

WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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Foreword.

Anson Carlyle, aged twenty-three, the ninth in descent from Capt. Geoffrey Carlyle of Glasgow, Scotland, was among the heroic Canadian dead at Vimy ridge. Unmarried, and the last of his line, what few treasures he possessed fell into alien hands. Among these was a manuscript, apparently written in the year 1687, and which, through nine generations, had been carefully preserved, yet never made public. The paper was yellowed and discolored by years; occasionally a page was missing, and the writing itself had become almost indecipherable. Much indeed had to be traced by use of a microscope. The writer was evidently a man of some education, and clear thought, but exceeding diffuse, in accordance with the style of his time, and possessing small conception of literary form. In editing this manuscript for modern readers I have therefore been compelled to practically re-write it entirely, retaining merely the essential facts, with an occasional descriptive passage, although I have conscientiously followed the original development of the tale. In this reconstruction much quaintness of language as well as appeal to probability, may have been lost, and for this my only excuse is the necessity of thus making the story readable. I have no doubt as to its essential truth, nor do I question the purpose which dominated this rover of the sea in his effort to record the adventures of his younger life. As a picture of those days of blood and courage, as well as a story of love and devotion, I deem it worthy preservation, regretting only the impossibility of now presenting it in print exactly as written by Geoffrey Carlyle.

R. P.

CHAPTER I.

Sent Into Servitude.

Knowing this to be a narrative of unusual adventure, and one which may never even be read until long after I have departed from this world, when it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality, I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream, dimly remembered at awakening, and perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were—days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched somberly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts, and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd savagely with the butts of their muskets, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a lumping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpses of the hooker's name—Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the deck and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sailorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, whar is this yer Virginia?"

"That's all right, mates," I returned cheerily. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from, I've been there twice—and to a land beyond they call Maryland. 'Tis a country not so unlike England."

"Ye better stow that, my man," growled someone above me, and I looked up into the stern eyes of the captain of the guard, "or it may be the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter the Virginia plantation, hev ye? Then ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it.

I heard tell about ye at the trial, but supposed ye ter be an older man."
"I am twenty-six."
"Ye don't look even that. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there—all of yer. Step along, yer d—d rebel scum."

I stared aft at the poop deck. There were a number of persons gathered along the low rail, probably all passengers. Then my eyes encountered a strange group foregathered beside the lee rail. There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two—a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue slashed coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly befringed shirt, and the hit of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandies were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and even at that distance I could perceive the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom fighting was a trade. He was pointing us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile, nor did I see her answer his sallies. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes and rounded cheeks flushed with health. She stood, both hands clasping the rail, watching us intently. I somehow felt as though her eyes were upon me, and within their depths, even at that distance, I seemed to read a message of sympathy and kindness. The one lasting impression her face left on my memory was that of innocent girlhood, dignified by a womanly tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not



What Were Those Two to Each Other?

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revelation of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange variety of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given me called by number for a certain berth, and I found this, throwing within the small bundle I bore. Almost immediately there was a sound of tramping feet on the deck above, and the creaking of blocks. Then a sud-

den movement of the hull told all we were under way.

CHAPTER II.

The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 53 days I would blot entirely from memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail—the foul smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearisome days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul.

The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as though some mysterious influence held us to each other—then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his piece.

"What er ye standin' thar fer?" he demanded savagely. "Go on down—lively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Although we had never spoken, although our names were yet unknown, I was no criminal to her mind, no unrecognized prisoner beneath contempt, but a human being in whom she already felt a personal interest, and to whom she extended thought and sympathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanchez, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund planter was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanchez, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Capes. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered to deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously.

"Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be punished if you talk with me—is that what you meant?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you aboard."

Captain Carlyle finds a friend but at the same time he finds that he has an enemy on board the Romping Betty. His enemy warns that he will get revenge, but why? Geoffrey racks his brain in vain for the answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Generous. The trouble with the fellow who borrows trouble is that he wants to loan some of it to everyone he meets.

ECONOMY CORNER

To Make Sewing Silk Run Evenly.

When the silk thread on the machine runs off the spool too fast, and causes it to tighten around the spindle, cut a piece of blotting paper or thick cloth, make a hole in the center and slip on the spindle before the spool, and you will have no more trouble.

Cutting Bias Bands.

An excellent way to cut and point bias bands is in the following manner: With a ruler and something which will mark the cloth—chalk for dark colors and a hard pencil for light are good if not used too heavily—mark the bands on the material. Then carefully join the two ends of the cloth so that the chalk lines exactly meet, only leave the first line on one end meet, the second on the other, thus forming a spiral. Stitch on the machine; then with a needle and thread put a few secure stitches each side of the marks to stay the stitching. With sharp scissors begin at the place where the first band extends beyond the second, and cut round and round, following the chalk line, until the whole is cut into one piece all perfectly joined.

An Economical Way to Braid.

A simple and economical way to braid is to trace the design on tissue paper, then baste to the material that is to be braided. Proceed to sew on the braid, sewing through both paper and material, until the design has been all covered with the braid, after which remove the paper by carefully tearing it off. The paper is a protection to delicate material while braiding, although it works equally as well on dark material.

An excellent substitute for button-holing is found in the use of the familiar coronation braid. It may be whipped along any edge where button-holing is commonly used. This is suggested for garments made of inexpensive material for general use.

