sort of craft. You have seen them all along the Mediterranean."

"That one must be about fifty feet long."

"All of that. The inshore vessels of this section, and through the Archipelago, are built like that, and they are used to carry cargo."

"She has a rudder at each end, like a ferry-boat."

"Some of them are built in that way, for they can head in the opposite direction without coming about. But what made you sing out and rush over to this side of the steamer when you first saw her? Is there anything very strange about her?"

"I have seen her three, if not four, times before this morning," replied Louis. "She seems to keep the Guardian-Mother in sight all the time. She runs

up the Golden Horn to the pontoon bridge, then starts back without turning her hull, and runs by us up the Bosphorus."

"They may be sailing for the fun of it, or a purchaser may be trying the felucca," suggested the commander.

"They have come out very early in the morning to sail for the fun of it."

"The people in these parts are not much more than half civilized, and they don't lie abed till breakfast-time in the morning, as our passengers in the cabin do. It is the early bird that catches the worm, and the owner of that felucca may have found some one who wishes to buy him out."

"When I saw her the last time she passed, I could have thrown a biscuit on her deck," added Louis.

"That is a very nautical expression, but you should have said you could shy a biscuit on her deck," said the captain, laughing.

"I stand corrected, though I do not suppose I am yet as salt as a barrel of pickled pork. There she is, getting on the other tack again!" exclaimed Louis, as he saw the skipper, or whoever was steering the felucca, rush from one end of the craft to the other, while the crew dexterously shifted the two sails over, so that they would draw on the other tack.

The wind was rather fresh, the sails filled at once, and she came down the channel with a big bone in her mouth. What was, before, the stern had become the bow; and the rudder, secured by some means not

seen by the observers, was now the cutwater. The stem-piece and the stern-post were about perpendicular, and the craft was built very sharp at both ends. She carried an immense area of canvas, and she seemed to fly through the water like a swallow skimming its surface.

“She is headed this way again; and she is a fast boat, for she is making at least eight knots in this breeze, which is not very strong,” said the commander, as both of them watched the approach of the felucca. “That is the kind of vessel they used in the ancient navies. The Algerine pirates, and those of Italy and adjacent countries in the early days of Columbus, as well as the Greeks, used vessels of just that type, though they were also banked for a great number of oars, for use when the wind failed them. Those are Greeks on board of that felucca. They wear about twice as much trousers as the Turks, and most of them sport the fez.”

“I have seen plenty of them in the streets of Constantinople.”

“The dahabéëhs on the Nile, and the Arabian and Malay dhows, are rigged in the same way.”

“The thing has an ugly look, anyhow,” added Louis.

“Perhaps that is because I told you that feluccas on a large or small scale were used by the pirates of these or other seas,” suggested the commander with a smile.

“No, sir; I have seen a picture of a craft like that

one boarding another vessel, and in my mind piracy and feluccas have been in some way associated," replied the young man.

"But they are not pirates in these modern days."

"When we were made prisoners, and carried off in a felucca from Teneriffe, for a ransom, the villains were no better than pirates."

"They were not; but those were not professional pirates, so to speak."

"Are there no Greek pirates at the present time? We have read about Greek brigands, who were terrible fellows, and sometimes murdered their victims. If they carry on the business on shore, it seems to me they are very likely to do the same sort of jobs on the Archipelago," suggested Louis.

"I have heard of such desperadoes, but not recently. The brigands may use boats and feluccas on occasions; but these gentry have been cleaned out by the Greek Government, who cannot afford to wink at the operations of these banditti; for many tourists travel in Greece to view the scenes and remains of former grandeur. What is the matter this morning, Louis? You have not had your breakfast yet, and you don't feel all right. Do you think that felucca is a pirate?"

"I do not think so; but she seems to have some interest in the Guardian-Mother. She is close aboard of us now, and that will make the fourth time she has come within hail of the ship," replied Louis as the strange-looking craft passed her.

Both of them gazed at her, taking particular notice of the hull, sails, and rigging of the vessel. She was quite fifty feet long, and she had a cuddy or cabin in each end, while the waist appeared to be used for cargo, though it was open, with rolls of reddish sail-cloth which was probably used to protect the merchandise from the rain and the spray.

“There is her name on each end of her,” said Louis, as he spelled out the word “SAMOTHRAKI.”

“That is the name of an island we are likely to see,” added the captain.

The Samothraki sped on her course up the Golden Horn.

CHAPTER II

AN EPITOME OF THE GUARDIAN-MOTHER'S CRUISE

THE *Samothraki* went but a short distance up the Golden Horn, not so far as before, for she made the return tack before she reached the vicinity of the bridge of boats. The *Maud* was now approaching the *Guardian-Mother*, and possibly this was the reason why she had come about, so far as her sails were concerned, sooner than before. But this time she did not pass between the ship—as the larger steamer was often called to distinguish her from the smaller one—and Galata, as she had done on the former tack. On the contrary, she stood over towards Scutari, on the opposite side of the Bosphorus.

The *Maud* went alongside the ship, and a considerable quantity of ice was hoisted to the main deck; and some of it was stored in the ice-chest in the run of the little steamer. Louis and Morris Woolridge embraced their mothers, who were on the promenade deck with the rest of the party. The beautiful and graceful Miss Blanche went to Louis with hands extended to bid him adieu for a short time, and the others exchanged their farewells, though they were to meet again the same day.

The two young men descended the gangway to the deck of the Maud, in which they were to make the voyage through the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles to the Archipelago, where the Guardian-Mother and her diminutive consort were to cruise for a few days before they visited Athens, and, as Felix McGavonty had it, "put their fingers into the Greece-pot." Both of the young men were members of the ship's company, consisting of seven persons, five of whom were boys from fourteen to eighteen years old, and two full-grown men.

All the formalities at the custom-house and the consulate had been attended to the day before, and the anchor of the Guardian-Mother was a-trip a moment after the commander had given the order through Mr. Boulong, the first officer.

"Strike one bell, Bangs!" called the captain as soon as the first officer had reported the anchor clear of the bottom.

The ship shook a little, and then began to go ahead. The pilot was near the wheel, and the steamer came about, till she was headed for Seraglio Point. The Maud had cast off her fasts, and meekly followed her. It was only a mile from the point to the sea where the ship took her departure, and the pilot left in his caique, as the light Bosphorus boat is called.

"Make the course west by south!" called the captain, coming into the pilot-house from his cabin, where he had drawn it off from the chart.

"West by south, sir," repeated Bangs the quartermaster, in order to avoid any mistake.

Even at this early hour in the morning the Sea of Marmora was dotted with all sort of vessels, from feluccas such as the commander and Louis had been observing, to the larger merchantmen of foreign nations on their way to or from Constantinople. The tourists, comfortably seated in arm-chairs on the promenade deck, found enough to engage their attention, and each contributed to the general stock of information what he knew about the Sea of Marmora.

While they are thus employed, and while the four boys on board of the Maud are doing their duty as young navigators, though they belong to the cabin party of the ship, it becomes necessary to give the reader a more particular introduction to the two steamers, and to those on board of them, and acquaint him with something of the history of the two vessels, and the personality of the tourists, and how they happen to be cruising in the Orient.

As this story has already been told at length in the four preceding volumes of this series, it is not possible to condense the whole of it into a fraction, or even the whole of a chapter. Louis Belgrave is the generic hero of these volumes, though there are associated with him three other young men; and the commander sometimes facetiously calls them the "Big Four," and possibly he is a stockholder in some railroad so designated.

At the beginning of the series it became necessary to supply the hero with abundant financial resources for the voyage all over the world. His grandfather,

by the sale of his farm in New Jersey, cut up into house-lots, became the possessor of about two millions of dollars. His son, the father of Louis, was a soldier in the loyal army during the war of the Rebellion. The grandfather, believing that the war was to be the end of all things, at least so far as his property was concerned, changed all his investments into gold, sinking one-fourth of it in the early stage of the conflict, and concealed it in a vault he had built for the purpose under his house.

The father of Louis came home wounded and disabled from the war to find that his father had died suddenly, and that no one knew what had become of the missing million he was known to have possessed. The returned soldier searched for years for the treasure, but without success. But he inherited the homestead of his father, with some land, so that he was comfortably well off. He married, and Louis was born.

When Louis was only eight years old his father died, bequeathing to his son all that he had, and all that might be recovered from the grandfather's estate. At thirty the hero's mother was still a very attractive woman, and she was married again; this time to a fine-looking man of horses, who proved to be a villain, a thief, and robber. He had learned something about the missing million, of which Mrs. Belgrave would be the sole heir in the event of the death of her son.

This wretch, John Scoble, had married Louis's mother under the assumed name of Wade Farrongate.

He made it his chief business to persecute her son, and Louis lived for a time in a world of trouble. The scoundrel robbed those who trusted him of a large sum of money, and attempted to escape to England with his wife and her son, as the boy believed for the purpose of getting rid of him.

Louis's vicious step-father had arranged his plan to have his wife and her son on board of a steamer which was to sail the next morning for Liverpool. He had been engaged at the races all day, and towards night decamped with the proceeds of his crime, amounting to nearly seventy thousand dollars. But his step-son had watched him, and carried to his mother the news of the theft.

Producing the proofs of Scoble's guilt, he induced his mother, who was a high-minded, religious woman, to leave the steamer and return to Von Blonk Park, which was the name of the town formed out of the abundant acres of Louis's grandfather. He not only detached his mother from the villain, but he obtained possession of his ill-gotten wealth, so that Scoble went to England a poor instead of a rich man.

The heaviest loser by the robbery was a Fifth Avenue millionaire, Mr. Lowell Woolridge, through whom all the stolen money was restored to its rightful owners. In this manner an intimacy was established between the two families. The Belgraves were invited to sail in the fine yacht of Woolridge, in which his beautiful daughter Blanche, and son Morris, as well as their mother, were always passengers. The

young lady was a remarkably lovely young lady of sixteen, for whom Louis, now seventeen, had a strong admiration, and to whom he showed a great deal of attention,—though the matter went no farther.

Scoble returned from England at the expiration of two years, still intent upon obtaining the missing million, first obtaining a reconciliation with his wife, who had repudiated him. By the efforts of Louis himself the missing million was discovered, and the young man became a millionaire at sixteen, with another half million added to it for leeway. He wanted to own a yacht, not a "high-flyer," but a simple schooner, in which he could voyage at his leisure, and be comfortable on board of her with his mother.

Scoble had returned from England in such a craft, and with the aid of his unscrupulous mate, enticed Louis, his mother, Felix McGavonty, and Captain Royal Ringgold, a wealthy retired shipmaster, on board of his vessel upon the pretence of selling her. The trustee of Louis's property, was Squire Moses Scarburn, a lawyer on the shady side of fifty. He had taken care of an Irish boy, Felix McGavonty, almost from his infancy. Felix was a bright boy, and he and the young millionaire had become cronies, when one was as rich as the other.

Scoble and his mate, by treachery and strategy, succeeded in getting rid of Louis and the shipmaster, and went to the Bermudas with Mrs. Belgrave and Felix. The son and his powerful nautical friend

made strenuous exertions to find the lady, but without success, though they learned that Scoble had conveyed her to the Bermudas. Thereupon they made a purchase of an elegant steam-yacht of over six hundred tons, built for a millionaire who died before he could even go on board of her. They sailed to the Bermudas in her; while Scoble, who was but an indifferent seaman and navigator, wrecked his vessel on the reef that surrounds the islands; but all on board of her, including Mrs. Belgrave and Felix, were saved by the Guardian-Mother.

Between Louis and his mother there was a sort of mutual idolatry, and he had given the steam-yacht her name, as a testimonial to the character of his mother, rather than as an idle compliment. The yacht was fitted up and furnished in the most sumptuous manner, and her cabin contained all the auxiliaries of a first-class hotel. The steward was an expert, and Monsieur Odervie, the French cook, was an artist in his profession.

Captain Ringgold had some views of his own in regard to education; and his argument for the purchase of the expensive steam-yacht had been that she would be better than any college for the instruction of the young millionaire. An accident to a yacht in the harbor of New York had introduced the commander to Dr. Philip Hawkes and Professor Giroud, whom his men had saved when they were upset in a squall. The former was one of the most noted physicians in the great city, and the latter, a highly educated French-

man, was a lecturer on science and philosophy in various colleges. Both of them were in feeble health, and it was for its improvement that they had become surgeon and instructor respectively on board of the ship.

A voyage all over the world and around it had been planned, and it had begun with the visit to the West Indies. Scoble, having become rich by the death of his brother in Bermuda, had purchased a steam-yacht in England, and continued his persecution of the Belgraves. He was finally arrested in Cuba on a requisition, sent back to the United States, and sentenced to a long term at Sing-Sing.

From the West Indies the Guardian-Mother sailed for the Canary Islands. During a furious gale, which lasted three days, the steamer discovered a white schooner in distress, which proved to be the yacht of Mr. Woolridge. She had on board the millionaire and his family, the voyage having been recommended by the physicians for the sake of Miss Blanche, who had been in failing health. The yacht and those on board of her were saved, and proceeded on the voyage with the steamer.

From the Canaries the two vessels went to Mogadore in Morocco, and there the Guardian-Mother had been visited by Ali-Noury Pacha, a powerful and influential Moor, with unlimited wealth, who had excited the alarm of the parents of Blanche by his attentions to their beautiful daughter. The steamer and the schooner departed suddenly to avoid this man; but

he had followed them to Madeira, whence they again fled from him.

He appeared to be in resolute earnest, and pursued the party to Gibraltar; but the commander again avoided him, and went to England, where the millionaire and his family were received on board of the *Guardian-Mother*, the accommodations in the cabin being increased for their use. The millionaire paid half the expense of the voyage, and both families were on equal terms. For several months they had visited the western countries of Europe, and arrived at Gibraltar, where they had remained a few days.

One of the first objects which had excited the attention of Louis and his boy companions was a small steam-yacht, with which they had some acquaintance. On a small island in the Bahamas the *Guardian-Mother* had picked up a man who proved to be a bank defaulter. His foster-son had abandoned him, sailing away in the small yacht *Seahound*. Captain Ringgold captured the little schooner and her skipper, and found the money of which the father had robbed the bank. Scott Fencelowe was a smart boy of eighteen "on the road to ruin," as the captain viewed it, and he desired to save him.

Mr. Fencelowe gave the commander the control of the young man in writing, and he took the wild boy on board the steamer. Scott was disposed to be rebellious, and several times attempted to escape. At Funchal he tried to get away in the dingey, but was discovered by Louis and Felix, who dropped into the

boat with him. But the steamer continued on her way, and Scott was made a prisoner. The boat was picked up by a steam-yacht, in which a young Spanish engineer, having stolen the craft, was escaping from the service of Ali-Noury Pacha, who had abused him.

Failing to find the Guardian-Mother or the yacht of Mr. Woolridge, the party proceeded on the voyage to Gibraltar. The Salihé, as the Pacha's small yacht was called was made fast to the Fatimé, the Moor's cruising yacht, and left there. Felipe, the young Spanish engineer, was taken on board the ship as an oiler.

On the arrival of the Guardian-Mother at Gibraltar, the boys discovered the Salihé. Scott had fallen in with the rascally mate who served under Scoble, at Teneriffe, and they had captured Louis, Felix, and Morris Woolridge in order to obtain a ransom for the restoration of their prisoners. The tables were turned upon the brigands, and with the exception of Scott, they were condemned for the crime.

Scott reforms his life and character, and becomes the hero of a stirring adventure in Gibraltar on board of the Salihé, engaged for a moonlight excursion. The steam-yacht is purchased as a tender of the Guardian-Mother, and the boys organize a ship's company for her, with Scott, who is the best sailor among them, as captain. Felipe is made engineer, and a cook and steward are sent on board from the ship.

Then the Pacha's steamer arrives, and Captain Ringgold, when the Moor assaults him in the street, convinces him that he has "caught a Tartar." An

oiler runs away from the *Fatimé* and is engaged as second engineer of the *Maud*, which became her Christian title the day she was bought. The *Maud* had made the seven days' voyage to Constantinople by herself, a part of the way alone. The city of the Sultan had been explored very thoroughly, and the Guardian-Mother with her little consort had sailed for a cruise in the Archipelago.

The Pacha had been met by Captain Ringgold in the city, and his yacht was in the Golden Horn. His Highness was boiling over with passion and the thirst for revenge, for the commander had spoken plainly to him. Trouble was anticipated, but no one knew how it would come.

CHAPTER III

A QUESTION ON BOARD OF THE MAUD

THE Guardian-Mother passed from the Bosphorus into the Sea of Marmora, closely followed by the Maud. On board of the two steamers, only Captain Ringgold, Louis, and Felix were aware of the presence in Constantinople of Ali-Noury Pacha. If Mrs. Woolridge had known that he was anywhere near them, she would have been greatly troubled ; and for this reason the commander had kept the truth from her and the others for the present. His feeling in regard to His Highness was rather of contempt than alarm.

He felt that he was able to protect Miss Blanche from any annoyance on the part of the Moor, though he was a Mohammedan and in the midst of the Prophet's followers. The party had not seen, or had not recognized, the Pacha's steam-yacht of four hundred tons, the *Fatimé*, though she had been seen by one of the officers.

Louis Belgrave had watched the movements of the *Samothraki*, the double-ender felucca, which had sailed up and down the Bosphorus and Golden Horn several times, and after his conversation with the commander on the subject, had almost concluded that she was a

Greek pirate. Possibly it came into his head that she had some connection with His Highness, as the Moor was rather derisively called on board, though he probably had a right to the title. On the waters of the Sea of Marmora he had kept a vigilant watch for the craft, but so far he had seen nothing of her since the last time she went up the Golden Horn. On board of the ship the commander had been equally watchful, with the same result.

The ship's company of the Maud, though it consisted of only seven persons, was regularly organized in watches, and Captain Scott, on account of the smallness of the number, was obliged to do his share of the work, taking his trick at the wheel like one of the crew. He was in the starboard watch, which is always the captain's, with Felix. As on board of all ships at sea, each served four hours, two of which were at the helm.

The port watch was in charge of the first officer, in the person of Morris Woolridge, who in nautical ability and experience ranked next to the captain, with Louis as his companion. Though the young millionaire was regarded as "the biggest toad in the puddle," he did duty as a deck-hand, or common sailor, holding no office, though he might have been captain if he had not declined, and engineered the election of Scott as the best sailor. For the same reason he had refused to be mate, and worked for the choice of Morris.

With only two in a watch, while one steered the steamer, the other kept the lookout, though he might

be an officer. In the engine-room, Felipe was on duty with the starboard watch, and John Donald, the runaway from the *Fatimé*, usually called "Don," with the port. Pitts, the cook and steward, spent most of his time in the little galley, or kitchen, which he kept in admirable order. The commander insisted that the young men on board of the *Maud* should have good food, well cooked, and Pitts had proved to be "the right man in the right place."

The divan which surrounded the cabin was three feet wide, for it had been built for Moors to sit on in tailor fashion, and beds were made up on it as in the cabin of the ship. The "Big Four" were as well provided for as they would have been in the cabin of the *Guardian-Mother*, which was a condition upon which the two mothers on board of her had insisted before permitting their sons to live on board of the little steamer.

The dinners and other meals on board of the *Maud* were quite as good as those on board of the ship, though they lacked the elaborate variety of the state cabin, as it was rather magnificently styled on the plan which came with the vessel. If the food was plainer than that evolved by the genius of Monsieur Odervie, it was quite as good, and perhaps more healthy for the young navigators.

The "Big Four," with the exception of Felix, were students of Professor Giroud, and they had brought their books on board with them. But the principal studies just now were geography and history, the

regular course in the library of the ship having been suspended for the present. When the little steamer followed the ship into the Sea of Marmora, Louis and Morris were studying their lessons in the standing-room, the seats of which were cushioned in crimson velvet, with an awning overhead.

For some reason Louis did not feel like study, as he generally did. He had always been a diligent student, and had graduated at the head of the academy in Von Blonk Park. He had pursued the study of French with a native professor, so that, with some experience he had had in Paris and other cities of France, he could speak the language fluently. He had learned Spanish after the purchase of his steam-yacht, and could speak it tolerably well, "*bastante para hacer mi camino*" (enough to make my way), as he used to say.

He helped out Morris in one of his studies, and then strolled leisurely forward to the forecastle, leaving his companion to "paddle his own canoe." It was an odd freak for him to leave his studies, and he evidently had something on his mind. He had only just passed into his seventeenth year, with his million and a half loaded upon him. Not only his mother and the commander still looked upon him as a boy, but he took the same view himself of his own social and intellectual dimensions.

When he reached the bow of the Maud he saw Mrs. Woolridge and Blanche looking over the taffrail, seated on a platform on which a hawser was laid out

in a Flemish coil. The beautiful maiden waved her handkerchief to him, as did her mother also, and he returned the compliment; but at this moment they were called away to join the party in the arm-chairs. Possibly it was this lovely creature, beautiful enough to make a Pacha stray from his harem, which was on the mind of the young millionaire. But he was not in the least degree "spooney," and all his relations with the lovely girl were as between children ten years younger than they were. He looked upon her as an artist looks upon a beautiful picture — only this, and nothing more.

"Did you notice anything strange around the ship just before we came out of the Golden Horn, Felix?" said Louis in a very low tone to the Milesian.

"To be sure I did!" exclaimed Felix. "Do you think I go about with my eyes closed? Everything was strange, — the mosques, the domes, the minarets, the dogs, and the mud."

"I didn't mean anything of that sort," added Louis. "I allude to something afloat."

"I did see something strange afloat. The bridge of boats was afloat, so were the heathen caiques, that" —

"I was not thinking of them," interposed Louis. "Did you see any craft under sail that attracted your attention?"

"Oh, you mean the double-ender!" exclaimed Felix. "I did see her, and I wondered why she was standing back and forth like a yellow dog with the stomach-ache."

“What did you think of her?”

“Think of her? I thought she was a double-ender, and I never saw the like of her before, except in the United States Navy. I read her name on the bow and on the quarter; and when I tried to speak it I nearly choked myself to death.”

“Samothraki is not a very hard name. Could you form any idea as to why she was standing back and forth, taking care to come near the Guardian-Mother every time she did it?”

“I didn’t form any idea, for I had nothing to form it out of.”

“I did form an idea,” added Louis.

“And what was the idea you formed, my darling?” asked Felix, looking intently into the face of his crony.

“I had an idea that she might be a Greek pirate,” answered Louis quietly.

“Murder! Is it a pirate?” demanded the Milesian.

“Mind your eye! Don’t tell the captain at the wheel what we are talking about!” said Louis rather sharply. “He does not even know that the Pacha and the Fatimé are here.”

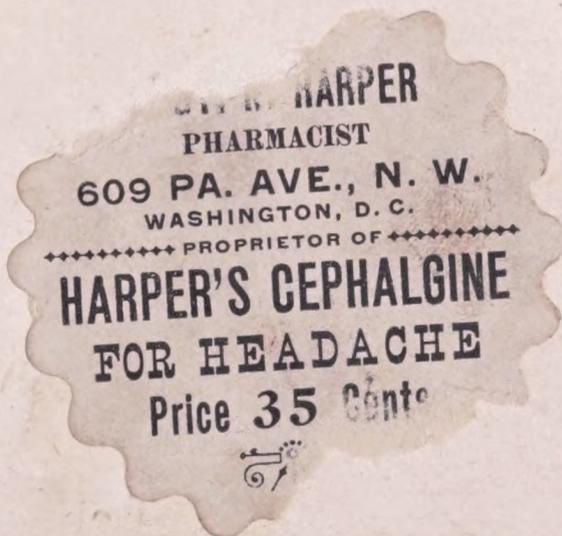
“And has the Greek pirate anything to do with the Pacha and the steam-yacht of His Highness?” inquired Felix in a whisper.

“I don’t know that she has. I spoke to you about this matter so that you can keep a bright lookout for the double-ender,” added Louis. “You know the craft?”

“I do ; and I should know her if I saw her in Von Blonk Pond.”

“Mum is the word, and two pairs of eyes are better than one pair. Look out for the Samothraki.”

Louis returned to the standing-room, where Morris was in another difficulty over a second problem. It was evident by this time that the double-ended felucca was the subject that was on his mind. He took the spy-glass, and gazed through it up the Bosphorus. Possibly he was foolish, but it might be that Miss Blanche Woolridge was in peril, though distant.



CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGE THROUGH THE SEA OF MARMORA

ON board of the Guardian-Mother, Captain Ringgold, as well as the young owner of the ship, evidently had something on his mind; for he was engaged in a sort of heroic pedestrianism, extending his march from the front of the pilot-house to the very taffrail of the vessel, and he was walking as though he did not expect to "get there" in season. Two or three times he had taken his best glass and looked back over the course he had just come. There was not a person on board who was aware that His Highness the Pacha was within a thousand miles of the steamer except himself, and there was no one to whom he could speak on the subject without the danger of doing mischief.

Though he felt perfectly competent to deal with his enemy, as by this time he regarded the Moor, he could not help thinking of the matter, and wondering from what direction and in what manner the avenging hand of the Pacha would come. While he had not intended to insult His Highness, he had spoken the truth very plainly to him. At Funchal, where the commander had obtained most of his information

in regard to the Moor, he was regarded with absolute terror in the most respectable families.

The Pacha considered this plain speech, to the effect that the Mohammedan great man's character was so notoriously bad that the captain would not permit his party to associate with him, as a flagrant insult. With four of his servants in attendance upon him he had attempted to chastise the captain in one of the streets of Gibraltar; but his intended victim "knocked out" both him and his followers. The police had arrested the assailant, and he had been heavily fined by a just English judge.

The result of this attack was another grievance to the Pacha, who seemed to think the doughty ship-master ought to have suffered himself to be chastised instead of knocking him into the gutter, filled with muddy water. At any rate, it was evident that His Highness had followed the American tourists to Constantinople overland, while his steam-yacht had come by the Mediterranean. The Pacha had apologized to the commander in the Rue de Pera, and desired to be received by the party on board of the steamer. His request to this effect had been resolutely refused, and this formed a third grievance to the Moor.

Captain Ringgold, as the guardian and protector of his passengers, was certainly anxious in regard to the situation, though he did not betray his thoughts and feelings to any person. He had spoken of the matter only with Louis and Felix, who had been the first to discover the presence of the Pacha in the city of the

Sultan; but as he marched back and forth on the promenade deck, his passengers could not help seeing that he was thinking of something.

“We can’t see much of anything of the Sea of Marmora, Captain,” said Mrs. Belgrave, as he passed near where she and the rest of the party were seated in the arm-chairs.

“One good reason why you can see nothing is that there is nothing to see,” replied the commander, the lines on his face gathering suddenly into a smile. “You can see the north shore, and that is about all. There is Chekmejeh on our right, about ten miles distant.”

“I don’t believe we care much about these small places with such outlandish names,” replied the lady, bestowing a smile upon the commander which was quite exhilarating to him, and driving out of his mind for the time all thought of the Pacha and his machinations.

“I did not suppose you would, and therefore I have not mentioned them,” he replied. “Aside from the difficulty of pronouncing the names, there is no interest at all attached to them, though some of the great events of ancient history happened in this part of the world.”

“How big a sea is this?” asked Dr. Hawkes.

“It is one hundred and seventy-five miles long from east to west, and fifty miles wide. It has an area of forty-five hundred square miles; in other words, it is not quite as large as the State of Connecticut,” replied the captain.

“How does it compare in size with other inland bodies of water?” inquired the surgeon.

“I suppose you don’t expect me to carry the figures of everything on the globe in my head,” added the captain, as he took a paper from his pocket.

“There is a good deal of room in your head, Captain,” chuckled Uncle Moses, and his bulky frame shook under the thrill of his mirth; “but it is stocked full, for you seem to be able to tell us anything we want to know when our curiosity is excited.”

“I gathered the figures on this paper for the boys, for I want them to study geography especially as they go over the world,” replied the captain. “The Sea of Marmora is smaller than any of our great lakes, unless we include Lake St. Clair, which is only a puddle compared with the others, for it has only four hundred and ten square miles. The largest inland body of water on the globe is the Caspian Sea, which has one hundred and forty-five thousand square miles; and there is no other which approaches it in size. Another authority makes this sea twenty-five thousand miles larger; enough leeway to form one of our great lakes.”

“Could you get into the Caspian Sea with the Guardian-Mother?” asked Dr. Hawkes.

“Not unless we went over about three hundred miles of land, which it would not be convenient to do in a ship, for this is about the distance from the Black Sea or the head of the Persian Gulf.”

“I think we had better not try it,” suggested Uncle Moses.

“Lake Superior is next in size to the Caspian Sea,” continued the commander, “thirty-one thousand, five hundred square miles. Then comes the Sea of Aral, with thirty thousand square miles, though some English authorities give it only twenty-four thousand. This is a rather remarkable body of water, for the space it covers has been dry land twice in the records of history. This is not in our line of travel, and I am slopping over literally.”

“But we don’t object,” interposed the doctor.

“I do; for I might wander from my subject all over the world, and the Sea of Aral may be studied as well at home as here. Next to this sea in size comes Lake Michigan, twenty-three thousand one hundred and fifty square miles; and the fifty miles seems to be added as a snapper, to make it so much bigger than Lake Huron. Lake Erie is only seven thousand, eight hundred square miles in extent, though that is very nearly the size of the State of Massachusetts. I have compared the inland bodies of water as to size. As I said, I wrote down the figures for the boys, and I must send the paper to them.”

“They answer for us just as well, for we are only ‘boys of a larger growth,’ especially Brother Adipose Tissue and myself,” chuckled Uncle Moses.

“Quite right, Brother Avoirdupois,” added Dr. Hawkes, each of them using the names he had

applied to the other, for either of them weighed two hundred and twenty-six pounds and a fraction. "I am very glad to re-gather the information I had long ago forgotten."

"But you have something more on that paper, Captain Ringgold," interposed Mrs. Belgrave, as the commander glanced at the Maud, the nautical home of the boys. "Don't cheat us out of anything worth knowing."

"The boys can chew it afterwards, as ruminating animals do the cud," added the doctor.

"We must attend to our peanuts, as the small boy said when interrupted," replied the captain. "We will confine ourselves to the Sea of Marmora for the present. It is the ancient Propontis, as the Black Sea was the Euxine, and the Archipelago the Ægæan Sea. The land to the north of us was Thracia and Macedonia; and no doubt the professor could tell you no end of classical stories and historical events of this region; and he may do so when I have sent this paper on board of the Maud.

"Astern of us is the Gulf of Ismid, extending thirty miles into Asia Minor; but I suppose this distance is reckoned into the length of the sea; otherwise the figures of the ancients and the moderns would disagree. The greatest depth I can find on the chart is five hundred and seventy fathoms, or three thousand, four hundred and twenty feet, though some of the books give it eight hundred and thirty feet more."

“Are you not apprehensive that we shall get aground here, Captain?” asked Uncle Moses.

“If we do we shall have to throw overboard some of the fat men; but for the present they are perfectly safe.”

“We need not shrive ourselves yet, Brother Avoirdupois,” added the doctor.

“You ought to keep yourself shrived at all times, Dr. Hawkes,” said Mrs. Belgrave, who was a very religious woman.

“I do, for I am a member and a vestryman of our church.”

“But that will not save you if you have not the sanctified spirit.”

“Avast heaving!” shouted the commander. “No politics or theology on board when there is a difference of opinion! I suppose you all know why the name of Marmora was given to this sea.”

“Possibly from *marmor*, which is the Latin for marble, but I don’t see any of it lying round loose in this sheet of water,” replied Uncle Moses.

“Quite correct, Squire Scarburn. The sea takes its name from a considerable island about sixty miles ahead of us, called Marmora, which is famous for its quarries of marble and alabaster. I have nothing more to say at present,” as he went to the taffrail, and rang the speed bell.

The ship slowed down immediately, and the captain beckoned to the Maud to come alongside. He wrapped his paper around a spike he had brought

from the carpenter's tool-box for the purpose, and then threw it upon the fore-castle of the little steamer.

"Don't neglect your studies when you are off watch; and here is a paper with some facts and figures about this sea. Pass them around," said the commander, as he ordered the officer of the deck to ring the speed bell again.

Louis and Morris received the paper from Felix, who was on duty with the captain; and they proceeded to study the comparative size of inland bodies of water, and they were as much interested as their seniors in age had been, and were interrupted when they were called to breakfast at twenty minutes to eight. They were off watch, and they had to take their meals in season, to relieve the captain and Felix.

The officers and crew of the ship took their meals at the same hours, with the exception of the captain. He was what is called in the navy an "idler," which does not mean that he has nothing to do, only that he does not keep a watch; and the same term is applied to all who are not in one of the watches. The captain "messed" in the cabin; or in other words, he took his meals there. Breakfast was served there at half-past seven; and the party on the promenade-deck were more than usually delighted to hear the bell, for they had been on deck three hours and a half.

They all had excellent appetites, and there was nothing like dyspepsia among them. The salt air and

the exercise they had on board and on shore had corrected all bodily irregularities, and there had hardly been a case of sickness on board since the Guardian-Mother sailed from New York nearly eight months before. Blanche Woolridge, who had been ordered away from home by the doctors there on account of some pulmonary symptoms, was entirely well, and as hearty as a hand before the mast. She had grown more stout, though she was still as graceful as a fawn.

The big steamer and the little one continued on the voyage without interruption, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon were off the island of Marmora, whose shores gave the party something to observe, and the professor regaled them with stories of classic times. About five in the afternoon the Guardian-Mother led the way into one of the harbors of Gallipoli, after both had been overhauled by the quarantine officers.

The ship anchored close to the shore, and the "Big Four" went on board of her at once.

CHAPTER V

THE SPEED OF THE SAMOTHRAKI

“WHERE are we now, boys?” asked the commander, directing his gaze at the “Big Four,” who had taken arm-chairs with the rest of the tourists in the usual place under the awning.

“Gallipoli,” replied Captain Scott, speaking for his ship’s company.

“What sort of a gal is she, anyway?” asked Felix.

“She is the ancient Kalliopolis,” replied the captain.

“Thin she must be an ould maid by this toime,” added the Milesian.

“A very ancient maiden. It is on the peninsula of Chersonesus, though this name has been applied to several such portions of land, including the Crimea. Of course you are aware that we are at the entrance to the Dardanelles, the Hellespont of history and the classics, Mr. McGavonty.”

“Av coorse oi’m aware of ut, for I lairned all that when I was in the infant school in Von Blonk Park,” replied Felix without an instant’s hesitation.

“Perhaps, when we are out of sight of land in the Indian or the Pacific Ocean, it may make an interesting

discussion for us to determine how far lying is justifiable for the purpose of making a joke," said the commander, laughing to remove anything like a censure from his remark.

"I beg the pairdon of the honorable gintleman who is the counsel for the plaintiff, but the coort is riddy to its daycision widout argumint," replied Felix, rising from his chair, apparently a little excited.

"Who is the court?" asked the captain.

"I am mesel'; and whether ye's air riddy or not, the coort daycides that ye's don't loie unless ye's mane to daycayve," added Felix, taking his seat again. "In the case of Pollywog *versus* Jimcrack, liber xvi., folio 427, the coort held that when Jimcrack cracked Pollywog over the head, it was no assault, because the defendant had done the act for the purpose of brushing a fly off the nose of the plaintiff. The coort rules in the prisint action that the quality of the act daypinds upon the motive of the actor."

Dr. Hawkes laughed till he shook all over like a schooner in a gale; and Uncle Moses, in whose office the Milesian had imbibed his legal learning, followed his example.

"I move that the question proposed by the honorable commander be embodied in an action to be tried before the distinguished justice from whom we have just heard," added the lawyer.

"I don't object to the form of the discussion. But *à nos moutons*, which translated into Greek means 'to our peanuts.' I think we were speaking of a seaport

of Turkey; and though there is not much to say about it, we had better finish. There are some ruins of the ancient Kalliopolis to be seen here," continued the captain.

"Can't we bottle them up and take them home with us?" asked Felix.

"We don't meddle with the bottle; it is against our principles, most of us. This is still a place of considerable trade, and it has extensive bazaars, with some manufactures, such as figs, raisins" —

"I thought those things grew out of the ground, like cabbages," interrupted Felix.

"The fruits do, but they have to be manufactured into the articles of commerce which you eat at home," replied the commander, who always liked an opportunity to correct a wrong impression. "What would the gentleman from Kilkenny say of flour?"

"I should call it an agricultural production if I were going to deliver a learned discourse."

"You are quite right, Mr. McGavonty; but the wheat has to be made into flour, and for that reason it is classed with manufactures. The same may be said of lumber, tobacco, rum, whiskey, and molasses."

"I give it up, your honor," replied Felix, rising to bow to the commander.

"I accept the apology," added Captain Ringgold, who rarely indulged in humor of any kind, and the Milesian thought he had lately made a wonderful improvement. "Gallipoli is the rendezvous of the Turkish naval fleet; and you can see some of it over in the other harbor."

“Is it much of a fleet?” asked the surgeon.

“It has a very respectable force. A year ago, though the navy had been somewhat reduced by the sale of some of the ships to England, perhaps to diminish her debt to that power, or for political reasons, Turkey had fifteen large armored ships, all steamers of modern build, and a great number of smaller craft, including one monitor. Of course the prevailing religion is Mohammedanism; but all sects are tolerated in Turkey, and this city is the seat of a Greek bishop. It contains many mosques, as you can judge by the minarets you see. Such fountains as you saw in Constantinople are to be seen here, and the scenes about the streets are the same. It is a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants. I was here in the Crimean War, for the allies who fought with Turkey against Russia landed their troops here.”

“We are very much obliged to you, Captain Ringgold, for your interesting and instructive lecture,” said Dr. Hawkes.

“Call it a talk, and I shall like it better,” added the captain. “We go through the Dardanelles tomorrow, unless the party wish to remain here to see the city, and then Professor Giraud will give you what you may call a lecture,” added the commander as the bell rang for dinner.

The return of the “Big Four” made things a little more lively at the table than usual since the purchase of the Maud, and Felix was remarkably brilliant. The boys were the first to go on deck, and the first notice-

able thing Louis discovered was the Samothraki, coming into the harbor, though she proceeded to the basin in which the ships of war were moored. He immediately called the attention of Captain Ringgold to the fact of her arrival.

“We have made ten knots all day, and that felucca left some time after we did,” said the commander, with a look of chagrin in his expression.

“The wind has been tolerably fresh all day,” suggested Louis.

“But she must have made over ten knots an hour.”

“We had been here nearly two hours when she came into the harbor.”

“She came out of the Bosphorus some time after we did,” reasoned the captain. “When we had made ten miles I looked all about for her with the glass without seeing her. Allowing that she sailed one hour after we did, she has made the run in fifteen hours. She has made nine and a third knots an hour all day.”

“Do you think that is very fast, sir?” asked Louis.

“Perhaps not for a spurt; but she has done it for fifteen hours. It is not remarkable, but it is faster than I supposed that craft was.”

“She seemed to go like the wind when she was flying about us off Galata,” answered Louis. “I thought she was as fast as an ordinary steamer.”

“That was because she was passing something all the time then, and the comparison with other objects at rest made her speed seem to be greater than it

actually was," added the commander. "She did not look to me like a very able boat, and I fancy she would not fare very well in a heavy sea. I think she will get her best speed in a moderate breeze, such as we have had to-day."

"It does not seem to me that nine and one-third knots is any great shakes; for I have heard Morris say that the *Blanche* has made fourteen knots, and has done it a number of times."

"Knots or statute miles?" queried the captain.

"Morris said knots."

"Those highflyer yachts like the *Blanche* generally make the run over known routes where the distances are given in statute miles, as from New York to Sandy Hook or Staten Island. But I have no doubt Mr. Woolridge's schooner has made fourteen knots an hour, — though that is very fast sailing, — under favorable circumstances, with just the breeze for her best points," added Captain Ringgold.

"Captain Scott," called Louis, as that member of the big four passed near them.

He presented himself before the commander, touching his cap, and then turned to Louis.

"How fast could the *Seahound* sail, Captain Scott?" asked the owner of the *Guardian-Mother*.

"The best I ever got out of her was ten and a quarter knots," replied Scott promptly, as though it was a fact on record in his history.

"Knots or miles?" asked the captain with a smile at the readiness of the captain of the *Maud*.

“Knots, sir, as I measured them off from the chart.”

“She did not often make that?”

“Never but once, sir. If she made six knots an hour on her usual day’s work, I was satisfied with her.”

“That’s all, Captain Scott; we were talking about the speed of sailing-craft. Thank you;” and Scott touched his cap and left them.

“I think it is evident enough that the Samothraki is a fast boat under favorable circumstances, with just the right breeze for her,” continued the captain. “But I am perfectly satisfied from her build and the sail she carries that she would have to make a port if it came on to blow heavily.”

“The speed of this felucca seems to disturb you, Captain Ringgold,” added Louis, closely observing the expression of his companion.

“Not at all, my boy,” replied the captain, his face suddenly illuminated with a smile which seemed to have a depth to it. “If the Samothraki were a bad character, which has by no means been proved yet, the Guardian-Mother can certainly run away from her, for she is good for sixteen knots an hour whenever we choose to put her to her trumps.”

“She has often done that; and when you overhauled the Viking, then called the Maud, Mr. Shafter thought she did more than that,” added Louis.

“In a case of life and death we could get seventeen out of her; but I don’t believe in driving her above

sixteen unless it be in an extraordinary emergency. But how is it with the Maud? I have sailed in her only when she was doing duty as a tender at Gibraltar and Constantinople," said the captain; and the look, as nearly like one of anxiety as he ever had showed, settled upon his face.

Louis saw this expression, and he could not help wondering whether or not he had any decided suspicions in regard to the character of the felucca. She had sailed back and forth near the steamer at Constantinople several times, and he observed that the men on board of her were scrutinizing the ship very closely. It might be only a coincidence that she had come to Gallipoli in the wake of the Guardian-Mother; but it looked to her owner just as though she was there in order to be near her. Without being able to connect them in any manner, the presence of Ali-Noury Pacha in this part of the world appeared to be an element in the situation.

"I don't believe that you would run away from a craft like the Samothraki," said Louis, laughing at the idea.

"I don't believe I shall at present," replied the captain, laughing in sympathy with his owner. "The only question I had was whether there was, or would be, any reason to run away from her. While I have no fear of the craft, I should like to know something more about her."

"Then we must obtain some further information in regard to her," added Louis promptly.

“I see!” exclaimed Captain Ringgold, losing the shadow of anxiety on his face again, and laughing outright. “You scent another adventure, and you are all ready to plunge into it.”

“I was not thinking of an adventure, sir; but you seem to be just a little troubled about this felucca,” continued Louis.

Mr. Gaskette came to speak to the commander, and no more was said.

CHAPTER VI

A CONFIDENTIAL MISSION ASHORE

As soon as the second officer went forward, the expression of jollity returned to the face of the commander. Louis Belgrave had been dubbed a knight by his trustee, Uncle Moses, before the purchase of the Guardian-Mother, on account of the young man's supposed love of adventure, though he was no more inclined in that direction than the average boy of his age. He was still called "Sir Louis" at times by the captain, Uncle Moses, and the doctor.

He had certainly fallen into a great many adventures, though he had never sought them; for he was not a boy who would have gone to the Great West, even if his mother had given him permission to do so, to fight the Indians, or to shoot grizzly bears. He had tumbled very naturally into his scrapes and adventures, most of them resulting from the family quarrels with his step-father, which had disturbed his life for several years.

"What about the felucca, Sir Louis?" asked the commander, giving the young millionaire the title suggested by his former remark.

"I was saying that you seemed to be disturbed by

the presence near us of the Samothraki," replied the young knight-errant, who had certainly earned his title in the numerous adventures in which he had formerly been engaged; though it had been a quiet time with him and the rest of the "Big Four" for the last month, the sailing of the Maud through the Mediterranean having furnished sufficient excitement for them, as the wise commander intended it should.

"I only said I should like to know something more about her, whereupon you were all ready for an adventure," laughed the captain.

"I was not thinking anything about an adventure when I suggested that we could obtain some further information in regard to this felucca," replied Louis in the same vein of hilarity.

"In other words, you propose to fit out an expedition under the command of Sir Louis Belgrave to visit the Samothraki, and perhaps make prisoners of the whole crowd on board of her," said the commander in a tone of irony.

Though the adventures of Louis and his companions had been of rather a serious nature, involving some dangerous and difficult movements, the captain and the trustee insisted upon clothing them in a humorous dressing, making fun of and laughing at them. None of the voyagers had ever been hurt to a degree worth mentioning, though they had encountered smugglers, brigands, and other evil-doers. Some of them were armed with revolvers; but they had preferred, like prudent generals, to fight their battles by strategy.

Louis was generally the leader, and he was not inclined to shoot any man, even though he was a ruffian. When his own life was at stake, in the wars of the Belgrave family, he had fired upon a fellow-being, but was careful every time not to inflict a fatal wound.

“I was not proposing to fit out an expedition, unless taking a boat and visiting the felucca in a friendly way deserves such a grandiloquent description,” replied Louis very quietly.

“Do you propose to take the Maud for this — trip, since you object to calling it an expedition?”

“Certainly not, sir. I should desire to make the trip in a very quiet and unassuming manner, and get alongside the Samothraki as if by accident.”

“Strategy!” exclaimed Captain Ringgold.

“You would not expect me to go to the felucca and announce that I was the owner of the Guardian-Mother, though only a small boy of one hundred and forty pounds, and ask to know about the nature of the craft, and the object of her present voyage, would you?”

