

# WOLVES of the SEA

## By RANDALL PARRISH

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### A Battle to Death in Darkness of Night.

**Synopsis**—Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam.

#### CHAPTER VII.

### The Lieutenant Unmasked.

Where the craft could be bound; for what secret purpose it was afloat; who were aboard, were but so many unanswered questions arising in my mind. Where could it have come from, unless from that strange Dutch bark? If it really came from the Namur of Rotterdam had it been sent in answer to some signal by Sanchez? I could think of nothing else. I determined to assure myself as to the identity of these strangers. If they had actually landed it would require only a few moments to ascertain the truth. The distance proved somewhat greater than anticipated, because of the deep curve in the shore and I had nearly reached the conclusion that the boat must have rounded the point and gone on when suddenly I was brought to a halt by a voice speaking in Spanish—one of those harsh croaking voices never to be reduced to a whisper.

"Not the spot Manuel? Of course it is; do you not suppose I know? This is the place and now there is nothing to do but wait. The senor—he will be here presently."

"Ay, unless you misread the signal," a somewhat more discreet but piping voice replied doubtfully. "I saw nothing of all you tell about, Estada."

The two men went on to discuss plans evidently communicated to Estada by Sanchez from England. I was about to creep nearer, when a newcomer moved past me scarcely a yard distant, along the narrow strip of sand. Directly opposite my covert he paused.

"Estada." He spoke the name cautiously.

"Ay, captain," and another figure emerged noiselessly from the gloom. "We await you."

"Good. I rather questioned if you caught my signal. I was watched and obliged to exercise care. How many have you here?"

"Four, senor, with Manuel Estevan."

"Quite sufficient. How is it here? Are there suspicions?"

"None, senor. We have cruised outside most of the time. There is no warships in these waters. You said you were being watched on the sloop. Are you known?"

"A dog of a servant who came over with us—one of Monmouth's brood. The fellow watches me like a hawk. We had some words aboard and there is hate between us."

"May I ask your plans, senor?"

"Yes, I am here to explain. This planter, Fairfax, has returned from England with a large sum. It is in gold and notes. It represents the proceeds of the tobacco crop of himself and a number of his neighbors. Without doubt it will be upward of fifty thousand pounds. This still remains in his possession, but a part will be dispersed tomorrow; so if we hope to gain the whole we must do so now. Everything is ready, and there is not the slightest suspicion of danger—not even a guard set over the treasure."

"Then it is at the house?"

"In an iron-bound chest, in the room assigned to Fairfax for the night. Only two servants sleep in the main house, the cook and a maid, both women. Fairfax is vigorous and will put up a fight if he has any chance. He must be taken care of before he does have any. Travers is an old man, to be knocked out with a blow. All we have to fear are those fellows on the sloop, and they will have to be attended to quietly without any alarm reaching the house. I am going to leave that job to you—it's not your first."

"The old sea orders, captain?"

"Ay, that will be quicker and surer." The voice hardened to sudden ferocity. "But, mark you, with one exception—the Englishman is not to be killed, if

he can be taken alive. I would deal with him."

"Then after that," Sanchez went on deliberately, as though murder was of small account, "you will follow me up the bluff. Who are the others with you?"

"Carl Anderson, Pedro Mendez and Cochose."

"Well chosen; Mendez is the least valuable, and we will leave him with the prisoner at the boat. The big negro, Cochose, together with Manuel, can attend to Travers and the two negroes—they sleep below. That will leave you and the Swede to get the chest. No firearms if they can be avoided. I have been over the house and drawn a diagram. You can look it over in the cabin of the sloop. The stairs lead up from the front hall. I will go with you to the door of Fairfax's room."

"And you, senor—the girl?"

"What know you of any girl?"

"That there was one on the deck of the sloop—an English beauty. It was when you turned to greet her that you gave me the signal. I merely thought that perhaps—"

"Then stop thinking," burst forth Sanchez enraged. "Thinking has nothing to do with your work. If there is a girl I attend to her. Let that suffice. Dios! am I chief here, or are you? You have my orders; now obey them and hold your tongue. Bring the men up here."