One Way to Save Time.

Here is a sensible method of tagging the contents of a piecebag. On the outside of the bag fasten the largest procurable safety pin. Attach samples to this pin of every remnant that

goes into the bag. A great amount of time and patience is saved by this simple device, for one can see at a glance just what the bag contains.

An Embroidery Hint.

When making the round holes for eyelet embroidery put a piece of soap under the fabric, and allow the stiletto to pierce through it. When the stiletto is withdrawn it will, being soapy, impart a slight stiffness to the material, which facilitates the making of very even, perfect embroidery.

Strew natural flowers on the cloth to be embroidered, remove them one at a time, drawing their outlines, to be filled with silks, in natural colors.

A Hair Ribbon Idea.

There are some little girls who still cling to the hair ribbon, usually between the ages of eight and twelve, after the bob and before they think it time to put up their hair. And these same little girls like dashing things in hair ribbon, especially for dress-up time. What about embroidering them, then? Lovely things can be done with hair ribbons. On dainty white, blue and pink backgrounds pretty sprays of silken flowers will be appropriate for party sets, hair-ribbons and sashes to wear over the light wash frock of batiste or net. On darker ribbons brighter and more conventional motifs will be in order. Maybe the little girl will like to do this embroidering herself. If the ends of the ribbon are shaped, preferably rounded, they may be buttonholed or blanket-stitched and would not have to be trimmed off as the usual ribbon continually raveling out.

Good Neckwear Season.

Both manufacturers and buyers are agreed that the sale of women's neckwear this season will be great. At present plaitings and ruffings are having an unusually large sale, and a good season on these lines is assured. The sample lines have been enlarged, and are offered in many color combinations and novelty effects. Such colors as rose, navy, brown, green and teal colors are combined together, and with white are shown in many attractive combinations.

A Feeling of Security

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

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Talk of Resourcefulness!

He was discussing Australian resourcefulness, and told how an Australian and his dog were lost in the bush. They were starving. The man loved his dog too well to think of killing him for food, not wishing to survive his faithful companion.

At last he had a brilliant idea which would serve to keep them both alive. He kindled a fire, cut off the dog's tail, cooked it, ate the meat, and gave the bone to the dog.

Quite Unlike.

"That fellow Beaten is a sponge." "Don't libel a useful article. You couldn't get anything back from Beaten by squeezing him."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Baby's little dresses will just simply dazzle if Red Cross Ball Blue is used in the laundry. Try it and see for yourself. At all good grocers, 5c.

The deadly parallel is too much for the average love letter.

Platonic love is a sort of prologue to the real thing.

THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evident thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION:—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

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AT THE WEDDING



Unless the June bride has her wedding procession pictured in her own mind, down to the last detail, she is likely to have some anxious quarter-hours pondering the subject of her bridesmaids' millinery. Now is the time to decide the matter, for June will soon be here and those enterprising and capable people who anticipate all millinery needs have launched mid-summer hats that almost sing the wedding march. Four of them are pictured here. The bride can weigh their merits and select any one of them; there is no chance of making a mistake, for these are all exquisite examples of summery headwear suited to the bridal cortege.

The hat at the top of the group is a millinery gem of purest ray serene and might be allotted to the maid of honor, because of its dignity, if there is to be any difference between her hat and that of the other maids. It has a wide brim and a soft crown and is made of crepe georgette with "curtain" edge of embroidered crepe. Lace might be used for the upper brim covering instead of this crepe. A big bow of wide and soft satin ribbon across the front finishes it. This summing up of the simple things that go to make up a picturesque model seems very inadequate as a description of it. But it is the delicate beauty of georgette and the sheen of satin ribbon that make the hat. It is exquisite in any of the fashionable colors. A scarf of malines is worn with it.

Just below at the left there is a little poke bonnet of leghorn straw, with a fan of wired lace across the back. No doubt the bride will change her mind several times if she must choose between this and other hats, for it is simply perfect as a bridesmaid's bonnet. It has a lattice work of narrow blue grosgrain ribbon applied to the crown and a wreath of

small flowers. It fulfills our expectations by having quaint ribbon streamers at the back. It is hard to take one's eyes away from it, but a lovely hat of tulle and georgette at the right is alluring. It has a long scarf of georgette that falls from the back and winds about the throat. Whatever flowerlike color the bride may choose for her maids will prove a success in this hat.

A pure white hat of malines finishes one chapter in the story of hats for bridesmaids. It has lace motifs applied against the crown and a sash of wide ribbon that serves as a scarf. The sash might be of malines and this model will interest the bride who is to wear a hat instead of a veil at her wedding.

Julie Bottomley

Sweaters Are Elaborate.

Salesmen who have returned from the west and Pacific coast with the spring lines of woman's pure silk thread sweaters say that the business has increased at least 25 per cent. Buyers in every section were very much interested in the new offerings, especially those that retail at from \$25 to \$65 apiece. Owing to the number of new styles and colors shown, the buying this year was much heavier than in former seasons. Through the East and in the local trade the sales have shown a considerable increase.

Shield Watch.

One of the pretty little wrist watches shown by a smart jeweler is in the form of a shield. That is to say, the watch face is set in a tiny shield of rhinestones set in platinum, and the whole thing is especially dainty.