“Well, hardly,” replied the captain with a smile. “You are a master of strategy, Sir Louis, and I will leave the whole matter to your wisdom and discretion.”

“But when I proposed this measure, I did not even suggest that I should command in the enterprise,” returned Louis more seriously. “Send Mr. Boulong, Mr. Gaskette, Captain Scott, or any one you please, to take charge of the business. I am not ambitious

to lead the party; and if I were thirsting for an adventure, as you often say, it does not look as though this affair would amount to anything of the sort," added Louis.

"You should not take too seriously the pleasantries directed at you, Sir Louis. I believe, with Squire Scarburn, that you have wisdom and discretion beyond your years. You have returned from all your adventures with your flag flying. Drop the pleasantries now, and be serious," continued Captain Ringgold.

Then he proceeded to consider the possible mission of the felucca precisely as Louis had done it in his own mind.

"Do I understand you, sir, that you intend to leave this matter to me rather than to one of your officers, or to Captain Scott?" asked the young millionaire.

"The business is private and confidential; and I am not willing to inform any one who does not know it, that the Pacha is somewhere in these parts, and that we want to know more about this felucca, which we are inclined to connect in some manner with the Moor," the commander explained. "You know all about the situation, and you understand my views and wishes. I leave the whole matter to you. Proceed as you think best."

"I should like the first cutter, with the five men who form her crew," said Louis, all ready to carry out the indefinite plan he had in his mind.

"But there is one difficulty we may not be able to

get over," suggested the captain. "The crew of the felucca are Greeks apparently, though they may be Turks; but it is evident that they speak Turkish. You will not be able to talk with them at all."

"I can get over that difficulty. Don, the second engineer of the Maud, speaks Arabic, and with that he can get along with Turks. I shall take him with me, and Felix, as he knows all about the affair."

The Milesian was just then on board of the Maud, and Louis went to find him. The engineers and the steward remained on board of her all the time. During the stay in the Golden Horn the carpenter of the ship had made some improvements in the fore-castle of the little steamer, where the three men lived, the cabin being devoted exclusively to the "Big Four." Don was called to the fore-castle, and asked if he could speak Turkish. He assured the inquirer that he could; for he had taken lessons of his father in Arabic, as he had expected to become an engineer on the Nile.

"I can talk with the Greeks, for the two languages are all mixed together," added Don.

"Then you are just the man we want," replied Louis, as the first cutter came alongside the Maud, for the captain sent her there at the request of the leader of the expedition.

"Have you the Moorish clothes you wore when you came on board of the ship?" asked Louis, after he had informed Felix and Don that he intended to go on shore.

"I have, sir; I washed them, and put them in order,

for I want to keep them to remember my hard experience on board a Mohammedan steamer."

"Will you put them on for this excursion, Don?"

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it."

He went down into the forecastle, and while he was changing his dress, Louis told Felix what had passed between the commander and himself, and that the object of the excursion was to obtain more information in regard to the felucca.

"I am glad you took me with you, my darling, if you have an adventure in view, for I will see that the heathen don't harm you," said Felix.

"And I will render you the same service, Felix," replied Louis.

The Milesian always insisted upon going with Louis, and he seemed to believe that his protection was the one thing his crony needed to keep him out of danger, or to rescue him if he should be in trouble; but the subject of his solicitude recognized no such ability to save him as he claimed, though he knew Felix was entirely devoted to him, and no doubt would sacrifice even his life in the service of his friend.

Don came up from the forecastle fully equipped in his Turkish uniform, from the Morocco slippers to the fez on his head, and not excepting the long knife in his belt. As a matter of prudence, Louis induced him to leave his weapon on board. The party embarked, and the boat shoved off. Louis directed Stoody, the cockswain of the cutter, to steer into the naval harbor.

Not a word was said about the felucca, and probably the four seamen at the oars had not noticed her, and knew nothing about her. It was beginning to be dark, but a piece of the waning moon gave them sufficient light to enable the cockswain to find his way. There was no officer in the cutter, as usual, and the young millionaire was in sole command.

“I want you all to be very quiet, my men,” said Louis, as they entered the naval port. “I have a little affair on my hands, though it is not necessary to tell you anything about it; only be silent.”

“Ay, ay, sir!” responded the crew with one voice; and all the ship’s company on board of the Guardian-Mother had an intense admiration for Louis, perhaps for the reason that “he was made of money,” though he had always treated them with the greatest consideration, for they were all picked hands, and worthy of respect.

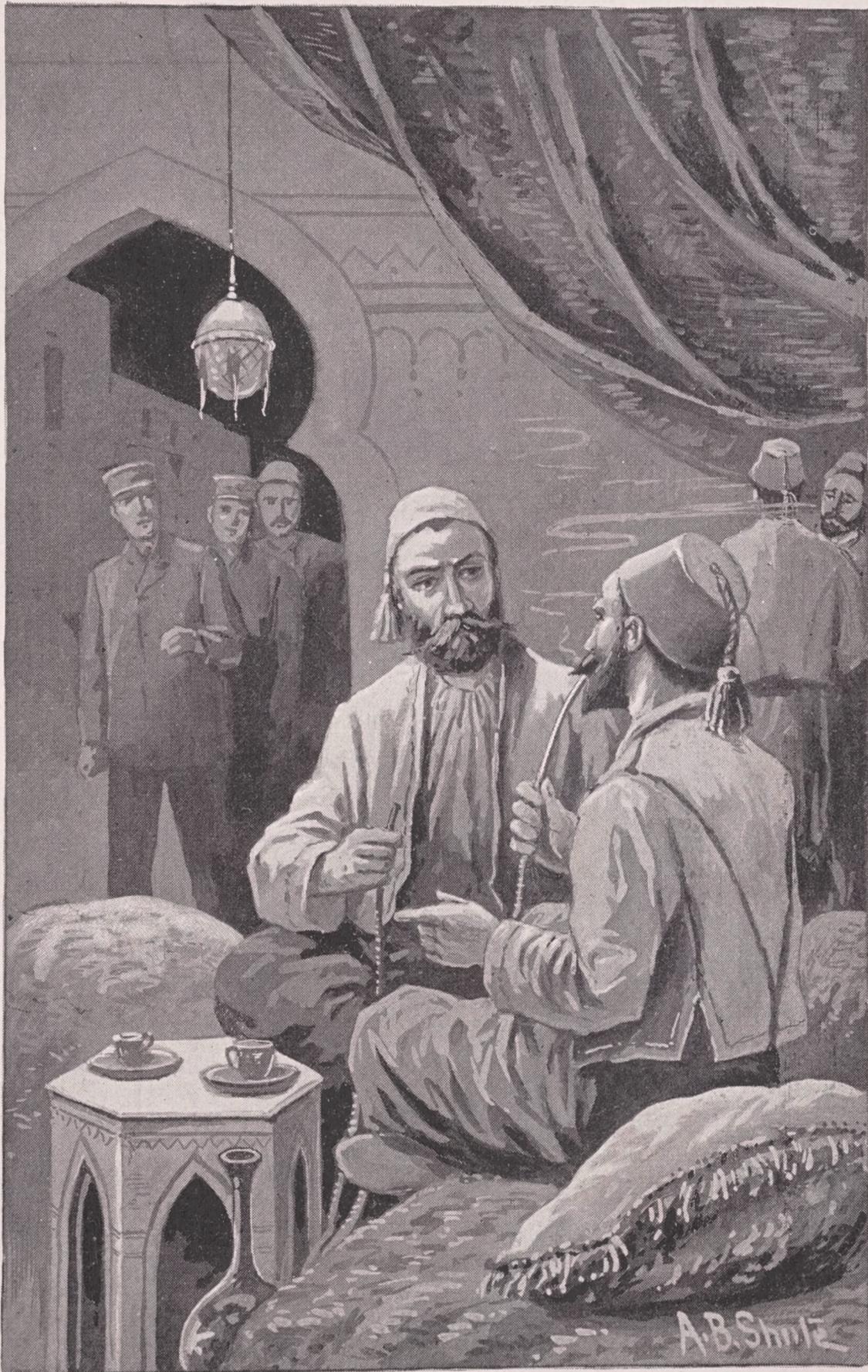
“Now, Stody, you will not take it amiss if I ask you to let me steer the cutter, while you take your place in the bow as lookout man.”

“Not at all, your honor,” replied the cockswain. “I know you can steer the boat as well as any man in the ship.”

Stody went forward, and Louis hastened to take his place.

“If you see anything in the way ahead, Cockswain, pass the word through the men, and don’t call out,” added the leader, as he took the tiller lines.

“Ay, ay, sir!” responded Stody in a low voice.



“A TURKISH CAFÉ WELL FILLED WITH SAILORS.” Page 53.

“Man-of-war ahead on the starboard bow,” was the word immediately passed in a very low tone through the oarsmen.

Louis had seen her, and stood up in his place to see if he could make out the felucca. Before he had made her out, the word was passed from the bow that such a craft was to be seen on the port bow. He sent Felix forward to take a look at her. He returned with the information that it was the Samothraki.

“More than that,” added Felix, “Stoody says she is the same craft he saw running back and forth in the morning, while they were getting up the anchor.”

She was peculiar enough to be recognized even in the dim light of the evening. She was much larger than other craft of the same model that had been seen in these waters. But Louis was not ready to visit her yet, and he directed the cutter so as to leave the man-of-war on the starboard. He kept on this course till the boat grounded at the city. With Felix and Don, Louis went on shore.

Near the landing was a Turkish café, well filled with sailors and others, who were smoking the narghile, or hookah, and drinking the infinitesimal cups of coffee. Louis decided to enter the place, and he did so, followed by his companions. They seated themselves on a dirty divan, Don taking care to fold up his legs like the others in Turkish fashion, the two Americans seating themselves as usual. The odor from the hookahs was sickening to Louis; for the room was full of smoke, and the bubbling of the

water through which the smoke passed was even worse than the smell.

Don was directed to call for coffee for the three ; and he did it, without any trouble with the language, for he was understood the first time he spoke. It was placed on a stand before them.

“Mind your eye, Louis,” said Felix in a whisper. “Over in the corner is His Highness.”

Louis was startled, for he did not expect to find the Pacha there.

CHAPTER VII

AN EVENING IN A TURKISH CAFÉ

LOUIS and Felix created no little sensation when they entered the café and seated themselves; Don, none at all, for he was dressed about the same as the regular frequenters of the establishment. It was a very wise inspiration or forethought on the part of Mohammed the Prophet, in the Koran, to forbid the use of intoxicating fluids among his followers. If he had not done so doubtless this café would have been what is called a saloon, a drinking-place, in the land of the Christians.

In this manner he rendered unnecessary in the domains of the Crescent any temperance reformers and prohibitionists; and as the chief prohibitionist of the world he blessed his followers, and saved them from untold miseries. As a very general rule Mohammedans obey the total-abstinence precept of the Koran; certainly there was no strong drink dispensed in the café; the narghiles and the coffee were the only stimulants used.

Perhaps Ali-Noury Pacha was a good Mohammedan when he was in the midst of the "true believers;" but Captain Ringgold had learned that he did not

obey all the precepts of the Koran when he was in the company of the "infidels," for it had been ascertained in Funchal that he had not only imbibed intoxicating drinks, but imbibed them too freely, and was sometimes tipsy. On the present occasion he appeared to satisfy himself with the pipe and the coffee.

He had a single companion, and they were squatted on a divan which was partly screened from the view of less distinguished men than His Highness; but the quiet corner to which Don had conducted his party was almost the only place in the café which commanded a partial view of the interior of the private apartment. The Moor was engaged in a very earnest conversation with his companion, though in a low tone. He was dressed in Oriental costume, though with none of the elegance which usually invested him.

"It is very singular that a man of his dignity and distinction should be in a place like this with the very commonest of the people of this country," said Louis, after he had looked the Pacha over very cautiously.

"He's here on business," added Felix. "He wanted a quiet place where he could meet the gentleman who is with him, and he came here."

"He is doing a little Haroun-al-Raschid business here in Gallipoli," added Louis.

"I don't know Mr. Raschid," replied Felix. "And I don't know what his business was."

"He was the caliph of Bagdad who went about

among his people at night in disguise, and had many wonderful adventures. But I wonder what they are talking about?" said Louis.

"I say, Don, you understand the lingo of these people," continued Felix, turning to the engineer. "Do you mind that empty seat close to the entrance of that coop where the Pacha is tipping his coffee?"

"I see it," replied Don.

"Couldn't you walk about the place in an easy sort of way, as though you were seeing what you could see, and squat on that divan near the door, and try if you could hear what they are saying?" asked Felix, always on the lookout to do what his crony desired.

"Perhaps I could; but I don't care to have the Pacha see me," replied Don, looking very much as though he did not like the employment suggested to him. "It would be all night and the next day to me if he should happen to see and know me."

"You need not let him see you at all," argued the Milesian. "I would be glad of the job if I could understand the gibberish they are talking."

"I'll go, whatever the risk," added the engineer, untwisting his legs and rising from the divan. "His Highness did not spend much time in the engine-room when he was on board of his steamer, and I doubt if he would know me if he saw me."

"That is a good fellow, Don," replied Felix patronizingly.

The engineer strolled around the room, seeing what there was to be seen, but careful not to look the occu-

pants of the café in the face, fearful that some of them might speak to him. In a few minutes he doubled up his legs on the divan, and made his ears the busiest part of his body. He did not remain there two minutes, but again strolled about the apartment, and then rejoined his companions.

“I could not understand a word they said,” he reported, evidently annoyed at his failure to accomplish anything.

“What was the matter? Didn’t they talk Turco-Greekish?” asked Felix, quite as much annoyed at the failure as the messenger.

“Not a word of it; they talked French, and I could not make out a sound of it,” answered Don.

“French!” exclaimed Felix. “It is mighty strange they should talk that in this uncivilized country. Ah, my darling, your time has come now; you have been studying French all your lifetime just to fit you for this occasion, and I have been laughing at you for doing so since I was a baby; but I did not foresee this blessed moment when it comes to be of service to you.”

Louis did not wait to hear all that the Milesian had to say; and by the time he had finished his long-winded remark, the leader of the expedition was half way over to the vacant divan. He realized that the Pacha was more likely to recognize him than the oiler on board of the *Fatimé*; for he had talked with him on the deck of the *Guardian-Mother*, and had met him in Gibraltar and Constantinople.

He avoided every position in the room which was commanded by the entrance to the private room, and reached the vacant place without being discovered by the Moorish magnate, though all in the café were staring at him. If any of the parties in the apartment talked, they did it in a low tone, for they were excited neither by beer nor whiskey; and in our favored land, in such a place, there would have been a confusion of tongues that out-babeled Babel itself.

In the comparative quiet of the place, especially in the corner near the Grand Mogul, Louis could hear what passed between the Pacha and his companion. The divan on which the strategetic visitor seated himself was next to the curtained entrance to the private room at the left of him. He sat back to a partition in which the opening was made. The two conspirators, if they were such, were seated one on each side of a table.

Louis could not see the Moorish personage, for he was directly behind him; but, by leaning forward a little, he had a full view of the other person. He was not prepossessing, though he smiled obsequiously to the distinguished magnate before him, of whose quality he was evidently fully informed, or at least realized that "money was no object to him."

As Don had reported, they were talking French; they seemed to have no fear that any one within ear-shot of them could understand what they said, and they spoke in ordinary tones so that Louis could easily hear them. But they had doubtless been

carrying on the conversation for some time, and the listener did not get hold of anything serviceable to his purpose at once. But the Pacha was doing most of the talking; and it was soon evident that Captain Ringgold was the gentleman to whom his speech related, though he called no names.

Whatever talk there had been before the listener took his place on the divan, His Highness soon began a narrative of his grievances against the commander of the Guardian-Mother. He had visited the ship at Mogadore, and made the acquaintance of the ladies on board of her, saying nothing about the gentlemen, who plainly had no interest to him. He had been invited to dine with the passengers, and was delighted with his reception.

Among the ladies was an "houri," as he called her, one of the nymphs of paradise that people the imagination of all Mohammedan "highflyers," who surpassed all the beauties of Georgia and Circassia. He had treated all the party, especially the captain, with "distinguished consideration." He had walked the deck with the houri, who appeared to be very kindly disposed towards him. He had promised to visit the steam-yacht the next morning, and conduct the party to the mosques and palaces of the city, and entertain them at his castle.

The steamer, which he called "*La Mère Tutélaire*," thus amusing Louis very much in spite of the seriousness of his mission, had sailed at a very early hour in the morning without any reply to his invitation.

He was very indignant at this cavalier treatment. He had followed the ship to Funchal, where she had again evaded him; and he considered the captain's treatment of him as insulting in the highest degree. The steamer had then avoided him for three months, but he found her again at Gibraltar. He had called upon the captain on board of his ship, but he had refused to receive him, — the infidel had refused to receive him, the associate and friend of the Sultan of Morocco!

He had demanded an explanation of him while in his barge. The captain had then told him that his, the Pacha's, character was so bad that he could not permit the ladies of his party to associate with him. At this point the friend of His Highness vented his indignation in a volley of French oaths, which are not as effective as those in English, for it will be remembered that one of the characters of Dumas *père* had to borrow some from the vocabulary of the latter in order fully to express his wrath.

Then the Pacha dwelt upon his feeling at this gross insult, and said that he had promptly challenged the caitiff infidel to atone for his insolence. But the captain had refused to accept the challenge, for he was opposed to the duel on principle. "With four men I attacked him in the street; but he struck me over the head with his fist, and knocked me into the gutter." The Pacha passed lightly over this scene; but he invited the other to imagine his humiliation, his mortification, at this injury added to insult, and

said he had sworn undying vengeance against the infidel dog.

The "true believer" who listened to this long narrative desired to know in what manner the retribution was to be meted out to the offender. If the houri in the cabin of *La Mère Tutélaire* could be captured and put on board of the *Fatimé*, that would satisfy his thirst for revenge, for in no way could he strike a blow that would hit the captain so hard. The "true believer" thought there could be no great difficulty about accomplishing this purpose if the nymph of paradise ever left the ship, and he would undertake to capture her, even if he had to do it in the streets of Athens or Syra.

Louis judged from the chuckle which followed that His Highness was delighted with the assurance his companion gave him that his vengeance should be so readily satisfied in the manner prescribed; but he had "another string to his bow," or another "bowstring" as it might be called in this locality where the cord is the favorite method of getting rid of a troublesome person, be it an offending houri or the brother of an ambitious aspirant for the throne. Then he told the other something more about the captain's steamer, especially that she was owned by a boy millionaire. If the houri could not be captured, this young fellow was the next prize to be secured. Louis wanted to laugh, for he believed he could throw the Pacha over his head; though the other man of the pair was another matter, for he was half as heavy again as the

“Moorish humbug,” as Captain Ringgold contemptuously called him.

Louis hoped the gentleman would disclose in what manner and where he intended to carry out the delicate programme he had vaguely indicated; but he seemed to be wise enough to keep his own counsel, even in regard to his employer. He clapped his hands, and the waiter came to him. The Moor paid the bill; and by a door which the listener had not seen they passed out of the building, for Louis felt the cool draft of air which came in when it was opened.

Louis paid for the coffee he had twice ordered, and gave the waiter all the change, which stamped him as an Occidental Pacha, and joined his companions after a leisurely stroll through the café.

CHAPTER VIII

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN MAZAGAN

WHEN Louis resumed his seat on the divan, Felix and Don looked at him with deep interest visible in their faces. The engineer, who had been sent to listen to the interview between the two men in Turkish costume, had not been told the reason. He had not received a word or a hint in respect to the object of the evening excursion to the shore. Of course he knew the Pacha; but everything had been concealed from him, as from the rest of those on board the steamer, by the trio in possession of the secret.

“You have been gone long enough to hear the whole history of the Ottoman Empire,” said Felix, as Louis seated himself.

“Call the waiter and pay the bill, Don,” added Louis, without replying to his crony’s remark, as he laid a silver coin of fifty *millièmes* on the table.

A *millième* is worth about half a cent, and the silver piece twenty-five cents. Don clapped his hands, and gave the coin to the attendant, who produced a lot of coppers, which he was invited to put in his pocket.

The waiter made a servile obeisance at this liberality, and ushered the trio to the door with bows enough

to serve a French dancing-master. Louis was very glad to get out of the smoke, the bad air, and the odor, as well as the bubbling of the narghiles, so sickening to him. The writer has sat in a Turkish café, drunk the mud they call coffee, out of cups that hold not much more than a thimbleful. He does not smoke, and therefore had no temptation to try a narghile when one was brought to him; but he listened to the bubbling in a dozen of them, and it was nauseating to him, so that he would have fled from them if it had not rained furiously at the time. The snap of the narcotic fluid in a clay pipe produces the same effect upon him.

Louis said nothing about the mission he had accomplished in the café in the presence of Don; but he had another mission before him which fully occupied his mind, and Felix asked no questions.

“Did you notice the man that was with the Pacha, Don?” he asked, as he led his companions away from the front of the café, seeking the rear of the building in which it was the lower story.

“I did; for I could see him by turning my head, and with my hand over my face so that he could not see my eyes, I looked him over for a minute or so,” replied the engineer.

“I did the same thing. Do you think you would know him if you saw him again, even if it were not very light?” asked Louis.

“I think I should, sir; for he is a large man, six feet high, and weighs something like thirteen stone,”

replied Don. "He must be near fifty years old, and his full beard is rather gray."

"That's the man," added Louis in a low tone, as he took the arm of Felix, and suddenly dragged him away from the spot. "Don't say a word!" he added impressively.

Don followed them, and Louis did not stop till he had secured a position in front of the café where he could dodge behind it with the other two. He had been to the rear of the building to look for the door by which His Highness and his agent had left the café. He had scarcely reached the corner when he discovered the two men standing near the door talking together. Doubtless the employee of the Moor was giving the details of the scheme in which he was to engage.

Louis would have been extremely glad to listen further if they were still talking French; but he had not been able to discover any place where he could conceal himself, and the attempt would be full of peril. He was a prudent young man, and he beat a hasty retreat before the trio had been seen. He had looked before he leaped, and only peeped around the corner, the other two being behind him.

"Well, what is up now, my darling?" asked Felix, as soon as they had come to a halt, and Louis explained the situation.

"Hush up! There goes somebody!" interposed Don, who had listened to the explanation, and understood the situation. "That is the Pacha and the other fellow!"

“All right,” replied Louis. “I want to know where they go next.”

Very cautiously, the leader in advance, they followed the two men. At the next corner the Moor mounted a horse, while the big man continued on his way to the shore. A boat was in waiting for him at some distance from the first cutter of the Guardian-Mother, to which the trio hastened as rapidly as possible. Springing into the boat, Louis ordered the bowman to shove off.

“Do you see that boat putting off from the shore, Stody?” asked the leader, pointing to it as it came out into the harbor.

“I see it, sir,” replied the cockswain.

“Run for it; and spring your oars, my lads!” said Louis sharply. “Take your place in the fore-sheets, Don, and keep a bright lookout ahead.”

The engineer obeyed the order, and Louis and Felix seated themselves on the cushioned seats of the stern-sheets. The boat was soon near enough for the trio to see that the big man was in the place of honor in it. Don reported the fact, passing the word through the men. “The big man is in it.”

The seamen were no wiser for this remark, for they did not understand it. The cutter followed the boat, though it soon became necessary to reduce its speed, past the man-of-war, and towards the point where the Samothraki had anchored.

“That man is going on board of the felucca without a shadow of doubt,” said Louis.

“Who is the big man?” asked Felix.

“I can’t tell you now, except that he was talking all the evening to the Pacha, and I heard what they said; but not a word more now,” replied Louis, still watching the course of the boat which contained the big man. In a critical time Felix was discretion itself, and he said not another word in regard to the subject. When the first cutter was between the man-of-war and the felucca, and not half a cable’s length from the latter, there was no longer a possible doubt that the other boat was going to the Samothraki.

“Stand by to lay on your oars!” said Louis in his ordinary tone. “Oars!”

At the last command the men placed the oars on a level with the water, with the blades feathered, and everything was at rest. With the dark body of the man-of-war as a background, the men in the other boat and in the felucca could hardly have seen the cutter. Louis stood up in his place and observed the movements of the boat containing the big man, as that was the only designation he could give him.

There was not much to observe, for the boat went directly to the felucca, and the principal personage was seen to go on board of her. Louis had learned the first thing he wanted to know, that the companion of the Pacha was connected with the rakish craft. There could be no room for a doubt on the part of Captain Ringgold now when he heard the story his messenger had to relate to him.

Louis was not quite satisfied with what he had learned, and called Don from the fore sheets.

“That felucca is a very fast craft for a sailing-vessel,” said he.

“She is indeed, sir,” replied the engineer.

“To the people in New York, most of whom never saw such a boat, she would be a great curiosity,” he added.

“And she would be in Glasgow, where I come from, sir,” answered Don.

“I have taken a Yankee notion that I should like to buy her, and send her to America, where I could exhibit her as an odd craft, and perhaps enter at some of the regattas,” continued Louis. “I am going to pay her a visit; and I want you to ask the captain if he would sell her, and to give you the price of her. You can speak his language, and I cannot.”

Don did not seem to like the duty he was called upon to perform, though he made no objection to doing what was required of him, and he suggested that the big man spoke French; but he did so in so low a tone that no one but Louis could hear what he said.

“I don’t care to have it known on board of the felucca that I speak French,” he replied in an equally low tone.

“I will ask the big man what you wish, sir,” added the engineer.

“Give way!” called Louis to the men; and they resumed rowing. “My lads, I want to buy that craft, or at least to learn her value; but you pull so regu-

larly that I am afraid they will think we come from a man-of-war, and will double the price of the felucca," he continued, as the cutter was approaching the Samothraki. "Just break up your man-of-war stroke, don't feather your oars, and if some one 'catches a crab,' no fault will be found with you."

"Ay, ay, sir; we will obey orders, and reduce the price of the outlandish tub," answered one of the men at once; and they seemed to enjoy the fun of the idea.

They certainly rowed badly enough after this instruction, and the stroke would not indicate that they were man-of-war's men. They kept the time like land lubbers; and when the cutter was within five fathoms of the felucca, the stroke oarsman went over backwards between the thwarts. The rest of the seamen rallied him, and laughed heartily at his apparent misfortune. But the man was almost instantly in his place, and the stroke was resumed. Stoody brought the cutter along side the after part of the felucca, and Don stood up to discharge the duty assigned to him.

He spoke in Arabic, and no one from the Guardian-Mother could understand a word he said. The big man was not to be seen, but Louis counted six others in the waist. With the person who had been to the café the number would be seven.

"I thought there were eight of them when I saw the craft in the Golden Horn," said he, speaking in a low tone to Felix.

"I am sure there were eight of them on board this morning, darling," whispered the Milesian.

"The other man may be in one of the cuddies," suggested Louis.

"That may be; but then on the other hand, the Grand Mogul may have been the eighth man, for he was interested in this business," added Felix. "I saw a man I thought was he, but I could not make him out."

Don continued to talk in an unknown tongue to the man on board, and the others had curiosity enough to listen to the conversation. He had evidently broached the subject of purchasing the felucca; for the Greek seaman, as he appeared to be, went to one of the cuddies which was lighted, and spoke to some person within. A moment later the big man came out. Don parleyed with him a moment, and then, not a little to the astonishment of Louis, he spoke out in English, and his speech was quite correct. Don finished his preliminary remarks, whatever they were, by pointing to the chief of the expedition.

"Good evening, sir," said he; and he could be easily understood and his pronunciation was not very bad. "You are a Scotchman; I have been in your country. What is your name?"

The engineer took it upon himself to answer this question by giving his own name.

"Are you the captain of this felucca, sir?" asked Louis.

"I am not, Mr. Donaldi," answered the big man,

pointing to the one with whom Don had done his talking. "This is captain Polychronopulos; but I possess the felucca. I have bought her for some pleasure excursions in the Ægean."

"Will you oblige me with your name?" asked Louis.

"I am Captain Mazagan. I sail Morocco ship."

"I am very much obliged to you, Captain Mazagan; but as the felucca cannot be bought, I will take my leave of you," said Louis, as he removed his cap, and made his politest bow, telling Stody to shove off.

The big man wanted to talk more, perhaps to display or improve his English; but the cockswain obeyed his orders, and the cutter departed.

CHAPTER IX

THROUGH THE DARDANELLES BY DAY

THE crew of the first cutter kept up the farce of rowing badly till they had passed the Turkish man-of-war, and then they fell into their usual stroke. The Guardian-Mother was in the other harbor; and Louis was confident that nothing had been said which betrayed the connection of the party with her, and he was more than satisfied with the outcome of his mission to the shore and to the Samothraki.

“Then the big man is not the captain of the felucca,” said Felix, as soon as it was prudent to speak out loud.

“No, Flix; Captain Polychronopulos is in command of the felucca,” replied Louis, who was feeling remarkably “good” over the result of his expedition.

“Murder! What a name!” exclaimed Felix. “It is as long as the coach-whip of a seventy-four, as Knott says. But you seem to speak it out as though you had been there before, my darling.”

“I was reading Murray’s Greece the other day, and I saw that name in it, so that I can handle it as easily as I can my knife and fork,” replied Louis.

“I never heard of Murray’s grease before. Is it the same as bear’s grease for the hair?”

“The kingdom by that name.”

“The kingdom of Greece, which must be a soap-boiler’s paradise. ‘To Greece we give our shining blades;’ and I suppose it’s that kind of grease. Well, the blades ought to be shining if they come out of the grease.”

“Very well, Flix; I have anticipated what a nest of jokes you would get out of the country we are about to visit; but I did not expect you would begin quite yet,” added Louis.

“What, not after Captain Chronotype came on the stage?”

“You have not made the name much more than half as long as it ought to be,” laughed the leader of the expedition.

“Then I will make it Captain Chrononhotonthologos,” added Felix triumphantly.

“That is better, and more like it; but the skipper of the felucca is Captain Polychronopulos,” added Louis, snapping off the long word as though he had just learned it in a primary school. “Did you know the gentleman whose name you have just mentioned, Flix?”

“I never had the pleasure of an introduction to him.”

“Don’t you know the word?”

“Only as a word which the boys in the academy had as a sort of puzzle in pronunciation, and one of

them wrote it out on the blackboard. I don't know that it ever belonged to anybody; if it did, I don't know to whom."

"He was a character in a burlesque of the last century with the same name; and it was given to General Burgoyne, who 'fit into our Revolution agin us,' as one of our Homespuns had it, on account of a bombastic speech he made to the Indians in his American campaign."

"Way enough!" said Stoody, as the cutter approached the gangway of the steamer, and every man brought his oars to a perpendicular.

Louis went on board, followed by Felix, and the crew hoisted the boat up to the davits. Mrs. Belgrave and Mrs. Woolridge were on deck, and the former wished to know where her son had been. That he had been on shore and visited a café was all he thought necessary to inform her; for he was the confidential agent of the captain, and was obliged to keep his own counsel. It was just ten o'clock; and the ladies retired to the cabin, and then to their berths, for the ship was to sail early in the morning, and the party wished to see the shores of the Dardanelles.

Felix was gaping, for it was his bedtime; but Louis required him to go with him to the commander's cabin. The captain was not there; for with a slight apprehension of danger of some sort, he had just required a double anchor watch to be stationed on deck, and he was attending to the matter in person. Louis took the opportunity to write the names of the Greek cap-

tain of the felucca and that of the big man, who announced himself as the commander of a "Morocco ship," for he was afraid that he might forget them.

Captain Ringgold soon appeared in his cabin. His first act was to send Felix to his berth; for he was gaping like a sleepy boy, and the commander did not care to have his agent's report interrupted by the Milesian's witticisms, however enjoyable they might be at times. He seated himself in the armchair at his desk, after he had carefully closed all the doors.

"Well, Sir Louis, you have not brought off the Samothraki with you," the commander began with an encouraging smile on his face.

"No, sir; my orders did not include her capture," replied Louis pleasantly, for he was not sleepy, and he had become accustomed to the humor of his Cervantes. "But I paid a visit to her, and had some talk with a Moroccan gentleman who is considerably interested in the movements of the Guardian-Mother at the present time."

"Indeed?"

"But he is not the skipper of the felucca, who is Captain Polychronopulos."

"Catch your breath quick, Sir Louis" laughed the captain.

"I have it, for I have got used to the word. The gentleman with whom I had my talk was Captain Mazagan," replied Louis, passing the paper on which he had written both names to the commander. "Perhaps I should say in the beginning, Captain Ringgold,

that you had better have a sharp lookout by night as well as during the day, for I think we are in danger, and what I report is very important."

"Then I suppose it was wise to send you on this expedition," added the captain looking more serious than before.

"I leave you to judge of that for yourself, for I am not inclined to magnify my office."

The captain lighted a cigar; smoking appeared to be the only vice to which he was addicted, and that he indulged to a very moderate degree.

"Make your report in such form as you prefer, and I will listen to you without interruption," he added, when he had placed himself in a comfortable position, with his feet on a camp-stool.

"I will tell my story just as the events and conversations occurred, leaving out all unnecessary matters," replied Louis, as he began at the point where the first cutter had left the steamer. "I don't want to detain you all night to hear me spin the yarn; and I hope it will not keep you awake after you have heard it."

"Take your own time, my boy; and I shall not object if it takes all night for you to tell your story. It won't keep me awake," added the commander.

The leader of the expedition to the shore related in full detail all the events of the evening; and it required an hour, for the watch struck six bells, or eleven o'clock, before he had finished. Captain Ringgold was soon so absorbed in the narrative that he let his cigar go out, and he appeared to be absolutely

startled when he had located the Pacha and his companion in the private room of the café.

“After what you had heard in the café, it was a bold step for you to visit the Samothraki,” said Captain Ringgold. “You had plenty of pluck for the occasion.”

“It did not occur to me that I was in any danger,” said the narrator. “Of course I took all necessary precautions, and I am confident that no one on board the felucca suspected that we came from the Guardian-Mother. Though I knew that Captain Mazagan spoke French fluently, I did not even drop a word in that language. He spoke English passably well.”

“You managed your affair remarkably well all the way through, my boy. I had no expectation that you would return with such a crop of information; and the result shows the wisdom of your selection. Why, not another person on board, except Professor Giroud, could have understood what the two villains in the private room were talking about. I used to think that you were foolish to give so much attention to French; but it may be the means of saving us from a calamity.”

“Now, what do you make of the threads as I have gathered them up and as you have woven them into a theory?” asked Louis, as he indulged in a moderate gape, for he had done enough during the day and evening to tire him.

“It is plain enough that the villain, Captain Mazagan, is the agent of the Pacha, and that he has been

employed to bring about the capture of Miss Blanche or yourself, or both of you; and His Highness correctly decided where he could hit me in the tenderest place, for the loss of either of you under these circumstances would be the death of me, I believe," replied the commander, displaying not a little emotion. "But in spite of what we can see of their plan, I do not feel much alarmed at the situation."

"I had almost come to the conclusion that you would take the Maud on the upper deck of the steamer, and make your way through the Red Sea to some other part of the world," added Louis, gaping again, for he had made his report, and he had nothing more to stimulate him.

"I shall do nothing of the kind; and I am almost ashamed that I ran away from this Mohammedan humbug three times before. Of course Captain Mazagan expects to accomplish his nefarious object by surprise and strategy; but you have robbed his enterprise of its chances of success by bringing to me the information you have gathered this evening. I believe you have saved the young lady and yourself."

"If you save her, I shall be satisfied," added Louis.

"I shall save both of you. But you are sleepy, Sir Louis, as you have reason to be, for there goes eight bells. We will consider this matter again to-morrow."

"But I shall be on board of the Maud."

"Captain Scott must release you from duty to-morrow, and I will send a substitute to take your trick at the wheel. What do you say to Knott?" said the captain.

“He will suit the other fellows first rate,” replied Louis, rising from his chair, and leaving the room.

The young millionaire was too much fatigued to think over the events of the evening before he went to sleep, and he dropped off as soon as his head struck the pillow.

The next morning when he was awakened by the first bell for breakfast the Guardian-Mother was under way. He hastily dressed himself and went on deck. The ship was in the Dardanelles, with the Maud close astern of her. At breakfast he was called upon to tell about his visit to the shore, and he gave a full description of a Turkish café as he had seen it; but he did not allude even remotely to the mission on which he had been sent to the shore.

When the party were seated in the armchairs under the awning, Professor Giroud had something to say about the narrow strait through which they were passing.

“As you have been informed before, this is the ancient Hellespont,” he began. “It was named after Helle (pronounce it in two syllables, if you please), who was the daughter of Athamas, and sister of Phrixus, who was condemned as a sacrifice to Jupiter. Their mother saved her two children, who rode away on the ram with the golden fleece through the air. Helle unfortunately fell overboard near where we spent the night, and was drowned. This strait, called a sea then, was named after her, the Latin word for a sea being *pontus*.”

“The strait extends from north-east to south-west about forty miles, and is from one to four miles wide. It gets its present name from Dardanus on the south shore. The narrowest place is near Abydos, where Xerxes and Alexander both crossed; and this was where Leander swam over to visit his lady-love.”

The captain promised to point out the place when they came to it, and the professor related mythological and classical stories during all the rest of the forenoon, which all may read for themselves, though not on the spot.

CHAPTER X

“A YANKEE SHIP AND A YANKEE CREW”

THE view from the deck of the steamer was inviting enough to engage the attention of the party. Lofty mountains could be seen in the distance on the Asiatic side, some of which were snow-capped, though this was not so strange a sight as it had been formerly to some of the tourists. Several towns were passed, and some commanding spots bristled with strong fortifications.

“I should not suppose any nation would want to steal this strait; yet they have so many forts here, it would seem they have fears,” said Mrs. Belgrave.

“But some of the nations would like to pass their men-of-war through it,” added Captain Ringgold, who seemed to be always near her whenever she made a remark. “By a treaty made about fifty years ago no ship of war belonging to any nation except Turkey is permitted to pass through these straits, and all merchant vessels are required to show their papers to Turkish officers; and this treaty was renewed a dozen years ago. It is Turkish territory on both sides, and the control of it is given to its owners.”

“What is all that for?” asked the lady.

“Of late years Turkey has been popularly known as ‘the sick man,’ and is troubled with several maladies,” replied the commander. “The nation is behind the times, in the first place. Mohammedans and Christians do not agree very well; Russia and Austria would like a slice of Turkey on some Thanksgiving Day of their own appointment, and the Ottoman government is deeply in debt, and always has a struggle to pay its expenses. Its revenues have been practically mortgaged, and the industries of the country are very badly managed. England and France, jealous of any extension of territory on the part of the coveting nations, stood by Turkey in the Crimean war, or she would have been annihilated by the Russians. Any demonstration on the part of the Eastern powers, Russia especially, causes England to bristle up and show fight, and with her immense navy she is a terror to the nations. That is why they permit Turkey to control these waters.”

“The boats of this region are very odd craft,” added Dr. Hawkes.

“They are feluccas; but we have seen plenty of them in Constantinople and all along the Mediterranean. There is Abydos on the hill at the left, ahead of us. The mountains come closer together here, making a narrower pass, about a mile wide.”

“The first bridge that Xerxes built here was carried away by a storm,” interposed the professor. “This calamity made him so angry that he flogged the strait with three hundred lashes.”

“Did it hurt?” asked the doctor.

“The strait has never said it did,” replied the learned Frenchman. “But Xerxes built two other bridges; and as he apparently did his work better, they answered his purpose, and, as you Americans say, ‘he got there.’ It was here also that Leander went across to Sestos, which is the town on the other side; but as his business seems to have been more pressing than that of the king of Persia, he did not stop to build a bridge, but swam over, for he wanted to see Hero, who was a priestess of Venus, with whom he was in love. His business admitted of no long delay, though a bridge would have been very convenient for him; for he swam over every night, and back early in the morning. One stormy night he was drowned. His body was cast ashore at Sestos, and Hero drowned herself for grief.”

“I think the fellows were more devoted at that time than they are now,” added Mrs. Blossom.

“I don’t believe they were, for it was not such a tremendous affair to swim across this strait. Lord Byron did it for the fun of it; and I could find half a dozen in our ship’s company who would do it to please the ladies, and not think much of it either,” added the captain.

There was nothing more to see in the Dardanelles; and Captain Ringgold went forward, followed by Louis at a look from the commander. They went into the cabin by the pilot-house, where they were entirely secluded from all others, for the captain’s cabin

was inviolable to all, and no one presumed to enter it without knocking.

“Have you seen anything of the Samothraki, Captain Ringgold?” asked Louis as he took a chair near the occupant of the cabin, for he thought his summons indicated something new in the situation.

“Nothing at all, Sir Louis,” replied the commander, who appeared to be in his usual calm and unmoved frame of mind, though it was evident enough to the young owner of the steamer that he must be anxious about the safety of some of his passengers. “I did not expect that she would show herself to-day.”

“I don’t think our party are very curious in regard to this voyage, for I have not heard one of them ask where we were going next; and I suppose no one knows but yourself,” added Louis.

“There is no secret about it, for I should not object to putting up the whole course where all could read it,” answered the commander, as he rose from his chair and went to the chart case, the top of which was large enough to spread out upon it one of the sea maps stored in the compartments below; and the one on it at the time was about five feet long, by three feet wide. “I have marked out the Ægean voyage, and you may see it for yourself.”

Louis examined that part of the chart which presented the Archipelago. A red line marked the intended course; and he followed it with his finger, till it terminated at the island of Corfu, opposite the south eastern cape of Italy.

“It would take a year to explore these islands thoroughly; and we have not the time to do it, even if it were desirable, which it is not, for we are not a company of classical scholars, archæologists, and antiquarians, who would delight in such an exploration,” said the captain.

“I shouldn’t suppose it was advisable to go too deeply into such subjects,” added Louis, “especially as we know that felucca means mischief. I judged from what I heard the Pacha say in the café, that he knew just where we were going, for Captain Mazagan spoke of Athens.”

“He would naturally infer that we were not intending to leave this region without visiting the capital of Greece.”

“But how could he know that we had not already been there?”

“The Guardian-Mother is reported all over the civilized world, from every port she visits,” replied the commander. “Besides, it had been no secret that we were going to Athens, and Dimitri knew it. I talked with an English officer to whom our consul at Gibraltar introduced me in his office about the Pacha. He believed he was worth a million pounds, which is more than three times your figures, my boy.

“The Moor is only nominally a Mahomedan, and has all the European vices. Probably he knows the manners and customs of London and Paris quite as well as those of Mogador and Tangier. The scoundrel is bent on revenge; and I have no doubt he has

one or more French detectives in his employ, and they are remarkably skilful in their craft. If he has one, he could easily have found out where we were going from Dimitri.”

“I don’t see that you can do anything but let things take their course, and keep a sharp lookout for any mischief,” said Louis.

“That is what I shall do, because I can do nothing else. But I am more concerned about the safety of the Maud than anything else; for it would not be a difficult matter for the Samothraki to capture her, not for her own sake, but as a part of some other combination,” added Captain Ringgold.

“I don’t know about that, Captain,” answered Louis, with an incredulous smile, as he shook his head with a sort of defiant twist.

“Boys are too confident,” interposed the commander, as the young millionaire was about to tell how it could not be done. “There were eight men in all, on board of the felucca when we saw her in the Horn.”

“There were only seven last night; which suggested to Flix that the Pacha was one of the eight. There are seven on board of the Maud, and Captain Scott is very skilful with the lasso,” returned Louis, alluding to the manner in which the principal smuggler had been captured on board the little steamer in Gibraltar Bay.

“I shall not risk any of my party in a fight with these pirates, for that seems to be what they are,” added the captain. “I shall not permit the Maud to

go any great distance from the ship under present circumstances."

"I think we can take care of ourselves," replied Louis. "But when we get out among these islands, my mother, Miss Blanche, and Mrs. Blossom will desire to sail in the Maud, which they think would take them closer to the islands than the ship could, so that they can see them better. I don't know how you can refuse them without speaking of the danger that menaces them."

"That must not be done. It would be heaping a load of misery upon the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Woolridge. Your mother would certainly have a sharp return of her nervous malady if she were aware that you were an intended victim of His Highness, who is a more powerful enemy than Scoble."

"And a bigger villain, if possible; but somehow I do not feel afraid of him," said Louis, shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman.

"If it becomes absolutely necessary I may have to tell them the whole story; but not as long as it can be avoided. You know the two twelve-pounders, the brass guns we carry on the top-gallant forecastle, which we have never had occasion to use except on the Fourth of July," continued Captain Ringgold.

"Of course I am well acquainted with them," added Louis, looking sharply into the face of his companion, to discover if he could what was passing in his mind.

"We are not a man-of-war, or even a fighting ship.

Those guns were a part of your purchase, and of course they are only for ornamental uses, for salutes and celebration, and for signals of distress if we should unhappily have to discharge them for that purpose.”

“Why do you mention them, then, sir?” asked Louis, who could not fathom the thoughts of the commander.

“Because they will bite as well as bark; but I most sincerely hope that we shall not be compelled to make them do anything but bark,” replied Captain Ringgold, with a kind of solemnity which impressed his young friend. “Those who went through years of bloody strife to save the land we love don’t want any more of it.”

“I don’t see where these twelve-pounders come in.”

“Neither do I; and I trust they will not come in at all. At the same time they have a strengthening effect upon the mind of an old naval officer in the presence of such villanous enemies as the Pacha and his pirates.”

“Have you anything but blank cartridges for them?” asked Louis curiously, for the commander had given a more serious aspect to the situation than had been presented to his mind.

“Stored away in a safe place in the hold we have not only cannon powder, but solid shot, shells, and canister. As I thought of the matter before we went to sea on this cruise, I realized that we were going around the world; that we should be among the Malays, the Chinese, both of whom indulge in piracy,

and the savages of the South Sea Islands, who sometimes become unfriendly, and attempt to do mischief. I thought it best to be prepared for the worst, though I did not believe the guns would ever be necessary for our protection. The idea was more especially impressed upon my mind by reading an account of the operations of a Chinese pirate."

"Then we are 'a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,'" added Louis. "But I had no suspicion that the Guardian-Mother was an armed vessel."

"She is not, in any proper sense of the term. I did not mention to any one that we had dangerous ammunition for fear you boys might want to shoot at a mark, or something of that kind. Of course you will be as discreet as you always are, Sir Louis."

Then they left the captain's cabin, and joined the party on deck.

CHAPTER XI

THE PROFESSOR GOES THROUGH THE TROJAN WAR

LOUIS BELGRAVE has been occasionally alluded to as a young man whose wisdom and mental balance far exceeded his years. He had certainly been very much impressed when he realized that the Guardian-Mother was an armed vessel, though on a very small scale; but he was not terrified at the very remote possibility of a fight, with sharp teeth, with the conspirators on board of the Samothraki. As he came out of the captain's cabin, and met Miss Blanche, who was promenading the deck, he thought he should rather like something of that sort in her defence.

"We are getting to the mouth of this strait, Mr. Belgrave," as her mother had instructed her to call him, since the commander and some of the passengers so addressed him.

"Yes, we shall soon be in the Ægean Sea, as the ancients called it," replied Louis. "The Archipelago is the name used at the present time. The word means the 'chief sea,' as it was to the Greeks; but now any sea filled with islands is an archipelago. But this one is, *par excellence*, The Archipelago. I suppose you know the difference between a common

and a proper noun, Miss Blanche;" and both of them laughed at the primary-school character of the remark.

"I ought to know it, for I have studied grammar. One is a class and the other is an individual," added the maiden.

"John — common or proper?" laughed Louis.

"Proper, of course."

"But there are a million Johns, besides John Smith, who forms a class by himself."

The young lady looked a little puzzled.

"You were quite right, Miss Blanche; of the million, plus, of Johns this particular name was given to him individually as his proper name, and not because there were a million others of that name. He is called John because that name was given to him as his private name, though a couple of other pa's and ma's may have done the same thing by their babies. You are Blanche *par excellence* because that name was given to you without regard to your father's yacht so called, and the thousands of other young ladies that bear the same name. This is *The Archipelago* for precisely the same reason," argued Louis, as the ship was passing Cape Helles on the north of the entrance to the strait.

"I thank you for your explanation, Mr. Belgrave; and I think I know more about proper and common nouns than I ever did before," replied the maiden.

"The professor is saying something; and we had better listen to him, for he always says something

that is worth hearing," added Louis, as he gave the young lady a seat near the lecturer.

"This is the Plain of Troy on our left, Mr. Belgrave, I was just saying," said Professor Giroud. "The mountain you see in the distance is Mount Ida. The country here was Mysia, of which Troy was a district, and also the name of the city, called also Ilium, and Troja. The river which comes in here is the Scamander, rising in the mountains and flowing over the plain."

"I came through the Dardanelles in a French steamer called the Scamandre once, but I never knew where the name came from before," said the commander.

"That is the way we spell the word in French."

"Are you going to fight through the Trojan War, Professor?" asked the captain. "We discharge the pilot here, and I must pay him for his services, so you must excuse me.

"Only very briefly, Captain; but we will wait for you."

"Thank you. About eight miles south of us is Besica Bay, somewhat noted as the anchorage of the British fleet while things were in a critical condition in the affairs of the 'sick man.' Don't wait for me, Professor."

"Is this where Troy weight came from?" asked Mrs. Blosson, innocently enough, though some of the party laughed.

"Not at all, madam; that name is supposed to be

derived from Troyes in France, where a great fair used to be held in the Middle Ages. The substance of the Trojan War can soon be told. Most of the story is believed to be fiction, like all the classic tales of mythology, though Schliemann has unearthed enough to show that there was a foundation for it. Priam, king of Troy, had a son whose name was Paris. This has nothing to do with the capital of France," said the professor with a glance at Mrs. Blossom, who was not versed in classic lore, "for the war of which I am speaking took place at least a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Menelaus was the king of Lacedæmon, and married a beautiful woman, Helen. Now Paris, son of the king of Troy, did a very naughty and wicked deed, nothing less than carrying off the lovely Helen. Menelaus was naturally very indignant at the outrage of the Trojan prince; though he seems to have taken it rather coolly at first, for he sailed for Troy with Ulysses to demand the restoration of his wife.

"Antenor, one of the wisest elders of Troy, received them kindly, and tried to persuade his fellow citizens to return the abducted wife to her husband; but the mission was unavailing, and the only friend they had was regarded as a traitor to his country because he tried to be just.

"After their return to Greece, Menelaus and his brother Agamemnon determined to take up arms against Troy with all the army that their country could raise; and the latter was made commander-in-

chief. It took them ten years to gather this force; and the mighty host, consisting of over one hundred thousand soldiers, sailed in very nearly twelve hundred ships, as they called them; but that was a great many, even if they were only boats. The roster of the army has not come down to us, and we may reasonably entertain some doubts as to the number of men.

“The Trojans were driven within their walls, and then the Greeks spent nine years in the reduction of the towns in the vicinity. But the Greek leaders quarrelled among themselves, and they were driven back to their ships. The Trojans under the command of Hector began to change the tide of battle. Achilles and Agamemnon had a dispute, and the great hero of the war sulked until the death of his friend Patroclus quickened him to activity again. He drove the Trojans behind their walls once more; and Hector, their ablest leader, was killed.

“The situation had become very bad for the Trojans when Penthesilea, the beautiful queen of the Amazons, went to their assistance; but as their prospects began to improve, this female leader of female warriors was slain by Achilles. Then Memnon, another good-looking leader, but of the masculine gender, re-enforced the Trojans with an army of Ethiopians, and the Greeks were again driven back. A long and indecisive battle followed, but finally ended with the victory on the side of Achilles. The time of the great Greek champion was at hand, and like all the rest of the leaders in the war he was slain.

“He fell in the battle at the Scaean gate before Troy was taken, slain, some say, by an arrow shot of Paris. He was the hero of the war, and was represented as a man of many excellent qualities, though revengeful and remorseless to his enemies. His two sons were then called to the aid of the besieging army, and the war was continued. Finally the city was taken by the stratagem of a big wooden horse, filled with warriors, which the Trojans dragged into their city as a part of the trick. The city was taken, and all within it except Æneas and Antenor were put to the sword. This is the story of Homer’s ‘Iliad.’”

“Did the Greeks thrive on such stories as that?” asked Mrs. Belgrave.

“The principal portions of Greek literature are embodied in Homer’s ‘Iliad’ and ‘Odyssey,’ the latter being the Greek name of Ulysses (Odysseus), and the young people had to study them then as they do at the present time. There is hardly any portion of this region of which some story, either historical or classic, could not be told. We are now out of the Dardanelles, and in the Ægean Sea, as it was called more than two thousand years ago,” replied the professor. “The islands are mountainous and bare, with hardly a tree to be seen.”

“But here is land to the north and to the south of us,” said the lady.

“Captain Ringgold can tell you about the islands better than I can,” added the professor as he resumed his seat.

“As the professor says, we are in The Archipelago, headed west by north, magnetic course,” said the commander, as he stood up before the party to tell them something about the geography of the region.

“But what do you mean by magnetic course?” asked Mrs. Blossom.

“The magnetic needle, which directs the compass by pointing to the north, varies in different parts of the earth. In this sea the needle points from five to ten degrees to the west of the true north. The diagrams which I have shown you on the chart are corrected so that the black line running up and down through them points to the north and south. We are going west by north now after this correction is made. The nearest land to you on the port side are the Rabbit Islands, which are very small affairs.”

“I suppose all these islands are Greek,” suggested Dr. Hawkes, as though he had no doubt of the fact.

“Not at all, sir,” replied the captain. “On the contrary, all that you can see, and vastly more that you cannot see, belong to Turkey. South of the Rabbit Islands, about ten miles distant, you see a hill, which is called a mountain here, though it is only six hundred and twenty five feet high. It is Mount Elias; and it is almost as useful for navigation as a lighthouse, for it is the most conspicuous object seen in approaching the entrance to the Dardanelles.”

“It does not look like much of an island,” said Uncle Moses.

“It is the island of Tenedos, six miles long and

three and a half wide, and has a population of five thousand. It has a town with the same name as the island. I had occasion to wait several days in this region for orders. The channel between this island and the mainland, which you know is Asia Minor, is about three miles wide. There is a village over there called Eski Stamboul, which is built on the ruins of Alexandria Troas, or New Troy, founded by Alexander the Great; and a party of us visited the remains of the ancient city. They were very interesting, for they included the débris of a large theatre, a palace, an aqueduct, and a part of the walls of the city."

"Why can't we go there?" asked Mrs. Woolridge. "I have seen such remains in Italy, but never in the Orient."

"They are about the same thing. There is not water enough there for the Guardian-Mother, and I don't think it would be prudent to go in the Maud; besides, you will be surfeited with ruins before you leave Greece."

The commander was thinking just then of the danger from the Samothraki, though he did not mention why he thought it would not be prudent to go in the little steamer. He and the owner had been on the lookout for the felucca all day; but they had seen nothing of her. Louis had not "turned out" when the steamer got under way; but Captain Ringgold had endeavored to ascertain her whereabouts before he weighed anchor. A morning mist covered the two harbors of Gallipoli before sunrise, and the

Samothraki could not be seen. When the pilot came on board, he assured the commander that the felucca was still at her anchorage. He was satisfied.

“We are close to the land on the other side,” said Mrs. Belgrave, for the attention of the party had been directed the other way by the remarks of the captain.

“You should say on the starboard,” added the commander, laughing as he looked in the face of the fair woman.

“I am not a sailor, though by this time I know starboard and port.”

“That is the island of Imbros; and it is hardly five miles from us. Elias is a favorite name here for mountains, or hills, for my geography used to teach me that mountains must be at least two thousand feet high. Imbros also has a Mount Elias, and it falls only forty feet below the standard.”

The attention of the party was then called to the island of Lemnos.

CHAPTER XII

GEOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY ON THE SPOT

THE day was as beautiful as Paradise itself, and the air was deliciously mild, the sky as blue as azure, and the whole scene seemed to be transparent, so clear that they could almost see through the islands, as Mrs. Woolridge expressed it. All the ladies were in ecstasies, and would like to remain among these islands for a month at least.

“Perhaps you would not like it so well if we should happen to fall into a Levanter,” suggested Captain Ringgold.

“What is a Levanter?” asked Mrs. Belgrave. “I never heard of it, though I have read in the Book of Acts about the Euroclydon.”

“The Levanter is a gale which blows in these regions from the eastward. The gale which Paul describes was nothing of that sort, for that came from the islands, and therefore from the north. He describes it as a sort of typhoon, or whirling storm, specimens of which I am afraid you will become acquainted with before this cruise is finished, especially in the Indian Ocean.”

“I have no desire to make its acquaintance,” added the lady.

“Winds vary in different parts of the world, I mean wind storms. Here the Levanter is from the east; the sirocco winds come from the sandy deserts of Africa, and are therefore from the south-west in this region. I told you something about this wind, though I did not give it this name, when we were at the Canaries, where they get it from the south-east. In some parts of the Mediterranean it comes from the south.”

“As we had it in the *Maud* when we were off the coast of Algeria,” said Louis.

“Precisely so. Sometimes, ladies and gentlemen, you suggest to me to go here and there, as though we had a couple of years before us, and could go anywhere we please; and so we can if we are willing to take the weather, gales, and tempests as they come. But this is intended to be a pleasure excursion so far as practicable, and I have to make some calculations in regard to the wind and weather. Let me give you an idea or two on this subject. For the four months of the year beginning with November, the winds are variable and sometimes violent.

“In March it begins to be mild, and becomes so in April. In May and June, everything is clear and serene, as a rule. About the last of June the sirocco winds occasionally prevail, and also through July. In August and September until the middle of the latter month, the weather is usually delightfully pleasant, as it is to-day.”

“Then we are in no danger yet,” interposed Mrs. Belgrave, “for this is the twenty-first of August.

“I do not say that you will be in any danger at any time,” added the commander, bestowing a pleasant smile upon his owner’s mother. “We are not necessarily in peril because we encounter a storm.”

“But we were in peril when we were in that storm on the Atlantic, and you saved the lives of all of us,” said Miss Blanche.

“But your peril was caused by the accident of running into a mass of wreckage, by which a hole was stove in the bottom of the schooner. The weather here is what we are to look out for,” continued Captain Ringgold. At the equinox, about the twentieth of September, there is likely to be rain, with thunder and lightning; but these showers do not last long; and through October the weather is as soft, mild, and calm as the dream of a fairy. But if you remain here till November, you will be in the season of hard gales and tough tempests; and among these islands there is not a good shelter for a vessel in heavy weather.”

“But we have sixty days before these tempestuous times arrive,” added Mrs. Woolridge.

“But squalls and thunder and lightning are likely to happen at the approach of the equinox, and that will give you only about thirty days,” replied the commander. “I think we had better be out of this region by that time. I was speaking to you about the island of Imbros, on the starboard, which we are now leaving behind us. I suppose there is something classic about it, though I don’t know what;” and the captain glanced at the professor.

“It is a classic island, like most of the rest of them,” replied the learned Frenchman. “It is about twenty-five miles in circumference, is hilly, but contains many fertile valleys. Eighteen miles to the north-west of it is the island of Samothrace, or Samothraki as the Greeks call it.”

Louis glanced at the commander when the professor mentioned the island from which the pestilent felucca appeared to have derived its name; but the learned gentleman knew nothing about the double-ender of this name.

“These two islands were the chief seats of the worship of the Cabiri and of Mercury, or Hermes, which is the Greek name of the messenger of the gods. That is all there is worth saying about these two islands.”

“But who were the Cabiri? We have not been introduced to them, for I suppose there was more than one of them,” added Louis.

“The Cabiri were mystic divinities who were worshipped in Greece. The celebration of certain mysteries were momentous occasions in this ancient realm, and the mysteries of the Cabiri were solemnized with great splendor in the island of Samothraki. Not much is known about them in this day, and various explanations have been given in regard to them.”

“Breakers on the port bow, sir,” said Mr. Gaskette, the second officer, touching his cap to the commander.

“All right, Mr. Gaskette; thank you,” replied the captain as he consulted his watch. “It is half past

five now, and I think we will spend the night in Pournea Bay."

Captain Ringgold left the party and went to the pilot-house, after a look at the chart spread out in his cabin. The breakers reported were half a mile from the ship; but the commander knew where he was, and that the steamer had thirty fathoms of water under her keel. The wind was west, from the shores of Greece on the mainland, and the vessel would be sheltered from all winds except those from the north. It was still ten miles to the anchorage, and dinner was ordered for half past six. After giving Mr. Gaskette a south-west course, the commander returned to the party.

"This is the island of Lemnos; but it belongs to the Turks, and they call it Stalimeni. It is half way between the entrance to the Dardanelles and the Gulf of Monte Santo," said he, taking a stand before the party.

"What is that gulf?" asked Mrs. Belgrave.

"*A nos peanuts*, madam, if you please; and if you will excuse me, I will postpone the answer to your question till we get there," said the captain, bowing like a French dancing-master to the lady.

"Certainly, Captain Ringgold, if you are going there," replied the lady, laughing at the obsequiousness of the commander, and the others smiled, for they understood what ailed him.

"This island is very irregular in shape; for if you could see the whole of it at once you might think it

was a lobster spread out before you, with Cape Plaka for the end of one big claw, and Cape Irene for the end of the other. We are just passing the former. It is about sixteen miles long from east to west, and twelve miles the other way. The hills you see are from ten to fifteen hundred feet high, but the highest are called Mounts Skopia and Phako. You notice that K is a very useful letter in these parts, and is hard worked. Anything classical or mythological here, Professor Giroud ?”

“Vulcan is said to have landed on this island when Jupiter hurled him down from Olympus,” the professor began.

“What did he do that for ?” asked Mrs. Blossom sharply, as though she thought it was an outrage.

“He took the part of Mrs. Juno against her husband, and made him angry.”

“He ought to have been ashamed of himself !” protested the lady.

“He was a whole day falling, and” —

“I should think it would have killed him,” interposed Mrs. Blossom.

“In the evening he came down to this island, where he was kindly cared for by the people,” continued the professor, when the laugh had subsided.

“Didn’t they have to take him to the hospital ?” inquired the interested auditor.

“It is not reported that they did. But you must consider, madame, that Vulcan, or Mulciber as he was sometimes called, was a god, and a fall of a

thousand or two miles was not likely to hurt him much. I suppose you have read Milton, Mrs. Blossom?"

"Not much of it; I don't read a great deal of poetry, but I like to hear it recited."

"Then I will recite a little of it relating to the subject before the meeting," replied the professor, as he took a book from his pocket and read:

"Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star
On Lemnos, the Ægean isle."

"That was just the way it happened, madam, if you believe the story."

"I don't believe a word of it, for don't Milton say they fabled it!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom.

"Certainly, madam, you are entitled to your own opinion," added the professor. "By some, Vulcan is said to have established his workshop in Lemnos; probably he did not forge any more bolts for Jupiter here, after the matrimonial fracas in Olympus. There used to be a volcano here, now extinct, and perhaps this had something to do with Vulcan's connection with the island. The Argonauts are said to have landed at Lemnos."

“Did they jump down from heaven?” asked Mrs. Blossom, who was well informed so far as the common school taught, yet she had never read any mythology. Still, it should he added, she was a pious, good-hearted woman, always ready to sit up all night with any one who was sick, even if it were a coal-heaver; and she was a favorite with all in spite of her lack of classical culture.

“The Argonauts were navigators, and they came here as we do, by water. In the traditions of the Greeks, they were heroes and demigods who went with Jason to obtain the golden fleece, guarded by sleepless and horrible dragons. An oracle had warned the King Pelias to beware of a one-sandaled man, who might deprive him of his right to his throne. In some manner the golden fleece was to neutralize the power of the enemy. When the Argonauts landed at this island, they are said to have found it inhabited only by women, who had murdered all of their husbands.”

“Their husbands must have abused them awfully, or they would not have done such a wicked thing,” interjected Mrs. Blossom, who was a victim to her feelings.

“Some of the Argonauts settled on this island, and probably altered the complexion of the history of Lemnos. But these stories run into one another in such a manner that everyone suggests another, and there is no end to them. I will only add that Jason found and obtained the golden fleece with the assistance of

Medea, whom he married; and this seems to be the proper *denouement* of the tale. Pliny speaks of a remarkable labyrinth in Lemnos, but no one has been able to find it in modern times."

"I think we have all talked enough, and I am afraid the professor will have a sore throat," said the commander.

"If he has, I can give him something that is the best thing in the world for it," added Mrs. Blossom.

"I thank you, madam; and if I need the remedy, I will call upon you."

When the party went to dinner, the steamer was at anchor in a safe bay.

CHAPTER XIII

THE COMMANDER'S EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS

THE dinner in the cabin of the Guardian-Mother, after the steamer had anchored in Pournea Bay, was fully up to the high standard of the chief steward and the cook; but the party seemed to "eat in order to live," not to "live in order to eat," for they were talking all the time of the deliciousness of the climate, rather than of the elaborate dishes which composed the *menu*. In fact, they were in a great hurry to return to the deck where they could enjoy the soft airs of the closing day, and the beauties of the scenery.

Captain Scott, Morris, and Felix had come on board of the ship as soon as they had made the Maud fast to the Guardian-Mother. Though her son had been absent from her side only since the early morning, Mrs. Woolridge hugged him as though he had been away a month, and the boy's father took his hand, and gave him a warm welcome. Mrs. Blossom would have given Felix a similar greeting if the Milesian would have submitted to it; for he was a great favorite with her, and he never talked French, Spanish, history, or classics, though he was a graduate of the academy.

The young captain had not much to report; for the Maud had followed the ship all day, and it had been an uneventful voyage. Mrs. Blossom, who was the milk of human kindness, deficient as she was in historical and classic lore, was inclined to "coddle" him as well as Felix; but he considered himself too manly to allow a woman to soften over him.

The passengers had observed the shores of the island as they were coming into the bay. The scenery was generally rough, with the hills near the water. The captain had taken the steamer over to the west side of the bay, behind a headland which projected a considerable distance from the shore, and anchored where only an east wind could affect the ship if it came on to blow hard in the night; and from the exposed side the north-east peninsula sheltered her to some extent.

The ladies were by themselves, and were very busy talking about something, which was evidently the surrounding scenery, for one or another of them occasionally pointed at some object. When Captain Scott approached them, he touched his cap and politely bowed to them, for the intercourse with the ladies had taken out of him all the savagery of his wanderings in the Bahamas.

"Captain Scott, what is the condition of the Maud at the present time?" asked Mrs. Belgrave; and all four of them seemed to be interested in the answer to the question.

"She is in prime order and condition, as she always is," replied the young commander.

“Is she washing her face, painting her sides, taking in coal, or anything of that kind?” continued the lady.

“She is neither washing, painting, nor taking in coal, for she is washed in the morning, does not need painting, and filled her bunkers with coal at Constantinople,” replied Captain Scott promptly.

“How long would it take to get up steam on her?”

“It would not take any time at all, for we don’t let the fires down when we are going to sail early in the morning; we bank the fires, and we have only to wake them up, which does not take long.”

“We feel just as though we were wasting time lying here, when we might be sailing about this bay in the Maud,” continued Mrs. Belgrave. “Has her ship’s company worn themselves out with hard work during the passage from Gallipoli?”

“Not at all; we don’t have to work very hard, unless we get caught in a gale, and then it is hard work to keep on one’s feet in so small a vessel,” replied Scott, laughing at the idea, for it was still nothing but fun to sail the little steamer. “We can have her ready in ten minutes after the commodore has given the order.”

“The commodore!” exclaimed the lady. “I wonder who he is, for I never heard of him before.”

“I suppose you know that more than one vessel sailing in company may be called a fleet, and the chief officer is a commodore, as some of us have just begun to call Captain Ringgold,” Scott explained.

“Let us have a sail in the Maud by all means!” exclaimed Miss Blanche.

“We will appoint you a committee of one, to wait upon the commodore, and inform him that the ladies desire to make a trip in the Maud about this bay, Miss Blanche,” added Mrs. Belgrave.

“I will ask his gracious permission with the greatest pleasure,” replied the beautiful maiden, as she skipped forward, where the commander and Louis were seated, talking about the conspiracy of the Pacha and his Moorish agent.

“I am confident I shall have a request to send off the Maud for a trip in the bay this very evening, for the sky is as clear as crystal, and the moon will shine as soon as it is dark enough to see it,” the captain said to his owner, as they seated themselves near the pilot-house when they came up from dinner.

“Such a trip would be very enjoyable,” replied Louis. “If we can’t use the Maud at such times as this, we might as well not have her; and if you refuse to allow the party to sail in her, you can hardly escape explaining why you refuse.”

“We have seen nothing of the felucca all day, and our pilot told me she was at anchor in the harbor of Gallipoli when we came out,” added the commander. “We have made ten knots an hour all day, and it is simply impossible that the Samothraki should be anywhere in this vicinity, for the wind has been light since morning, though it blew fresh in the night.”

“You had some conversation with Dimitri in Constantinople about your voyage,” suggested Louis.

“He is a Greek, and a very intelligent man. I asked him some questions when I was arranging the voyage through The Archipelago, and I think I told him I should anchor where we are now,” replied the commander. “Dimitri had been the master of a small vessel, and he warned me particularly to bear well to the northward, so as to keep clear of the Kharos Banks; but I knew all about them, and my course did not take me within five miles of them.”

“Then Dimitri knew that you would anchor in this bay?” inquired Louis.

“He did not, for I did not know it myself; but he knew my intended course,” replied Captain Ringgold rather impatiently. “I did not decide to anchor here till we were up with Cape Plaka. But, my dear boy, as I have told you before, I don’t mean to change my course again on account of this Mohammedan humbug. I shall take the utmost precautions; but if the villain or his agents attempt to meddle with our steamers or their passengers, there will be no boy’s play, and they may take the consequences.”

He had hardly uttered this last sentence, before Miss Blanche skipped up to him with the most winning smile on her pretty face, and the frown which had emphasized his determination softened into a very gentle expression.

“You are the dearest commodore in the whole world!” exclaimed the maiden, as she danced gracefully into his presence, and he rose to receive her.

"You have promoted me a peg, Miss Woolridge," said he.

"I did not do it; Captain Scott called you by that title," returned Miss Blanche. "But the ladies all want to take a sail in the Maud this evening, and Mrs. Belgrave appointed me a committee to wait on you in regard to the subject. You won't refuse, that's a dear commodore."

"I could not refuse if I tried, after such an appeal," answered the captain. "Pass the word for Captain Scott."

Mr. Boulong sent the young navigator to the commander; and he received his orders in accordance with the request of the pretty girl, who skipped aft to report on the success of her mission. Captain Scott sent his ship's company on board of the little steamer, and went himself. In a few moments the black smoke was pouring out the smoke-stack of the Maud.

"One word, Sir Louis, before you leave," said the captain. "When I told you about the two twelve-pounders and the ammunition, I did not inform you that I had in store two dozen repeating rifles, and half as many revolvers. Mr. Boulong and Mr. Shafter and six of our seamen have served in the navy. Without telling Knott and Donald what they were for, I directed them to put six rifles and as many revolvers, with their ammunition, under the transoms in the cabin of the Maud. I shall send Knott and three other old man-of-war's men with you on this excursion."

“Then you think we shall be attacked by Captain Mazagan’s crew?” added Louis, rather appalled at this preparation for trouble.

“On the contrary, I believe there is nothing more than a remote possibility that the men or the arms will be needed. I send them as an extraordinary precaution, such as I told you I should use,” replied the captain. “I directed Knott to station himself and his men on the promenade deck so that they will not disturb the party.”

By this time the ladies and the gentlemen were ready to go on board the *Maud*. The four seamen had found seats on the after part of the hurricane deck; but they looked as harmless as usual, for they had no suspicion of the proximity of trouble or danger, and perhaps there was none. The commander assisted Mrs. Belgrave to descend the gangway steps, and Louis did the same for Miss Blanche, while the twin fat men rendered a like service to the other ladies, Mr. Woolridge taking charge of his wife.

Captain Scott took the helm himself. He had looked over his chart and “Sailing Directions,” and he knew that there were not less than two fathoms in any part of Pornea Bay at a reasonable distance from the bold shore. The ladies and some of the gentlemen began to sing a Gospel hymn with some nautical allusions in it. As soon as they had finished it, they began to wonder why Captain Ringgold had not come with them. Mrs. Belgrave could only say that something on board of the ship required his attention.

Then they talked about the delightful air, and the rough scenery of the shore. Louis had given Miss Blanche a seat on the forecastle, and he was pointing out the objects to be seen on the shore, now a mile distant, though they did not need any pointing out. But he was watching every possible opening in the coast all the time, and he wanted something to say.

Pournea Bay extends inland about four miles. Captain Scott soon brought the Maud in closer to the shore; but the cliffs were too high to permit the excursionists to see much of the surface of the island. The little steamer followed the coastline around the bay till she came to an opening which appeared to lead into an inner bay of considerable extent.

“There is a beautiful sheet of water in there,” said Miss Blanche, when the Maud came to a point which commanded a partial view of the enclosure, though she was half a mile from the entrance to the inlet.

“There is no end of little bays and inlets on this coast,” added Louis. “Here is one right on our star-board bow.”

“But that is a very little one, and we can see the whole of it without going into it. That one ahead of us is ten times as large as this. There!” exclaimed the lively maiden, “you can see the water of it over the land at the head of the little bay. I hope you will go into the bay you come to next, with the narrow entrance, Captain Scott,” she called to him through the window of the pilot-honse.

“I am sorry to say I cannot do so,” replied the



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captain. "It hurts my feelings to deny your request, Miss Blanche; but I must do so."

"Why not go in, Captain Scott?" asked Louis.

"The bottom is not far enough from the top of the water. This cove is called Ekato Kephales, and the water is only ten feet deep in some part of the opening. We might sound our way in; but it would take too long."

When the Maud was within a half a mile of the opening, the bow of a felucca was seen coming out of the cove.

CHAPTER XIV

A SITUATION WHICH IS SOMEWHAT EXCITING

IN the standing-room of the Maud neither of the openings in the coast had been observed, or, if they had been, nothing was said about them, for the professor was telling the party something more about the island. They did not see the prow of the felucca, and they were not likely to see it from their position on board until the steamer had made another quarter of a mile.

“This island belongs to Turkey, and its name in Turkish is Stalimeni. It has a population of 30,000, of whom 25,000 are Greeks,” said the professor when the Maud was still half a mile from the opening at which the felucca was coming out. “Corn, wine, and tobacco are the principal productions; but in ancient times ‘Lemnian earth,’ which came from this island, as its name imports, was in great demand as an antidote for the bites of poisonous snakes, and was also used for the cure of plague, dysentery, and some other maladies. It had to be dug up and secured on the sixth day of August only; and you are too late to obtain any this year, Mrs. Blossom.”

“I don’t know anything about the plague they have

over here, but I know very well what to do in dysentery without any of your Lemnian earth," replied the universal nurse of the party.

"This earth was obtained from the soil with religious ceremonies near the site of the ancient Hephæstia, in this part of the island. But, Mrs. Blossom, it is no longer regarded as of any value, and you need not regret that you have not obtained any of it."

"I don't want any of your heathen cure-alls; and I knew when you said it must be dug up on one day only of the year, that it was a fraud, fixed up out of some pagan superstition," added the lady.

"The captain seems to have changed the course," said Uncle Moses as soon as the professor had finished.

Louis had been the first to notice the prow of the felucca as it was projected from behind a rock out into the bay, half a mile distant. Without being very ceremoniously polite, he abandoned the beautiful girl at his side and hastened into the pilot-house, where he seized a spy-glass that was suspended on the brackets. He obtained the focus and directed it at the bow of the felucca. The first thing he discovered was a rudder at the forward end of the craft as she sailed, so secured that it served as a cutwater.

The two great lateen sails were set to their fullest extent; and though the breeze was not more than what a sailor would call a six-knot one, she was moving at a lively rate. With the aid of the glass he recognized Captain Mazagan on the cuddy, or forecastle, where he had evidently been waiting to obtain the first sight

of the little steamer as she approached the inlet to the cove.

Louis was startled, to say the least, when he recognized, as he believed, the bow of the *Samothraki*, by the rudder at the bow. She was a double-ender without doubt, but there might be others built in the same way. He still gazed at her through the glass, and a moment later he read the name of "*Samothraki*" on her port bow. There was no longer any question in his mind.

But Louis was not the captain of the *Maud*, and he had always been very cautious not to interfere with the functions of Captain Scott. He had no authority to order him to change his course. It was evident that something must be done instantly, for the piratical craft might throw her whole force upon the deck of the little steamer, and overawe the entire party by the exhibition of their wicked knives. The four seamen were on the hurricane deck, but the arms were still concealed in the cabin.

Besides, it was contrary to his nature, and certainly to sound policy, to precipitate a fight which would thin the ranks of the pirates, and probably of the *Maud*. He would not do that until the emergency demanded such a desperate step.

"Captain Scott, without being called upon to explain my reasons, I desire you to shift the helm so as to avoid that felucca coming out of the cove," said Louis so earnestly that his manner strongly impressed the captain. "I assure you Captain Ringgold will

approve your action, for he would understand the reason why I make this request."

"Why don't you sheer off, Captain Scott?" demanded Felix, rushing to the window.

"I will do what you ask, Louis, for you always know what you are about," replied Captain Scott. "I don't know what it all means; but that felucca seems to be the cause of this action."

"You are right; but beyond that, I am not permitted to say anything," added Louis, as the pilot put the helm hard a-starboard.

"I don't ask any questions, Louis, and you need not make any explanation to me. It seems to me I have seen that felucca before."

Louis returned to the forecastle where he had abruptly left Miss Blanche. From this point he could not now see the felucca, and he did not like the position for present purposes.

"What is the matter, Mr. Belgrave?" asked the young lady as he seated himself as he had been before.

"Nothing is the matter, Miss Blanche," he replied, striving to still the excitement which continued to undulate his chest.

She looked him in the face, and did not seem to be quite satisfied with the answer. She could not help seeing that he had been moved by something. By his side was the "houri" whom the Samothraki was commissioned to capture; and if he had not possessed more self-control than boys of his age are expected to

have, he must have betrayed the secret now in the keeping of only three persons. But he silenced the beating of his heart, and appeared to be cool, whether he was so or not.

“What has become of that vessel I saw coming out of that bay, Mr. Belgrave?” she inquired. “Was it she that made you leave me in such a hurry?”

“We have changed our course; and that is the reason why we cannot see the felucca. I wanted to speak to Captain Scott,” replied Louis.

“Why has he changed the course? I thought he was going to sail around this bay,” asked Miss Blanche, who was of course entirely ignorant of the character of the felucca, and seemed to be like an innocent child that persists in asking questions about things it is not proper for it to understand.

“It was absolutely necessary to change the course to avoid the danger of a collision,” answered the young man, which was true enough as far as it went; though a half-truth is sometimes a worse lie than a downright falsehood.

The young millionaire was not a philosopher in the metaphysical sense of the word; but he had done a great deal of thinking over questions forced upon him by the family troubles which had for a time environed him, and he had constructed a definition of a lie which suited him, and he had occasionally found it necessary to apply it to his own personal affairs; and its application seemed to be necessary in the present instance.

Louis was a student, and he made frequent use of

his Stormonth's dictionary, though he did not neglect Worcester and Webster. He had looked up a *lie* when his conscience pricked him in regard to his own conduct. Webster defined it as "a criminal falsehood," which he regarded as correct, but rather indefinite; another definition was "a falsehood, uttered for the purpose of deception;" but this did not suit him at all. Stormonth gives as: "To state that which is not the truth, and made with the intention to deceive." This did not satisfy him. He added to it "with evil intent."

The loving and devoted mother who "states what is not the truth" to her sick and nervous daughter certainly intends to deceive her; but she does it for the sick one's good. The doctor who tells half-truths or utters downright falsehoods intends to deceive his patient; but he does so for the benefit of the invalid. "If I tell the patient that he is in danger, he will certainly die," he reasons. The best, most conscientious people in being use this sort of falsehood, and nobody of sane mind believes it is wrong.

Such statements of "what is not the truth" are technical lies, it is true; but they are not "criminal falsehoods." Commanders in war make a business of deceiving the enemy, and with evil intent so far as the foe is concerned, but from the highest and purest motives of patriotism. "Stonewall Jackson," one of the most pious men that ever wielded a sword, was largely engaged in deceiving his opponents on the battle-field; and at the same time, both friend and foe

honor him for his truthfulness, as well as for his other virtues.

Louis's very nature rebelled at the thought of stating what was not true to the pure and innocent maiden at his side; but he knew, if he told her that the felucca was in that bay for the purpose, before any other, of making a prisoner of her, and handing her over to Ali-Noury Pacha, it would make her supremely miserable, imperil her health, and certainly wreck her happiness for weeks or months. He sincerely felt that it would be criminal for him to tell her the simple truth. He could not do it; and he was also acting under the instructions of Captain Ringgold, who was responsible, if anybody, for the well-meant deception. He could not regard whatever he might find it necessary to say to the lovely girl as a lie in the proper sense of the word.

But the fair maiden appeared to be satisfied with the statement of her good friend, and asked no questions about it. Louis could not see the felucca while he remained on the forecastle; and he suggested to Miss Blanche that they had better join the rest of the party in the standing-room, for they had seen all there was to see on the west side of the bay, and from the stern they could observe the east side. She assented to the change of position; and he conducted her to the after part of the steamer, where a place was promptly made for her.

The party had just begun to sing again; and they did not appear to be at all interested in the felucca,

though they watched her graceful movements as she came out of the cove. Louis was somewhat nervous; and it was the first time in his experience, now reaching over two years, in yachting, when he was disposed to get rid of the beautiful maiden, whom he had begun at the outset to call the "sylph." He desired to observe the movements of the Samothraki, and he went back at once to the fore-castle. Felix was there; and he was the only person on board to whom he could speak about the felucca, for he was the only one who knew anything about her true character.

"Bad luck to her, but how did that pirate get here?" asked the Milesian when he met Louis.

"That is just what bothers me, Felix; but she is here, and that is all I know about it," replied Louis. "Scott knows nothing about her, and nothing about her mission in these waters. I was afraid he would run into her, for I don't think our captain is afraid of anything that lives in the air above, or the waters below, or on the face of the broad earth."

"If he had known what we know, scorch my budding moustache if I don't believe he would have run into the felucca with a full steam, and cut her into two pieces," added Felix.

"But we can't see her from this part of the steamer, and I am somewhat interested in her movements," said Louis.

"Somewhat interested is good, my darling. Though you look as cool as iced cucumber, I have an idea that you are boiling over with excitement in the interior,

to mix in a little hog Latin. But I am with you, whatever you do and wherever you go ; and I wonder if there is any Davy Jones's locker in these waters," said Felix, looking about.

"As much as on the broad Atlantic or the broader Pacific. I am a little excited in the interior, and I shall soon boil over if I stay here. I am going on the promenade deck," replied Louis, as he began to ascend the ladder.

Felix reported to the captain, and then followed him.

CHAPTER XV

THE MAUD NEARS THE DANGER POINT

AT the request of Louis Belgrave, made to him with so much earnestness, Captain Scott changed his course from about north to north-west, which opened the western cove of Pournea Bay to him, and he could see the Guardian-Mother as she lay at her anchorage, about three miles distant. He saw that the black smoke was beginning to pour out of her smokestack, and it set him to wondering what she was about. He called Felix, but he was out of hearing. Morris happened to come forward at this moment, and he gave the wheel to him while he levelled the spy-glass at the ship.

“What does that mean?” asked Morris, as he looked ahead from the compass. “The ship appears to be getting up steam.”

“I see that they are shovelling coal into the furnaces,” replied the captain, with his eye still at the glass. “The wind is east, with something more than a capful of it, and she is headed up to it so that I can’t very well make out what is going on upon her deck.”

“But she must have stirred up her fires, and put in

fresh coal, or she would not show all that black smoke," reasoned Morris.

"There goes a squad of seamen to her top-gallant fore-castle!" exclaimed Scott, beginning to be a little excited. "What are they there for if not to cat and fish the anchor?"

"Something is going on there," added Morris, who divided his vision between the compass and the Guardian-Mother.

"She must be heaving up her anchor," said the captain. "I don't understand it."

"I am sure I don't. Captain Ringgold went into that cove with the intention of lying at anchor there till morning," Morris proceeded. "I heard him tell my mother, that he had called up the cabin party at four o'clock two days in succession, and he would not do it again. He would not get under way till after breakfast, so that they could see all there was to be seen. He certainly meant to stay there all night."

They talked about the signs that appeared on board of the ship for some time, and were satisfied that she was getting under way; but this was all they could make of them. Captain Scott thought the commander must have changed his mind, and had decided to make a night run to the next point in the voyage; and they were obliged to let it go at that.

The wind was tolerably fresh when Louis went on the promenade-deck. His first observation was in the direction of the felucca; and in spite of her piratical character, he could not help realizing that she was a

beautiful sight to look upon. Her enormous sails were full and swelling in the breeze, like the wings of the eagle, though they were both on the same side. She had a big bone in her mouth, though the head rudder of the double-ender made a very clean cut through the water. Her crew were seated in the waist, and all was very quiet about her.

The Samothraki was not more than a quarter of a mile astern of the Maud. The latter, for the benefit of her passengers, who wished to see the shores, had been running very slowly. Felipe Garcias, the young Spaniard, was the chief engineer, and he had been ordered to run slowly, for the party had the whole evening before them. The regular ship's company of the little steamer had been on duty all day, and the novelty of their aquatic experience on board a steamer had somewhat abated.

No one had said anything to Felipe about his speed after his first instructions, and he had not kept the furnaces very well supplied with coal. The excursion would come to an end when the boat reached the ship, and she was not more than three miles distant. At the time when the Maud had changed her course, she was not making over six knots.

As the felucca came out farther into the bay, the wind increased, for it was no longer obstructed in its course from the open sea by the hills. But Captain Scott would have treated with contempt any suggestion that a sailing-craft in that breeze could overhaul the Maud. The mistake he was making was in not

looking after the steam; for, as usual, it was running down as the vessel approached the end of the trip. It was no use to pile in the coal at the furnace when it would have to be drawn out a little later.

The captain could not see the felucca, and he had no idea just where she was or how fast she was sailing. Morris kept the wheel for a time; and Scott seated himself on the divan, for he was tired, having been on his feet all day. He had no suspicion that there was a conspiracy boiling up all around his craft, and he was perfectly easy and satisfied with himself and everybody else. The passengers were singing and having a good time; and the captain ought to be perfectly contented if he was tired, and thinking of his nice bed in the cabin.

“She’s a fine boat is that felucca, with two heads, like the snake that bites at both ends,” said Felix, as he and Louis gazed at the double-ender, whose vast sails were driving her through the water at a rapid rate for such a breeze.

“She’s a fine sight, and I think the ladies must be enjoying the view of her movements, as they would not if they understood her mission in these waters,” added the young millionaire.

“By the powers of mud!” exclaimed Felix, as he walked farther aft, for they had taken a position just abaft the smokestack.

“What is the matter now, Felix?” asked Louis, following him.

“As sure as you were born with a silver spoon in

your mouth, a million in the bowl of it, the Sammy Thraker is gaining on us!" said Felix in a low tone.

"That can hardly be," added Louis, somewhat appalled at the idea.

But he was not alarmed, for even if it were possible for the chaser to overhaul the Maud, he could see that she had only seven men on board of her, and the chased could muster six full grown men besides the "Big Four." The four seamen from the ship, all old man-of-war's men, did not know why they were there, though they might have guessed that they had some connection with the muskets and ammunition some of them had put under the divan in the cabin.

"Just you watch the motion of the two craft, and you will see that the Sammy is gaining on us," persisted Felix. "This won't do at all, my darling."

Louis did give his whole attention to this question, and he soon satisfied himself that the Milesian was right. At the same time he noticed the languid steaming of the Maud, and he saw that the fault was in the fire-room. He decided instantly what to do, and he hastened to the ladder forward.

"I will see Felipe, Felix, and you go to the captain; but of course you mustn't say anything," said Louis as he slid down the ladder.

He took the nearest course to the engine-room without passing in front of the pilot-house. He found the chief engineer sitting very comfortably on his sofa, the machine working very moderately indeed.

Don was in the fire-room, for he served as fireman on these short excursions.

“*Que hace V?*” (What are you doing?) demanded he, sharply, and he spoke in Spanish so that the engineer should understand him more quickly. “You are losing all your speed, and a sailing felucca is getting ahead of us!”

“We are coming to the ship,” replied Felipe.

“We are three miles from her!” protested Louis. “More steam as quickly as you can!”

Louis did not wait for the engineer to attend to the matter, but dropped into the fire-room, and startled Don by the energy of his speech and his movements. He did not pause to explain anything, but peremptorily ordered him to fill up the furnaces, and hurry up the steam by all means in his power.

Louis was not the captain of the *Maud*, and the order ought to have come from the commander through the chief engineer, for there was lots of red tape among the boy navigators; but the excited young millionaire snapped it off as though it had been a fillet in a spider’s web, and eschewed all forms and ceremonies. Don knew who and what he was, and that he was above all commanders in either craft, for even Captain Ringgold had said that he would resign his command to him when he so directed, though Louis did not understand him in a literal sense.

Don stirred up the fire in the furnace, raked out some clinkers, and then re-enforced it with kindlings, so that in a few moments the furnace began to roar

under the action of the ready blaze. The coal was shovelled in with a liberal hand, and Louis left the acting fireman to carry out his directions. Felipe was lubricating the machinery; for he had come to the conclusion that a race, or some unusual event, was at hand. The energetic spring of all this activity hastened back to the promenade deck anxious to learn what further progress had been made by the Samothraki.

Felix had gone to the pilot-house, where he found Morris still at the wheel, and the captain reclining on the sofa. He had been warned not to say anything; but though he was a Milesian, he did not make a bull of it by giving a literal construction to the admonition. He was not to betray the commander's mighty secret to the captain of the Maud, but he was to stimulate him to improve the speed of his craft.

"By all the graysiness of Grayse, Captain Scott, but you are letting that bit of a faylucky bate you out of your boots, y'ur brogans, and y'ur shlipppers, to say nothing of y'ur stockin's!" shouted Felix, as he darkened the door of the pilot-house.

"What is the matter, Felix?" demanded the captain quietly.

"The Sammy Thraker's batin' ye's!"

"Who's Sammy Thraker?" asked Scott.

"Sure, that's the name of the faylucky forninst the Maud; and she's go'n' past ye's like a shky rockut past the moon; and the Maud will be disgrayced in the oyes of the Graysers!" protested Felix, as he went to

the door, and looked out to see where the felucca was.

Scott soon followed his example, and he discovered that the Samothraki was not more than a cable's length astern of the little steamer. Then, when his attention was called to the matter, he realized that the Maud was moving very sluggishly through the water. He then placed himself at the mouthpiece of the speaking tube to the engine-room.

"What are you about down there, Felipe?" he demanded in a vigorous tone. "Are you all asleep there? We are not making more than six knots."

But the Spanish engineer could not understand these questions as the words came to him, somewhat mixed in their passage through the tube.

"*Que quiere V?*" (What do you want?) demanded Felipe.

Louis was with the engineer at this time, and relieved him of the necessity of understanding what the captain said by going to the mouthpiece himself. Scott repeated his questions and remarks, and he replied that the engineers were getting up steam, and it would soon be all right. When he went to the upper deck he was not a little startled to see how near the chaser was coming to the Maud. She was not more than half a cable's length distant. He could distinctly make out the face and form of the "big man," as the visitors to the café had at first been obliged to call him for the want of a name, and who proved to be Captain Mazagan. He was at the helm of the felucca, and the men were still seated in the waist.

The observer could see the long knives in the belts of the four on the port side ; but it was not unusual to see Turks and Greeks with these wicked blades and with one or two great horse pistols also. The weapons did not prove that the men were pirates or robbers, and Americans were inclined to laugh at the arsenal of arms they carried on their persons. Captain Mazagan called one of the men, whom Louis took to be Captain Polychronopulos, to him, and appeared to be giving him directions.

Louis was in doubt what to do. The four men on the upper deck had been directed to obey his orders ; but he hoped the Maud would yet be able to run away from the felucca. He was on the point of sending two of the men to the cabin for the arms when he discovered that the Guardian-Mother was under way, though still two miles off.

CHAPTER XVI

COMING INTO CLOSE QUARTERS

THE Guardian-Mother had banked her fires when she came to anchor, and it required a little time for her to attain her ordinary speed; but with any reasonable power it would not take her over ten minutes to make the two miles that lay between her and the point of danger. But an earthquake can level a city, and destroy a thousand lives, in a few seconds, and within the short space of time it would take the ship to cross the bay the felucca might capture the Maud.

The wind was increasing the farther the chase went out from the shore, and Captain Ringgold had observed that it had blown fresher after dark than during the day. The Maud did not yet feel the coal that had been shovelled into her furnace, or the wood that was blazing there.

“She will be alongside of the steamer in less than five minutes,” said Felix, who was measuring every inch gained.

“I see that she will soon be in a position to board the Maud in a very few minutes,” replied Louis. “But I believe we have nothing to fear, though it is time that something was done.”

“Nothing to fear?” repeated the Milesian, looking his companion full in the face. “What is to prevent those blackguards from leaping on board of us the moment she can get her bow lapped over our stern?”

“It will be time enough to prevent them from doing that when the pirates are ready for final action. They seem to be taking it very quietly just now. We have got a little leeway still, Felix.”

“It don’t take a nest of hornets long to proceed to business after you get ready to board them.”

“But if we do or say anything we shall scare the ladies out of their wits, and we shall have them screaming as though the steamer were on fire; and I do not wish to alarm them if it can be avoided,” continued Louis. “The pirates must have seen that the Guardian-Mother is under way and coming in this direction.”

“How long will it take the villains when they get a lap over the stern of the Maud to snap up Miss Blanche, who would be but an infant in the hands of the big fellow, put her in his cuddy, and make for the shore. They know the lay of the land, and the ship, according to Captain Scott, could not get into that cove.”

“It is high time now to do something,” replied Louis, appalled by the picture his crony had presented. “Go below, Felix, call Don and Pitts quietly, and tell them to go to the cabin without attracting the attention of the passengers in the standing-room, pass the arms out one of the windows to you, and you will hand them up to me. Which side of us will the felucca come?”

“She is making for the starboard side. You can see her for yourself; and the big man has taken his place on the forward cuddy ready to make a swoop down upon his victim,” said Felix, who was ten times as much excited as his companion; and he was always in favor of summary measures.

“Pass the weapons up on the port side so that the pirates cannot see what we are about. Don and Pitts stowed the guns and ammunition away under the divan, and they will know just where to find them,” added Louis, who had entirely recovered his self-possession, and was vastly cooler than when the felucca was first discovered.

“All right, my darling,” replied Felix, quite satisfied now that something was to be done.

He did not wait to go to the ladder abreast of the pilot-house, but dropped down to the port side as a boy lets himself down from a high wall. He found Don in the engine-room, and Pitts in the galley; and he called them out into the gangway, where he told them what to do. They were not to disturb the passengers, and Pitts went through the after window into the cabin very much as a fly looking for its dinner would have done it. Don followed him, and the door into the standing-room was closed. Pitts found the first musket, and noticed that it was a repeating rifle. He passed it to Felix, and it went to the promenade in the same moment. The next thing produced was a package of ammunition, which was handed to the upper deck in the same manner.

As the doors were closed, the party in the standing-room could not see what they were doing. They were singing the "Canadian Boat-Song" just then; and all seemed to know it, so it was sung with unusual vim and vigor, though it applied better to the felucca than to the little steamer. They all appeared to enjoy the music even more than usual, and apprehended no danger. Mrs. Belgrave said that the stalwart Captain Mazagan had gone to his fore-castle because he wanted to hear the song better.

In three minutes the arms and ammunition had been all passed to the upper deck, and Louis had already loaded one of the rifles. He had done so forward of the smokestack and in its shadow, so that the pirates should not see him. Four of the men knew all about the weapons, and they were ordered to load them. Knott instructed Pitts and Don how to handle the piece, and the party were ready for action. A revolver and a package of cartridges were given to each man.

The Maud was now assuredly increasing her speed; but the freshening breeze assisted the felucca in about the same ratio. The awning over the standing-room prevented any of the passengers from seeing what was going on upon the promenade deck, though Louis had several times looked down at them through an aperture he made by raising the edge of the canvas.

"Faix, Louis, my darling, that blackguard of a Captain Magazine will soon leap into the standing-room," said Felix. "Do you mind that Miss Blanche

is seated on the starboard side, so that the big pirate could drag her out of her seat, and put her on board of the felucca ?”

“I saw that she was; but the Samothraki must make twenty feet more before he can reach her, and we have plenty of time to clap a stopper on his movements before he can do anything,” replied Louis very quietly.

If he had possessed the temperament of Felix, he would have had every man on board of the felucca shot before this time; but Louis was looking at the consequences of whatever might be done on this occasion as well as to the present safety of the party. If any harm were done to the felucca, or the people on board of her, the Turkish government would arrest every man in the Maud, and could make no end of trouble, in spite of the interference of minister or consul of the United States. Louis was prudent, and that was one of the reasons why Captain Ringgold trusted him implicitly as he would not have trusted any other one of the “Big Four.”

“We must have a bit of a parade now,” said the actual leader, who had certainly usurped the powers of the captain, for he was busy in the pilot-house, calling every other minute to Felipe to put on more steam. “Now, my men, stand by, and we will march aft by twos. Form quick !”

The six men placed themselves in military order, with the rifles at “shoulder arms !” though the leader was not posted in tactics, and could give no orders.

The squad would not have passed muster on parade, but all of them knew how to handle a gun, especially when it came to firing it. Knott and Stody led the procession, and Louis kept alongside the first couple. He had no gun, but his revolver was within reach in his hip pocket.

They passed the tender, which was set up on skids abaft the smokestack on the port side; but when the leader came to the stern of it, he halted, and took an observation of the position of the felucca. The arms had been brought to view at precisely the right moment, for the Samothraki had forged ahead very nearly far enough to enable Captain Mazagan to make the leap he evidently intended. Captain Polychronopulos had taken the tiller of the craft some time before; and he evidently understood her points better than the direct agent of the Pacha, for she had made most of her gain on the Maud while he was at the helm.

One more movement caused Louis to believe that the crisis was close at hand; for Mazagan had called two of the men from the waist, placing them behind him on the forecastle. They were doubtless to receive the victim of the outrage when the leader passed her on board, if their services should happen to be necessary. The cool leader on the upper deck of the Maud took in the situation at a glance from the point at the stern of the tender where he had halted.

“Now form a line across the deck,” said Louis in his low and quiet tones, as he marched over so that

he could be in front of the parade. "Now, ground your arms, and be ready for action on the instant."

The old man-o'-war's men were rather disposed to laugh at the situation; for they did not understand what was to be done by Captain Mazagan, who had boasted to his villanous employer that he could capture the fair maiden even in the streets of Athens or Syra, as indeed he might if he had not been flanked by the operations of Louis at the café and in the harbor of Gallipoli. The old sailors, who had been through many a hard-fought action when they were young men of eighteen or twenty, were disposed to laugh at the insignificance of the foe in front of them.

The crew of the felucca were evidently startled and awed by the exhibition of force on the hurricane deck of the Maud. The two men who had been called to the fore-castle were sent back to the waist, and the leading pirate spoke in Greek to the captain of the boat; but even Don did not understand what he said.

"Keep off, Captain Mazagan!" shouted Louis in plain English, for he knew that worthy understood it.

But he was not quite satisfied; and he required Don to repeat it in Arabic, or the mongrel tongue spoken by the common sailors. But the felucca still maintained her position close aboard of the Maud. She was on the starboard tack, going free, and the foot of her huge foresail must soon drag against the stanchions that supported the steamer's awning.

"Captain Mazagan!" shouted Louis again. "The

first man that attempts to board this steamer will be the signal for my men to fire upon you!"

This remark seemed to be definite enough; but Louis was not quite satisfied, for the felucca stood her ground, though the men in the waist were evidently thoroughly alarmed, for some of them had crawled into the forward cuddy, and the rest were crouching under the bulwarks of the boat. The singing had ceased; and it was plain that the party below had taken the alarm, doubtless on account of the savage threat which Louis had hurled at the marauders.

"Captain Mazagan!" shouted Louis for the third time, taking care to call the pirate by name so as to assure him that he knew who and what he was, "I know what you are trying to do, and you will be the first man to fall if you attempt to carry out your plan!"

The leader of the pirates seemed to look a little crest-fallen, for he could not help realizing that he was in an exceedingly perilous position. The passengers below could hear and understand all that Louis had said though it was "all Greek" to them; for they had regarded the felucca as rather pleasant company, and they had sung as much for the pleasure of her people as for their own.

"What is the matter up there?" called Uncle Moses.

"I am afraid these are Greek pirates, and I think we had better keep on the safe side," replied Louis, lifting the edge of the awning as he spoke.

“But this thing is making the ladies rather nervous, to say nothing of the gentlemen,” added Dr. Hawkes.

“Don’t be alarmed; whatever these fellows are, you shall not be harmed, for I have force enough on the upper deck to protect you from all harm,” returned the leader of the defence. “Keep quiet, and sing the Canadian Boat-Song again.”

The ladies immediately began to sing the piece indicated. Louis saw that Miss Blanche, the only one really in danger if any one was, joined in, and did not seem to be much alarmed.

Louis thought he had had quite enough of this thing, and wished he were captain for the moment instead of Scott.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SAMOTHRAKI LOSES A POINT

LOUIS BELGRAVE was a very thorough believer in discipline, and he admired that which prevailed on board of the Guardian-Mother. For this reason he wished he were the captain of the Maud; though he considered Scott much better qualified for the command than himself, so far as navigation was concerned, and just as well in other respects. But the difficulty just now was that he was not in possession of the momentous secret of Captain Ringgold; and without a knowledge of this, he could hardly conduct the defence in the present emergency.

But Captain Scott had a very high regard for Louis, and was disposed to yield to any request he made, simply for the reason that he never made an unreasonable demand. The leader on the upper deck, while he felt perfectly able to defend his party, had become rather tired of the situation, and was not disposed to wait for Captain Mazagan to resort to some other tactics to accomplish his purpose. He saw what he considered a way out of the present complication, and he was very anxious to relieve the passengers from their terror or nervousness; but his method required the action of the sailing department of the steamer.

The Samothraki still maintained her position just overlapping the stern of the Maud; but her speed had been neutralized by the increasing steam of the little steamer, and all she could now do was to hold her own, with the immediate prospect of the Maud getting away from her. Louis called Knott aside, and told him to fire into any Greek that attempted to board the steamer, at the same time warning him not to do so unless he was absolutely sure that the man he aimed at was the aggressor. Knott proposed another way to meet the case.

“Let me go down to the rail on the starboard quarter, and if any one attempts to lay us aboard, I can crack him over the head with the spare tiller that hangs there,” suggested Knott.

“You had better put a bullet into his shoulder than break in his skull with a club,” argued Louis. “I don’t want to kill anybody, and we can easily wound the whole of the felucca’s crew without doing so.”

“I understand you, sir, and I will obey your orders. A ball in the right shoulder would do the business, and send the boarder back to his vessel,” replied Knott.

“Very well; that is our policy; be prudent,” added Louis. “Felix, you had better go down into the standing-room, and quiet the party. You have heard what I said to them; and the fear of Greek pirates is the idea. Tell them they are as safe as they would be in their own homes; and I believe they are.”

Louis hastened to the main deck: his present mission was with Captain Scott, and he hoped he would be as tractable as he had been before. On the way he paused to take another look at the felucca, and it was plain that she was very gradually dropping astern. Near the pilot-house he found the captain. He had obtained a tardy intimation of the proceedings in the after part of the vessel, and perhaps he felt that he had been ignored by somebody, for he had not taken any part in the defence.

“What’s up, Louis?” asked he as the real leader approached him.

“I am afraid the men in that felucca are Greek pirates,” replied Louis, who perceived that the captain was somewhat disgruntled.

“Why didn’t you report it to me? I thought I was the captain of the Maud,” added Scott.

“So you are; and I went to you, asking you to change the course of the steamer, which you did, to my very great satisfaction,” answered Louis, trying to smooth over as well as he could the feelings of the captain.

“And since that I have been set aside as of no account,” mildly protested Scott, for the young millionaire was still a tremendous personage in his estimation.

“You had your hands full since I told you that the pirate was gaining upon us. But we have no time now to argue this matter, and I assure you that no one on board is disposed to ignore or slight your authority.

But I have come to make another request of you," added Louis.

"It is granted in advance," replied Scott with a rather sickly laugh.

"Let me assure you that Captain Ringgold will approve of everything that has been done, Captain Scott."

"You are the real captain of the Maud, Louis, and I will resign when I see the commander of the Guardian-Mother," added Scott.

"You will think better of it when you understand the situation as I do," pleaded Louis. "I was going to ask you to come short round, and head the steamer for the west shore of the bay."

"I will do just what you wish, Louis, and obey your orders to the letter," replied Scott, as he went into the pilot-house and took the wheel from Morris, to whom he had given it when he went aft to inquire into the situation. "We are about a mile from the shore, and the ship is not half mile from us. You understand this business, and I do not, Louis. I will obey your orders."

"I shall give you no orders, Captain Scott. I think we can shake off the felucca by heading to the shore, for that will give her a head wind," said Louis. He was deeply grieved that Scott had taken offence at his action, and he did not blame him for it, for he could not deny that the commander had been ignored. "I am very sure," Louis added, "that you will retain the command of the Maud, and if you will take it

upon yourself to shake off the felucca in your own way, I will withdraw my request and obey your orders as I have always done."

"Your plan, for a landsman, is certainly an excellent one; and I see no other way to accomplish your purpose. I shall carry it out;" and already the Maud had begun to come about. "We shall not quarrel, Louis, for I submit to the owner."

"We will make it all right, Captain Scott," replied Louis, as he hastened to the promenade deck to observe the new movement and its effect upon the felucca, while the captain called Morris to the wheel so that he could take a position where he could more intelligently direct the manoeuvres of the steamer.

Morris had been aft and spoken to his father; but he was no wiser than Scott in regard to the meaning of what was going on. He could only tell him that Louis feared the men in the felucca were Greek pirates. He was not a little alarmed to see that the Samothraki's forward rudder was abreast of the Maud's starboard quarter.

"I came forward for a hatchet," said Morris, when the captain called him.

"What do you want of a hatchet?" asked Scott.

"I am afraid the pirate will heave a line on that cleat outside of the washboard, and hold on to us," replied Morris. "I want the hatchet to chop it off if he does so."

"That's a good idea; but I want you at the wheel, for we are coming about, and I must keep the run of both craft," added the captain.

“Felix has come down from the upper deck, and I will ask him to look out for the line,” answered Morris, as he shouted for the Milesian.

The hatchet was given to Felix, who promptly answered the call, and the captain instructed him what to do with it if occasion required. The steamer had already thrown her head to port in obedience to the helm, and Captain Mazagan, on the bow of the felucca, saw the movement. He had also discovered that the Maud was outsailing them, though she had gained only two or three feet on him, for it had become a neck and neck question of speed between the two vessels.

Morris had correctly anticipated the action of the leader of the pirates; for Felix had hardly returned to the standing-room before a small line was heaved so skilfully as to pass it over the large cleat to which the stern fast of the steamer was secured when she lay alongside the ship or a wharf.

The Milesian rushed farther aft on the narrow gangway behind the passengers with the hatchet in his hand. Captain Mazagan could not help reading his purpose, and the Maud was swinging around all the time.

“Stop where you are!” shouted the pirate, as he made a movement as though he intended to leap to the stern of the steamer.

But Felix did not stop where he was, for he had an effective weapon for defence as well as for assault in his hand, and he continued to advance. In his former

trying experience with Louis in perilous places he had abundantly proved that he was not lacking in courage, and he realized that the capture of the Maud was at hand if something was not done on the instant. He was in possession of Captain Ringgold's momentous secret, and better than any other person on board except Louis, he knew what the Moorish captain intended to accomplish.

"Stop where you are!" repeated Mazagan, more savagely than before, as he drew a long knife from his belt, which might have been a yataghan, though its shape could not be seen by Felix.

Louis was on the upper deck; but the awning obstructed his view till he heard the shout of Captain Mazagan. Then he cast off the corner of the canvas, and saw the pirate ready to leap upon the stern of the steamer.

"Forward, my men, all of you!" he called in the most energetic tones he could command; and the six men ranged themselves diagonally across the deck. "Now aim at that villain in the bow; but don't fire till I give the word!"

The six rifles were pointed at the big Moorish captain, and Louis was ready to order them to fire if the emergency should require. He felt that Felix was in imminent peril, and he would have shot the whole pirate crew to save him. But he felt that he had the "weather gauge," nautically speaking, and he did not lose his self-possession for a moment.

"Fire one at a time, Knott first, as I give the word,"

he added, when he saw that Mazagan did not make the expected leap.

The villain could not help seeing the half dozen rifles pointed at him, and he seemed to be demoralized at the sight; and the bravest man in the world, to say nothing of a freebooter, could hardly have been willing to stand up against such odds. Captain Polychronopoulos shouted to him with all his might; but he spoke in Greek, and no one on the Maud, unless it was Don, could understand him, but doubtless he uttered a vigorous warning.

Felix could not see what was transpiring on the upper deck, though he judged that a demonstration was in progress from that quarter. Taking advantage of the momentary lull in the movement on the part of the pirate, he leaped nimbly aft, and with one blow of the hatchet, he severed the line which had caught on the cleat, and the end of it dropped into the water.

Captain Scott had mounted to the forward part of the upper deck where he could see the felucca: he gave his orders in a loud voice to Morris at the wheel. The Maud had swung around until her head pointed at right angles with her former course.

“Steady, Morris!” he shouted; which meant that the helmsman was to keep her as she was at that moment.

If he had kept her swinging as before she would have come about alongside the felucca, which was not a desirable position. By leaning on the starboard stay of the mast he had seen what Felix was about,

and that he had cut the line made fast to the cleat. The Maud was now headed to the south, and her speed was improving every minute. The action of Felix and that of Louis had upset all the plans of the pirate.

The captain of the felucca, at a fierce command given by Mazagan, had put the helm to starboard, and the two great lateen sails began to shake in the wind. It was very bad seamanship, for the sheets should have been hauled in first; but there was confusion on board, with two men in command. With some difficulty the sheets were hauled aft, and the felucca headed to the south; but she had fallen astern of the Maud.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIRST SHOT OF THE GUARDIAN-MOTHER

“STARBOARD, Morris!” shouted Captain Scott from his position over the front windows of the pilot-house, where he could take in every variation in the course of the felucca.

“Starboard it is, Captain Scott!” replied Morris.

At this time all hands on board of the Samothraki, including Mazagan himself, were hauling aft the sheets of the fore and main sails. She had been running before the wind when the Maud turned her head to the south; and “Captain Chronotype,” as Felix called him, at a sharp order from his employer, had put his helm down. She came more up to the wind, with the outer leaches of her sails dragging in the water. It was a hard pull to get them inboard, and the captain had to luff her up to enable the crew to do so.

The Maud could at least make eight knots by this time, and Captain Scott began to feel as though he could have things his own way. He had given the order to put the helm to starboard as soon as the felucca had control of her sails, and was headed to the south, so that the two craft were sailing on parallel

courses. The confusion on board the felucca had enabled the Maud to increase her distance to about a hundred feet.

“Steady!” called the captain when the steamer was headed about to the south-east.

“Steady,” repeated Morris.

The standing-room had ceased to be the scene of danger on board, and Louis had given the order to “break ranks” in his squad. The men retained their weapons, and wandered about the upper deck at their own pleasure. Louis had gone forward and taken a position near the captain, where he could observe the movements of Captain Scott, though he did not intend to interfere with them. The commander was carrying out the plan he had suggested, and appeared to be doing it well.

The intention was to get the steamer headed to the east, from which quarter the fresh breeze came, so that the felucca could not follow her except by beating to windward. But the captain saw that if he came about too rapidly, the steamer would be placed directly ahead of the chaser, and a puff of wind might drive her forward so that she could grapple with the Maud again. But the latter had increased her distance so that there no longer any danger of such a mishap.

“Starboard, Morris!” called Scott again. “Make the course due east!”

“Starboard, sir! Due east it is!” repeated Morris.

“I have no doubt we shall euchre her now, Louis,”

said Captain Scott, walking over to the place where the young millionaire stood watching the course of both vessels.

“I should say that we were all right now, Captain Scott,” replied Louis, taking more pains than usual to apply the title to the disgruntled commander. “The felucca cannot follow us directly, at any rate.”

“She is getting her port tacks aboard for a run to the southward,” added Scott. “But we can’t make a long tack in this direction without going ashore; and it will not do for us to get cornered in one of these coves.”

The Maud was now running to the eastward, hardly more than half a mile from the shore of the Bay. The Somothraki had got on the port tack, headed to the south, with the wind on her beam. Of course the two craft were increasing their distance apart. The two captains on board of the felucca could see that they were losing ground, and Scott and Louis watched with intense interest for her next move.

“She is hauling her wind!” exclaimed the captain a few minutes later.

“That is a purely nautical expression, Captain Scott,” added Louis with a smile. “I am willing to be instructed.”

“I did not mean to bother you to show my seamanship,” replied Scott.

“I have always been willing to sit at your feet, Captain Scott, on all nautical questions; and what I said was because I did not know what you meant; and

I did not suppose you used the expression to display your seamanship. I have never claimed to be a sailor, while I know that you are one," said Louis very gently.

"Excuse me, Louis; but I thought you were trying to pick me up," said Scott, extending his hand to his companion. "Some of my bad blood has come up on top this evening, and I am crusty."

"I don't blame you, for I have been obliged to act in my own opinion, without your orders; but I assure you I meant no disrespect," replied Louis, taking the offered hand. "There is not a fellow on board that values you more highly than I do, Captain Scott."

"That's hearty, Louis; and I hope you will forgive my crustiness."

"With all my heart."

"Whatever happens, we will be friends. I know that I was made captain by you, Louis; and it was mean in me to have any feeling towards you."

"We shall be all right, my friend. Now will you explain that salt expression you used?" asked Louis.

"It means that the felucca is simply coming up closer to the wind, or putting her head more to the eastward; and you can see that she has already done it," answered Scott. "If she can go within five points of the wind—and very likely she can go within four, or four and a half—her course will be east by south a quarter south."

"That is all very well for you, Captain Scott; but my seamanship don't come down to so fine a point as

that, and I don't understand you," replied Louis, laughing. "But I have perfect confidence in your ability to handle the Maud, and I don't ask you to explain what you do, or what you are going to do."

The great sails were trimmed down so they seemed to be almost in a line with the keel; but Scott declared that she was badly "pinched," which was perhaps a sea-term of his own invention; but he meant that the felucca was sailing too close to the wind to make good progress through the water. But the captain did not long hold to his course of due east, and ordered Morris to head her for the Guardian-Mother, which was now within a mile of her. It has required a long story to explain the movements of the two craft; but all of them had occurred within the space of a few minutes.

The party in the standing-room began to sing again, and it was evident that they had not been seriously alarmed, or that they had very suddenly recovered from their fright. They could see the felucca, and knew that it was no longer approaching the Maud. They seemed to be happy, and the spirits of their gallant defenders rose correspondingly.

"What is the Samothraki doing now, Captain Scott?" asked Louis as her monstrous sails ceased to draw all of a sudden.

"She is coming about, I suppose; but I should think she had had about enough of it by this time," answered the captain. "That Captain Mazagan seems to be like a tiger that has smelled blood, and wants some of it. But in a stand-up fight, we can whip him

out of his boots; and I am rather sorry we did not have a chance to do it.”

“I am very much rejoiced that we got off as we did, and that nobody has been hurt or killed,” replied the peaceful owner of the ship.

“It would do that Captain Mazagan good to kill him, for I don’t believe the world has any good use for him. What under the canopy did the fellow mean by his attempt to lay us aboard?”

“You will have to judge for yourself,” replied Louis evasively, for he knew very well what the villain meant.

“We are not sailing a treasure ship, and what could the pirate have got if he had captured the Maud? I don’t believe the ladies wear their diamonds on an excursion like this. But the felucca is coming on the other tack!” exclaimed Scott; “and that is the way she does it.”

She did not come about as an ordinary sailing vessel would have done, but shifted her sails over so that they would take the wind on the starboard tack. The captain secured what had been the after rudder, and went to the other end of the craft with his tiller, which he inserted in the one that had been at the bow before. Her lateens began to draw as soon as they were shoved over; and taking the fresh breeze free, she began to bound over the waves like a greyhound.

Captain Mazagan did not appear to be satisfied with the present situation, for he could understand that the chase was making ten knots now, and the black

smoke was still pouring out of her smokestack. A minute or two later half a dozen long sweeps, or oars, were shipped, and the crew began to pull at them with all their might. Their employer appeared to be democratic in his ideas, for he took his place at the bow oar on the starboard side. His shouts could be heard as he urged on the men. It had been estimated that the felucca could make ten knots with a favoring breeze and enough of it; and if she added another knot with her sweeps, she might outspeed the Maud.

But the Guardian-Mother must very soon have a finger in the pie, though Captain Mazagan seemed to give none of his attention to her. Louis still retained his force on the upper deck with the exception of Don, whom he had sent to the engine-room to assist Felipe at the fire. As soon as Felix saw what the Samothraki was doing, he returned to the promenade deck.

“How are all the party, Felix?” asked Louis as soon as he saw him.

“As happy as a mother-cat with her ten kittens,” replied Felix. “Upon my word I believe they are enjoying the fracas. Don’t you hear them singing?”

“I hear them; but the school-boy whistles when he goes by the graveyard in the evening to keep his courage up; and perhaps the passengers are singing for the same purpose,” suggested Louis.

“Not a bit of it, my darling; they all have a perfect contempt for Greek pirates.”

“How is Miss Blanche? wasn’t she frightened when the pirate made fast to that cleat?”

“Not she ; she laughed at the big fellow on the bow of the felucca, Captain Muzzygreen it was. Upon my word they seemed to look upon the affair as a sort of game, or like a boat race, and some of them got excited over which should beat. Miss Woolridge said she had been in many a boat race, and this was the most exciting one she ever saw, and her father laughed when she said it. There was not a bit of harm done among the passengers.”

“But I am afraid there would have been if Captain Mazagan had got on board in that part of the Maud. for you know as well as I do, and no other fellow on board knows anything about it, what would have happened,” added Louis very seriously.

“Where would I have been all the time, when I had the hatchet in my hand ?” demanded Felix. “He would have got a crack on the head that would beat Kilkenny out and out, to say nothing of the bit of a revolver I had in my hip pocket.”

“He had a yataghan in his hand, and that meant war.”

“Who ?”

“Captain Mazagan.”

“No ; the other fellow. I knew Jimmie McGann, but I never heard of Yatty.”

“The crooked knife he had in his hand is called a yataghan.”

“Bad luck to him and his yataghan !”

The Guardian-Mother was now within hailing distance of the Maud ; and the voice of Captain Ringgold

was heard through a speaking-trumpet, ordering Captain Scott to make his course north, which was done at once. The felucca changed hers at the same time, and her men continued to ply their oars as vigorously as ever.

Suddenly the loud report of a cannon boomed on the evening air, and some of the ladies in the standing-room screamed. The three of the big four who were on the upper deck were startled by the explosion, and immediately turned their attention to the Samothraki. Her sails were fluttering in the wind, and she seemed to be unmanageable.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE WITH THE FELUCCA

AFTER the order from the Guardian-Mother to the Maud to head to the northward, the latter had made some little distance in that direction, and the felucca had tacked so that she could follow her, the men using the most tremendous efforts at the oars to overtake her. It was evidently the purpose of Captain Mazagan to take his victim out of the little steamer in the very face of the ship.

Probably the bold buccaneer who had chartered the Samothraki to carry out his piratical plan had not the remotest suspicion that the ship was armed, or he would not have undertaken such a task within range of her. Her great sails were shaking, for she had suddenly broached to, or come about so that she was headed into the very eye of the wind.

“Her pipe seems to be out,” said Captain Scott, who had passed over to windward with Louis so that they could see what effect had been produced by the shot from the ship.

Scott had no idea that the Guardian-Mother would, or could, fire a shot that would harm the felucca. Of course he had often seen the two twelve-pounders on

her top-gallant fore-castle; but yachts often carried such guns for ornament, and to fire salutes, and when the report of the gun reached his ears, he supposed it was a sort of empty warning of which the chaser would take no notice.

“What is the matter with her?” asked Louis, who did not yet understand why the Samothraki had come up into the wind. “Has she got tired of the chase?”

“That’s not what’s the matter,” replied the captain. “Just look at her stern, and you will see that her rudder has been knocked into splinters.”

“So it has!” exclaimed Louis, as he discovered the few remaining pieces of the rudder hanging useless at the stern-post, for most of it had been carried away. “That gun could bite as well as bark;” and he recalled the statement of the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

“Captain Ringgold means business this time,” added Scott.

“He always means business when he makes a demonstration; and he appears to have lost patience with this fellow astern of us,” replied Louis. “He would make no bones of sinking a Greek pirate if she came in his way.”

“But what is he going to do now?” asked Scott curiously. “He keeps on his course towards her.”

“Maud, ahoy!” came across the water from the ship.

“On board of the Guardian-Mother!” returned Captain Scott at the top of his lungs.

“Come alongside!” shouted Captain Ringgold.

“Ay, ay, sir,” returned Scott, as he gave the order to Morris in the pilot-house.

The little steamer came about, and headed for the ship.

“What’s up now?” asked Felix, as he appeared on the upper deck. “That shot must have hit the wind, and knocked it all out of the sails of the felucca.”

“Her rudder was shot away,” replied Louis.

“The passengers want to know what has happened and what is going to happen,” added the Milesian.

“We are going to the ship now,” said Scott. “Tell them we are going alongside the Guardian-Mother, and that they have nothing to fear.”

“I don’t believe they would be scared if there was anything to fear, for they are as full of pluck as an egg is of meat. Upon my word I believe they are enjoying the fun,” returned Felix as he descended the ladder to the main deck.

“The hands on the top-gallant forecastle of the ship look as though they had another gun ready to go off,” continued Captain Scott.

“But the felucca is shifting her sails over so that she can go off on the other tack,” added Louis. “Captain Polychronopulos is clearing away the wreck of the rudder, and she evidently intends to go to the southward, using her other rudder.”

“That’s her little game,” returned the captain. “I suppose, if she wants to get out of the way, Captain Ringgold will let her do so.”

“I hardly believe he intends to punish her as she deserves, for there is nothing malicious or revengeful in his composition. He is a Christian, if there ever was one,” answered Louis, as Morris rang the speed bell to check the headway of the little steamer.

Just at that moment another gun from the bow of the ship boomed on the clear air, and was re-echoed from the cliffs and hills on the shore. A scream came up from the ladies in the standing-room; but there appeared to be no substance in it, and Louis thought, after what Felix had said, that it was given for the fun of it.

“I don’t believe they hit her this time,” said Captain Scott, after he had looked the felucca over. “She has her other rudder in working order, with the tiller shipped.”

“I don’t see that the shot did her any harm, though the commander may have sent it into her hull,” suggested Louis. “Perhaps he means to sink her.”

He had hardly spoken the words before another gun from the bow of the ship called forth another rather derisive scream from the ladies.

“That’s the talk!” exclaimed Captain Scott, rubbing his hands. “The commander is not thinking of sinking her; he has shot away her other rudder; and now she is like a bird with a bullet in each wing. She can’t even flutter.”

“I don’t know who points the guns, but he puts the shot where they will do the most good,” added Louis.

“We are nearly alongside,” said the captain. “One bell, Morris.”

“One bell,” repeated the helmsman, as he struck it.

Knott had taken a heave-line to the upper deck, and at the word he threw it on the rail of the ship, where it was seized and secured at once. The Maud came alongside the gangway at the stern, and the ladies were assisted on board of her. Captain Ringgold welcomed them on the deck with more than his usual earnestness.

“We have had lots of fun, Captain Ringgold!” exclaimed Miss Blanche, when the commander took her hand; and he thought she would not have enjoyed it quite so much if she had known the intentions of Captain Mazagan.

But he was delighted to find the party in such high spirits, and even Mrs. Belgrave did not appear to have suffered from the adventure. He had but a moment to spare, and he hastened away to attend to the case he had in hand. None of the big four went on board of the ship, for the captain of the Maud had ordered them not to leave her.

“Send the four seamen on board,” called the commander at the rail as he went forward. “Have them bring their arms with them.”

Scott gave the order for them to return to the ship. They had remained on the upper deck with the rifles within reach of them, and they departed in a hurry, for it looked just as though Captain Ringgold had not yet done with the pirates. From his position on the promenade deck Louis could see that something was

in progress on the starboard side of the ship, the Maud having come alongside on the port. He soon satisfied himself that the first cutter had been lowered into the water, and that the crew were taking their places in her.

The escaping steam made a great racket on board the Maud; for Felipe had opened his safety valve, and the little steamer was then in condition to make her twelve knots an hour. Louis stated what was going on upon the deck of the ship, but the captain could hardly hear him in the din of the escaping steam. They tried to reason out the intentions of the commander. The first cutter was putting off; and that was the boat of Mr. Boulong, the first officer, and it indicated that something of importance was on foot.

From their position on the upper deck, Captain Scott and Louis could see the felucca very distinctly. She had clewed up her sails, and her crew seemed to be adjusting a long sweep at one end of her as a steering-oar, for at present the Samothraki was as helpless as though her sails had been carried away. Captain Mazagan stood on the forecastle nearest to the ship, and appeared to be studying up what he should do next, when the oar had been rigged.

“That villain looks as resolute as ever,” said Felix when the captain had been called below. “But the blackguard will get enough of Captain Ringgold when he is done with him.”

“I have no idea what the commander intends to do next,” added Louis. “There goes the first cutter!”

he exclaimed a moment later, as the boat darted out from the farther side of the Guardian-Mother.

“That means business,” added Felix. “There are twelve men in the boat, besides Mr. Boulong.”

“And six of them are the man-of-war’s men,” said Louis. “We shall not have long to wait before we know the meaning of this movement, for it is only a short pull to the felucca. I suppose the men are armed, though we can see no rifles.”

“They are keeping the guns out of sight. Upon my word I would like to be in that scrimmage,” returned Felix, who was rubbing his hands with delight, for he had a good deal of the Kilkenny spirit left in him, and seemed to be in condition to attend a Donnybrook Fair. “Wait till we see what comes of it.”

They had not to wait long, for the first cutter pulled directly up to the felucca, six of whose men, including the captain, were at work at one end, while Captain Mazagan stood like a statue on the forecastle at the other end. The instant the cutter touched the side of the craft, six men sprang on board of her, and took possession of the waist. The stern-sheets of the ship’s boat came up abreast of the part where the Moorish captain stood. He shouted something in a very wrathful tone to Mr. Boulong, but those on board could not understand what he said.

He continued to talk in a loud tone, gesticulating violently, and flourishing his yataghan in a threatening manner at the first officer, who was perfectly calm. He had plainly said something to the pirate

that intensified his wrath. Suddenly Mazagan made a spring into the stern sheets of the cutter; but he caught his foot in doing so against the rail of the boat, and fell forward. The officer and Stoody, the cockswain, fell upon him, and the two after oarsmen came to their assistance. The marauder made a desperate struggle, but his dangerous weapon was wrested from him, and he was held with a firm grip by the four men who had laid hold of him; and the rest of the crew were trying to follow their example.

While Louis and Felix were busy watching the proceedings on board of the felucca and cutter, Captain Ringgold had come on board without being seen by them, and presently they heard the stroke of the gong. Pitts had hauled in the fasts, and the boat went ahead. Morris was still at the wheel, and the commander came on the upper deck with Captain Scott. The Maud was headed to the scene of action; and in a few moments she stopped her screw quite near the cutter, and backed till she had lost her headway.

“We have him, bound foot and leg,” reported Mr. Boulong as soon as he saw the commander. “What shall we do with him?”

“We will take him on board of the ship,” replied Captain Ringgold.

“No, you won’t!” exclaimed Mazagan. “This is an outrage! I appeal to the Turkish government!”

“All right; but it can’t hear you just now,” added the commander.

“Polychronopulos!” yelled the prisoner three times,

adding something the Americans could not understand.

“He calls the captain of the felucca to come to his assistance, and asks if they are all cowards,” said Don, who had come out of the engine-room.

The men at the stern of the craft made a movement to heed the appeal ; but six rifles were pointed at them, and they hesitated.

CHAPTER XX

REVEALING THE MOMENTOUS SECRET

THE commander ordered the six men who had boarded the felucca in the waist to fall back into the cutter, covering the Greeks with their guns as they did so. They came into the boat one at a time under the direction of Knott; and as each one reached his place he stood up, with his rifle pointed at the pirates. The retreat was safely effected; for though the pirates all had knives of one kind or another, they had not the courage to stand up against the rifles.

“Shove off, Mr. Boulong, and return to the ship,” said the commander from the upper deck of the Maud. “Go to the gangway, and get your prisoner on deck as soon as possible.”

The first officer obeyed the order; and while the oarsmen were getting the boat away from the felucca, the seamen armed with the rifles kept the crew at bay. They saw their employer carried off, and Captain Polychronopulos realized that the enterprise in which he had been engaged was an entire failure. He had nothing to do but repair the damages done to his craft, for he could not follow the victors in the battle.

The Maud followed the first cutter back to the ship, and then had to wait till the prisoner was conveyed to the deck. Louis and Felix wondered what the commander intended to do with him; as he was amenable to the Turkish authorities, and not to the Greek, for the outrage had been attempted in the waters of the former.

“Captain Scott, we shall leave this bay at once; and perhaps I was not wise to seek an anchorage in such an out-of-the-way place as this,” said the commander while they were waiting for Mazagan to be taken on board of the ship. “I do not deem it advisable to remain here over night.”

“We are all ready for duty, sir,” replied Scott.

“I do not desire to work you nights any more than is necessary; but this affair here was very unexpected to me, and I cannot avoid doing so,” added Captain Ringgold.

“We shall get sleep enough with our regular watches,” said the captain of the Maud.

“You can sleep as much as you like to-morrow, for we have not more than a six hours’ run to make to-night to reach our destination, which is Cape Santo, at the entrance to the Gulf of Monte Santo. Your course will be west by north as soon as you are clear of the headland. But you will follow the Guardian-Mother out of the bay.”

“I think I can find my way, sir, even if we should get separated in a fog,” replied Scott.

“You have proved that you are able to do that, and

I have entire confidence in your ability to navigate your vessel," added the commander as he moved towards the gangway.

But Louis intercepted him, and told him all about the clashing of authority on board of the Maud which had occurred during the excursion.

"I had not the slightest intention to ignore Captain Scott; but he did not understand the situation as I did, and was not even aware for what purpose the four seamen were put on board of the Maud, or even that arms had been stored in the cabin. He said he should resign his position as captain," Louis explained.

"There is only one remedy for this state of things. As Captain Scott did not know anything at all about the Mazagan conspiracy, I had to instruct you to defend the steamer," replied the commander. "But I supposed there was hardly even a remote chance that you would be called upon to use my directions, imparted to you in confidence, or I should have given the matter more consideration. I charge the trouble upon myself in hardly believing in the possibility of such an event as has happened. It is still a mystery how the Samothraki got into this bay before we did, when we left her at anchor in Gallipoli harbor."

"I think the pilot deceived you when he said she was there in the morning, for she must have left some time in the night."

"That is the only reasonable way to explain it."

"But what is the remedy for this trouble with Captain Scott?" asked Louis, deeply interested in this

matter, for he felt that he had offended his commander, who had just cause for complaint.

“Captain Scott must be informed of the true situation, and of the conspiracy of Mazagan and his employer,” replied the commander.

“Shall I tell him the story?” asked Louis.

“I want you to go on board of the Guardian-Mother with me, for I intend to confront Mazagan, and I shall want you to assist me. Felix is in the watch with the captain, and he can tell him the story, for he knows it as well as you and I do; but he must put him under the seal of secrecy first. I will speak to him about it.”

Felix was called, and the matter explained to him. He did not know about the trouble between his friend and Scott, and this was described to him. He promised to discharge the duty assigned to him faithfully, and neither of them doubted that he would do so. It was getting quite dark by this time, and there was no lighthouse in sight. The captain of the ship passed the word for Knott and the other three seamen who had served on board with him to come on board of the Maud for the night.

When they appeared they were instructed to do duty at the wheel or elsewhere as Captain Scott ordered them. The little steamer got under way at once, and stood out of the bay. The captain kept the wheel himself till the Maud was outside of the headland at the entrance to the bay, where the Guardian-Mother overhauled and passed her. Then Felix

wanted to see him in private; and they went to the standing-room, after Knott had taken the wheel. Morris had lain down in the cabin, and was fast asleep, for the young man was very tired after the duties and excitement of the day.

“What in the world do you want of me, Felix?” asked Captain Scott when they were seated within reach of the rudder head, away from everybody else on board.

“Can you keep a secret, Captain Scott?” demanded Felix with more seriousness than he was in the habit of assuming.

“That’s a queer question for you to put to me,” added Scott; but it was too dark for him to see the earnest expression on the face of his companion.

“Not so very queer,” replied the Milesian. “You had a bit of trouble with Louis this evening, didn’t you?”

“Did Louis tell you that he had a little disagreement with me?” asked Scott, becoming very serious himself when he found the interview related to this subject.

“He did not open his mouth to me about it,” replied Felix squarely. “I should never have known a thing about it if I had waited for him to tell me; he is not that sort of a fellow.”

“Who did tell you then?” inquired Scott; for he knew that his companion had not been within hearing when he objected to the manner of Louis in ignoring him.

“Captain Ringgold,” answered Felix quietly.

“The commander!” exclaimed the captain.

“It was he who told me to speak to you about this matter.”

“Has it gone as far as that?”

“Louis felt very bad about it.”

“I think I was the one to feel bad about it if any one.”

“He had felt obliged to act as he did without consulting you; and he believes in discipline clear up to the handle: and in acting without your orders he felt that you had good reason to complain.”

“I thought if any one made any complaint to the commander, I was the one to do so,” said Scott, not a little disturbed to find the affair had gone to the highest authority.

“I asked you a question in the beginning which you did not answer, Captain Scott,” added Felix, going back to the point where he had begun.

“I considered the matter settled when Louis said he was sorry he had ignored me, or something to that effect, and I did not mean to say another word about it,” replied Scott, again disregarding his companion’s question, and finding that the matter had become more serious than he had supposed, for in the exciting events which had followed he had forgotten all about it.

“But you don’t answer my question, Captain,” persisted Felix. “I am talking to you just now as the representative of the commander and Louis both.”

“Of course I can keep a secret!” exclaimed Scott rather petulantly. “But I think all of you are making a very big thing of a very little affair.”

“Not so little as you suppose, and you will say so when you know more about it. ‘Under the seal of secrecy!’ These are the commander’s own words and not mine. Will you put the seal on it, Captain?”

“How shall I do it? Must I borrow Morris’s Bible and swear to it?”

“Not quite so solemnly as that. Do you promise on your honor that you will not repeat anything I may tell you to any person except the commander or Louis, and that you will not let the secret get out indirectly?”

“All this I promise on my honor,” replied Scott, giving his hand to Felix. “Shake on it.”

“That’s enough,” replied the Milesian, taking the hand. “Now do you remember that Louis, Don, and myself went ashore in the evening when we were at Gallipoli?”

“I remember all about it,” answered Scott with interest.

Then Felix told the whole story of the interview between Ali-Noury Pacha and Mazagan in the café, so that he was as thoroughly informed in regard to the conspiracy of the “Mohammedan humbug” as the others who were in possession of the secret.

“Though Morris is one of the big four, you are to be particularly careful not to let him get a hint of the plot,” added Felix when he had finished the long narrative.

“But I don’t see the reason for all this secrecy,” added Scott.

“If Miss Woolridge knew about this conspiracy she would not be likely to enjoy herself as we proceed on the voyage. She is to be the first victim and Louis the second.”

“I don’t think she would, or Mrs. Belgrave, or Mr. and Mrs. Woolridge,” replied the captain.

“They would all be miserable all the time, and perhaps that would break up the voyage. The commander would have told you about all this before the excursion party left the ship if he had not believed there was not one chance in a thousand that anything he apprehended would come so soon. Louis wished me to tell you that the next time there was a row, you could command the defence,” said Felix, rising from his seat to indicate that he had nothing more to say.

“I shall apologize to Louis for anything I said,” added Scott.

“Don’t you do it ; Louis will apologize to you after he knows that you are posted. You can see now that he had to do as he did.”

“I understand it perfectly now, though I supposed he was only scared by the idea of Greek pirates. He made a good defence,” replied Scott.

“But the beauty of the thing was that no one but Louis and myself knew what we were fighting for,” added Felix with a chuckle.

The breach was healed, and the Maud was proceed-

ing on her voyage at her usual speed of ten knots, and the Guardian-Mother had passed her. On board of the ship the situation was more exciting, though the action of the scene was confined to the cabin of the commander. Captain Mazagan was conveyed from the first cutter to No. 27, on the main deck forward, which had been fitted up at first as an extra ice-house, though it had never been used as such, and had been turned into a state-room.

The partitions were very thick, and it answered very well as a "brig," or prison. All the passengers retired to the cabin, and most of them were so tired that they were in their berths by nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN MAZAGAN

IN spite of the fact that Louis Belgrave was only seventeen years old, Captain Ringgold treated him as though he were a man who had passed out of his minority. The experience of his life had been, a portion of it, of a severe character; and he had been compelled to fight his way through it, sometimes with no one to lean upon except Uncle Moses, for his mother, though wholly devoted to him, was under the influence of her second husband, whom she repudiated when her son revealed his true character to her.

This experience had contributed largely to mature his mind. He had always been a hard student; he stood at the head of the academy at the time of his graduation; and this training had assisted in the development of his mind. The commander had been closely associated with him during the period of some of his severest trials. Perhaps he knew him more thoroughly than any other person did, not excepting even Uncle Moses, his trustee, for he was a student of human nature. The more he saw of him the greater was his appreciation of him.

As soon as the commander had discharged his duties in getting the ship to sea after the stirring events of the evening, and had given the course to the officer of the deck, he went to his state-room, and sent to the cabin for Louis, who had remained during the evening with his mother. But she was not alarmed at anything which had occurred in the bay, and was as quiet and self-possessed as any other of the passengers. The treatment of Dr. Hawkes had produced a wonderful effect upon her, for nervous diseases were one of his specialties. The voyage had cured the doctor, and the doctor had cured his patient, the sea air and change of scene assisting him very materially.

“Good evening, Sir Louis,” said the commander when the owner presented himself at the open door of the cabin.

“Good evening, Captain Ringgold; though perhaps I ought to call you Sir Royal, for you have been having an adventure this evening,” replied Louis, who was never over-familiar with the commander.

“But I did not seek the adventure,” laughed the captain.

“And I have proved to you more than once that I never sought any of the adventures into which I have fallen. I should have thought I was crazy, and called in the surgeon to doctor my head, if I had sought such an adventure as we have been having this evening. I am not alone, the Big Four are not alone, in this affair, for you had a hand in it,” argued Louis.

“I ordered Mr. Shafter to stir up his fires as soon

as I saw the bow of the felucca creeping out of that cove; for I was afraid the plot you had detailed to me was about to burst on you like a shell with a five-second fuse. But I must say that you managed the defence with great skill, and with a prudence not to be expected of a Sir Knight of your years; and I only regret that there should be any friction between you and Captain Scott. That was only because I saw no possible chance of your encountering the felucca in these waters."

"I hope Captain Scott will be satisfied after he understands the matter better."

"If he is not satisfied then I shall be inclined to revoke his commission as captain."

"I sincerely trust that nothing of that kind will be necessary, sir. Scott has absolutely amazed me by his knowledge of navigation, and by his skill in handling the Maud. I had much rather serve under him than be captain myself," replied Louis quite warmly. "Besides, Captain Scott did all I asked him to do, and his feelings were hurt because I had acted without orders and without his knowledge. I did not blame him in the least for feeling that he had been ignored, for it was true."

"I was a little afraid that you had started a boys' quarrel among you. But Felix has made it all right by this time, and we will say no more about it. The question just now is, What is to be done with Captain Mazagan?" replied the commander. "He is a Moor; and I understand that he is in command of a ship, and

has left her for a time to attend to the business of the Pacha, to whom he must be under great obligations."

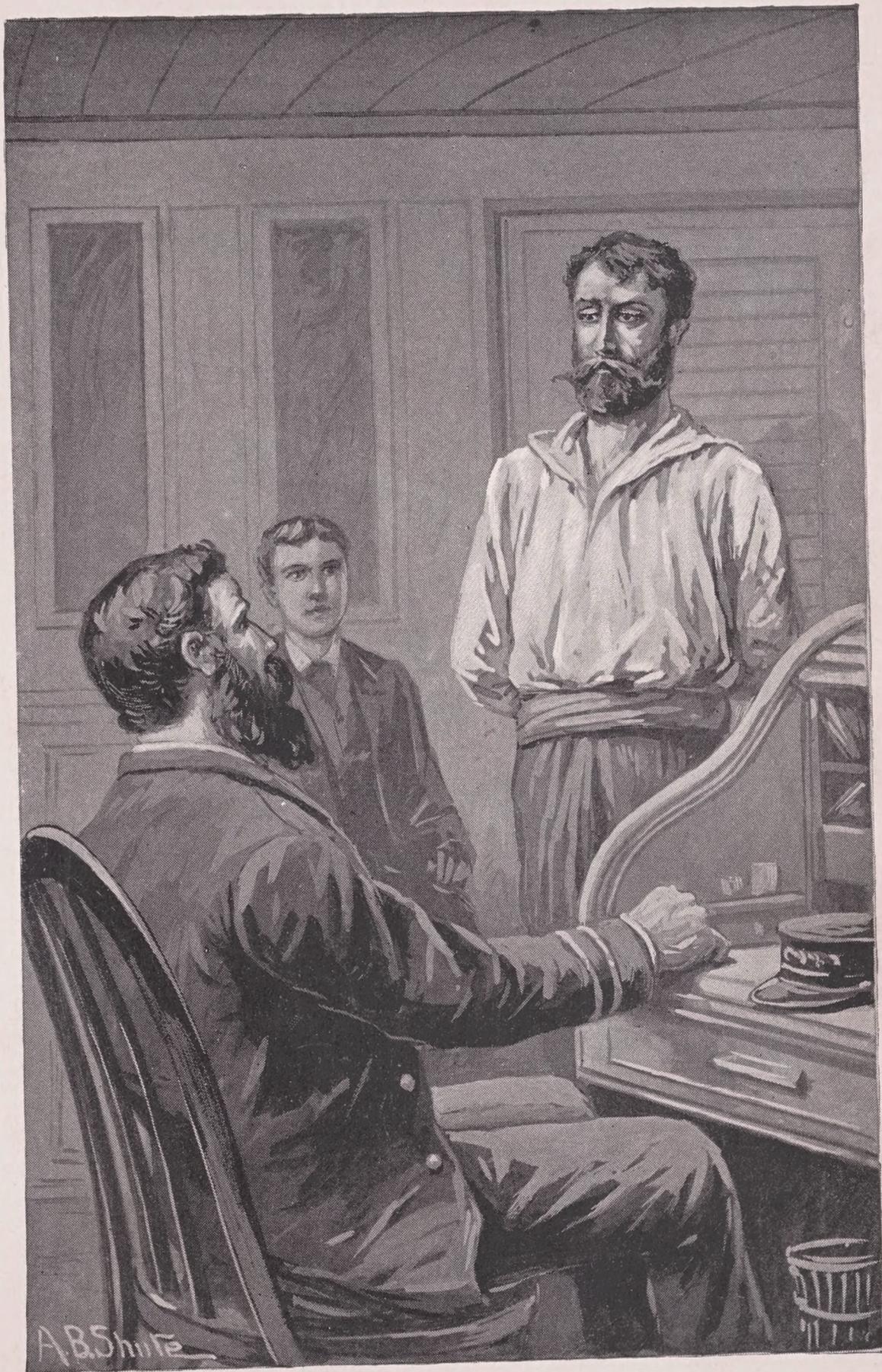
"It looks as though you had an elephant on your hands. If you take the Turkish law to apply to him, you will have to go back to Constantinople, with not one chance in ten that anything will be done to the pirate. Of course the Pacha will stand by him, and doubtless he has influence at court. If Mazagan had been permitted to capture Miss Blanche or myself, you would have had a better chance to accomplish something through the minister or the consul."

"In any case the affair might break up our voyage, or subject us to a long and vexatious delay. But perhaps we can tell better what to do after we have seen the prisoner," said the commander, as he passed the word for Mr. Boulong.

The first officer was instructed to bring Captain Mazagan to the cabin of the commander, and to place four seaman at the door after he was admitted.

"The pirate is as plucky as a cat with kittens, and he may get shot yet before we get through with him," added the commander, as he took a revolver from one of the drawers of his desk, and advised Louis to have his own ready for use.

A seaman was placed at the door of the room in which the prisoner was confined, and Mr. Boulong had reported that he was quiet, and had made no useless resistance. The cabin of the commander was a large apartment for ship-board. It had a door and two windows on each side, and a third door opening into



"GOOD EVENING, CAPTAIN MAZAGAN." Page 185.

the pilot-house. In one corner was his great folding desk, and in another his berth, with tapestry draperies in front of it. There were the chart-case and a large lounge on the side. The captain occupied a chair at the desk, and Louis was seated at the side of the door leading to the pilot-house. They were ready for the prisoner.

Captain Mazagan was introduced in the cabin by Mr. Boulong, and announced by name. He was a good-looking man, with a fine physique; and Louis thought it was a pity that he was a pirate, either really or constructively. He was cool and self-possessed; and an observer would not have taken him for a conspirator against the peace of a harmless maiden, or the tool of a villain.

“Good evening, Captain Mazagan,” said the commander in a cheerful tone. “Take a chair, if you please;” and he placed one for him at the left of his desk, and about three feet from it.

“Thank you, Captain Ringgold,” replied the prisoner, as he seated himself rather awkwardly, for his arms were still bound behind him.

“I see you know my name,” added the captain, rather puzzled by this circumstance. “May I ask where you learned it?”

“And I see that you know my name; may I ask where you learned it?” returned the Moor very promptly.

“I learned it in Gallipoli.”

“And I learned yours in Constantinople,” added

Captain Mazagan. "It is not everyday that a steam-yacht as large as the Guardian-Mother goes there, and she and your passengers excited a great deal of attention. While you were in the monastery of the Whirling Dervishes, I asked your conductor your name; and he gave it to me, as well as the name of your steamer. How did you happen to learn my name, Captain?"

"One of my people who was on shore at Gallipoli heard another person call you by your name, replied the commander. "Now, Captain Mazagan, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I have to say that I have been subjected to a gross outrage;" and Louis saw his eyes snap, and he looked ugly. "You have fired three shots into my vessel, and knocked away both of her rudders. Your men committed an unprovoked outrage upon me, and made me a prisoner by force and violence."

"You speak English exceedingly well, Captain Mazagan, for a Moor," added the commander.

"How do you know I am a Moor?"

"Because you wear a Moorish costume."

"I might be dressed like a Frenchman without being one. I am not the captain of that felucca, but I chartered her for a pleasure trip. My ship is a Morrocan steamer, and I left her at Gibraltar. I have been a seaman all my life, and have made many voyages to England, where I learned the language, and to Havre and Bordeaux, where I learned French. I suppose you speak French, Captain Ringgold?"

Louis thought he had led up to this last question

for a purpose, and he possibly conjectured that the commander had overheard him talking French with the Pacha in Gallipoli.

“Very little; I cannot understand it when it is spoken,” answered Captain Ringgold. “In regard to the outrage you complain of, Captain Mazagan, what was your purpose in attempting to board the little steamer belonging to my ship?”

“I saw that the Maud, as I read her name in front of the pilot-house, had a very merry party on board,” replied the prisoner. “The ladies and gentlemen were singing, and I was delighted with the music. I wished to get nearer to her.”

“Was that the reason why you threw a heave-line over the cleat at her stern?” demanded the commander sternly.

“Precisely so; and as I can speak English, I was desirous of speaking with the ladies and gentlemen, for one who knows a foreign language is generally proud of it, and wishes to use it when opportunity presents,” was the ready answer of the prisoner.

“The party on the Maud took you all for Greek pirates.”

“Greek pirates!” exclaimed Captain Mazagan. “I doubt if there is a single pirate in The Archipelago.”

“I do not believe you are a Greek pirate, whatever Captain Polychronopulos and his men may be, for you have another mission.”

“I am not a missionary,” added the prisoner with a smile.

“But you have a mission all the same, a very vile, dishonorable, and wicked one. Why did you draw your yataghan when you were near the Maud, and about to leap on board of her?”

“One of the hands cut my line, and that provoked me.”

Which showed how much you were enjoying the music, and how desirous you were to talk English with the party.”

“I have told you the simple unvarnished truth, Captain Ringgold, and I demand that you set me at liberty.”

“Your simple truth is varnished with lies enough to keep you out of Paradise,” added the commander.

“This is an insult!” exclaimed the prisoner, springing out of his chair, which caused Captain Ringgold to put his hand on his revolver. “But you can insult your victim as you please.”

“Do you know Ali-Noury Pacha?” asked the commander sharply.

This question startled the pirate more than anything that had been said, and he dropped into his chair again. But he was silent.

“As you don’t answer, I will speak for you. You do know him, and at the present time you are in his employ. You are engaged on the mission upon which you were sent by him.”

“It is false!” exclaimed the prisoner; but there was not much vim in his denial.

“You were trying to take the young lady you are to

secure for the Pacha out of the Maud when you were endeavoring to board the little steamer. You boasted to His Highness that you could capture her in the streets of Athens or Syra. If you fail to obtain her, you are to carry off the owner of this steamer. You used the French language in maturing this conspiracy, and I have it from one competent to judge that both you and the Pacha spoke the language very well indeed."

The commander then asked him if he had any confession to make or any plan to propose. He had none, and was sent back to his prison, confounded by what he had heard.

CHAPTER XXII

AT ANCHOR OFF THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

IF the capture of Captain Mazagan was a victory, the examination of the prisoner was a greater one; for the former had not subdued him, and the latter had. The revelation to him of the entire conspiracy between himself and the Pacha not only confounded but overwhelmed him. Of course he wondered how his captor had obtained such minute and accurate information of the plot, and the mystery about it rendered it all the more confusing.

He was too much perplexed by the situation to reason calmly over it. He recalled the visit of a boat to the Samothraki just after he parted with the Pacha on shore at Gallipoli, containing a person who proposed to purchase the felucca; but this threw no light on the mysterious knowledge of the commander. It could be seen that the prisoner was utterly confounded by the interview in the cabin, and Mr. Boulong reported to the captain that Mazagan seemed to be a different man from what he had been when taken from the brig.

“The pirate, for so I regard him in spite of his resenting the application of the word to him, is

certainly overwhelmed by what he has heard," said Captain Ringgold, after the prisoner had been conducted from his cabin. "Well, I think he has good reason to be confounded and upset."

"Probably he supposed it was quite impossible that any one in the café should understand him when he spoke French," added Louis.

"Your knowledge of that language has proved to be of immense benefit to us. Miss Blanche might have been a captive in the hands of this reprobate by this time if you had not obtained this information; and she and her parents are indebted to you in a degree they cannot now understand," continued the commander.

"Of course I am glad to have been of service to them."

"But what to do with this man is still unsettled. If it was not for the fear that he would still endeavor to carry out his share of the conspiracy, I would set him ashore on some small island with a breaker of water and something to eat."

"His Highness the Pacha must be somewhere in this vicinity," suggested Louis, with a heavy gape, for he had been on his feet eighteen hours, and he was very tired.

"I have no doubt that the Fatimé is somewhere in The Archipelago, though the Pacha will not let her be seen. But you are tired, Sir Louis, and you had better turn in," replied the commander, as he rose from his chair. "I may have an idea what to do with the pirate after I have slept on it."

In less than five minutes Louis was fast asleep in his berth. Captain Ringgold was somewhat troubled with the same complaint, for he indulged in a gape when he was alone. But he stretched himself, and then went out upon deck, where he observed the wind and the weather, spoke to the officer of the watch, and then returned to his room. He looked at the red line drawn on the chart to mark the course, used his dividers, and then lay down on the sofa with a blanket over him. His conscience was clean, and he was soon fast asleep.

At eight bells, or midnight, he woke, took another turn on deck, observed the wind and the weather again, and looked ahead for land; but nothing was in sight, and he went back to his couch. The Maud was not half a cable's length astern of the ship, and all seemed to be going well with her. The commander had been a sailor the greater portion of his life; and though he had lived in luxury during the preceding ten years, the habits of his maritime experience still clung to him. One, two, or three bells did not wake him; but at four bells his eyes were wide open again.

The distance the steamers had to make was fifty-nine and three fourths miles, and this was the time at which he expected to make the land. Some people can wake at a fixed hour, and the commander's habits on board ship had taught him to do so. He sprang from his lounge, and hastened out of the room to the deck. He could see nothing at first, and he went aft

to take a look at the Maud, which appeared to be all right.

“Land, ho!” shouted the lookout on the top-gallant forecastle.

“Where away?” demanded Mr. Gaskette from the window of the pilot-house. “Sharp on the starboard bow, and away up in the air,” returned the lookout.

“Land reported on the starboard bow, sir,” said the second officer, as the commander came in. “Away up in the air, the man says.”

“All right, Mr. Gaskette; that is just where it ought to be,” replied Captain Ringgold.

Half an hour later the land on the shore could be discerned, and the steamer was within less than half a mile of it. She continued on her course, leaving the shore on the starboard hand till she was not more than a couple of cables' length of the land.

“Shall I send a man to the fore chains to heave the lead?” asked the officer of the watch, who thought the commander was “cutting it very close.”

“Quite unnecessary, Mr. Gaskette,” replied the captain with a smile. “The water is over six hundred feet deep along here.”

“Whew!” whistled the second officer.

“But you may get ready to let go the anchor in nine fathoms,” added the commander. “Ring the speed bell.”

The ship went another half mile, when the gong was sounded, and the screw stopped. The anchor was let go, and the Maud came alongside. No communi-

cation was had with her; for Captain Scott had plenty of help, and he did not care to wake his sleeping companions. An anchor watch was set on board of the ship. Mr. Gaskette reported to the captain that the prisoner in No. 27 had been quiet, for a seaman was kept at the door all night. Everything was still as the gloomy-looking shore, and very soon all but those on duty were fast asleep.

In the state cabin no bell was rung till half past eight, for the word had been passed to Mr. Sage to serve breakfast at nine o'clock, so that the wearied passengers could sleep out the morning after the fatigues of the day before. Louis did not show himself till after the bell had sounded; but he was well rested, and felt like a new man. The entire party were in excellent spirits, though not one of them had been on deck. On the Maud the same order of things had prevailed, and the three of the Big Four who had slept on board of her came to the great cabin to breakfast.

Somewhat to the surprise of the commander no one asked any questions about where they were, though they knew that the ship had come to anchor. The affair of the evening before was the exciting topic of conversation, and the ladies and gentlemen manifested more interest in the prisoner who had been captured than in anything else. They asked a great many questions in regard to him, and some of them could not be answered without hinting at the important secret.

The commander stated the facts in regard to his imprisonment in the state room, which he called the "brig," a term he was asked to explain. He related the story which Mazagan had told to explain his conduct; and the ladies were disposed to accept it, and to manifest some sympathy for the prisoner. Captain Ringgold checked this indication by insisting that Mazagan was a pirate, and worse than that.

But he kept the secret, and no one had the remotest suspicion that Miss Blanche had been in especial peril. He was confident that if the party had been aware of the truth, the Woolridges and Mrs. Belgrave would have insisted upon an ocean between them and the peril that menaced the daughter and the son. "Forewarned, forearmed," was the captain's idea; and he was absolutely confident that he could protect all his passengers, though the peril might compel him to abbreviate the voyage in this part of the world.

As soon as the party rose from the table they prepared to go on deck, for the commander had assured them that it was one of the most delightful days they had ever known. Captain Scott called Louis into his state-room and apologized to him for what he called his "crankiness" the evening before.

"I don't accept your apology, Captain Scott; for none is due, and I don't think you ought to have made any," replied Louis, taking his hand. "I was apparently, though not really, at fault, and I apologized to you at the time. You understand the matter

now; and Captain Ringgold takes all the blame for the little breeze upon himself. He took the most extraordinary precautions to protect those who were in possible peril; but he believed all the time that his precautions were unnecessary yet awhile."

"You managed the affair exceedingly well; and I am afraid if I had been in command of the party for the defence some one would have been shot," added Scott.

"Let us say no more about it, Captain Scott. We understand each other now perfectly, and that state of things cannot come about again," said Louis. "Captain Ringgold thought at first it was a boys' quarrel; but we will make sure that nothing of that sort ever comes about among us. Now let us go on deck and see what is to be seen."

"We will never quarrel," replied Scott as he took the hand of Louis again.

The passengers were just ascending the grand staircase, and the Big Four followed them. The air was soft and sweet, for it came off the shore laden with the perfume of flowers and fruits. Passing through the boudoir they ascended to the upper deck, where the whole view broke upon them at once.

"Why, that is a high mountain!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave, as she and all the others gazed at the white summit of the elevation which seemed to pierce the azure of the clear sky; and none of them had ever seen a clearer.

"What mountain is that?" asked several at once.

“Mount Athos,” replied the commander, who appeared to be the only person who could answer the question.

“I wish I were on the top of it!” exclaimed Miss Blanche.

“You would find it pretty cold up there, warm and pleasant as it is here. You perceive that we are close to the shore, and at the end of a peninsula. The mainland to the north of us, though you cannot see it, is Macedonia. Don’t be alarmed: I am not going to tell you all about Alexander the Great, for you can read his life in any of the encyclopedias in the library. South of that province, for it is subject to Turkey, is the large peninsula of Chalcidice; and from this, reaching to the south-east, are three other smaller peninsulas.”

“Lots of peninsulas,” added Mrs. Belgrave.

“We are at anchor off the most eastern of them, called Athos, the ancient Acte. The Italians call it Monte Santo, in English, Holy Mountain. We are in the waters of the Gulf of Monte Sante, the name on on the chart and most maps. You can see the land across this gulf, forming the middle peninsula; and beyond that is the Gulf of Cassandra, named after a son of Alexander the Great. Crossing the third neck of land, you would come to the Gulf of Salonica.”

“That is a Scripture name,” suggested Mrs. Belgrave.

“It is; and the city of Salonica is the second city in commercial importance in the Ottoman Empire.

It was to the Christians of this city that Paul sent the two epistles to the Thessalonians. Cicero fled to this place when he escaped from the Catiline conspiracy in Rome."

"This seems to be a region of conspiracies," said Louis significantly.

"You are right," said the captain, taking in the allusion. "The mountain you see before you is 6349 feet high. This is a very stormy sea just here at times; but the professor has a word to say about that, and I will give way to him."

The learned gentleman rose from his chair.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS

“THE commander could tell you better about the stormy weather off Cape Santo than I could, and I shall not say much about that,” said the professor, as he rose from his chair. “It is a very gentle breeze we have here now; but the immense fleet of Xerxes encountered a terrible storm, as it was to them, but probably the Guardian-Mother would not mind it much. The Persian fleet was nearly destroyed by it; and to guard against such a disaster in the future, Xerxes, who was still in his own dominion, making his preparations to conquer Greece, ordered a canal to be dug across this peninsula, near its isthmus, where the land was low and not very wide.

“It was completed in due time; and though its existence has been doubted by some, the remains of it are still to be seen, but much of it is entirely filled up. It was wide enough for two of the king’s galleys, moved by long oars, to pass each other. It was a stupendous work. It was not intended simply for the passage of the fleet, but was to be used in order to supply the army in Greece with provisions,

and for commercial purposes. "Our captain would not have needed any canal; but the ships of the ancients were small affairs compared with those of modern times; in fact, they were mere boats."

"When shall we go on shore here, Captain Ringgold?" inquired Mrs. Woolridge.

"Not at all, madam, I am sorry to say," replied the commander, with a smile which seemed to mean something, for all the party looked at him.

"Not at all!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave. "What did we come here for?"

"To see the country. There is only one mountain east of the Rockies in the United States which is as high as Mount Athos,—Mount Mitchell. It is more than a hundred feet higher than Mount Washington."

"But why can't we go on shore here?" asked the lady.

"Because no woman is allowed to land here; and the gentlemen are too gallant to go on shore without them," replied the commander, to the great astonishment of the party. "The scenery here is decidedly picturesque, and the white summit of the mountain is peculiar."

"But why can no woman land here?" persisted Mrs. Belgrave.

"We have not touched the point which gives Mount Athos and this peninsula their celebrity. I am going to tell you something about it, and I think what I say will answer your question, madam. There are not less than twenty monasteries, by which is gener-

ally meant religious houses for men, while convents are those devoted to the use of females. Most of them were founded at the date of the Byzantine Empire, which existed from about four hundred years before the birth of Christ.

“The religion here is that of the Orthodox Greek Church, as it is officially styled; and each of the countries professing this faith has a monastery here. There were several towns on the peninsula in ancient times, but hardly a vestige of them remains. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, is said to have established the first convent here, and various nations built churches and monasteries on this spot. Many royal personages have retired to these religious houses to secure repose in solitude away from the turmoil of the world.

“Mohammed II. protected them, and other sultans have followed his example. The government of the country is vested in the Holy Synod, consisting of one representative from each monastery, or twenty in all. Besides, there are four presidents with Greek names who carry on the government. They are taken from four different houses each year, and the honor is passed around so that each one has a president once in five years. One of the four becomes the chief, and is called “The First Man of Athos,” which the professor will translate into Greek if you insist upon it.”

“He is the biggest toad in the puddle, and that is enough,” added Mrs. Blossom.

“But toads don’t live in puddles,” argued the commander.

“That is the way the saying goes, at any rate,” replied the lady.

“Make it frogs, for the poor toads would drown in a puddle. The community pays the Turkish government a tribute variously stated at from eight to sixteen thousand dollars in place of all taxes. They are permitted to keep a guard of fifty Christian soldiers. The only Mohammedan allowed to reside on the peninsula is a Turkish officer, who is the only medium of communication between the monks and the Turkish authorities. This gentleman has no harem, for he is not allowed to have a woman in his house.

“No female is permitted on this neck of land, and it must be an intolerable place of residence. Even female animals are excluded, for they make no exception to the rule. In ten of the monasteries the inmates live in common on the same fare; in the other ten the devotees may supplement the bill of fare with what they can buy outside. There is one town, the seat of the monastic government, which has bazaars where food and other articles can be bought. But you cannot buy hens, only roosters; an inhabitant may keep a cat, a farmer a horse, but neither must be of the feminine gender.”

“What a queer place that must be to live!” exclaimed Mrs. Blossom.

“Who in the world darns the men’s stockings for them?”

“They must do it themselves, as I have sometimes been obliged to do, being a bachelor,” said the captain with a glance at the mother of the owner.

“The more shame for you !” laughed Mrs. Blossom.

“The monks are very hospitable after the manner of those of St. Bernard and some others,” continued the commander, not deeming it prudent to reply to the lady’s last remark. “They entertain you, but expect a present to the institution, and the laymen who wait on you are as exacting for their tips as a New York waiter. They make up the bed for you on the divan where you sat at dinner ; and if you are a guest you would wish the exclusion of females were carried out with even more severity, for certain red-jacketed insects are said to be very annoying to one who tries to sleep within these sacred precincts.”

“And we must not go on shore to see these strange people ? ” asked Mrs. Woolridge.

“Any of the gentlemen can land, and they may have the barge or the Maud for this purpose ; but no feminine creature, not even the cabin cat, can do so,” replied the commander. “I heard of some English people with ladies among them, who conveyed two of the latter to the land, and they put their dainty feet on Mount Athos ; but it appears to have been a mere act of bravado, just as some small boys will do a thing for no earthly reason except that it is forbidden to do it. But there can be no satisfaction in merely putting your foot on the shore, ladies ; for you can see nothing not to be viewed from the deck of the ship.”

"I'm sure I don't want to go among such barbarous people!" protested Mrs. Blossom warmly.

"They are not barbarous, but eminently religious people in their own way of thinking, who separate themselves from the world in order to be away from its temptations, and to devote themselves entirely to the service of God," added the commander.

"That is not my idea of a religious life," said Mrs. Belgrave.

"It is not mine; but I respect people who are willing to sacrifice so much for their religion. It is said that some ancient manuscripts of great value have been found in some of these monasteries. How is that, Professor Giroud?"

"I think it is true; but the libraries at the present time amount to nothing of any consequence. One visitor found the books stacked up in the closets," replied the professor. "This is not a seat of learning in modern times, whatever it may have been two thousand years ago."

"Are we to visit all the islands in The Archipelago, Captain Ringgold?" inquired Mr. Woolridge.

"Life would be too short for that, though I will go to as many of them as the party desire," answered the commander. "This peninsula, in addition to the twenty monasteries, has chapels, huts, caves, and other places of resort, where hermits and devotees live all by themselves; for the very air is holy to these people. As you can see nothing more from this anchorage, I propose to get under way. We will stand up the

gulf two or three miles before we lay our course to the southward."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Woolridge, who had formerly been a sporting man; and he was evidently beginning to be bored with the classics and monasteries, though Greek history had some interest to him. "Our life on board of the steamer is certainly the pleasantest in the world, and as domestic as home could be; but I am no scholar, and I can't take in all that interests some of the party."

"That is frank, Mr. Woolridge, and I am glad to have you express your mind freely," said the commander. "We may not all agree in regard to our voyage; but we can at least agree to disagree."

The "Big Four," including Louis this time, returned to the Maud. The prisoner on the main deck had given no trouble at all, for he had no chance to make any resistance. His breakfast had been served to him in his room, and the cords that bound him had been removed. The commander instructed Captain Scott in regard to the course and for emergencies. The steamers were soon under way, and standing up the Gulf of Monte Santo, which is only fifteen miles wide.

The scenery was generally rugged, and the party were interested in the little chapels, oratories, and huts, which were sometimes perched on peaks, overhanging cliffs, and even in the trees. But the voyagers had soon seen enough of them, and the prows of the steamers were headed out of the bay. They

passed close to the mountain, for the water is very deep in all parts of this region.

“South, half east,” said the commander to the officer of the deck.

Everything proceeded as usual on board of both steamers. Lunch was served at the accustomed hour; and as it was an exceedingly quiet time, the party were not annoyed by any such bad weather as scattered and partly destroyed the fleet of King Xerxes. As the Guardian-Mother went away from the land, Captain Mazagan was escorted to the upper deck, where an armchair was given him forward. He was silent and subdued; but he was attended by a seaman with a repeating rifle in his hands, and there was no possible chance to escape.

Some islands were seen in the distance, and they passed quite near a considerable group of small ones. Late in the afternoon the lookout announced land on the starboard bow. It was the island of Skyro, sixteen miles long, and around it are a number of smaller ones.

“No end of stories could be told about Skyros,” said the professor as soon as the commander had told them the name.

“But they are all fish stories, I suppose,” suggested Mrs. Blossom.

“They are about all mythological,” added the professor. “Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, was brought up on the large island, and from here Ulysses took him to the Trojan war. You know that Theseus” —

“I never was introduced to him,” interposed Mr. Woolridge, who had no taste for mythology.

“Then I will tell you about him,” continued the professor pleasantly. “Theseus was the son of Ægeus, the King of Athens. Next to Hercules, he was the most celebrated hero of antiquity. He vanquished Centaurs, killed the Minotaur, and made his way out of the labyrinth of Crete, following a thread given him by Ariadne.”

“Did he swallow his own head?” asked the sportsman.

“No; but he practically swallowed the heads of others.”

“Were the Centaurs cow-boys?” asked Mrs. Blossom.

“Rather they were horse-boys?” answered the professor quietly. “The Centaurs were not such as your pastoral hero, Davy Crockett, described himself, half horse and half alligator, but half horse and half man.”

“I have seen him in the almanac,” said Mrs. Blossom.

At this moment the party were disturbed by the approach of Captain Mazagan, closely followed by the sentinel.

CHAPTER XXIV

APPROACHING THE DORO CHANNEL

CAPTAIN MAZAGAN did not look like a very dangerous man as he approached the cabin passengers on the after part of the promenade deck; for though he still wore his depressed and subdued expression, there was something like a smile on his face. The commander hastened to intercept him.

“Will you permit me to sit at a proper distance from this goodly company, Captain Ringgold, and listen to the instruction given to them?” the prisoner asked. “I heard some of it as I was walking, and I am interested in the conversation. I do not ask to join the party, and I will be perfectly silent.”

The commander hesitated; but he could not suggest any motive the pirate had, and he asked the party if there was any objection to the request. None was offered, and the permission was granted, but Spinner his guard was ordered to watch him closely.

“The Centaur you have seen in the almanac with a bow and arrow is called the archer, and is a sign of the zodiac, Sagittarius. Don’t ask me what the zodiac is, madam, for it would take all the rest of the day to explain it,” laughed the instructor. “*A nos moutons.*”

“Which means ‘to our peanuts’ again,” added the commander. “Theseus was the particular peanut you were cracking, Professor.”

“Thank you, Captain. Theseus conquered the Centaurs, who lived in Thessaly, which is the part of Greece you could see to the north-west of us, if you could see any land in that direction. The Minotaur which Theseus slew was a monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man. He was a worse cannibal than any South-Sea islanders; for he fed upon young men and maidens, and Athens had to supply him with his bill of fare.

“When a fellow undertook to play a trick upon Buffon, the naturalist, putting on hoofs and a pair of horns, pretending to be the satanic gentleman who wears these appendages, the savant objected, as the trickster proposed to eat him, saying: ‘Herbivorous, not carnivorous.’ The Minotaur had a bovine head, and was herbivorous so far, and young men and maidens were not his proper diet. I beg Mrs. Blossom not to accept this story literally, for there is a scientific objection to it,” said Dr. Hawkes.

“I don’t accept it at all,” pouted the lady.

“I tell the story as it is, and it is not for me to reconcile it to science. The Minotaur was shut up in the Cretan labyrinth, a maze from which there was no escape, constructed by Dædalus, the most ingenious artist of Athens. The young men and maidens were selected by lot to feed the monster, and sent to Crete, now Candia, the largest island in these parts, as the

food of the Minotaur. Theseus begged to be one of them, though his father protested, and was permitted to be one of the victims.

“When he arrived, Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, the king of the island, fell in love with him and assisted him in his mission, which was nothing less than to slay the monster; and he accomplished his purpose. Ariadne had given him a thread by following which he got out of the labyrinth, as well as the sword with which he killed the Minotaur. Theseus had promised to marry her, and she embarked with him in his vessel with the intended victims he had saved. On the way they stopped at Naxos, an island to the south-east of us. The hero was not true to his promise, but deserted the devoted maiden while she was asleep.

“In the Vatican at Rome, there is a beautiful piece of sculpture which represents this event. The faithless swain excused himself on the plea that Minerva had instructed him to do so. The vessel of Theseus usually had black sails. His father, the king, was naturally very anxious about his son when he departed on his perilous mission; and the young man had promised to set white sails on his return if he was successful, but he forgot to do so as he approached the coast.

“Ægeus, failing to see the white sails, believing his son had perished, committed suicide; and thus the returned hero became the king of Athens. In that day as in this there were factions, and Theseus was the intended victim of a plot; but he escaped to this island of Skyro. Lycomedes, the king, was treacherous to him, and

caused him to be hurled from one of the high cliffs you see into the sea, and he perished. His body was afterwards conveyed to Athens for burial, and the temple of the Theseum was erected in his honor. Some of it still remains, and you may see it. I hope Mrs. Blossom will not be too deeply affected over the fate of the hero, for the story is pure fiction."

"Not a bit affected, sir, for he was faithless to the girl who loved him and helped him kill the — the" —

"The critter," suggested Uncle Moses.

"The critter, whatever he was," added the lady.

"But I have read that the Minotaur had a man's head and a bull's body," said the worthy lawyer, chuckling as usual.

"It is stated both ways," replied the professor. "As you Americans say, 'You pays your money and takes your choice.'"

"Then we cannot determine accurately whether the monster was carnivoroos or herbivorous," laughed the surgeon.

"I don't believe there ever was any such beast," said Mrs. Blossom.

"I think we all share the doubt, madam."

"I am sorry to trouble you, Captain Mazagan," said Captain Ringgold, approaching the prisoner, "for I feel obliged to ask you to retire to your state-room, for the conversation is finished for the present."

"Certainly, Captain, if you so desire," replied he; and he went forward followed by Spinner the sentinel.

“Why do you send him away, Captain?” asked Mrs. Belgrave.

“Because we are getting pretty close to the shore. The land ahead of us is Point Lithari; and beyond this is Trebouki Bay, where I intend to come to anchor for the night,” answered the commander.

“But can’t you sail here in the night?”

“Just as well as in the day; but you wished to see the shores of the islands as we pass by them; and we have only about five hours run to the Doro Channel.”

“I don’t know what that is.”

“We came through it on our way to Constantinople. Besides, I do not wish to work the boys too hard; for they are keeping watch all the time, and would have to be up half the night, each of them, if we continued on our course.”

Within an hour the anchor was let go at the bay in the south of the island, and the Maud came alongside as usual. The “Big Four” ascended the gangway, and the two who had mothers received an affectionate embrace, though they had been separated only eight hours. There was a sing in the evening, and the boys slept in their state-rooms. Breakfast was served at the usual hour the next morning, and by eight o’clock the steamers were under way again.

“No one has expressed a desire to explore the eastern part of The Archipelago, where there are many islands,” said the captain when the party were seated on the upper deck as usual.

“I don’t believe we want to see them,” replied Mr.

Woolridge, with a bored look. "We have had plenty of good specimens of these islands."

"I don't think it would pay to visit them," added Captain Ringgold. "We have more wonderful sights ahead of us."

"But what islands are there over there?" asked Mrs. Belgrave.

"One of the largest is Mytilene, as it is called now after its principal city, though the proper name is Lesbos. It is close to the shore of Asia Minor. It is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Acts, where Paul stopped over night there. This place is still a thriving city. 'And we sailed thence, and came the next day over against Chios,' the record continues. This island is about forty miles south of Mytilene, and its other name is Scio. The next day Paul went to Samos, which is an island near the mainland, about thirty-five miles south-east of Chios. We might follow the apostle in his voyaging if we had a map of the locality.

"The most noted island in this connection is Patmos, a very rocky island south-west of Samos, and twenty-five miles from it, about ten miles long and five wide. It was once used as a convict colony by the Romans. It was a place of call for vessels going from Ephesus to Rome. It is said that John wrote the Revelation here while he was a prisoner for preaching the gospel. On a height near the principal town is the Monastery of St. John the Divine. Half way up this hill is a cave where it is said that the Apostle received the Revelation.

“Rhodes and Crete are also mentioned in the Scripture. The former is of little importance now, for it has fallen into the decay and neglect of the ages. Many of us remember it principally on account of the Colossus, a gigantic statue of Helios, the god of the Rhodians, and typified the sun. Most of us have seen pictures of this figure straddling across the entrance to the port, with ships under full sail, passing between the legs. This no longer exists there. Crete, or Candia, is the great Turkish island south of all the others, where there has been an attempt at a revolution within a few years, though it was not a success. I believe I have mentioned all the islands you are not to see.”

“That is interesting,” added Mrs. Blossom. “You tell us about Gospel heroes instead of those of fiction.”

“But I like the mythological stories; and I used to be taught in my school that there was a meaning under them,” added Mrs. Belgrave.

“But such beasts as that bull-head, or man-head, whichever it was, look silly to me; and I would as lief hear about Jack the Giant-Killer, and other fellows like him. I wish now we had gone to Patmos, for I should like to be once where St. Paul had been,” said Mrs. Blossom.

“You are just there now, madam,” interposed the professor. “He sailed all through these waters, and went to Rome and Athens, as you must be aware if you remember your Scripture. The Epistles to the

Thessalonians and to the Corinthians were addressed to his people in Greece.”

“I did not think of it till the captain spoke of him.”

“When you go to Rome you will visit the Church of St. Paul without the Walls. It contains the block of marble upon which he is said to have been beheaded, and the three fountains which sprang from the earth wherever the head struck the ground in the three bounds it made after it had been cut off,” the professor explained.

“Do you believe that?” asked the incredulous lady rather sharply.

“Whether I believe it or not, the story is not mythological; and if you think it is any truer than the bull-headed man, or the man-headed bull, you are entitled to your own opinion, and I shall respect your belief.”

“I think we had better change the subject,” said the commander with a laugh, for he thought the argument was becoming slightly warm between the parties. “The land on our starboard hand is the island of Eubœa. When I was a school-boy it was called Negropont, and is still called so in Italian. It is very nearly one hundred miles long, and varies in width from four to thirty miles. It is separated from the mainland of Greece by the strait of Euripus, which narrows to a width in one place of one hundred and twenty feet, where it is crossed by a bridge supported by a rock in the middle. You can see Mount Delphi

now, though it is nearly fifty miles distant, for it is five thousand seven hundred and twenty-five feet high.

“This island was once regarded as one of the most important possessions of Venice when it was a powerful and prosperous republic. Displayed at the present time in the Church of St. Mark in that city is the standard of the kingdom of Negropont. It was conquered by Mohammed II., and was then under the immediate rule of the Capudan Pacha, or Lord High Admiral of the Turkish navy. A few Mohammedan families now reside in Chalcis, the principal city, and all the mosques but one have been changed into Christian churches. A great deal might be said about this island; but I have not time to say it, for we have come to the Doro Channel, though Eubœa still remains on your right.”

The steamers entered the channel off Cape Fassa.

CHAPTER XXV

“WHERE BURNING SAPPHO LOVED AND SUNG”

It may be thought that, as the “Big Four” were on board of the *Maud* during the time the commander and the professor were giving their historical, geographical, and mythological lessons, they were left in ignorance of the information conveyed to the older members of the party. But the captain and the professor had carefully drawn up the course of instruction for them, and all the requisite books were on board for their use. Scott had the “Sailing Directions” that go with the charts of these waters, containing a description of every island.

A full set of encyclopædias, and many other books containing all the information imparted on board of the ship, had been placed in a closet in the cabin. The captain of the *Maud* had the descriptive part of the lessons in his care; and perhaps he studied his books more diligently than ever before, and Louis attended to the classical portion. But all these would have been practically useless to them if they had been obliged to steer and keep the lookout; and for this reason Captain Ringgold had put two able seamen on board of the *Maud*, who steered the little

steamer while the young men attended to their studies.

Being "on the spot," they were interested in looking up the history of the islands they passed; and seated in the standing-room, Scott or Louis read from the books of the library what they contained in regard to them. Even Felix became not a little absorbed in these studies; and Scott was a very diligent student, though he did not neglect his practical navigation. He kept the run of the course, and explained the charts to his companions. Nothing material was lost by their non-attendance at the lectures of the captain and the professor, and something was gained in the added interest of the scholars; for each was required to contribute his share to the common stock of knowledge, and each of the four was ambitious to have something of interest to say at the study sessions.

"This is Cape Doro on the starboard hand," said Captain Scott, as he pointed to the west shore of the channel they were about to enter, and they had just ended the discussion about Eubœa from which the headland projected. "The water is very deep here, and where we are it is one hundred and sixty fathoms; between the two islands ahead of us it is over two hundred. Where the shore of a sea is mountainous, there is sure to be a great deal of deep water near it; for the bottom of the sea, if it could be laid bare, would show mountains, hills, plains, and valleys. The little islands we see here are the tops of hills; and the

shoals, like the Kharos Banks, are only the tops of elevations which do not quite reach the top of the water.”

“There is a cape which looks as though it might have a name,” said Morris, pointing to the port side.

“That is Cape Fassa, with a lighthouse on the hill behind it,” added Scott. “The land is the island of Andros, which is twenty-one miles long, and is said to be the most fertile one in The Archipelago. There was a large town in here somewhere near the middle of the island, some ruins of which may still be seen. The cape on the port is Cape Nikolo; and here I must give out a new course. I suppose we shall anchor to-night at a place which has not much of a history, and is a modern town.”

“We will go with you, Captain Scott,” said Louis; and they followed him to the fore-castle.

“South by east, three-quarters east, Knott,” was the course the captain gave to the wheelman, who repeated it after him. “What’s the matter, Morris?” he asked when the one addressed had struck something like an attitude on the deck.

“Have ye’s got the stomick-ache, me b’y?” demanded Felix.

“Not a bit of it; but I was thinking of a piece I had to speak in school,” replied Morris, who seemed to be in excellent spirits.

“Give it to us,” added Scott.

Young Woolridge spread out his hands, and partly in fun, but rather more in earnest, he began to recite:

“The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
Though all, except their sun, is set.”

“Bravo! Is that all you are going to give us of it?” said Louis. “It just fits the case here, and I should like to hear some more of it.”

“I don’t remember it well enough to recite it; but you have Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage in the library, and I will read it if you wish,” replied Morris, who had given a good deal of attention to elocution for a boy of his age.

“Get the book, and we will have it here on the fore-castle.”

Morris read the portion of the poem from which the stanza he had declaimed was taken, with very good taste; and the captain had to interrupt him once to tell the wheelman to mind the helm, he was so interested in the reading.

The studies were resumed with comments on the portions of the shore near them.

“Behind those islands,” said Scott, when the steamer had made a few miles more, “is Cape Colonna.”

“I think not,” interposed Louis. “That cape is on the main shore.”

“If you will look at this chart, you will see Cape Colonna,” persisted the captain.

“I think Louis is right; there may be a Cape Colonna over there, but it is not the ‘original Jacobs.’ Two lines more of Byron:—

‘Save where Tritonia’s airy shrine adorns
Colonna’s cliff, and gleams along the wave.’

Wait a minute;” and the elocutionist rushed into the cabin, returning in a moment with an encyclopædia in his hand. “Here it is; and he read from the book: ‘Colonna, Cape (ancient Sunium Promontory), a headland of Greece, forming the southmost point of Attica, and crowned by the ruins of a temple of Minerva, thirteen of whose white columns, from which the cape derives its name, are still standing.’”

“But where is Attica?” asked Scott, who remembered the word Colonna, and believed when he announced the cape that he had something worth telling.

“It was the province of which Athens was the capital; and, therefore, it cannot be on the island of Andros,” added Louis.

“I give it up,” said Scott.

“Four lines more of Byron, though it may not be in order here:—

‘Place me on Sunium’s marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.’

I ought not to have got that off till we were in sight of the cliff," said Morris, who appeared to have a good deal of Byron in his memory.

"Musther Byron had it bad when he wrote that; but he couldn't sing and die both at the same time. Now, did he want to sing, or die, swan-like?" asked Felix.

"You are mixed, Felix," suggested Louis.

"Perhaps I am; but I don't think the swan belongs to the choir, for I never heard one sing a note in my life."

"But in mythology the swan is endowed with wonderful musical powers. I don't remember the author, but I do the line, 'And the sweetest song is the last he sings.' In 'The Merchant of Venice' we find" —

"You find, my darling; but I never looked for it, and so I did not find it," interrupted Felix.

"I find: 'Makes a swan-like end, fading in music.' Poetically speaking the swan is a musical bird."

"He can't do anything but hiss," persisted Felix, who did not quote poetry.

"Where are we now?" asked Scott, laughing.

"Off Cape Colonna, according to the chart, but not poetically speaking," replied Felix.

"The people of this island were compelled to join Xerxes with their fleet in the invasion of Greece," said Scott, who had not yet finished what he had looked up for the occasion. "Because they did this when they could not help themselves, Themistocles, who was the political chief in Athens, and com-

manded the Grecian fleet, levied a heavy tribute upon the Andrians, which they refused to pay. The Greeks therefore laid siege to their chief city; but they failed to capture it. Themistocles then threatened them with two powerful gods of the Athenians, Persuasion and Necessity. There is not much mythology about this. The Andrians hit back by saying that they had two churlish deities, Poverty and Inability, who would not permit them to submit to the exactions. But the island afterwards submitted to Greece. It was also taken by the Romans, after it came into possession of Macedonia. I have no more history for you now,” said Captain Scott.

“How far is it to where we are going, Captain Scott?” asked Morris.

“About sixteen miles. That little island on the starboard is Jura,” replied the captain, as he went forward to look after the navigation.

On board of the Guardian-Mother about the same story had been told by the captain and the professor; and some of the party had indulged in quotations from Byron, whom the instructor regarded as one of the greatest poets of England. The commander indorsed the remark, and recited the poet’s apostrophe to the ocean and the verses beginning:—

“Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?”

“That poem always takes hold of me,” added Dr. Hawkes.

“But Byron was a real naughty man, our minister said,” added Mrs. Blossom.

“That does not make his poetry any worse,” replied the captain. “Some bad men have lofty and good thought; and while I don’t admire the personal character of the man, I think more of his poetry than of any other poet’s.”

At six o’clock the ship came to anchor in Syra Harbor, the log of the day footing up eighty-six miles, for the steamers kept up their speed to only ten knots. The Maud came alongside as usual; and Scott reported to the commander, though there was nothing special to relate.

“Have you all attended to your lessons?” asked Captain Ringgold, who would have hoisted the little steamer on the upper deck, and kept the “Big Four” on board the ship, rather than sacrifice the instruction which he considered one of the principal features of the voyage.

Captain Scott reported on this important point, and the commander was satisfied. The two seamen were left on board of the Maud, and the engineer was required to keep up his steam. Dinner was attended to as soon as the anchor struck the bottom.

“This island is rather exceptional in The Archipelago,” said Captain Ringgold. “It is a great business place, and is the stopping place of very many steamers that pass through the sea. As you came into the harbor you noticed a high hill back of the town to which the inhabitants retreated for safety

from the Greek pirates, who infested these waters in the Middle Ages. There was a city here in ancient times, but there is hardly anything left of it. Old Syra was on the hill you saw. The place around us is Hermopolis, usually called Port Syra, and has sixteen thousand inhabitants. The duties collected here are no small part of the revenues of Greece. It has a quarantine station and lazaretto, and the island is the principal seat of the Protestant missionaries.”

After dinner the party embarked in the Maud to visit the town.

CHAPTER XXVI

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR TEMPTATION

THE Maud took a turn about the harbor, and enabled the party to see all there was of it. As the captain had said, Hermopolis was entirely of modern growth, and many steamers were anchored off the city. Travellers going to any of the principal ports of Europe, or to Syria and Egypt, could find a vessel to take them on their way. One of the most important lines is the Austrian Lloyd's, which conveys passengers to Italy on the one hand, or up the Danube, by the Black Sea, on the other, and to most of the intervening ports, as well as to Syria and Egypt.

There was nothing of interest in the town, which is mainly a commercial place; but much to the delight of Mrs. Belgrave and Mrs. Blossom, they found a couple of missionaries, who told them all about their mission. There were two thousand children in the schools of the city, which was promising for its future development. They spent the evening with these gentlemen and their families; for there happened to be, at the time, a prayer meeting conducted in English, and both of the ladies were speakers and singers.

On board of the steamer at anchor Captain Ring-

gold had looked out carefully for the safety of his prisoner, for if he could get the ear of one of the consuls residing there, he might make a good deal of trouble; but the commander had witnesses to prove the conspiracy in which Mazagan was engaged, and the assault he had made upon the party. But he did not care to be arrested for holding his man in confinement. He had kept a sentinel at his door all the time while the ship was at anchor, or at any point where he could escape.

Captain Mazagan was very gentlemanly in his manners; and it was plain that he, as well as His Highness his employer, had passed considerable time in London and Paris. It was just as clear that he was as brave as a lion, and was a person of the most determined resolution. Though he would gladly have mingled with the passengers, he was kept at a distance from them. The *Maud* with all the passengers, including the commander, had hardly departed from the gangway, before the sentinel at the door of the prisoner's state-room heard a knock.

The seaman had been ordered to supply all the wants of Mazagan if reasonable in their nature. There was a blind in the door for the admission of air to the occupant, but it could not be opened. In order to supply the inmate with anything he desired, it was necessary to open the door, and the captain of the ship kept the key.

“What do you want?” asked the sentinel at the outside, who passed his time in marching up and down

the gangway extending fore and aft along the bulwarks on each side.

“I want to talk with you,” replied Mazagan.

“I don’t know’s I have anything to say,” replied the sentinel, who had not been forbidden to talk with the captive.

“What is your name, my good man?” asked the prisoner in the oiliest of tones; and Felix would have said that he must have kissed the Blarney stone.

“My name is Tom Bargate.”

“How old a man are you?”

“I am forty-seven years old the last fourth of July, for I was born on that day, the most glorious of the whole year,” answered the patriotic American.

“So old as that? I suppose you are an officer of this steamer,” asked the salvy captive.

“Not even a petty officer, or the cockswain of one of the cutters.”

“Then I suppose you have made your fortune.”

“My fortune! How could I do that following the seas as a sailor?”

“But you are old enough to have laid aside considerable money for your old age. Have you a family?”

“I have a wife and two children, God bless them!”

“And have you laid up some money for them if you should happen never to come back from some of your voyages?”

“I have an acre of ground and a house on it, all paid for, and I don’t owe any man a cent. I am bet-

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on

off than some sailors. I send my wages home to Molly every month in a check from the judge."

"Who is the judge?"

"They call him Uncle Moses in the party, but the hands all call him the judge," replied Bargate, who was wondering all the time to what this conversation was leading, though he had about concluded that the prisoner was talking to him for the sake of talking, as he had no other person to whom he could speak.

Mazagan questioned him for some time longer in the same strain, and the seaman told him freely all about himself and his affairs.

"Where is the captain of the ship now?" he asked when he appeared to have exhausted the other topics.

"He has gone ashore, sir, with the party," replied Bargate.

"I am sorry he is not on board, for I wanted to speak to him," added the captive, in a tone, real or assumed, indicating that he was annoyed at the absence of the commander.

"Mr. Boulong is on board, sir; and I will call him if you wish."

"Who is Mr. Boulong?"

"He is the first officer."

"It would do no good for me to see him. Don't you make any money except your wages, Tom Bargate?" asked the prisoner with sudden earnestness.

"Not a cent, sir. I have a boy of twelve at home, in the State of Maine, and he takes care of the cow and two pigs, so that we get along very well."

“But would you not like to add a thousand dollars to your little farm? I mean to add it honestly.”

“It would be a fortune to me, and I would like to have it,” replied Bargate, who was certainly pleased at the idea.

“Very well, my good Bargate; then we understand each other perfectly,” said Mazagan. “I have that amount of money about me in Bank of England notes, which are good all over the world, just as good as the gold itself.”

“Where did you get so much money if you are nothing but the skipper of that felucca where we picked you up?” asked Tom Bargate, who thought the prisoner wanted to talk very badly, or he would not have told him he had so much money on his person, for any sensible man is very likely to keep such a matter to himself.

“I was not the skipper of the felucca; and I should not have been picked up as I was if the captain and his men had not been cowards,” returned Mazagan with more spirit than he had before displayed in this interview.

“I thought you was the skipper, for you seemed like the leader in all that business.”

“I chartered the felucca in Cons’ti’ple for a pleasure excursion.”

“It was a mighty queer pleasure excursion you were taking, chasing a steamer in her, and trying to lay her abroad,” suggested Bargate who was one of the old man-of-war’s men.

"We are off the subject, my good Tom Bargate," to whom the capture of the felucca did not seem to be a pleasant topic. "I said something to you about a thousand dollars."

"So you did, sir," replied the old sailor, as though he had forgotten the circumstance, for he did not yet see what the captive was driving at.

"And I said I had the money about me," added Mazagan, beginning to be rather impatient, and hardly as silky as he had begun.

"Well, sir, you are lucky to have so much money about you. That is twice as much money as I ever had at once of my own, for you see my wages were sent to Molly as fast as I earned the money," replied Bargate.

"Don't you want to have that much money in your hand now of your own?" demanded Mazagan, trying to restore his oily tongue to its former working order, with which his impatience somewhat interfered.

"I should think I was a rich man if I had a thousand dollars in my pocket."

"Then you can have it there if you only say the word," added the prisoner, coming more to the point.

"Do you mean to say that you want to give me a thousand dollars?" asked Bargate, bewildered by the idea.

"That is just the idea. When you get to Athens, you can buy a draft for a thousand dollars and send it to your wife in America," the captive explained.

"I dont think I quite understand this thing. I

don't exactly see why you want to give me so much money," said the seaman, who was really puzzled; for he was one of those simple-minded men who do not readily catch an idea, though he was as brave as a lion, and hardly knew anything outside of his duty.

"I want to give you the money for doing something for me," answered Mazagan, evidently realizing that he must proceed very slowly with his custodian.

"And what am I to do, sir?" demanded Bargate blankly.

"You do not suppose I stay in this state-room because I want to be here, do you?" asked the captive.

"Well, no; I had the idea that you were stopping there because the door was locked with the key in the captain's pocket," replied the sentinel with a chuckle.

"I don't mind the door being locked so much as I do the fact that you are standing at it with a loaded gun in your hands. Now come to the point. Will you take the thousand dollars in two one-hundred pound notes of the Bank of England?"

"I will; and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live!" exclaimed Bargate.

"Very well; I thought you were a sensible man. Now can you see a boat near the steamer? There are always plenty of them at this port looking for passengers for the shore or other vessels. Go to the rail and beckon to one of them to come alongside," said Mazagan, quite glibly by this time, for he believed he had carried his point.



"THE CAPTIVE SEIZED THE WEAPON." Page 233.

“A boat!” exclaimed the sailor. “What shall I do with it when it comes alongside?”

“I want to go on shore in it,” replied the captive bluntly. “Can’t you understand that?”

“But you are locked into your room, and the captain has the key,” suggested the sentinel.

“Call the boat, and I will take care that the door of the room is opened,” replied the prisoner, quite impatiently, though he spoke in a low tone, as both of them had done from the beginning. “What do you suppose I am giving you a thousand dollars for?”

“I thought it was because you were a very generous man.”

“I don’t believe you are a fool, if you do act like one!”

“But you can’t go ashore in the boat if I call one. What do you suppose I am here for?” demanded Bargate.

“To make two hundred pounds by helping me to get ashore!” answered Mazagan, in a hoarse whisper.

“I don’t see it! Do you believe I would sell my soul for a thousand dollars, or a million?” replied the old sailor, upon whose simple mind the meaning of all this conversation suddenly dawned like a flash-light from a tower. “No, sir! Molly would not own me if I did such a thing, and my boy would be ashamed of me as long as he lived.”

“Then you won’t take the thousand dollars?”

“Not if it is Judas-money. Do you suppose I

would betray my good captain for all the money in the world ? ” added Bargate indignantly.

Just at that moment, when Mazagan believed his chance, hopeful a few moments before, was lost, the blind of the door was suddenly pulled down and the two men stood face to face.

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW THE FUGITIVE WAS RECAPTURED

THE blind had occupied at least one-third of the size of the state-room door, and when it was suddenly removed, to the intense astonishment of the sentinel, there was abundant space for the passage of a man even as large as Captain Mazagan, through the opening. It had been inserted in the frame of the door after the latter was constructed, and secured with screws, which the prisoner had removed with his pocket knife.

The moment Bargate realized that an escape was intended he raised his repeating rifle, and was ready to use it if occasion should require. The instant he did so, the captive, rendered desperate by his disappointment at the fidelity of his custodian, seized the weapon, which was within his reach. The seaman held on to it, and a struggle ensued in which the size and strength of Mazagan gave him all the advantage.

For a brief space of time Bargate contested the possession of the rifle, till his stalwart opponent struck him a heavy blow in the right eye with his fist, and he went over backwards. If he was not stunned by the hard hit, his ideas for the moment were very much confused; and before he could pick himself up,

Mazagan had leaped through the aperture in the door, striking partly upon the body of his fallen foe, who still clung to his rifle.

But the desperate Moor did not stop to trouble his custodian any further, and rushed to the rail of the steamer. It was after nine o'clock in the evening; but he could see half a dozen boats in the harbor, and one of them was not distant from the ship. The refugee did not hesitate an instant when he reached the rail, but placing his chest on it, threw his legs around, and dropped into the water feet first.

In spite of the burden of his clothes, and without regard to the hundred-pound notes he claimed to have about him, he swam vigorously towards the nearest boat he had seen. He seemed to be a vigorous swimmer, and made very good progress through the water. Rising above its surface as far as he could spring, he shouted in Greek to the boatman; but the man, if he heard his voice, could not see him in the gloom of the night, though it was not very dark, for a small moon was just giving out a feeble light.

By the time the fugitive had dropped into the water, Tom Bargate had collected his scattered ideas, and risen to his feet. The Moor had put one of his feet rather heavily upon his chest, and he was feeling quite sore in that region. He saw the escaping prisoner, and he had raised his rifle to his shoulder to fire at him when he dropped into the water, hardly with a splash.

“On deck! On deck! Help! Help!” shouted the

old sailor, vigorously enough to be heard the whole length of the ship.

“What is the matter, Bargate?” demanded Mr. Boulong, who was at that moment coming to his state-room for something, and it was the next one to the brig.

“The prisoner has got out, sir!” yelled Tom, standing at the rail, as he caught a glimpse of the head of Mazagan in the water. “There he is, sir, swimming with all his might!”

At the same time he raised the rifle to his shoulder, and pointed at the head he saw.

“Don’t shoot him,” interposed the first officer, seizing the weapon by the barrel. “Go and call the crew of the first cutter, and tell them to get her into the water in a hurry!”

“I am hurt, sir, and” —

“Stoody!” shouted Mr. Boulong without waiting to hear any more from the injured sailor.

“On deck, sir,” replied the cockswain of the first cutter, who was on the main deck forward.

“Call your crew, and stand by to lower the boat into the water!” added the officer.

“There comes the Maud, sir,” said Bargate, pointing over to the port side of the ship.

She was not more than a hundred and fifty feet from the ship, and it was the ringing of her speed bell which had attracted the attention of the seaman. She was slowing down to come up to the gangway.

“Never mind the cutter, Stoody!” called Mr.

Boulong, as he hastened to the gangway, where he descended to the platform. "Maud, ahoy!"

"On board the Guardian-Mother!" returned Captain Scott, the passengers and Captain Ringgold being in the standing-room engaged in singing a tune they had brought off from the meeting at the house of the missionary.

"Tell Captain Ringgold that the prisoner has escaped, and is swimming away from the ship at this moment!" shouted the first officer at the top of his lungs.

"Carry that story to the commander quick, Morris!" said Captain Scott, looking earnestly out on the water for the captive who was making his escape.

A minute later Captain Ringgold appeared on the forecastle; for the intelligence Morris had brought him was really appalling, inasmuch as Mazagan was the active conspirator against the peace of his fair young passenger. He had told Louis that he simply intended to keep the Moor a prisoner for the present, for then he would be sure that he was not engaged in any attempt to abduct Miss Blanche.

"I see his head!" exclaimed Scott, as the commander reached the forecastle; and he had already shifted the helm so that the little steamer was headed for the fugitive.

"But we must go to the ship for more force; he is a desperate villain," replied the commander.

"Before we can do that, sir, he will get into that boat ahead of him which is pulling for him," replied

Scott. "We have the two seamen on board who came down with us from Monte Santo, and we can muster four men besides the rest of us."

The captain of the *Maud* evidently believed that "the rest of us" were no unimportant part of the available force, and his spirits appeared to be at fever heat. He called Morris to the wheel, and pointed out the head on the water, which rose and fell as the strong swimmer urged himself forward. Scott had rung the speed bell again; the *Maud* was going ahead at her ordinary speed, and the boat was almost up to the fugitive when the steamer came near him.

"Captain Mazagan is a desperate fellow, for his liberty is at stake, and it is not going to be an easy thing to capture him even now," said the commander, as he carefully surveyed the situation. "I am afraid he will be in that boat before we can get hold of him."

"If I had only our usual force, sir, I would engage to have him on board the *Maud* in less than ten minutes," added Scott, who was boiling over with excitement, for now he had an idea what the consequences of the prisoner's escape might be to Miss Blanche or Louis, or both of them.

"Don't be too confident, Captain Scott," replied the commander.

"I can see just how to do it, Captain; and if you will let me do it, I will catch your man," continued the captain of the *Maud*.

"Very well; go on in your own way; but I shall

interfere if I see that things are going wrong," replied the commander.

"Felix, go aft and bring me the heave-line we used at Gibraltar," said the young commander.

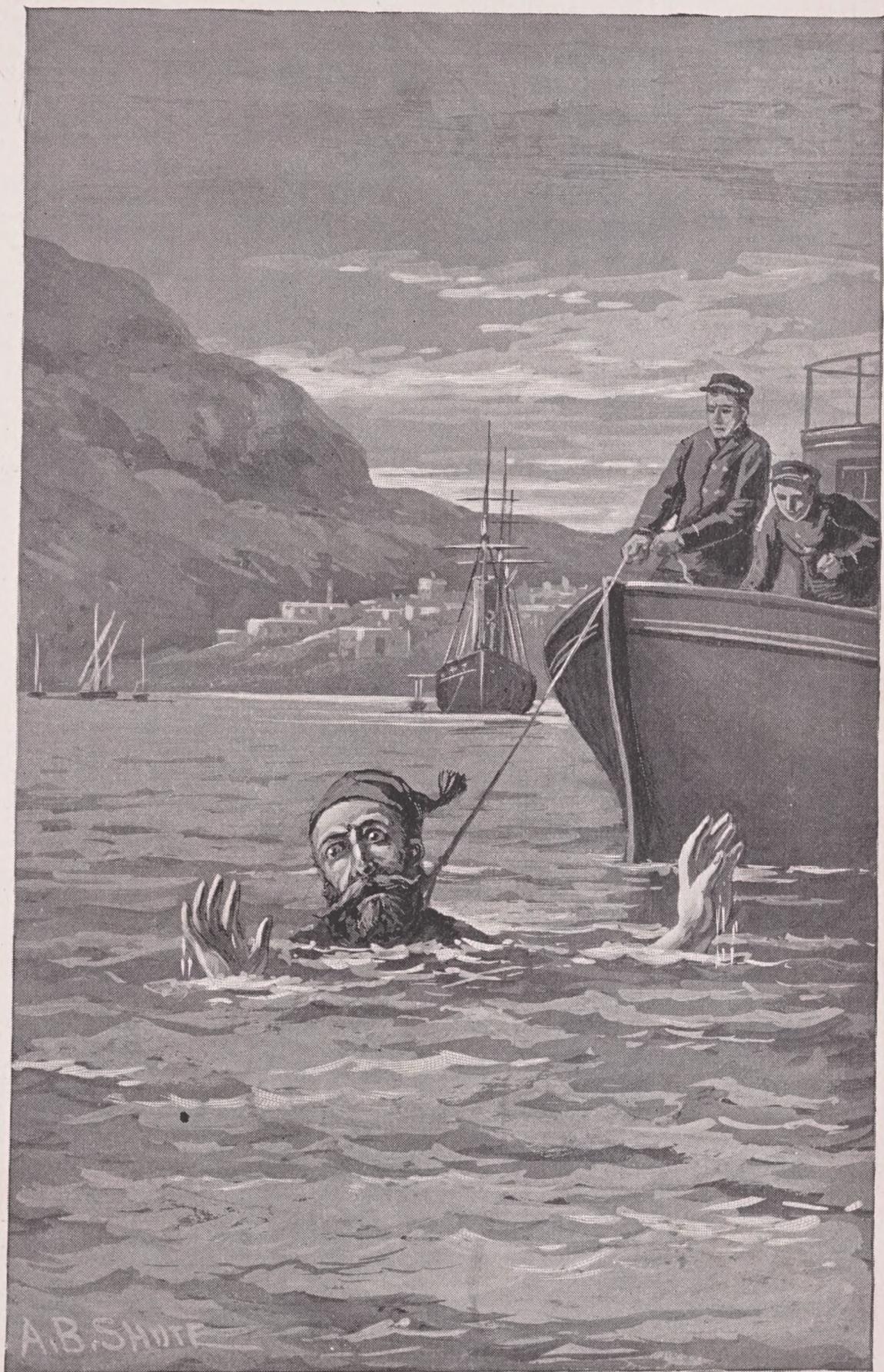
"But don't say a word to the party," interposed the commander of the ship. "Morris had a good deal of discretion," he added, turning to Scott, "for he delivered his message from you in my ear; and we will let them sing till they get on board of the steamer.

Louis had been in the standing-room up to this time; but when he saw Felix take the heave-line from the rail, he followed him forward, and soon learned what had happened. By this time all on the fore-castle knew what Captain Scott proposed to do, and Captain Ringgold fully approved the plan. He knew all about the young captain's adventure of this kind in Gibraltar Bay, and he believed it would be a success in this instance if the movement was skilfully executed.

"Don't let him get into the boat if you can possibly help it, Captain Scott," said the commander. "That might complicate the matter, for taking the prisoner out of the water and out of a boat may be legally two very different things."

"We are close aboard of him now, and he shall not get into the boat," replied Scott, who had arranged his lasso ready for use. "If I succeed in making a good throw, we are as sure of him as though he were locked into your brig; and a little more so, I think, after what has happened."

Scott had stationed himself at the head of the stem



“THE NOOSE WENT OVER THE HEAD OF THE SWIMMER.” Page 241.



of the steamer, and had the folds of the line in his left hand, while he held the noose in his right. He had ordered Morris to ring the speed bell, and the boat had slowed down to half speed. The man who pulled the Greek boat had ceased rowing when it looked as though his craft would be run down by the Maud. Mazagan was yelling at him with all the force of his lungs, though they were nearly empty after his vigorous exertions in swimming. Don said he was ordering him to pull the boat nearer to him.

“Stop and back her!” shouted Scott, when the Maud was within twenty feet of the struggling swimmer.

“Stop and back her!” repeated the helmsman, as he rang one bell and two almost together.

The headway of the Maud was immediately checked, though she still moved. The two seamen had been called down from the upper deck, and the time for final action was at hand. Since his exploit on the former occasion of this kind, Scott had prided himself a great deal upon it, and he had improved his skill by practice with the same line he had in his hands at the present time.

“Now go ahead slowly, Morris!” called the lassoist, at the moment he was ready to make his great effort.

Then he cast the line, and the noose went over the head of the swimmer just as he made a prodigious effort to reach the boat, his head rising so that his shoulders could be seen by the interested spectators on the forecastle. The intended victim of the operation seemed to have an idea of the meaning of the

movement, and he raised one of his hands to grasp the rope. But Scott manipulated the line so as to prevent him from doing so. He drew it tight, and then Mazagan began a struggle to disengage himself from the lasso; but the more he resisted his fate the more the young captain pulled upon it. It had gone to the right place, and it choked him so as to impair his remaining strength, exhausted in his determined effort to escape.

“Don’t choke him to death, Captain Scott,” interposed the commander.

“I will not, sir. Stop her, Morris! Back her!”

“Stop her! Back her!” repeated the wheelman.

The Maud came to a full stop when the stem was within a few feet of the exhausted fugitive. The choking had robbed him of what power he had, and his movements were very feeble. Morris called for a single turn of the propeller through the speaking tube, and the boat advanced till the prisoner was within reach of the men on the forecastle. Don was instructed to loosen the rope around his neck, and all of them to lift the man to the deck.

Captain Ringgold looked him over, and was glad when he found the man was not dead. In a few minutes he seemed to be breathing better, and talked, but in his own language. The passengers were still singing, unconscious that anything unusual had transpired on board. Dr. Hawkes was sent for, and asked to examine the fugitive as he lay on the deck. He declared that nothing serious ailed the patient, and he

would be all right when he recovered from the fatigue from which alone he was suffering.

The Maud ran up to the gangway of the ship, and the party went on board. Captain Mazagan was conducted to the brig.

CHAPTER XXVIII

“PLACE ME ON SUNIUM’S MARBLED STEEP”

THE party at the stern of the Maud had been so much occupied with the singing, and had enjoyed it under such unusual circumstances, that they had heard nothing of what transpired at the other end of the boat. The fugitive was thoroughly exhausted by his struggle in the water to reach the boat, and by the lassoing process. When he was brought on board of the ship he was as tame as an infant dove, and it required no force to handle him.

Dr. Hawkes went to his room as soon as he had tumbled into his berth, and gave him a stimulant, to which he did not object on account of his Mohammedan principles, if he had any, for his religion seemed to be all on the outside. Stevens had gone to work on the door before the party returned. He restored the blind, and then boarded up the space on the outside with the exception of an opening a foot square.

Captain Ringgold had wondered how the captive had been able to get away from the ship with the key of the room in his own pocket, and an armed sentinel at the door. Mr. Boulong explained how it had been done, and they visited the room together. They found

Tom Bargate had resumed his watch at the door, and the commander listened to his story. The doctor was asked to examine him. Another man was put in his place, and he was sent to the hospital, as No. 19 was called.

“He is not badly hurt, and will be as well as usual in a few days,” reported the surgeon. “Physically he was no match for the Moor, and he was plucky in standing up to him. I think Bargate is a very honest man, Captain Ringgold; for he might have made a thousand dollars by letting the fellow go, and probably no one would have been the wiser for it.”

“I know he is an honest man, and he told me of the temptation set before him,” replied the commander. “I have known him for many years, and he has behaved just as I should have expected him to do in such a situation.”

When the story was told of the seaman’s pluck and honesty in the cabin the passengers were in full sympathy for him, and Mrs. Blossom hastened to the hospital to do what she could for him under the direction of the doctor. It was not necessary for her to remain there, for the patient’s shipmates were his nurses.

“We ought to make up a purse for the poor fellow,” suggested Mrs. Belgrave. “Tom Bargate has lost a thousand dollars by his honesty.”

“I object to anything of the kind,” interposed the commander. “I do not believe in rewarding the men for simply doing their duty, and I have twenty more

on board who would have done the same thing. When we get to the end of this cruise, I shall not object to your making up a purse to be divided among the men. If it were done now every one who did an unusual thing might expect a reward."

"Virtue is its own reward," added Dr. Hawkes with a smile.

While the commander was on shore he had attended to the formalities of clearing so that he could sail early in the morning if he should be so disposed. After the event of the evening he thought it would be desirable to get out of the harbor at an early hour, and he gave his orders to this effect.

"Why didn't you let him go, Captain Ringgold?" asked Louis when they met in the commander's cabin, after the excitement of the event had passed away. "I had the idea that you wanted to get rid of him, as an elephant on your hands."

"He is an elephant, but he proves to be a very frisky one," replied the captain. "Like the Pacha, his veins are full of Moorish blood, and he is as revengeful as Othello himself when he believed he had a grievance against his wife. I did think of putting him ashore at some island on our course; but I realized that it was not safe to do so."

"Don't you think he has had enough of it?"

"Not at all. From his talk with Bargate it appears that his pockets are lined with hundred pound notes of the Bank of England, with which his employer no doubt supplied him. Probably he is to make a for-

tune, large or small, out of this enterprise, and he will not abandon it as long as there is anything left of him.”

“But you will have to do something with him,” suggested Louis.

“I shall simply keep him where he is, though of course he is a nuisance to us. Probably by this time that felucca has been repaired, and has two new rudders. I looked all over this harbor when we came in; she is not here, for she would stow herself away in some cove, as she did in Pornea Bay, and wait till Mazagan gets on board of her. I should be glad to get rid of him, but it would not be prudent to let him escape.”

At four o’clock in the morning all hands were active on board of the Guardian-Mother; the “Big Four” had been called; and the two steamers were under way. The passengers had not been awakened at this early hour; but they were all on deck at six o’clock of their own volition, expatiating upon the softness of the air, the blueness of the sky, and the general glories of the delightful morning.

The ship had made about twenty miles on a southwest course, and had stopped her screw off a narrow and rugged island, which did not appear to be inhabited. The Maud was alongside the ship; and the “Big Four” had just come on board of her, for the commander had sent Knott and Williams to take charge of the little steamer so that the boys might have the benefit of the instruction that was to be given on the

upper deck that day. The party were all seated in the usual place when the captain joined them.

“Where are we now, Captain Ringgold?” asked Mrs. Belgrave impatiently.

“You can see three islands near us. The one to the west of us, which we passed before you came on deck, is Rhenea; and the one nearest to us is Delos, the one of which perhaps the professor will have the most to say, for the second oracle of Greece in importance was located here. The one to the eastward is Myconos, on the chart Mykoni, which is not of much consequence; it was one of the places where Hercules defeated the giants, and the ancients note the fact that many of the people were bald-headed, whether because their wives were quarrelsome or for some other reason is not stated. Now I give way to the classical authority.”

“I am not the authority, only the humble scholar,” said the professor modestly. “This is quite a different place from the one we left early this morning; for Hermopolis is all modern, and Delos is all ancient, what there is left of it, for it has no regular inhabitants now. This island was the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis.”

“But who were these men? We have not been introduced to them,” inquired Mrs. Blossom, conscious of her ignorance on these subjects.

“One was a woman,” replied Professor Giroud, who was not in the least disposed to be flippant to one who had an inquiring mind. “Apollo, also called

Phœbus, was the god of song, music, prophecy, and archery, who punished and destroyed the wicked and overbearing, a general helper, and who delighted in founding towns and establishing civil governments.”

“Then he was a very useful man,” added Mrs. Blossom.

“I am glad you are getting a better opinion of mythology and the classics, madam. A writer on this subject of mythology calls it ‘the handmaid of literature, which is one of the best allies of virtue and promoters of happiness.’ Without a knowledge of it one can hardly understand the best writers in the modern languages, especially the poets. I could give you a dozen quotations from Milton, Byron, Shakespeare, Cowper, Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, to say nothing of those who wrote in my own language, and I can assure you that mythology is worth studying. You will find allusions to classic subjects even in the newspapers.”

“I shall try to find out something more about it,” added the lady.

“Artemis, commonly called Diana, was the goddess of hunting, chastity, marriage. Delos was the holy isle, the sanctuary, the political centre, of the Greek islands, and its oracle was second only to that of Delphi. Jupiter was the king of heaven, and all the gods were subject to him. Juno was his wife. The ancient story, probably suggested by the fact that it was thrown up by volcanic action, is that Delos was a floating island, called up by Neptune, the god of the

sea. Jupiter made it fast to the bottom that it might be a safe place for the birth-place of Apollo and Diana.

“Apollo obtained possession of the island where he was born; and it became sacred to the worship of this deity, to whom a magnificent temple was erected, in which Athens and Sparta both paid homage. The island was revered throughout Greece. When the temple was purified the dead were removed to the island of Rhenea. There is nothing here now but the ruins of the holy isle’s former grandeur, and vast quantities of these relics have been conveyed to other lands as memorials of ancient splendor.

“I suppose most of you have heard of the Arundel Marbles. They were purchased in 1624 by the Earl of Arundel at Smyrna, and were presented forty years later by his grandson to the University of Oxford, England. Its principal piece, the ‘Parian Chronicle,’ bears an inscription of the great events of Greece for over thirteen hundred years, ending with the year 263 B. C. Some of it is lost, and all of it is much defaced; but it is still invaluable for its chronological record.

“I see that the captain has started the ship again, and that is a hint that I have said enough,” added the professor.

“Not at all, my learned friend,” protested the commander. “You can go on till breakfast time, and begin again after the meal is disposed of.”

“I think I will give my audience a rest,” answered the Frenchman, as he resumed his seat.

The ship went to the north side of Syra, and then laid her course to the westward for the southern point of Zea, where she arrived in the middle of the day, just after lunch.

“The island we are approaching on the starboard side is Ceos, as it was called in ancient times, or Zea, as it is now named,” said the captain. “All the islands in this part of The Archipelago are called the Cyclades, and they are huddled together pretty closely south-east of Greece proper. You can see some wind-mills, and it is a fertile island, as all of them are not; but I don’t think it was ever the home of gods or heroes.

“Simonides, a lyric poet, was born here, but lived in Athens,” added the professor.

“The island south of us is Cythnus, as it was named of old, but Thermia as it is now called, on account of the warm springs there; and it is more noted for mineral water and cheese than for philosophers and gods,” said the commander.

The ship was now headed to the north-west, and the mainland of Greece was in sight.

“There is your Sunium, and you can quote poetry to your entire satisfaction, especially Byron,” said Captain Ringgold, when they were within a couple of miles of the headland.

“That is where Byron wanted to sing and die like a swan,” said Captain Scott. “Morris recited to us a verse from ‘The Isles of Greece.’”

The young man was called upon to do it again,

which he did with additions, to the great delight of the party.

“ And Walter Savage Landor said,

‘ I write as others wrote
On Sunium’s height,’ ”

added the commander. “ In modern times the water ahead of us is called the Gulf of Athens ; but the Bay of Salamis, which the poet means by ‘ sea-born Salamis,’ lies to the north of it. On the high cliff are the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, a dozen of the white marble columns of which are still to be seen. For this reason the Italians call this Cape Colonna, but on our maps it is generally put down Sunium.”

The ship went ahead again, and before sundown she was at anchor in the port of the Piræus.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOMETHING ABOUT MODERN GREECE

THE Piræus is the name by which the seaport of Athens is generally called by Europeans, though the Greek name is Port Drako. The harbor is a small land-locked sheet of water, entered by a very narrow passage between two piers. Near the ship were a couple of English yachts and a Greek man-of-war, with her blue flag and white stripes floating at the peak.

“This is a hilly country,” said Uncle Moses, who was taking in the view from the upper deck.

“I should say that it was, rather more so than the region about Von Blonk Park,” replied Captain Ringgold. “There are a number of mountains in the kingdom not much below ten thousand feet. Olympus is nine thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, Parnassus eight thousand and thirty six; but most of them range among the sevens.”

“The rivers can't amount to much.”

“No; there is no room for them. The whole country about equals in size Vermont and New Hampshire put together, and is not quite as large as the kingdom of Portugal.”

“This seems to be a rather busy place, for there is considerable shipping. It has grown up like one of our Western towns, all at once.”

“I see it!” shouted Captain Scott just then.

“What do you see, Captain?” asked the commander.

“The Acropolis.”

“It is a wonder you did not see it before, though it is a little hazy at times.”

There was not a little excitement on deck when the Acropolis was made out by the party; but the appearance of a Greek custom-house official attracted their attention, especially his costume. A health officer also presented himself, but the certificate brought by each person from Constantinople satisfied this officer. There was not a case of sickness on board, except that of Tom Bargate, and he was hobbling about the deck. But the ship and the Maud were condemned to remain twenty-four hours without any one visiting the shore.

During the forenoon of the next day Captain Ringgold and Professor Giroud told the party all about the country, and all about its stirring history from a thousand years before Christ down to the present; but as the writer “has been there,” and has written it out very fully, he is not inclined to repeat himself to that extent.¹

Nothing could be done that day except to read mythology and Greek history, of which there was a

¹ “Cross and Crescent, or, Young America in Turkey and Greece,” Chapter XIX.

plentiful supply on board. They could not even make a trip in the *Maud* through the strait that separates the island of Salamis, or Kolouri, from the main land. Scott had learned about this passage; and he wanted to make an excursion through it, assured that it would enable them to see much of the country. It led into the Bay of Eleusis, and he thought they might circumnavigate the island. But the health officer would not permit any one to leave the ship.

“Quarantine means literally forty days; this was the full term for which vessels and the people on board of them were confined to the lazaretto, where they were isolated from the rest of the world; but this time has been reduced to a week or ten days when there is any ground for detention,” said the captain, who was trying to console his passengers while the Acropolis was “so near, and yet so far.” “You should be very thankful that the time is not even a week, to say nothing of forty days.”

“What is the use of this quarantine?” asked Mrs. Blossom, who had been reading “*The Age of Fable*” all the forenoon, and wanted to “see something,” as she expressed it, though she was the least likely of the party to enjoy the antiquities of Athens.

“To keep sickness which is communicated by contact out of the country,” replied the captain. “I believe it was first applied long ago when the plague prevailed in these Oriental regions, and spread all over Europe. Perhaps Dr. Hawkes will kindly tell us something about it.”

“The word ‘plague’ was formerly a very indefinite term, applied to all sorts of diseases,” said the surgeon. “But it is now applied solely to a kind of contagious fever prevailing only at certain times and places. Its particular features were swelling of the lymphatic glands, with buboes or swellings, and purple or dark red spots on the skin. A very small percentage of those attacked recovered. Having it once did not prevent the person from having it again.

“If I remember rightly it first appeared in the sixth century after Christ, and spread all over the Roman empire, taking myriads of lives. ‘The Black Death’ was the name applied to it in England, or to the disease that prevailed there in the fourteenth century, and which is the same as the plague of the East. The malady took its name from the dark spots, and when these were seen the patient appeared to be doomed. It is reported that one hundred thousand died with it in London.

“Those who have looked into the subject estimate that one-third, if not one-half, of the entire population of England perished. It has not visited the British Isles since 1665. It has prevailed in China within fifteen years. At one time it was brought into Marseilles from Syria, and destroyed nearly one-half of the population of the city. The last known cases were in the part of the world where we now are, though it is practically extinct, or is at least kept in abeyance, by quarantine precautions.

“From sixty to ninety per cent of those attacked

by plague die with it. Medical science has greatly advanced since it prevailed extensively; and perhaps modern skill would check it to some extent, though it seems to have been powerless two or three hundred years ago. The general symptoms were those of other severe fevers, such as shivering, rise of temperature, pain in the head, back, and limbs, with nausea. The patients often died before the real marks of the disease appeared."

"What a horrible disease!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom.

"That is why we have to stay on board twenty-four hours; and we ought to be very thankful that we are not all sent on shore and confined within narrow limits for a week or more," added the surgeon. "Quarantine is a great nuisance, without a doubt, to the traveller; but when he considers the millions that have perished from plague, small-pox, cholera, and yellow fever, he ought to make the best of it, at least. There is not much of what is called plague in late years, but the other diseases are prevalent to some extent nearly all the time in some of the divisions of the earth."

The commander thought it best to change the subject, fearful that some of his passengers would become nervous over the frightful subject, which they could not regard, as the doctor did, from a professional point of view. Thus far the Guardian-Mother had not been greatly annoyed by quarantine restrictions; but the party were disposed to take a more reasonable view of

the subject after listening to the horrible details presented by Dr. Hawkes.

“It really looks as though the Greeks were moved by the vigorous appeals of Byron, who spent about two years in the country and the islands of The Archipelago,” said the captain, who had a communicative look on his face. “It seems as though such words as he put into lines could hardly fail to stir the blood of a people coming from such ancestors as fought at Thermopylae.

‘ When riseth Lacedæmon’s hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens’ children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may’st thou be restored; but not till then.’

If such lines as these would not wake them up, nothing would.

“But in 1821 the Greeks resolved to be free, and to drive the Turks from their soil. Byron went to Greece in 1823 to take part in the struggle for its independence; but he had a fever and died in 1824, without being able to do anything for the cause which had been so near his heart. The war of the revolution continued for eight years, and liberty for the Greeks looked hopeless. The Great Powers who were united in the Holy Alliance, as they called it, did not encourage the cause at first; but England, France, and Russia interfered, and declared that Greece should be free.

“The very names of these three allied powers suggest the idea which has underlain the problem of ‘the sick man’ in later years. England and France were fearful of the extension of the domains of Austria, and Russia was ready to reduce the territory of Turkey. In the great naval battle of Navarino, fought in a bay of that name in the south-western part of Greece, the ships of the three powers annihilated the navy of the Turks, and compelled the Moslem to yield. This was in 1827. Greece was made independent, and it became a republic; but the Greek statesman who was chosen president was unpopular, and they punished him by assassination in 1831.

“The Great Powers then decided to organize Greece as a kingdom. After Prince Leopold of Belgium had declined the crown, it was bestowed upon Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, a young gentleman of seventeen, just your age, Louis Belgrave; but I am sorry he was not such a fellow as you are, for he would have done better if he had been. He reigned for thirty years; but he was oppressive and tyrannical, and the people revolted in 1862. By this time the king found he had made a mistake, and he abdicated. He could not do anything else, for the people had deposed him.

“Then the crown went begging for a year; Prince Alfred of England refused to wear it; but George, son of the present King of Denmark, thought better of it and accepted it. His title is Georgios I., King of the Hellenes. The country has not progressed as

rapidly as was hoped. The population is now about two millions, or enough smaller than that of the State of Massachusetts to make two cities of the size of Athens; but it has somewhat diminished within the last two years according to the statistics."

"How big a place is Athens?" asked Uncle Moses.

"I was looking at 'The Statesman's Year-Book' this morning, and I found that it was a little over 107,000. This place around us, Drako, or Piræus, comes next to it, with 34,327," replied the commander, taking a card from his pocket. "Patras, on a gulf of that name in the west, has 33,529; and Hermopolis, where we were yesterday, has 22,000. These are the four largest places in Greece.

"By the way, you may desire to make some purchases to-morrow when you go up to Athens, and you must know something about the money. The *drachma* is the unit of one hundred *lepta*, so that the system is decimal, like the French and most other European nations at the present time. The drachma in gold is the same in value as a franc, but the forced paper currency has reduced its worth to seventeen cents of our money. Most of you have sovereigns of English money, and those are good everywhere."

"I am much obliged to you, Captain Ringgold, for your additional lecture," added Dr. Hawkes, and the entire party indorsed him.

"There is one thing you have not said, Captain," interposed the professor with a smile.

“Please to say it, Professor,” replied the commander.

“You did not speak of the origin of this port, or harbor,” continued the French gentleman. “It is the port of Athens now as it was some hundreds of years before the birth of Christ. This harbor was planned by Themistocles, and the cape near the entrance to it is named after him. It was built in the prosperous days of Pericles. It is five miles from Athens; and he and his predecessor built three walls to that city, so that they made a protected road all the way. If Pericles could come out of his tomb to-day, and see the two cities connected by a railroad seven miles long, he would open his eyes very wide.”

The day, which in its earlier hours had been long and dull, proved instructive to the entire party.

CHAPTER XXX

THE PLAIN SPEECH OF CAPTAIN RINGGOLD

EARLY the next morning Captain Ringgold paid a visit to the prisoner in No. 27. He had carefully examined the work the carpenter had done to make the brig secure. There was no possible exit except by the door and the window, the latter being nothing but a round port, too small to permit the passage of the prisoner through it. During the day, Stevens had made a hard-wood door, with only an opening a foot square in it, which could be covered with a slide, and hung it outside of the other.

If the captive succeeded in removing the interior door entirely, the exterior one was of many times its strength; and the commander was satisfied that escape was impossible unless the two doors were opened from the outside, and he intended to keep the sentinel in the gangway as long as he retained the prisoner. At the same time the room was sufficiently lighted from the port; and the ventilation from the gangway by the aperture in the door, through the blinds, which had been restored, was as good as that of any apartment in the ship.

“Well, Lanark, how is our friend in the brig this

morning?" asked the captain, after he had looked over the changes made in the door.

"He is quiet enough, sir. I have not heard him moving since I came on watch at eight bells this morning," replied the seaman. "I have looked through the port several times, but he was still in his berth."

The outside door was secured by two locks and a padlock, the keys of which had been carried to the commander by Stevens the carpenter. He unlocked the outer one, and then the inner. As the sentinel said, Captain Mazagan was still in his berth; but he sat up in it as soon as the doors were opened.

"Good-morning, Captain Mazagan," said the commander cheerfully, as he entered the room.

"Good-morning, Captain Ringgold. I hope you are very well this morning," replied the prisoner, in tones which indicated that he was not greatly depressed by his failure to escape at Hermopolis.

"I am quite well, I thank you. How do you find yourself?"

"As well as usual, — better than I was yesterday. I am glad you have called upon me, for I should like a few minutes' conversation with you."

"I am at your service till breakfast-time," answered the captain, as he seated himself on a stool in the corner of the room where he could see the face of the prisoner.

"You kept your carpenter and all his gang very busy yesterday, and you seem to have made my prison strong enough to hold me; at least, you are of that opinion."

“I am quite satisfied that the carpenter has done his work well; and as long as the sentinel is faithful to his duty, I feel tolerably sure that I can keep you where you are,” replied the commander.

“I don’t know that I care to consider that matter with you, as you will have your own way whatever I may think.”

“Don’t you think yourself that the room is secure?” asked the captain in rather a tantalizing tone.

“I must decline to give an opinion, if you will excuse me,” added Mazagan with a smile. “But these preparations on your part indicate an intention to hold me as a prisoner for a long time. You would do me a great favor if you will inform me how long you mean to retain me.”

“That will depend upon circumstances. Will you tell me where the Samothraki is at the present time?” asked the commander.

“I don’t know,” replied Mazagan promptly.

“But you believe she has slunk away into some cove where she will be ready when you want her again.”

“I don’t know where she is; and if she is in any cove it is not on account of any order from me.”

“But you expect to find her ready for business when you desire to use her again. You have chartered her, felucca, and crew of six men.”

“You seem to know more about it than I do, Captain.”

“I don’t know in what manner you are to connect

with her again; and very likely you do not know yourself, as your capture was a surprise to you and Captain Polychronopulos; but I have no doubt you would have found her before this time if you had succeeded in making your escape Thursday night."

"I should not have known where to look for her; but she may come here when she has made her repairs," suggested the prisoner.

Captain Ringgold was not a little startled at this idea, and he was silent while he considered the situation. He had fired three shots at the felucca with his twelve-pounders, and had disabled her; and it occurred to him that a diplomatic question might grow out of it if Captain Polychronopulos, who was a Greek, chose to complain to his government. But a few moments' reflection assured him that he had nothing to fear from this quarter, for the felucca was certainly engaged in a piratical operation at the time.

"She will not come here," he declared.

"You think not?" queried Mazagan.

"I am confident she will not," insisted the commander. "If she does I shall call upon the American minister or consul, and charge her with piracy, and I can amply prove the charge."

"That is very absurd!" exclaimed Mazagan with a sickly smile.

"For reasons of my own I do not wish to make the complaint, for all the particulars of the conspiracy arranged between you and Ali-Noury Pacha would have to be revealed."

“What nonsense!” exclaimed the prisoner; but there was no heart in his protest against its truth. “What conspiracy?”

“The one arranged between you and His Highness in the private room at the café in Gallipoli. Can you deny that you were there?”

“I do deny it!”

“Good! I can prove by three good witnesses that you and he both were there. Every man on board the ship knows the Pacha.”

“If you have so good a case, why do you wish to keep this affair secret?” asked the captive quite faintly.

“The conspiracy is against two of my passengers, my owner being one of them, though he knows all about it; the other is the young lady whom the Pacha desires you to capture; and the knowledge of the infamous plot would worry her parents half to death. I am abundantly able to protect the young lady, and I will sink the Samothraki if she attempts to come near my ship again!” said the commander with no little spirit, though he had taken the precaution to close both the doors before he delivered himself in this decided manner.

“There is no conspiracy, Captain Ringgold!” protested Mazagan.

“If I called you by your right name, I should say you were a liar!”

“Sir!”

“You needn’t ‘sir’ me; I know what you are. I

could bring a witness here who heard every word of the arrangement between you and His Highness. He can speak French as fluently as either you or the Pacha. You were so confident of your ability to carry out your agreement, that you boasted you would capture the young lady in the streets of Athens or Syra."

"I am your prisoner, and you can insult me as you please," whined Mazagan.

"Perhaps you will be willing to inform me where the *Fatimé* is just now, for I know that she is waiting in these waters for you to perform your share of the conspiracy. I have spoken very freely to you, and told you the whole story from my side of the question. I shall regard you as a pirate; and I believe the Greek government would hang you and the skipper of the *Samothraki* if it understood the matter, and had you in its power."

"I don't know where the *Fatimé* is, though I know the steamer. But I think we had better drop the matter, for you are too unreasonable to enable us to reach any conclusion," added the prisoner.

"There can be no agreement or compromise between me and a pirate," replied the commander, as he went to the door. "I warn you that, if you attempt to escape, the sentinel will fire upon you, and save the Greek government the trouble of hanging you."

"If I am shot, my fate will be properly avenged," muttered Mazagan, who was much depressed by his situation, though he had vainly struggled to conceal the fact from the commander.

“We are going to Athens to-day, and if you wish to capture the young lady in the streets, now is your time; but you will find her surrounded by a band of strong defenders.”

The ringing of the breakfast bell announced to the commander that his presence was needed in the cabin. He was somewhat agitated for him, but he soon calmed himself down so that he bore his usual quiet expression when he seated himself at the table.

The barge was at the gangway when the party went on deck, and they were at once landed at the Piræus. There were a baker's dozen of them, and they were soon seated in one of the carriages of the train.

“This is not exactly classical, Professor,” said Dr. Hawkes, as he seated himself with Mrs. Blossom opposite the French gentleman. “I can't help being astonished when I think of being dragged by a locomotive over the ground trodden by Pericles and Themistocles, to say nothing of hundreds of others whose names live in history after two thousand years from their time.”

“It does feel strange,” laughed the professor.

“‘Ye men of Athens’” said Mrs. Blossom.

“Plenty of men here still, I dare say,” added the surgeon.

“But wasn't that what St. Paul said to the Athenians?” asked the lady, who knew her Scripture if she did not the classics. “‘Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I

passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.' I read the whole chapter yesterday."

"And very good reading it is too, madam," replied the physician. "What you repeat so well is the beginning of Paul's discourse on the Areopagus, or Mars Hill. He founded a Christian church here; and Dionysius, whom Paul converted, was the first bishop. You can see, madam, that I have been looking into the Dictionary of the Bible."

The train stopped at the station, after a ride of seven miles, which is the distance by rail, where carriages were taken to the Hotel d'Angleterre; for some of them were to remain there several days, the commander going back and forth every day, for he still had his important prisoner on his mind. At the hotel, Miltiades Vidis was at once engaged as the best recommended guide.

"This city has changed somewhat since I was here in 1870; though I feel quite at home here, for things that have lasted for two or three thousand years are not disturbed much by a lapse of twenty," said Captain Ringgold, as the party stood looking at what could be seen from the front of the hotel.

"Can we go shopping here?" asked Mrs. Belgrave.

"Certainly: you will find stores, though they generally call them shops here, as they do in England, in Eolus and Hermes streets; and you can talk English

in most of them. Miltiades will go with you if you wish," replied the captain, amused at the high-sounding name of the man.

"I don't want any guides with me when I go shopping," added the lady.

"You may save the commission by going alone; and you will have no difficulty at all in making your way. I will go with you, if you wish."

"I shall be glad to go with you; and Mrs. Woolridge and Miss Blanche will join us."

The commander was satisfied, for he intended to keep the young lady in sight all the time. They went to the Acropolis in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE WONDERS OF THE ACROPOLIS

DURING the forenoon of the first day in Athens the party wandered about the city, which lies between Mount Lycabettus, a hill on the north, and the Acropolis. They ascended this elevation, and obtained a general view of the situation of the town.

“This city takes its name from Athena, a female divinity of Greece identical with Minerva. We get some of these names from the Greek and some from the Latin, and that is the reason why so many of them have different designations. Jupiter is the Latin name for the king of the gods, and Zeus is the Greek,” said the professor. “The first name of Athens was Cecropia, after Cecrops.

“The Acropolis, which you see across the town, is about five hundred feet high, and is the first sight one obtains from the bay in coming from sea, though it is not a very high hill. Doubtless this elevation was the reason why it was chosen as a location for a city; for in the earliest days it was not only a place of residence, but the fortress, and the location of the sacred buildings.”

“This city enjoys one of the most delightful

climates in the world," added Captain Ringgold. "It is much resorted to as a sanitarium, though most of its visitors come here to study archæology, ancient history, and mythology. The modern Greeks call this hill St. George, after the church on our right.

'And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields,'

Byron sang. This is the name of the mountain range at the east of us which bounds the Attic plain, as the region is called. Its highest peak is three thousand three hundred and sixty-eight feet high, and is famous for its purple tints. You can see Mount Pentelicus, or Mendeli as the Italians call it, three thousand six hundred feet, ten miles distant, noted for the ancient quarries there, from which came the marble for the temples whose ruins you will see.

'Age shakes Athena's towers, but spares gray Marathon.' "

"Where is Marathon?" asked Louis.

"That is on the east coast, twenty-two miles east of us. It is a plain two or three miles wide, between the mountains and the channel which separates Eubœa from the main land.

'The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea,'

says Byron; and the channel must pass poetically for the sea. On this small plain was fought what is called one of the decisive battles of the world, in

which Miltiades defeated the Persian army under King Darius."

" 'In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait,' "

said Morris. "I have recited this poem many times, but don't know where it is."

"The word means 'hot gates,' and is the famous pass leading from Thessaly into Locris; and it was the only road by which an army could get from the northern part of Greece into the southern part. It contains some hot springs, from which it gets its name. Every schoolboy knows about the battle in which Leonidas was killed in his attempt to defeat the Persians, and we will not fight it over again," replied the captain.

The carriages were waiting, and the party rode back to the city. They visited the old cathedral of the thirteenth century, and the new one. The Royal Palace is the most prominent building in Athens, near Mount Lycabettus, and is nearly three hundred feet square, covered with a coat of plaster. An American school for females was established many years ago by the Rev. Mr. Hill and his wife, sent out by the Episcopalians of the United States; and it has always attracted a great deal of attention.

After lunch the company proceeded to the Acropolis. Louis found a use for all the historical knowledge he possessed in answering Miss Blanche's questions, for as usual he was at her side most of the time; and he was sometimes obliged to appeal to the professor to

supplement his information. They first ascended the Areopagus, or Mars Hill. Mrs. Blossom went into ecstasies when she found she was on the spot where St. Paul had preached, and Mrs. Belgrave was not unmoved. The former had brought her Bible with her, and she read the chapter in the Acts.

“The twelve gods of Olympus held their court here,” said Miltiades, as all called him, for his surname sounded less Grecian to them. “The highest court of the city also met here to try murder cases, and uphold the old laws and traditions, especially such as related to religion. Some say that the Apostle Paul defended Christianity before this court; but all agree that he preached here.”

“Do you have any rivers here, Mr. Miltiades?” asked Scott. “It seems to me I have read of some.”

“We have two; but they are dry just now,” replied the guide. “That is the Ilissus to the south of us, and the Cephissus over to the north. They are dry, or nearly so, every summer; but there is plenty of water in them in the winter, and they water the vineyards and olive groves of the Attic plain. About a mile north-west of the city is the grove of Academe, where Plato taught his philosophy, and founded his school.”

“Which was the first academy in the world, as the one you and Felix attended at Von Blonk Park was not,” laughed the professor.

“But what does the word mean?” inquired Felix.

“In ancient times there was an Athenian here whose name was Academus. Helen, the lady who

caused the Trojan War of which you have heard so much, was the sister of Castor and Pollux. Theseus and his friend carried off Helen, and her twin brothers went to search for and rescue her. Academus told them where to find her; and he was a hero besides. He was also known as Hecademus; and it is fortunate that they took the other name, or you might have gone to a Hecademy, instead of to an Academy," replied the professor in a jovial mood. "How would you have liked that, Felix?"

"I should have preferred a Shecademy," replied the Milesian. "But you did not tell us, Professor, whether the twins found their sister; because, if they did not, I shall look in some Shecademy for her."

"They found Helen, and you will be saved all trouble on her account," answered the professor. "I suppose the knoll near us is Colonus"—the guide nodded assent—"where Sophocles, the tragic poet, was born."

"He was the Greek professor in Harvard College," added Morris.

"Hardly the one who was born on Colonus, for he was born about five hundred years before Christ," laughed the professor. "Professor Sophocles is a very learned man, but he is not the poet spoken of."

From this hill the party passed over to the Acropolis. There were some among them who could understand and appreciate the magnificent monuments of antiquity, the representatives of Greek art which this hill has brought down to the present age. Any ade-

quate description of the temples and monuments is simply impossible in less than an entire volume, and lovers of art spend months and years in the study and contemplation of them.

“This is the Propylæa,” said Captain Ringgold. “But I shall turn this subject over to the professor.”

“Here it is before us,” added the learned Frenchman, as he pointed to a double flight of stairs. “Here you notice an inclined plane, grooved so that horses would not slip, for this was the entrance of the chariots of the magnates of old. This structure, though not the most important, is regarded by artists as one of the most beautiful in this locality. It probably cost about two and a half millions of our money, though people devoted to the fine arts do not figure on the cost, only on the beauty of a work.”

The party passed on, and the “Temple of Victory without Wings” was described to them. It has been restored from the piles of ruins around it to its former proportions and symmetry. One of the two wings of the building is called the Pinacotheca because it contains paintings, and the other is nothing but a gallery.

“This is the Parthenon,” said the professor, as they proceeded on their way.

The surgeon and Uncle Moses were properly enraptured at the sight of the structure which had had a place in their thoughts from their college days; the commander had exhausted the subject; and the rest of the party took the announcement very coolly, or

at least concealed their feelings if they were at all moved.

“Parthenos means literally a maiden or virgin, and is the temple of Athena, who has been spoken of before to-day. It is sometimes called the Temple of the Virgin,” continued the professor. “‘It is the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart,’ is what the poet Wordsworth says of it. It was built of Pentelic marble under the administration of Pericles; and it stood in very nearly its perfect form till 1687, when it was used by the invading Turks as a powder magazine. A bomb from a Venetian mortar burst in the structure, fired the powder, and the explosion reduced the magnificent edifice to its present ruinous condition.

“It is 228 feet long, and 64 feet high at the pediment, with a width of 101 feet. The columns, which entirely surround the building, are thirty-five feet high. It is the perfect symmetry of the temple which excites the wonder and admiration of the whole world. The Church of the Madelaine, the most noted in Paris, is correctly modelled after it; and no end of public buildings have been erected in the same style.

“Inside of these columns, on the four sides, is a solid wall, which encloses the principal apartment of the temple. Now we will walk around the edifice by this wall. You perceive out on the plain,” said the speaker, as he pointed in that direction, “the grove of olives where Plato taught his disciples.

Through it extended the Via Sacra, or Sacred Way, over which passed the religious processions on their way to the temple. Now look above you on the wall, and you see the frieze which represents one of these processions attending the Pan-Athenaic festival.

“Some of the slabs of this bas-relief remain; but many of them were carried to England by the Earl of Elgin, which were purchased by the government, and placed in the British Museum where you saw them. Phidias, the most eminent of the ancient Greek sculptors, superintended the erection of the Parthenon, though he was not the architect. We will go into the body of the temple. In the centre stood the statue of the goddess, forty feet high, which was esteemed one of the greatest works of art. The parts of the figure exposed to view, including the face, were of ivory, and the vestments and ornaments were of pure gold, worth fifty thousand dollars; but the state could remove the solid metal if there should be need.”

“It would have been a capital resource when the banks were exporting too much of the precious metal, and the specie payment reserve ran down to dangerous limits, though the sum named would have been a mere bagatelle in modern times,” added the commander jocosely.

They left the Parthenon then, taking a long view of its proportions from a spot the captain selected. All of them were impressed with the sight, and some walked about to obtain different standpoints from

which to regard it. But they were soon gathered together again at the next object of interest.

“This is the Erechtheum, erected in honor of one of the protecting deities of the city, after whom it is named,” said the professor.

“What is his name?” asked Felix.

“I don’t think he is about here now, though the gods were regarded as immortal. His name was Erechtheus, young man.”

“Why didn’t he have a name that a fellow could pronounce without breaking his jaw?”

“Do you think this temple’s name would sound any better, Flix, if it were called the Jim Smith-eus?” asked Louis.

“Perhaps not; but a fellow could pronounce it. It is not Kilkenny Greek.”

“This was the most revered of all the sacred places of Athens,” continued the professor. “It is also one of the finest specimens of ancient architecture.”

But the afternoon had passed, and they returned to the hotel.

CHAPTER XXXII

MONSIEUR ULBACH PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE

“WELL, what do you think of it?” asked Louis, as he and Felix walked to the hotel, while most of the others took carriages.

“It is more of a town than I supposed,” replied the Milesian. “But they have such jaw-breaking names on that hill that a fellow like me has to hold his tongue, or he would bite it off.”

“That’s all affectation on your part, Flix; for I have heard you declaim a piece from these very poems of Byron, and you pronounced the names well enough, when we went to the academy,” replied Louis. “I remember one extract in particular, where you spread out both your hands, and held them up as though you were addressing some spirit in the air or on a hill.”

“That must have been after the principal had been drilling me,” laughed Felix. “How did it begin?”

“‘Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle’s brow
Thou sat’st with Thrasybulus and his train,’” —

“Hold on, Louis! Don’t rake up my sins,” interposed Felix. “I was introduced to Thrasy by

the principal, so that the name did not choke me then.

‘ Could’st thou forebode the dismal hour that now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ? ’

That’s all I remember of it; but I had an idea that the Attic plain had something to do with the room at the top of the house.”

“No, you didn’t!” protested Louis. “What is the use of affecting to be a fool when you are not one! You spoke the piece exceedingly well, and got the highest mark for it. If you spoke out what is in you, this Attic plain has interested you as much as it has me. I wonder what this building is,” added Louis.

“That is the Polytechnicum,” replied the Milesian seriously.

“It is the Polytechnicum,” added Louis.

“You wouldn’t have named it if I hadn’t told you.”

“You burlesque the name; but you gave me the idea. There come the carriages,” said Louis as the party drove by them. “This city contains a good many fine buildings erected by donations from natives living in other countries, for many Greeks find they can make more money abroad than they can at home.”

“That’s just the case with the Kilkenny Greeks, and more of them live in America than in Ireland. Whist!” exclaimed Felix, suddenly changing his manner. “There is a blackguard following those carriages, and what is he driving at?”

“I suppose he is looking for a chance to make a drachma,” replied Louis lightly.

“Not a bit of it! I have seen that fellow before,” replied the Milesian; and without saying any more he bolted into a run in the direction of the hotel.

Louis was left to wonder what had so suddenly taken possession of his friend. He had not particularly noticed the person who was following the carriages, and it did not seem very strange to him. He was not inclined to run; and he called a passing cab, in which he seated himself, and told the driver to follow the two carriages he pointed out. Most of the cabmen spoke English, though this one did not; but he understood him in French. The vehicle overtook Felix first, and Louis took him in.

“What is the matter with you, Felix? Have you gone crazy all at once?” demanded Louis.

“Not at all,” replied Felix, as well as his want of breath permitted him to speak. “Didn’t I tell you I had seen that fellow before?” asked Felix, annoyed at the manner of his companion.

“You did; but you did not tell me who he was.”

“I don’t know now, and that is what I want to find out.”

“Who did you suppose he was?”

“Not Mazagan, but the captain of the felucca,” answered the Milesian very quietly.

“You don’t mean so!”

“I only got a glimpse at him, for I didn’t see him till he had passed me. I had a good chance to look

him over when I was in the standing-room of the Maud."

Felix stood up in the vehicle, looking ahead to see the pursuer of the party. Felix hurried the driver; but his horse was not a mythological beast, and had no wings, real or figurative.

"What would Captain ——" but Louis had lost his name.

"Polychronotype; that is the nearest I can come to it."

"That suggests it — Captain Polychronopulos," added Louis. "What could he be doing here?"

"He is looking for the Mazagan; or perhaps he has seen the Pacha, and taken the contract off the hands of his former employer," suggested Felix.

"We shall find out what he is after," added Louis, as he stopped the carriage and got out in sight of the hotel.

"Don't let him see you, Louis, if you can help it," said Felix. "He will know us both, and he will change his plans if he notices us. We will separate."

Louis thought his friend's advice was good, and he followed it. The party had come very slowly, and when they approached the hotel the pursuer went to the side of the street. The company alighted in front of the hotel and went in. Captain Ringgold and Mr. Giroud were not with them. Keeping his eyes wide open, he assisted Miss Blanche to descend.

"Where is the commander?" he asked her.

“He and the professor wished to go to some place, and they walked,” replied Miss Woolridge.

Louis escorted her into the house, and all the ladies went to their rooms. The follower of the carriages did not come into the hotel; but from a window he obtained a full view of him, and was sure he was the captain of the felucca, though he had put on a better suit of clothes than he had worn in his boat. He had discovered the party of whom his employer was in pursuit, and had seen the beautiful young lady; but he had not yet found Captain Mazagan.

Felix remained outside, and had posted himself behind a carriage where he could observe the movements of Polychronopulos; but he kept at a considerable distance from him. Louis also kept his eye on the Greek, and a little later he saw a well-dressed man approach him from the hotel. He had seen this person in the corridor of the hotel, and noticed that he observed the ladies of the party very attentively; but this was not very strange, for all the guests did the same.

The stranger spoke to the Greek captain, who pointed several times at the hotel, as though the conversation related to some of the persons who were staying there; and Louis had no difficulty in determining who they were. He wondered who the man in European dress was; but he concluded he must have some connection with the conspiracy, for it was indicated by his interview with the captain of the felucca.

The conversation between them was of brief duration, and the stranger returned to the hotel. Felix decided to watch the Greek, to learn more about his purpose. Louis went to the office of the porter, who is one of the most important personages in a European hotel; and when the object of his present inquiry passed into the reading-room, he asked who he was. The porter did not recall his name, but looked in his book.

“Monsieur Ulbach,” replied he, showing the inquirer the name.

“Is he a Frenchman?”

“I don’t know; but he speaks French.”

This was all Louis could learn of him, and he went into the reading-room to wait for the arrival of Captain Ringgold. But he had hardly seated himself before the stranger approached and very politely spoke to him in French, wishing to know if he was going to Thermopylæ.

“Don’t you speak English, sir?” asked Louis, wishing to learn all he could of the stranger.

“Not a word of it,” replied Monsieur Ulbach, shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman, whether he was one or not. “I wish to go to Thermopylæ, and I desire to make up a party so that the expense will not be so large.”

“I don’t know yet, for I am here with a party,” replied Louis.

“Then your party can join. You can take your ladies, if you have any, your sisters and your wives,” suggested the stranger.

“Are you a Frenchman?” asked the inquirer, though they did their talking in French.

“I am Belgian from Antwerp, where we speak French and Flemish.”

Louis had his doubts about the truth of this statement; but he encouraged his new acquaintance for the purpose of learning more about him. He intimated that some of his party might join the excursion to the famous pass. It looked a little as though the pirates of the Samothraki intended to take to the shore, and capture their victims there instead of on the sea. In the reading-room it was somewhat doubtful which of the two was the greater dupe. The entrance of Captain Ringgold and the professor broke up the conversation; and Louis retired with them, without taking the trouble to introduce his friends to Monsieur Ulbach.

While Mr. Giroud went up-stairs, Louis took the commander out into the street, and related to him all that he had discovered. The latter was considerably startled by the intelligence, for it indicated that the conspiracy had come home to them again.

“Who is this Ulbach?” he asked.

“Of course I don’t know, but I believe he is the Pacha’s French detective whose existence we suspected before,” replied Louis, when he had assured himself that no one was within hearing.

“I see! I see!” exclaimed the captain. “This fellow is the key to the whole riddle, and we don’t need any *Œdipus* to guess it.”

“But how did he and the captain of the felucca get here?” asked Louis, puzzled at the situation.

“That is easy enough to solve,” replied the commander. “We know enough to enable us to see through that millstone. Mr. Boulong saw the Pacha’s steam-yacht, so that we are sure she is in these waters. Of course she followed the felucca, with this Ulbach on board of her. It was not a difficult matter for her to find out every day where the Guardian-Mother was. The Pacha ascertained at Pornea Bay what had happened to the Samothraki. Very likely she was repaired by their ship’s carpenter, and they have followed us everywhere we have been. In my judgment the Fatimé and the felucca are concealed in some of the numerous bays on the coast.”

“Taking that as the theory, what is to be done?” asked Louis anxiously.

“Where is Felix?” inquired Captain Ringgold, looking about him, for Louis had told him that he was watching the Greek captain.

“I don’t know. The last I saw of him he was behind some carriages on the other side of the street;” and they proceeded to search for him.

They patrolled the streets near the hotel in every direction, but they saw neither Milesian nor Greek. But both of them were sure that Felix would give a good account of himself. They went back to the hotel, and dined with the party. Monsieur Ulbach, who so far as they could see seemed to be alone, made several attempts to continue his acquaintance with

Louis; but the prudent young man dodged him, or excused himself as the case required.

Felix did not appear, and after dinner the commander went to the Piræus to look out for his prisoner on board. No one had been near the ship; but while he was studying the situation in his room, the absentee knocked at his door and was admitted about ten o'clock. Captain Ringgold was very glad to see him; and it was evident that Felix, as he dropped into an armchair tired out, had a story to tell.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A NIGHT EXCURSION TO PORT MUNYCHIA

“WHAT is the matter, Felix?” asked the captain, as the wanderer dropped into his chair.

“Nothing, Captain Ringgold, only I am as tired as a dog, or as tired as two dogs,” replied Felix. “I have had a long jaunt, and after the tramp in Athens it tells upon me.”

“We missed you at the hotel. Where did you dine?”

“I didn’t dine at all, sir; I had no time to attend to that part of my daily duty.”

The commander rang a bell, and a lunch was brought to the cabin for the Milesian, and he soon improved his condition very greatly.

“Now, sir, will you let me look at the map of this coast?” he added, when he had finished the lunch.

“The chart is spread out on the case there, and you can see that, if it is what you want,” replied the commander, as he went to it, and pointed out on it one of the small plans of Salamis Bay, which he studied very attentively for a few minutes.

“Now I know where I am, Captain; for I was mixed in the darkness, though I had a pretty good idea of

where I was going. What is the name of this bit of a hole in the coast, sir?" he asked, pointing to a bay east of the harbor where the ship lay.

"That is Port Munychia, one of the three harbors of Athens, strongly fortified by Themistocles."

"Never mind the antiquities, if you please, Captain," added Felix, as he went back to his armchair, which seemed to feel very good to him.

"Louis told me he left you outside of the hotel watching the captain of the felucca, who had chased the carriages," said the commander; and he told him something about Monsieur Ulbach and the theory in regard to him.

"I did not hear of that man before," added Felix. "I kept both of my eyes fixed on Captain Pollycrow, for I thought he was the fellow that was going to pull up the corn. He did not stay there long, and I followed him to the railroad station. When he got into a car I did the same, but I took care that he did not get his crow peepers on me. He got out before we got to the Piræus, and I followed his example. It was dark enough by this time so that I could keep out of sight of him, and I went after him through the back part of the town here till we struck into a field.

"Then he came to a little bay, not as big as this one, where he hailed a craft out from the shore; and a boat came for him, in which he went off. Then I got close to the shore, and saw him go on board of a felucca. I walked up and down the beach till I got a good view of the craft. Then a Greek came up to the

shore and spoke to me. I could not understand a word he said; but I concluded that he asked me if I wanted a boat, as these fellows ashore here do.

“This bay was the one you showed me on the chart. I pointed to the east shore of it, and took two drachmas from my pocket. I pointed several times to the place where I wanted to go, for I saw that the course would take me close to the felucca. He bowed every time, and talked Greek at me; and he pulled me close to the Sammy Thraker. I pointed to her, and repeated her name, as near as I could make it out. He said it over in his own way.”

“He called her Samothraki,” added the captain.

“That was the color of it; and then he made signs to ask if I wanted to go on board. I didn’t do it, and he put me ashore at the place I had pointed out. But I saw the two new rudders of the Sammy, and I know it was she. I had a big walk, and got lost twice in getting here; but I am here all the same, and came off to the ship in a shore boat.”

“Then we know where the Samothraki is,” added the commander thoughtfully. “You have done exceedingly well, Felix; you have rendered good service, and I am greatly obliged to you. Did you see or hear anything of the Fatimé?”

“Not a sight or a sound. How is Captain Managang, sir?” asked Felix with a heavy gape.

“He is safe, and is likely to remain so. But you are sleepy, Felix, and you had better turn in, for we shall go up to Athens again early in the morning,” added the captain.

Felix took this advice, and then the captain called in Mr. Boulong. He told him that the felucca was at Port Munychia, pointing it out to him on the chart, and directed him to keep a sharp lookout all the time for the craft.

The knowledge of the actual conspiracy was still confined to the four persons before indicated, and the first officer was permitted to believe that the *Samothraki* had a gang of Greek pirates on board of her who had designs upon the ship or her passengers. Doubtless some points looked very strange to him, especially that Captain Ringgold did not call for the arrest of the supposed freebooters. He was instructed to use the *Maud* in exploring the bay.

After an early breakfast the commander and Felix returned to Athens. The first person they encountered in the vestibule of the hotel was Captain Scott.

"You are up early, Captain," said the commander with a cheerful smile.

"Since two o'clock," replied Scott in a very low tone.

"Why were you up at that hour?" inquired Captain Ringgold anxiously. "Have you had any trouble?"

"No sir; we took good care that there should be none. Louis spoke to me last night, and told me all the news."

The reading-room was empty at this hour, and they decided to hold their conference there. They had hardly seated themselves before Louis joined

them, for he had been too anxious in mind to have had much sleep.

“Explain yourself, Captain Scott,” said the commander.

“Perhaps Louis could do it better than I can,” replied Scott. “He told me what he had discovered, and declared that he could not sleep while Miss Blanche was in danger. We agreed to keep watch in the hall near her room, and he was on duty from ten to two, and I from two to six.”

“I have seen Ulbach poking about the house, and I thought there was danger,” added Louis; “but nothing has happened; and I don’t believe any of them will try to capture Miss Woolridge in the hotel or the streets. I think it is best to keep a good lookout.”

“It is certainly wise to keep on the safe side,” said the commander. The information obtained by Felix was given to the two young men, who then went to the drawing-room, where the rest of the party had gathered. They all agreed that they liked the hotel very well, but felt more at home on board the *Guardian-Mother*.

“Very well; you shall all return to the ship after dinner this evening,” added the commander, who was pleased with this arrangement, for it enabled him to look after his passengers better than on shore.

That day the sight-seeing was resumed, and another visit was made to the Parthenon. Miltiades conducted them to the Lantern of Demosthenes, which

is now called the Choragic Monument, a small circular building, the first of the Corinthian order, of white marble.

“But what’s Choragic, Mr. Miltiades?” asked Felix.

“Relates to singing,” replied the guide rather indefinitely.

“This is the monument to Lysicrates, who was the leader of the chorus on great occasions,” added the professor.

“This is the Temple of Jupiter Olympus,” said Miltiades. “It was begun by Pisistratus 530 years B. C. The work was suspended for hundreds of years, so that it was not finished till 138 A. D. It is 354 fifty feet long and 170 feet wide. Only sixteen of the Corinthian columns are left, and most of the big temple is in ruins.”

The guide recited his lesson very formally; and the party liked the professor’s talks a great deal better, for they were in an easy, conversational tone. Miltiades pointed out some holes in a steep rock, and called one of them the dungeon of Socrates, declaring that it was where the philosopher was imprisoned, and where he drunk his hemlock; but there was no evidence of the truth of the claim, and the commander laughed at it.

“This is the Temple of Theseus,” said the guide when they came to it.

“It is in a better state of preservation than any of the temples of Athens, or of all Greece, or even of

those in Italy or Sicily. It was built by Cymon, son of Miltiades."

"Was he your grandfather, Mr. Miltiades?" asked Felix.

"No; but he was one of my ancestors" replied the guide proudly.

"I suppose you had about a million of these ancestors, and the family record must be a little mixed on account of the wars of the Greeks with the Persians and Turks," added the Milesian; but the guide looked cold and haughty.

"This temple was built to receive the remains of Theseus, whose story you heard when we were at the island of Skyros, where he is said to have been pushed into the sea," said the professor. "During the dark ages it was converted into the Church of St. George; and to this fact it owes something of its wonderful state of preservation, for it was built over twenty-three hundred years ago."

They next looked over the Theatre of Bacchus, but by this time some of the party were quite fatigued. After dinner the sight-seeing was renewed, but the company of tourists were already tired of it. The fact was that they had worked too hard at it. Dr. Hawkes declared that he had rather see less, and see it better; and most of them indorsed his view.

"I am of the same opinion," added Captain Ringgold. "When I was here more than twenty years ago, I remained a month, and I met some who stayed here by the year. But we are going around the world;

and if we should make a stay of a month in every place that interests you, it would take us a quarter of a century to get home."

The bills were paid, and the tourists went on board of the steamer after dinner. They were tired enough to sleep well, and there were new developments to the initiated in regard to the conspiracy. Mr. Boulong reported the felucca as still at anchor at Port Munychia.

As much to give the passengers a rest as for any other reason, Captain Ringgold planned an excursion around the island of Salamis, in part through the strait of the same name. By eight o'clock the party had embarked, for the run was about forty miles. Four sailors were placed on the promenade deck of the little steamer, and the arms and ammunition were still kept concealed in the cabin. But there seemed to be no occasion for them, for everything was extremely peaceful on the classic shores.

"Didn't I read about the murder of some English people in Greece about twenty or twenty-five years ago?" asked Uncle Moses, as the Maud was passing out of the port into the Bay of Salamis.

"I remember it very well," replied the commander, though he had silenced the doctor once when he began to mention the matter, for he did not care to terrify the ladies. "They were a party of eight persons, two of whom were ladies, and a child was with them. On their return from Marathon they were attacked by Greek brigands. Their escort were mostly in the rear,

but two of the soldiers with the party were shot down, and all of the tourists were captured. The gentleman at the head of the party was sent by the robbers to obtain a ransom of one hundred thousand dollars which was demanded for setting them at liberty.

“But instead of sending the money, and deferring the attempt to capture the villains, the government sent soldiers. The brigands were driven into the mountains, where they murdered all their captives, either for revenge or to secure their safety. The indignation of all civilized nations was excited; the government sent out five hundred soldiers to capture the robbers, and all of them were either killed, or captured and afterwards executed. Since that stern lesson it is safer to travel in this country, but not altogether safe now.”

The story excited a good deal of horror, and some of the tourists declared they would not have come there if they had known there were such perils in Greece. But the captain insisted that he had taken them into no peril whatever, and had avoided going to any inland cities.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AT THE HEAD OF THE GULF OF CORINTH

THE commander had told the story of only a single operation of Greek banditti, though the one related was the most horrible that had been perpetrated on this classic soil. If these ruffians vexed the land, they were quite as likely to vex the sea; and piracy was the principal business of the early Greeks. But Captain Ringgold had no fear of freebooters on sea or shore simply as such; the conspiracy which had been specially plotted against his passengers was all that troubled him; and he felt abundantly able to protect all those who were dependent upon him for their safety.

“That is Lipso Island which you see on the port side,” said the captain when he had finished his story. “The lighthouse on it gives it about all the importance it has. Now we are going to be in shore for the next two hours, and I think you had better sing.”

Mrs. Belgrave struck a tune, and all the others who could sing joined; and, with the delightful air and sunshine of the morning, the melody was very inspiring. Captain Scott had his plan of the bay before him, and announced the names of various localities to those

who had taken seats on the forecastle, though the standing-room was a more comfortable place to sit. All the young people, including Miss Blanche, were there. The country was rugged and uneven.

Scott gave the name of a range directly in front of them called Skaramanga; and farther off was Mount Daphne, though neither of them was as much as two thousand feet high. Then he pointed out another Mount St. Elias on the island of Salamis; and about every island they had visited in The Archipelago contained one with this name, which is the same as Elijah in the Bible.

The Maud passed through some broad bays, and some narrow passes, and the excursion was very restful as well as very pleasant. The only difficult navigation the young captain had was a channel with a ferry village on each side; but he handled his craft well, and kept the lead going all the time, so he went through without getting aground. Soon after the little steamer passed out of Trupica Bay, and was then practically at sea again.

“This opening of about two miles wide, on the port, is Kolouri Bay, with a village of the same name about four miles back in the island, and not more than a mile and a half from the channel which we passed through two hours ago,” said Scott. “The point of land ahead of us, with the cliff, is Cape Petrite. There is a little cove just behind it where the water is sixty feet deep close to the rocks.”

“Don’t say anything more about it, Captain Scott,”

said Louis in a low voice as he went into the pilot-house. "I think you had better stand off farther from the shore."

"What's the matter?" asked Scott, as he complied with the suggestion, and headed the steamer away from the land.

"When we were coming out of Trupica Bay, I obtained a single glance in behind that rock; and between you and me, for no one else saw it, there is a steamer there; and it is not a Greek tub either," replied Louis with his back to the front windows.

"Of course you mean to say that it is the Moorish steamer of four hundred tons, more or less?" added the captain.

"I don't know; she was head on, and I could not identify her; but what should a steamer be doing in such a hole as that if she does not want to keep out of sight?"

"Very likely it is the Pacha's steam-yacht, for Captain Ringgold's theory places her somewhere in these waters," said Scott. "Are you sure no one saw her but yourself?"

"Felix was looking the other way, and it was not more than half a minute that she was to be seen. One would not be likely to notice her under the shadow of the rocks, which are higher than the tops of her masts."

The steamer continued on her course, rounded the island, and went into the port. As soon as the ladies were handed on board of the ship, Louis told the com-

mander what he had seen. He desired to make sure that the steamer was the *Fatimé*, and the captain directed him to do so in any manner he pleased. Morris had gone into the cabin with his mother, for he had a headache. As soon as the lunch had been served, the three young navigators who were in the secret of the conspiracy went on board of the *Maud*, and very quietly she cast off her fasts, and stood out of the harbor.

In an hour and a half, for the distance was nearly fifteen miles, the little steamer was approaching the entrance to Kolouri Bay; but Louis had decided not to let the *Fatimé's* people see her, or suppose they were watched, and she was not to go into the bay. Half a mile south of the cape they found a little cove leading in among the rocks, which they entered. Soundings gave no bottom, and Scott said the water was two hundred feet deep at its entrance.

Without any difficulty they reached the head of this cove. Louis and Felix landed from the steamer, and climbed up the rocks. Scott had given them "the lay of the land" from the chart, and they had examined it for themselves. A walk of a quarter of a mile over the uneven hill brought them to a stream laid down on the chart. There was a considerable hill near the end of Cape Petrite which screened the Moorish craft from observation.

Louis led the way, following the stream, which was a mountain torrent below them. They proceeded with great caution; for they thought some of the

Moors might be ashore, and make trouble for them. They soon obtained a view of a couple of masts. They heard no sounds indicating that any of the crew were on shore. Creeping on their way, they at last obtained a position where they could command a full view of the deck of the craft. Beyond the possibility of a doubt, the steamer was the *Fatimé*. Louis wanted no more, and he led the way back, though Felix wanted to stir up an adventure. He even proposed to drop some heavy rocks on the deck of the vessel, which lay directly under them, made fast to the precipice. One was so poised that with a little engineering they could have rolled it off the cliff; and as it seemed to weigh a ton, it would have crushed the deck, and probably the bottom, out of the steamer. But Louis would not listen to the proposition, and they went back to the *Maud* as they had come.

Louis reported to the commander on their return; and he declared that he had the men of the other side on the chess-board, and he was ready to play the game. He wondered whether or not His Highness was living on board of his steamer, for he would hardly dare to show himself in Athens. His principal care was to prevent his passengers from knowing of the near presence of the *Samothraki* and the *Fatimé*; and both of these vessels, for their own purposes, assisted in the concealment very effectually.

Both Monsieur Ulbach and Captain Polychronopulos must have reached the conclusion that *Mazagan* was confined on board of the *Guardian-Mother*, and had

probably informed the Pacha of their belief. But they must have used much of their time since the affair at Pornea Bay in searching for him; and even now they could have obtained no positive information. All the conspirators understood now that the steamer was armed to some extent, and was able to defend herself; and they had learned that her commander was willing and able to do so.

Captain Ringgold took the entire party to Athens to attend church on Sunday, and gave two days more to the city. On Wednesday the Guardian-Mother steamed out of the port, followed by the Maud. West by south was the course given out; for though the Maud accompanied the ship, the young navigators on board of her actually sailed the little steamer, took their own observations, and kept their own log, as instructed to do by the commander. The professor gave a talk on Ægina, the largest island in the Gulf of Athens, as they passed; but the voyage around the world would never be completed if everything that was seen and heard should be reported.

The ship and her consort rounded the Peloponnesus, and passing between the large island of Zante and the main shore, entered the Gulf of Patras. On the charts, and also on some maps, this gulf and that of Lepanto, east of it, are called the Gulf of Corinth, which is the better name for it. It extends about seventy-five miles inland, and one of its arms reaches within three or four miles of the Bay of Salamis. The city of Corinth is on this arm, and the land

journey from Athens is quite short. The steamer stood over to the north side of the entrance to the bay.

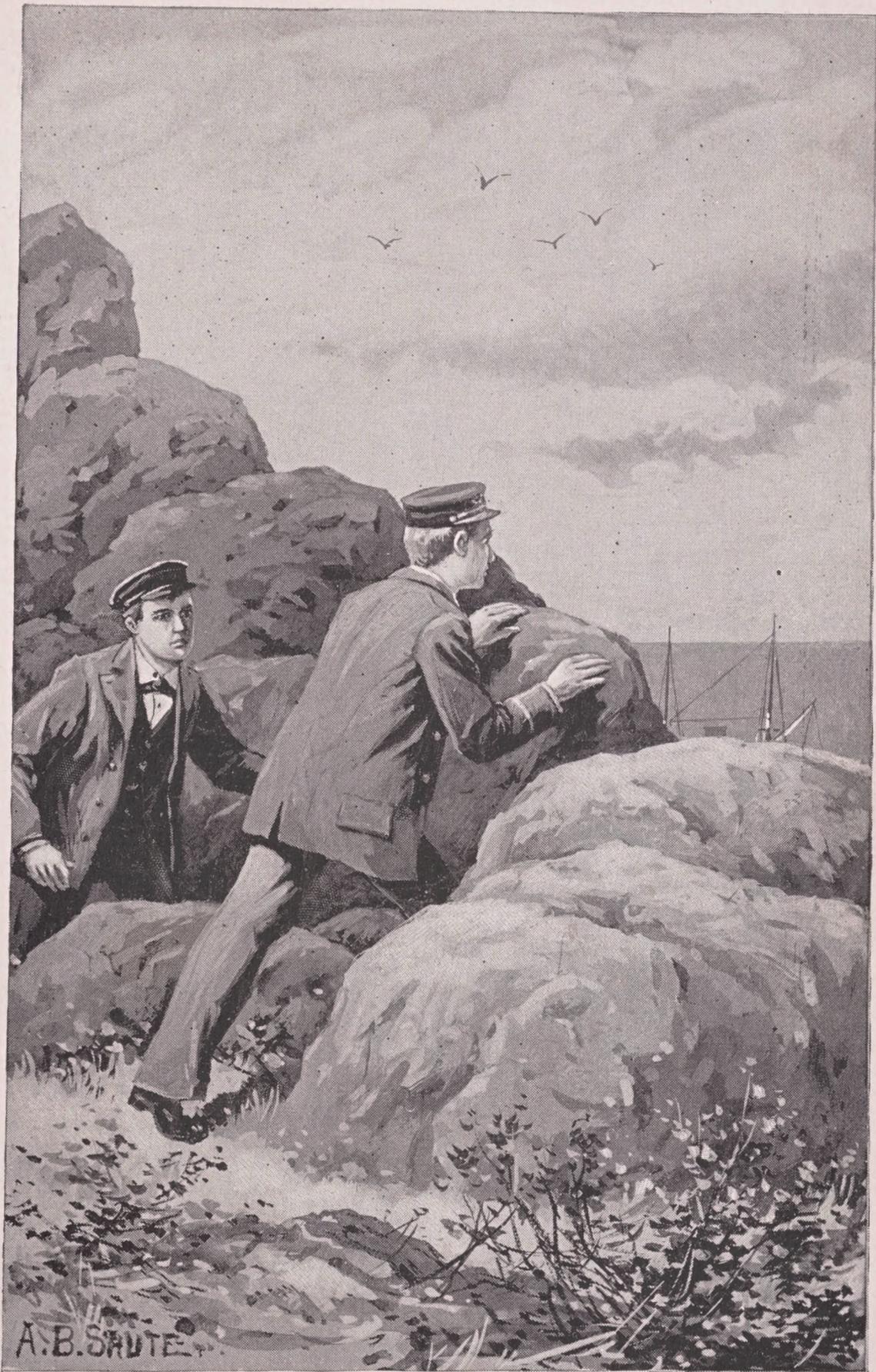
“We cannot visit the town, but Missolonghi lies on a little bay in here,” said Captain Ringgold, as he pointed to the location of the town. “Nothing larger than a fishing-boat can go in there. This was the centre of the Greek Revolution in 1822, and they defended themselves with the most determined bravery. Here was fought the terrible battle in which Marco Bozzaris, as we generally call him, fell. You remember the poem,

‘At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.’

It was written by an American poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and every boy in the nation used to declaim it when I was a boy. But the Turks were defeated, though Bozzaris was killed, and there is a statue over his grave in this place.

“Missolonghi is also noted as the place where Lord Byron died in 1824 of rheumatic fever; and it is said that his heart, which had been in the Greek cause, was buried here.”

On the afternoon of the day after they left the Piræus, the steamers arrived at Corinth. As they brought a clean bill of health no quarantine was required, coming from another Greek port. After dinner, when the whole party, including the “Big Four,”



“THEY SOON OBTAINED A VIEW OF A COUPLE OF MASTS.” Page 302.

were gathered on the promenade deck enjoying the beautiful weather and the novel sights, the commander and the professor had something to say.

“This city is noted for its geographical position on this gulf, and in the midst of what is grand and glorious in Greece,” the captain began. “It is really on the isthmus of the Peloponnesus with the rest of Greece. The mountain you see in the rear of the town is one of the strongest natural fortifications in the world, nearly two thousand feet high, with room enough up there to build a city. It is called the Acrocorinthus.”

“What is the matter, Felix?”

“If it had been my jaw it would have broken it,” replied the Milesian, holding on at the side of his face with all his might.

“It did not distress me; ‘corinthus’ is not a hard word, and if you join the prefix ‘Acro’ (a peak) to it, you have the word. This was a great place for trade; for it was on the way, partly by land, from The Archipelago to the Adriatic Sea, leading to Venice and the West. It was founded 1350 B.C. We will not follow it down from that time. It has been held by the Greeks and the Romans in turn. The latter destroyed and rebuilt it, and it was in their reign that St. Paul lived here a year and a half; and there was need enough of him, for the city was debased with the rites of their pagan religion, and was perhaps the worst and wickedest place on the face of the earth. The two epistles to the Corinthians were addressed to the church which Paul gathered here.

“Long before the Christian era people in these parts were enterprising enough to think of building a canal to connect this gulf with that of Athens, and I believe it is completed. It was begun by Nero.”

The next three days, the last being Sunday, the party visited the city and attended church. On Monday morning the steamers got under way again and proceeded to Salona Bay, about forty miles distant, where they anchored for another twenty-four hours. The party wondered why they were stopping in such a place, for there was nothing but mountains and hills to be seen; and the commander was inclined to keep his own counsels in regard to his movements, for he did not like to promise what he could not perform.

CHAPTER XXXV

MOUNT PARNASSUS AND THE ORACLE

AFTER breakfast at Salona, the party, including the "Big Four," continued to wonder why they were in this obscure place, with nothing like a town of any consequence in sight. The professor soon solved the mystery by taking his place in front of them, with a small piece of paper in his hands, from which he evidently intended to refresh his memory.

"This is about the last of Greece, though we may visit some of the Ionian Islands," said the commander. "You must make the best of it; and as this near you is classic soil, I shall resign my place to Professor Giroud."

"I suppose you know what an oracle is," the learned gentleman began.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom. "We had one in Von Blonk Park, and he knew more than all the rest of the people put together."

"The oracle I am to speak of is not of just that sort, though yours got his name from this one," replied the professor, laughing at the lady's speech. "People ask a great many questions in this day as well as two thousand years ago; and some of them go

to astrologers, fortune tellers, mediums, in order to obtain replies to such as they consider of great importance. The most ancient Greek oracle was at Dodona, in Epirus, in the west of Greece. A couple of doves flew from Thebes in Egypt to this place, lighted in a grove of oaks, and began to use human speech. They commanded the people to establish an oracle to Jupiter, which was done. The doves were doubtless on duty still; for the answers to the questions came from the trees, and were interpreted by the priests, which is the usual thing.

“This is only a specimen. You are now almost within hail of the most celebrated of these oracles, for there were about half a dozen of them. Besides that, you are quite near to other classic localities, as Parnassus, Helicon, and Delphi, which is the noted one, and the fountain of Castalia. It was noticed that the goats feeding on Mount Parnassus were thrown into convulsions when they went near a deep cleft in the side of the hill. One of the goat-keepers wondered at this effect upon his animals, and then tried it on himself. He was affected in the same manner, and the people ascribed it to divine inspiration. Persons under this influence were said to be inspired by the spirit of prophecy, and a temple was erected on the spot.

“This power was attributed to various gods and goddesses, and finally to Apollo alone. Pythia was appointed priestess to inhale the sacred air, we should call it gas now, and dispense it abroad. She was washed in the fountain of Castalia, crowned with a

laurel, and set upon a tripod. As in all such cases, the priests interpreted the sayings she delivered in answer to the questions proposed to her.

“Kastri was the city formerly here, but now it takes the names of the oracle again. You can see Mount Parnassus, eight thousand feet high; and the city, ancient and modern, was built on its lower slope. It was sacred to Apollo and the Muses, as is Helicon. The fountain of Castalia flows down a precipice, and was said to inspire poetry, and perhaps some of you will take a drink from its waters. The same virtue was ascribed to other springs, especially those near Helicon.”

“‘And the Nine shall new-hallow her Helicon spring,’”

Morris broke out.

“It will not affect you unless you drink some of it.”

“Who are the Muses, Professor?” asked Mrs. Blossom.

“They were the nine daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; and this last word comes from the same as mnemonics, or memory. They presided over song, which includes poetry, and also attended to the memory, as the mother’s name would indicate. Each had her own department; as Calliope had epic poetry in charge, Clio history, Euterpe lyric poetry, Melpomene tragedy, Terpsichore choral song and dance, Erato love poetry, Urania astronomy, Thalia comedy, and Polyhymnia sacred poetry; and I think the last must be your favorite, madam.”

“Polyhymnia is mine also, Professor,” added Mrs. Blossom.

“I think that is all you can digest at present,” said the professor. “As we shall soon be out of classic regions, this is about my last speech;” and he took his chair.

“Not by a great deal. There will be something for you to say in Egypt and India, and I shall want your assistance,” replied the commander.

After lunch the party went on shore, and visited some of the scenes which had been described; but it was too hard work for some of them, though the “Big Four” did a full day’s work in four hours. They were tired enough to sleep well, and no one was called till breakfast time. The steamers got under way in the forenoon, and before night were at anchor in the harbor of Zante, the largest town in the Ionian Islands.

“Have you seen anything of the felucca or the Fatimé, Louis?” asked Captain Ringgold, when they were alone in the cabin of the latter.

“I have seen nothing of either, though I have been on the lookout for them since we came out of the Gulf of Corinth,” replied Louis. “There are so many craft like the Samothraki that I should not know her if I saw her.”

“But I have little doubt that both of them followed us, keeping as near as it was safe for them to do,” added the commander. “There is nothing particular to see here; but I think we had better have an excur-

sion about the harbor in the Maud, and that will enable us to find the enemy if they are here."

"But would the felucca stop here?" asked Louis.

"I did not expect her to follow us up the Gulf of Corinth. If either of the two got near enough to see that we had gone in there, they would be more likely to make a port here and wait for us to come out; and I suppose they get reports here of the movements of vessels, as we do in New York. Let us have the excursion."

Louis called Scott; and in a short time the passengers were all on board the Maud, standing up the harbor, the initiated looking on all sides for either the felucca or the steam-yacht of the Pacha. For this purpose the little steamer sailed all around the harbor, and looked over every craft that could be seen. Nothing was discovered of either of them. Either the calculations made by the commander were incorrect, or the Pacha had abandoned the enterprise which ought to have looked hopeless to him. Mazagan had certainly been his most efficient and determined agent, and he had lost him.

The party landed at the town, Zante, which is extended around the semicircular bay. They wandered about the place without knowing much of it; for the commander had not yet given his usual lecture, for the reason that his mind had been too much occupied in the search for the two troublesome craft. It is about a mile and a half in extent along the shore; but it is not over a thousand feet the other way ex-

cept in one locality, where it reaches back to a hill with a castle on it.

Some of the streets have colonnades, such as the traveller sees in Paris and Bologna; and the party had also observed them in the French section of Algiers. The houses are built of stone, with nothing Oriental about them. Formerly the best dwellings were fitted with heavy lattices to conceal the women from the gaze of strangers in the streets, as the Turks protect their harems.

The young girls were practically prisoners, and were secluded almost as much as in Mohammedan countries; but the contact with English people has generally done away with this custom, though it still prevails in some of the Ionian Islands. For an hour the tourists wandered about the town, and then it was time to go on board for dinner. The commander felt no little relief at not finding the "enemy," as he sometimes called his present tormentors, and he hoped he had got rid of the Pacha and his train.

After breakfast the next morning, when the party were assembled in the usual place, Captain Ringgold, after a long talk with Louis as to the advisability of releasing Captain Mazagan, proceeded to give some particulars relating to the islands.

"I suppose you all know where you are, for my charts have been open to you," he began. "The Ionian Islands are about forty in number, on the west coast of Greece and Albania, which latter country is still a part of the Turkish Empire; but not more than

five or six of them are large enough to be mentioned. Corfu, the largest, is nearly opposite the 'heel of the boot' of Italy. They belonged to Greece in the past, as they do at the present time. They once belonged to Rome, and afterward to Venice, the whole or a part of them; and they have a very checkered history. England has temporarily held Zante, where we are, though the natives call it Zacynthus.

"This island was first settled by the Greeks; and they still predominate, somewhat changed in their manners and customs by distance from their origin, and by contact and mixture with the people of the western nations. The Orthodox Greek is the prevailing religion, though all sects have entire freedom of worship. Only a few columns and inscriptions have been found here, and there is not much to exercise the professor in his specialty. But Herodotus and Pliny mention the pitch wells of this island, so that they are antiquated, at least."

"Wells!" exclaimed Mrs. Blossom. "Do they drink the pitch?"

"I never saw them do so, and I don't believe they drink it. There is a certain part of a staircase called a well. Do you drink from that?"

"What nonsense!" laughed the lady.

"If these pitch wells were called springs the word would fit the case better; but some Englishmen called them wells, and the name clings to them. Don't be too literal, Mrs. Blossom. The springs are about twelve miles from the town, and I do not believe it

will pay to visit them. I suppose that in their formation they are something like the sulphur springs we see in Florida.

“They are pools about twenty feet across, and ten or twelve feet deep; and so far they are just like the Florida springs. A twig fixed on the end of a pole, and thrust down to the bottom, brings up pitch. They are half a mile from the seashore, and anything dropped into one of them comes up in the domain of Neptune. In another spring the pitch is seen bubbling up to the top of the water, and looks like a black bottle when it rises. It is collected in jars used for the purpose, yielding about three barrels a day. It is of little value, though it can be used when mixed with pine pitch, for of course this is mineral.

“In 1564, Andreas Vesalius, a Belgian, and the greatest anatomist of his time, was cast away on the shore of this island, and perished. He lived for some years in Spain as the physician of Charles V. and Philip II. This was in the days of the Inquisition, and this institution regarded with horror the dissection of the human body for scientific purposes. Vesalius was charged with dissecting a Spanish gentleman before he was dead, a very absurd accusation it was known to be, but he was condemned to be executed. Philip mitigated his sentence by condemning him to make a pilgrimage to Palestine; and on his voyage he was shipwrecked here.

“The principal industry of these islands is the raising of currants, — not the red Dutch article found in our

gardens, but black ones. When dried they become an important article of commerce. Currants, grapes, and olives are raised here; but the first is by far the most important production, and the crop of all Greece exported is valued at about thirteen millions of dollars, four times as much as any other one thing. England takes a large share of them for her plum-puddings at Christmas.

“This island has a beautiful climate, as you can judge from this delightful ninth day of September; but it is not always as nice as it is just now. It is so fine that every currant field and vineyard has to be provided with a private watchman to guard its treasures. But we will go on shore now, if you are ready.”

Half an hour later they were all on the top of Castle Hill.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE CONSPIRACY BECOMES ACTIVE

THE view from the castle was very fine, and the party enjoyed it very much. A number of vehicles were procured; and they visited the country outside of the town, where they found some very pleasant rural residences, for many of the wealthier inhabitants live out of the city a portion of the year. At one of them they met a gentleman who spoke English very fluently, who invited them to enter his mansion. They conversed for an hour or more, the Zantiot giving them all the information they desired. When he asked how they had come to Zante, the commander told him something about the Guardian-Mother and the party who sailed in her.

It was nearly lunch time on board of the ship; and when the captain made a movement to leave, the Zantiot invited them to another apartment, where they found a very elaborate luncheon served for them. The commander recalled the fact that the wealthier people of the island are exceedingly hospitable. The collation was most excellent; and the excursion they had made gave them an appetite, so that they enjoyed it as it deserved to be.

“I have a very great favor to ask of you, Captain Ringgold,” said Mr. Cephalia, the host, for the two gentleman had already exchanged cards.

“I should be most happy to serve you in any manner I may,” replied the commander.

“What you have told me about your steam-yacht has interested me very much, and I wish to go on board of her. Will you permit me to do so?” added the Zantiot.

“My dear sir, I had it at my tongue’s end to invite you to dine on board of her with the present party; and I should certainly have asked you before we left.”

“You are very kind, Captain Ringgold. I have been on board of most of the English yachts, sailing and steam, that have come here in recent years, but I have not seen an American steam-yacht.”

“I shall be most happy to see you on board of her. Is there a Mrs. Cephalia?” asked the commander.

“There is; but she is in Paris, and my two daughters are away at school. I am alone in the house, though I have a great deal of company,” replied Mr. Cephalia.

“If you are not otherwise occupied, you might return with us, for I have a small steam-yacht at the landing,” suggested the commander.

“I should be very happy to do so,” replied the Zantiot.

He called his carriage, and invited the captain to ride with him. The guest was greatly pleased with

the Maud when he went on board of her, and he was informed that she was sailed in all weather by the "Big Four." He talked with all of them, and Captain Scott took him to the pilot-house where Morris had the wheel. Each of the party was introduced to him individually, and he was as much struck as others always were when he was presented to Miss Blanche.

"Lunch was all ready when they came on board, and they all took places at the table, though they were not in condition to do justice to the viands. Then the commander showed his guest all over the ship. Mr. Cephalia declared that the cabins were more luxurious than anything he had ever seen before. While they were thus engaged the steamer weighed her anchor, and was soon under way.

"What does this mean?" demanded the Zantiot, apparently somewhat alarmed.

"While we are waiting for dinner, we will take a turn around the island," replied Captain Ringgold. "I thought you had better see how she works at sea."

"I am very much obliged to you; you are extremely kind," added the gentleman, grasping the captain's hand.

When they reached the boudoir, they found Miss Blanche playing on the piano there; and the polite Zantiot was inclined to remain, but a message came from her mother asking her to join the party under the awning. Before the commander and the guest had come to the upper deck, the party were singing.

Mr. Cephalia was very fond of music, and he was delighted with the Gospel Hymns, though he knew none of them. They were a novelty to him.

It was a delightful afternoon, and the guest declared that he had never enjoyed an excursion so much before in all his life; and perhaps a little exaggeration was allowable on such an occasion. The steamer was now approaching the harbor from the north, having gone around the south end of the island, which is Cape Kieri, first. Louis and Felix were at the extreme stern of the deck, watching the ocean very industriously.

"I am sure that I saw both the *Fatimé* and the *felucca*," Felix insisted in a low tone.

"I can see two vessels coming this way; but I can't make out at this distance what they are," replied Louis. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"How could I call you out when you were talking to Mr. Cephalia?" demanded Felix. "But I kept the run of them myself."

Louis went to the pilot-house for a glass; and when he had examined the two sails, he was satisfied that the forward one was the Pacha's steam-yacht.

"There isn't a breath of wind this afternoon," added Louis; "and I don't understand how the *Smaothraki* can make any headway."

"Don't you see that the *Fatty* is towing her?" demanded Felix, calling the steamer by the name he often applied to her.

"How can I see when they are end on?"

“ Well, I saw her when she was on the beam of the ship, and that was what she was doing,” replied the Milesian, as he saw the commander approaching them.

He had noticed Louis when he went aft; for he had to bring Miss Blanche to the front to detach himself from the guest, after he had seen his crony beckon to him. The spy-glass had excited the attention of the captain, and it was evident that something attracted the notice of the two young men.

“ What is it ? ” asked Captain Ringgold.

“ The *Fatimé* is coming down from the north with the felucca in tow,” replied Louis, as he passed the glass to the commander, who looked through it in the direction indicated.

“ Do you make them out, sir ? ”

“ Plainly enough. I hoped we had got rid of them; but the Pacha appears to have transferred Mazagan’s contract to the captain of the *Samothraki*,” replied the captain.

“ But what have they been doing up in that direction ? ” asked Louis.

“ Doubtless they have been in search of the *Guardian-Mother*. But our guest is still on board, and we have no time to attend to them.”

The commander returned to the party, and the ship proceeded to the anchorage where she had left the *Maud*. Louis rejoined the company under the awning, but it was arranged that Felix should observe the movements of the enemy. Mr. Cephalia had become interested in the young millionaire, no doubt for the

same reason that others were so, and he was inclined to talk more with him than with the other young men; but he was even more disposed to converse with Miss Blanche. He was sorry his daughters were not at home, for the younger was about her age.

Mr. Sage, the steward, and Monsieur Odervie had been instructed to prepare an elegant dinner, and they had done so. The party sat two hours at the table; and it was a very merry occasion, for the guest had a bit of humor in his composition, which had expanded as he became better acquainted. When it was finished and the cabins were brilliantly lighted, they adjourned to the boudoir, where the guest delighted the Americans with some Greek songs. Some of the popular airs of home were given by them, including a few of the war melodies; but the strength of the voyagers was in the Gospel Hymns.

The guest was invited to remain on board rather than return to his home at that late hour, and he accepted the invitation. He was shown to one of the spare state-rooms, and Sparks was directed to give him special attention.

Felix had reported before dinner that the *Fatimé* and her tow had passed the entrance of the harbor, and gone to the southward. The commander could make nothing of this movement on their part. The *Maud* had come alongside the ship as soon as the latter anchored. An anchor watch was set on board of both vessels; and though the officers could not understand it, extra vigilance had been urged upon them.

It was not expected by the commander that any attempt would be made by the enemy to board his vessel in the night, and nothing occurred to disturb the repose of any one. After breakfast the next morning the *Maud* conveyed Mr. Cephalia to the shore; and he had insisted that the party should spend the afternoon at his residence, in the suburbs, dining with him at an early hour. He was so persistent that it was impossible to refuse. The only proviso was that the party should be permitted to take their leave as early as seven o'clock.

The commander had accompanied him to the shore, and took leave of him till afternoon at the landing-place. The *Maud* started on her return to the ship; but Captain Ringgold was not quite satisfied with the situation so far as the Pacha's yacht and the felucca were concerned. They had gone to the southward, but this did not prove anything to him. Maza-gan was still kept a close prisoner, with a sentinel at the door of the brig.

There were quite a number of vessels in the harbor of Zante, and it was possible that the *Fatimé* and her tow had crept in during the night. The commander was still using extraordinary precautions, which he had found to be justified by the events at Lemnos, and he was not inclined to relax them. Before the return to the ship the little steamer made the circuit of the bay, and looked over every craft in port, including a score of feluccas like the *Samothraki*; but neither of the enemy's vessels could be discovered.

After lunch the party embarked again in the *Maud*, and early in the afternoon they reached the elegant home of the Zantiot. An orchestra was playing on the veranda, and the visitors soon discovered that the most elaborate preparations had been made for them. They were received in the drawing-room, and presented to half a dozen of the most distinguished people of the island, who were there with their wives, sons, and daughters. They soon became acquainted.

Light refreshments were served in the middle of the afternoon, after some of the Zantiot ladies had played and sung; and then the guests went out to see the plantation and gardens which lay in the rear of the house. Not a breath of air appeared to be stirring on the island; and the older members of the party, especially Brothers Adipose Tissue and Avoirdupois, were not disposed to extend their walk to any great distance from the mansion, near which all found delightfully shady retreats.

But the young people were more active and less affected by the heat. Morris had a headache and remained with his mother, but the other three of the "Big Four" strayed farther away. There was a currant plantation at a distance from the house, and the Americans were greatly interested in their culture. Two young ladies and two young men of the island were with them, and told them what they knew about the fruit.

When they had walked to the rear of the estate, where they found a road, they were tired enough to take

seats in a shady arbor. When they were somewhat rested, Miss Blanche saw a cottage not far away. She was thirsty, and wished to get some water. Louis attended her, as he was very likely to do at every opportunity that was presented to him; and they walked along the fence towards the dwelling. It was on the border of the estate, and the house was deserted; but a spring was found, and the thirsty maiden obtained a drink.

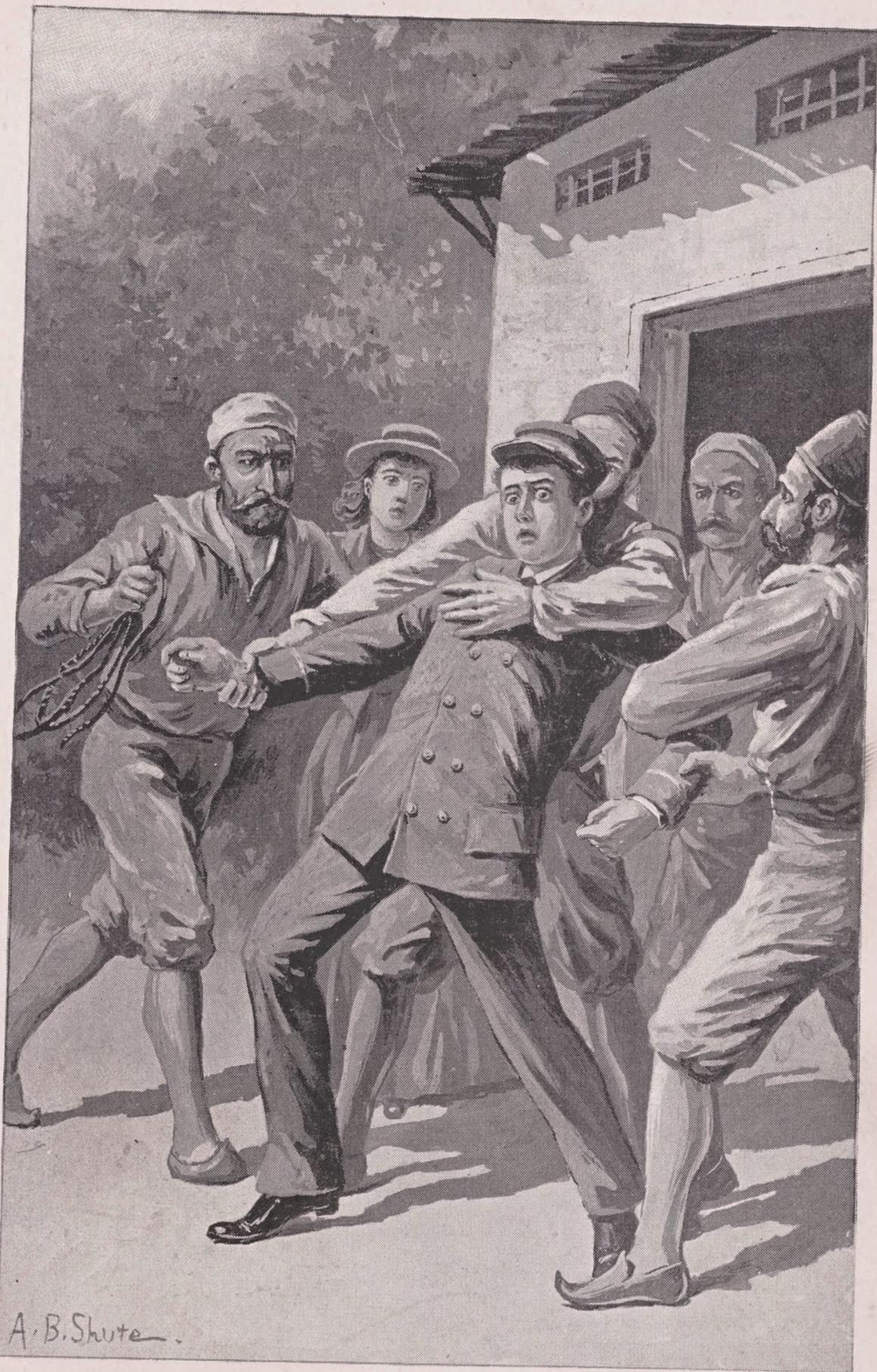
“I suppose they call this fruit currants, but the plants are vines just like those of grapes,” said Miss Blanche, as she stopped to look at them. “I have been wondering if they were really currants or grapes.”

“They certainly grow in the same manner that grapes do,” replied Louis. “If we were not going around the world I would get a plant or two and set them out at home.”

“I certainly never saw anything like them at home,” added the young lady.

“They are the chief production of these islands; and I suppose Mr. Cephalia made his fortune out of them though he may have inherited” —

He did not finish the sentence; for at that moment a solid door in the wall which surrounded the estate in this part, suddenly dropped in, falling flat upon the ground, and four men rushed upon Louis and his fair companion. Before the young man could get his hand on the revolver he always carried in his pocket, he was in the embrace of two men, one on each side of



"HELP! HELP! HE SHOUTED." Page 325.

him. Two others laid violent hands on the young lady, and hurried her out at the open gateway.

Louis had been taken by surprise, for hardly an instant elapsed between the fall of the door in the wall before he was in the clutches of the ruffians. But he was not disposed to yield himself up tamely as a prisoner. The four men wore Greek clothes, and it flashed upon him that they were the crew of the felucca. His arms were in a human vise, and he could do nothing.

“Help! Help!” he shouted at the top of his lungs.

The villains thrust a handkerchief into his mouth and hurried him off.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE IN THE ROAD

THE ruffians had resorted to the gag too late, though the time of the event was to be counted in seconds. Louis had uttered his appeal for assistance, and the party in the shady nook had heard it. Captain Scott and Felix were there with the young people who were natives of the island. The two Americans sprang to their feet, and the two Zantiots were about to follow them.

“Go back to the house and tell Captain Ringgold there is trouble here!” shouted Felix to them, as he ran with all his might after Scott.

“What does it mean, Captain Scott?” he demanded when he had overtaken him.

“I don’t know; but Louis don’t call for help unless he needs it,” replied the other; but both of them were running at the top of their speed, and there was no time to talk about it.

At a short distance from the door, or gate, there were two vehicles, each with two horses, with a driver seated on the box of each. They were something like coaches, but unlike anything to be seen at home, though perhaps they were built in England.

Into one of them her captors hurried the young lady, who was so completely paralyzed with terror that she could utter no cry.

Louis did not yield so readily, but struggled with all his might to shake off the ruffians. The two men dragged him to the other carriage, and were attempting to crowd him into it. But to do so they had to embrace him, and he succeeded in getting his hand on his revolver. One of the ruffians, with his hand still holding the collar of the prisoner, got into the vehicle, and tried to drag him after him. The other had grasped Louis by the hips to shove him into the carriage.

The young millionaire struck the villain in front of him with his fist between his eyes as he leaned over him, which caused him to draw back. This enabled the intended victim to turn upon his assailant. He had drawn his weapon, and he fired it instantly. The man who had been behind him dropped his hold, and retreated a step or two. He was not killed; but the blood was flowing from the ends of his fingers, showing that he had been wounded in the arm or shoulder.

He had let go his hold of the victim, and Louis turned his attention to the one who was in the carriage. He pointed his revolver at him; but the fellow slid down upon the ground, crawled under the vehicle, and ran away on the other side of it. Having released himself, Louis rushed to the other carriage, the driver of which was just starting his horses.

The sight of the revolver produced the same effect upon the coachman as upon the ruffian that had fled, and he leaped from his box. It was evident by this time that revolvers had not been counted in as a part of the programme.

“Don’t be alarmed, Miss Blanche!” called Louis to the fair prisoner in the carriage.

At the same time he went to the door, or rather the entrance to the vehicle, in which the ruffians had seated their prisoner in the rear, while they occupied the front seat themselves. Louis raised his revolver and pointed it at the man nearest to him. He made a sign with his left hand that he was to get out, which he did very promptly.

Covering the other villain with the weapon, he reached out his hand to the maiden. She sprang to him, and he helped her to the ground with the unemployed hand.

“Don’t be alarmed, Miss Blanche. No harm shall come to you,” said he in soothing tones.

But at this moment another factor of the conspiracy presented himself in the person of Monsieur Ulbach, who had evidently been watching the carrying out of the plot. Of course he could not help seeing that it was resulting in an ignominious failure. As he came out from behind the wall on the other side of the road he encountered the three men who were running away, unwilling to face the barrel of a revolver; and he drove them back before him, for he carried a revolver in each hand, and appeared to

be willing to use them on the faint-hearted actors in the drama.

Louis had Miss Blanche on his arm; and she was trembling like an aspen, in spite of all his efforts to reassure her. Ulbach compelled the drivers to mount the boxes again, and drove the other three before him towards the spot where the victims stood.

“This must be a duel between you and me,” said Ulbach, halting a few feet from Louis. “If you will get into the carriages, one in each, you may save your life.”

The detective, as the commander had taken him to be, spoke in English good enough to be understood, though in Athens he declared that he could not do so.

“I should scorn to save my life on any such terms!” replied Louis.

But he had hardly spoken the words before Monsieur Ulbach dropped on the ground like a clod, as the report of a pistol was heard near the wall. In another second both Captain Scott and Felix rushed up to the scene.

“Which is the next one?” demanded Felix, who was always more ready than his friend to use his revolver.

“No more at present; don’t fire again, Flix,” replied Louis.

“What is all this business about, Louis?” asked Scott, revolver in hand.

“I can’t stop to tell you now,” replied Louis.

“We are all right now, Miss Blanche,” he added to the fair girl he was supporting.

“I never was so frightened in all my life,” replied she in quivering tones.

“We will return to the mansion now,” said Louis.

But it was soon evident to him that she could not walk, and the distance to the house through the estate was considerable. He conducted her to the carriage in which she had been seated before, and induced her to enter it with the assurance that she should be driven to the house, and he would go with her. He placed Scott by the side of the horses, and sent Felix for a cup of water from the spring.

In a short time she was partially restored, and she declared that she should not faint. Then he had time to look over the field which had been fought and won by a revolver; for the dread the ruffians had for this weapon had been the cause of their defeat. Louis explained to Scott and Felix how he and Miss Blanche had been captured, and how a single shot from his revolver had turned the tide of battle.

Then he went to look at Ulbach. He was getting on his feet by this time. The side of his head was bloody, and the path of the ball could be seen over his right eye. He had been stunned by it, but it was not a very severe wound. The man whom Louis had disabled had seated himself on the ground, trying to find his wound, or to get at it. Then for the first time it was ascertained that he was Captain Poly-

chronopulos. He and Ulbach appeared to have brought the conspiracy into action again in the absence of Captain Mazagan.

The vehicles were generally used in conveying visitors to the pitch-wells. Neither the drivers nor any of the ruffians could speak English. But Louis proceeded to form a procession, with the carriage containing Miss Blanche at the head. Ulbach and the captain of the felucca were put into the next one, and the other brigands or pirates were driven out ahead of the procession at the point of three revolvers. The column moved down the road, and presently turned into the street on which was located the mansion of Mr. Cephalia. At the corner Felix noticed a Greek, who looked as though he might be a pirate, skulking in the vicinity.

As they marched into the grounds of the estate they were discovered by the party, who rushed forward to ascertain the cause of this unusual demonstration. Miss Blanche was assisted into the house, but she was now nearly restored to her usual condition. The host was shocked and confounded when he learned that the young lady and Louis had been attacked on his own premises. He had never heard of such an outrage on the island before, and he was greatly distressed by it.

Captain Ringgold, when informed by the young Zantiots, that there was trouble, had hastened in the direction indicated, but had arrived only soon enough to see the procession marching down the street, and

he had followed it. He came into the courtyard where the victors in the affair were still keeping guard over their prisoners. Louis had returned from the house, where he had committed Miss Blanche to the care of her mother, and informed the commander what had occurred.

“That this should happen to my guests on my estate!” exclaimed Mr. Cephalia. “I am mortified, humiliated, disgusted!”

“You need not be, my dear sir, for if it had not happened here, it would have occurred in some other place,” protested the captain; and he gave some account of the felucca and the battle that had been fought in Pornea Bay.

“The pirates try to capture the young people for the ransom they will get for them. They are too rich for their own safety,” replied the host. “We have fruit thieves here; but I have not heard of pirates and brigands such as they had in Greece, and perhaps still have, on this island. I have sent for the police.”

“The felucca we encountered at Lemnos was seen off the island yesterday, and one of the wounded men is her captain,” added the commander; but he did not deem it wise to bring the Pacha and his steam-yacht into the narrative, for that would only increase the alarm of the young lady’s parents.

“The cottage was where my watchman lived; the thieves came to my estate by that back street, for it is away from any other dwellings; but the watchman

died, and the house has not been occupied lately," Mr. Cephalia explained.

The arrival of the police interrupted the conversation. The officer in charge of these men declared that the prisoners were all strangers to them; but the captain's explanation made everything plain. The felucca had followed the Guardian-Mother for the purpose of capturing the young millionaire and the daughter of the wealthy New Yorker for the purpose of obtaining the ransom. The two wounded men were conveyed to the hospital, and the others to the prison.

It goes without saying that Louis, Felix, and Scott were the heroes of the affair. The shot which the Milesian had fired without considering the consequences had undoubtedly saved the day, for Ulbach was armed and on an equality with Louis. He was bringing victory out of defeat when Felix fired his revolver. Felix and Louis had practised in a shooting gallery, and were both skilled in the use of the weapon.

As soon as those "awful men" had been taken away, Miss Blanche came out of the mansion. She rushed impulsively to Louis, and grasped both his hands, thanking him with all her might for "saving her," as she called it; and she was not far from right. None of the young men had been injured, and the company were soon as lively as though nothing had happened. The orchestra played, the Zantiots sang more songs, and the dinner was an occasion to be remembered.

Even the disagreeable incident of the afternoon did not prevent the occasion from being a decided success, and those from the Guardian-Mother enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Promptly at the hour specified the Americans departed from the mansion; but the hospitable Zantiots would not allow them to leave alone, and attended them to the landing, conveying the party in their own private carriages.

Tired out with the excitement of the day, the party, feeling perfectly secure on board of the ship, retired early. Captain Ringgold had a conference with the three of the "Big Four" who were in possession of the secret of the conspiracy; but there was nothing to be done then, for the commander declared that "the enemy had been routed, horse, foot, and dragoons," and they had no further use even for Captain Mazagan.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE FATE OF THE CONSPIRATORS

BEFORE breakfast time officers came on board of the ship to summon all who had taken part in the affair of the day before, to appear as witnesses at the court. The whole town was excited over the occurrence, and the principal citizens regarded it as an imputation upon the hospitality of the island; but they were somewhat comforted by the reflection that the outrage had not been perpetrated by Zantiots.

The whole party in the cabin of the ship were interested, and they decided to attend the trial in a body. When they landed from the Maud, they found Mr. Cephalia and his guests of the day before waiting to receive them, and escort them in their carriage to the court. The boys found that they were treated like victorious soldiers from a bloody field.

The authorities made short work of the brigands, and gave them all severe sentences, the two wounded men more than the others as the evident leaders in the outrage. The party were treated with "distinguished consideration" by the authorities and citizens, amounting almost to an ovation. They were invited to a dozen different houses, and urged to remain

longer ; but the commander had announced his intention to sail that day, and all importunities were resisted.

There was an immense round of hand-shaking at the landing, and cheers followed the *Maud* as she steamed slowly away from the shore. Even many of the craft in the harbor saluted her, and she kept her whistle going half the time returning these courtesies.

“That has been a great frolic instead of the most serious thing in the world to us,” said the commander when they were on board. “Decidedly, that affair of yesterday was an adventure, Sir Louis.”

“But you will not pretend that it was of my seeking,” laughed Louis.

“Not at all. But I wish to know where we are,” added the commander, becoming serious all at once. “The crew of the felucca, or four of them, have been disposed of so that they will not trouble us any more. But how has this thing been brought about? Neither the *Fatimé* nor the felucca came into this harbor last evening, and they are not here this morning.”

“I don’t believe the pirates would have attempted to carry off their prisoners through the town,” replied Louis, as he went to the chart of the captain, spread out in the room where they were. “How far is it from the head of this harbor over to the west shore of the island?”

“The west shore is not the nearest point from the town,” replied the commander, as he applied his

dividers to the chart. "The south of the island is in precisely the same form as the southern part of Italy, in the shape of a boot. The nearest water to the town is up a bay between the heel and the toe, and the distance is not over two miles and a half."

"That's it!" exclaimed Louis. "The *Fatimé* and the felucca are, or have been, over there. The carriages were to convey their prisoners over to that place."

"That is the most reasonable way to explain it," added the commander. "I instructed both of the watch officers to keep a sharp lookout for both of these craft, but nothing has been seen of them in the harbor. No doubt the captain of the felucca knows all about this island, and all the others in these waters, and he arranged the plan. We shall get under way after luncheon, Louis; and I shall send Captain Scott in the *Maud* to look into that south bay, and ascertain if the felucca is still there."

Scott was called, and his instructions given to him. The little steamer had been coaled and provisioned for a cruise, for both vessels were to proceed to the northward at once. He was directed to get under way as soon as the lunch was over. The "Big Four" took leave of their friends on board, and the *Maud* sailed upon her mission. Off Cape Ieraka, the southeastern point of the island, she fell in with a fisherman, who hailed her in Greek. Don was on duty in the engine-room while Felipe was at his dinner, and understood the Zantiot, who asked if a pilot was wanted.

It was found that the man spoke English enough to be understood, and Scott asked if there were any vessels up the bay. A steamer had anchored there the day before towards night, but had gone to sea at daylight in the morning. She towed in a felucca, which had sailed a couple of hours before, and had gone to the south-east. This was no doubt the Samothraki, and it was not necessary to explore the bay. Louis gave the fisherman six drachmas for his information, and he was very grateful for the gift.

“Well, what are we to do now?” asked Captain Scott.

“We must wait for the ship, and report what we have learned,” replied Louis. “The felucca has been gone but two hours, and she has not made any great distance, if the commander wants anything of her. Look out for her with your glass, Captain Scott.”

“No need of any glass,” interposed Felix. “I can see her, and she is not five miles off.”

As the fisherman had reported, she was headed to the south-east, and it looked as though she had given up her enterprise in connection with the Guardian-Mother.

“They had to leave four of their hands, including the captain, in Zante,” said Louis, as the Maud stood out of the south bay.

“They had but six in all on board, and there are only two left; and I suppose that is enough to sail her,” added Scott. “But they must have learned

what had happened to the captain and his companions, or they would not have left."

"I saw a Greek hanging around the place where we had the row," said Felix. "I saw him again in the street when we marched the prisoners down to the house. I am sure he was a Greek sailor, though I thought nothing of it at the time."

"That fellow must have been stationed near the street to warn the others if any one approached," replied Scott. "He went back to the felucca to tell his only remaining shipmate what had happened. For aught we know he may have been present at the trial, and ascertained the fate of the pirates, and that there was no further use for the Samothrakī here."

Off the cape the Maud lay in wait for the Guardian-Mother, and made a signal to her as she approached. She stopped her screw, and the little steamer went alongside. The information obtained was reported to the commander by Louis, who was sent on board for the purpose.

When Captain Ringgold had heard the report, including the action of the spy who had probably, almost certainly, carried the news of the failure back to the felucca, he said, —

"I think the conspiracy may be said to have ended in failure; though it might have been successful if you had not made use of your revolver, which seems to be equal here to a squad of policemen, — and if you had not been so well seconded by Felix and Captain Scott."

“I should say that the Pacha had had enough of it by this time, though he takes care to keep out of harm’s way,” returned Louis.

“I shall set Mazagan at liberty now; and we will use the Maud to put him on board of the felucca, which we can easily overhaul,” continued the commander.

The prisoner was put in charge of two men, who conveyed him on board of the Maud, followed by Captain Ringgold, who desired to see the business finished himself. Mr. Boulong was ordered to follow her consort, and Louis took leave of his mother over again. He informed her what was to be done, and soon all the party were aware that the dangerous prisoner was to be finally disposed of.

Captain Mazagan was quite cheerful when he found himself on board of the Maud, for it was a change from the confinement in the brig. He was not tied in any manner, though the two seamen were required to keep their eyes on him.

“I suppose you are taking me out for a pleasure excursion, Captain Ringgold,” said he, when the steamer was under way, and he was seated in the standing-room with his guards, though they were out of hearing.

“No, sir; I shall set you at liberty as soon as we can overhaul the Samothraki, which is about six miles ahead of us, bound to the south-east; and I suppose she is going back to the island where she belongs.”

“Bound to the south-east!” repeated Mazagan, apparently greatly astonished at the intelligence.

“You have not been in the way to hear the latest news, Captain Mazagan, and I can give it to you in very few words,” added the commander. “Your mission is done, and you have made a failure of it;” and he repeated the details of the affair of the day before. “The *Fatimé* went to sea early this morning. Four of the crew of the felucca were sentenced to a long imprisonment, including Captain Polychronopulos and Monsieur Ulbach.”

“Where has the *Fatimé* gone?” asked the late prisoner.

“I have not the remotest idea; but if the Pacha is wise he will go back to Mogadore and stay there.”

“He owes me money,” added Captain Mazagan with a look of discouragement.

“Hardly,” laughed the commander; and he could afford to laugh at the failure of the conspiracy. “You did not deliver either our young millionaire or the beautiful *hourî*, as your employer called her, to His Highness.”

The Moor bit his lips in silence. What private grief he had beyond the loss of a promised reward he did not state, and he did not wish to talk any more. The commander left him to his guards and went forward.

Within an hour he was put on board of the felucca. Don had some talk with the mate of the craft, and he acknowledged that he had seen the affair at the road,

and had learned the fate of the captain and his shipmates ; but he knew nothing about the Fatimé, though he had reported the failure of the expedition to Zante to the Pacha in person. There was no love lost at the parting. Captain Ringgold returned to his ship, and she was headed to the north, whither the Maud followed her.

The story, begun at Constantinople, is finished at Zante. The Guardian-Mother put in at the island of Ithaca, and remained two days there, the professor rehearsing the story of Ulysses, and telling the passengers about Homer and his poems. A call was made at Corfu, and then the steamer proceeded to Trieste. During the next three months the tourists followed the southern coast of Europe, visiting Venice, Messina, Palermo, Naples, Rome, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, Barcelona, Valencia, and Malaga. From these ports excursions were made to the interior cities of importance.

From Malaga they were absent from the ship a week on a visit to Granada and the Alhambra, where they were greatly interested. In the royal chapel in the former, they looked upon the beautiful marble monument to Ferdinand and Isabella, and then descended into the vault under the pavement of the chapel, where they looked with wonder and astonishment upon the veritable coffins of the monarchs, placed on a dais in the middle of the dark apartment.

This sight they considered the most interesting of anything they had yet seen, for it made the sovereigns

and all the events relating to the discovery of America more real than they had ever seemed to be before.

The weather at this season was delightful, and added greatly to their enjoyment.

From Malaga the Guardian-Mother, still followed by the Maud, made a long voyage of nearly the whole length of the Mediterranean Sea, and early in December they were off the mouths of the Nile, where necessity compels the writer to leave them. The "Big Four" had navigated the Maud, and had improved their knowledge of seamanship and navigation enough to entitle them to the name, sometimes applied to them, of the young navigators.

They had pursued their studies as closely as the business of sight-seeing would permit. The tourists had been a year on their voyage, and some of them were rather fatigued with this occupation; but the long voyage from Malaga had rested them. Perhaps it was because there was a certain similarity in looking upon so many European cities, one after another, that wearied them. Off the mouths of the Nile the prospect was entirely different. They were to enter upon scenes entirely new and strange to them, and their appetite for sight-seeing under conditions radically changed was renewed and increased.

Nothing had been seen or heard of the Pacha during the last three months, and the commander hoped he was finally rid of him. But the secret of the conspiracy was not told to any one outside of the

four persons who had come in possession of it at Pournea Bay, or earlier.

The Nile, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean were before the young navigators, though they did not expect to go up the river in the Maud. What they did, what they saw, what adventures they fell into, for they were not seeking such, however welcome they were when they came in a natural way, will be duly presented in succeeding volumes, the next of which will be "Up and Down the Nile, or Young Adventurers in Africa."

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