The little band of men emerged from the concealment of the fog noiselessly. I could distinguish no faces, scarcely indeed the outlines of their separate forms in the gloom, but one was an unusually big fellow—Cochose.

"Lads," he said incisively, a sharper note of leadership in the tone, "it has been a bit quiet for you lately; but now I am back again, and we'll try our luck at sea once more."

There was a savage growl of response, a sudden leaning forward of dark figures.

"We'll begin on a job tonight. There are fifty thousand pounds for us in that house yonder, and I waive my share. Estada will explain to you the work I want done. By daylight we shall be on blue water, with our course set for Porto Grande. How is it, bulles, do you sniff at the salt sea?"

"Ay, ay, captain."

"And see the pretty girls waiting—and hear the chink of gold?"

"Ay, senor."

"Then do not fall me tonight—and remember it is to be the knife. Estada, I have forgotten one thing—scuttle the sloop before joining me. 'Tis better to make all safe; and now, strong arms, and good luck. Go to your task, and if one fails me it will mean the lash at the mast-butt."

They moved off one by one, Estada leading, along the narrow strip of sand, five of them, on their mission of murder. The leader remained alone, his back toward where I crouched, his eyes following their vanishing figures until the night had swallowed them.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

### A Victory and a Defeat.

I arose silently to my feet, fully aware that all hope of thwarting this villainy lay in immediate action. Sanchez had turned slightly and stood with his face toward the bay. I ventured a cautious step forward and stood on the open sand, scarcely a yard to his rear. Some vague sense of my presence must have influenced the man, for he swung suddenly about, uttering a stifled cry of startled surprise, as we met face to face. For an instant we were locked so closely within each other's desperate grip, his head bent beneath my arm, with my fingers clutching at his throat to block any call for help, that he possessed no knowledge of his assailant's identity. But the man was like a tiger. The surprise of attack was to my advantage, yet almost before I realized what was being done he had rallied, broken my first hold, and his eyes were glaring straight into mine. Then he knew me, his free hand instantly grasping at his knife. Even as he jerked it forth I crushed his wrist within my fingers, forcing his forearm back. There was no outcry, no noise, except that of our heavy breathing and trampling feet. Personal hatred had ascendency in both our hearts—I doubt if he ever thought of aught else but the desire to kill me there with his own hands. Only once did he even utter a word, hissing out the sentence as though it were a poison:

"To hell with you, you sneaking English cur!"

What followed has to me no clearness, no consistency. Never have I fought with deeper realization that I needed every ounce of strength and every trick of wit and skill. Now I knew the fellow possessed greater knowledge of the game than I and a

quicker movement; I excelled in weight of body and coolness of brain. Twice he pricked me deep enough to draw blood, before I succeeded in twisting backward the arm with which he held the blade. He met the game too late, falling half back upon one knee, hoping thus to foil my purpose. There was the sharp crack of a bone, as his useless fingers let the knife drop, a snarled curse of pain, and then, with the rage of a mad dog, Sanchez struck his teeth deep into my cheek. With a thrill of exultation I gripped the knife, driving instantly the keen blade to its hilt into the man's side. He made no cry, no struggle—the set teeth unlocked, and he fell limply back on the sand, his head lapped by the waves.

The fellow lay motionless, his face upturned to the sky, but invisible except in dim outline. I rested my ear over his heart, detecting no murmur of response; touched the veins of his wrist, but found there no answering throb of life.

With the death-dealing knife still gripped in my hand I raced forward along the narrow strip of sand, reckless of what I might encounter. I ran on until I reached the sloop. Through the gloom concealing the deck I could perceive only dim figures, a riot of men, battling furiously hand to hand, yet out of the ruck loomed through the darkness in larger outlines than the others—Cochose, the negro. I leaped at the fellow and struck with the keen knife, missing the heart but plunging the blade deep into the flesh of the shoulder. The next instant I was in a bear's grip, the very breath crushed out of me, yet, by some chance, my one arm remained free, and I drove the sharp steel into him twice before he forced the weapon from my fingers. I thrust an elbow beneath the brute's chin, and thus forced his head back until the neck cracked.

He was too strong, too immense of stature. Apparently unweakened by his wounds, the giant negro, thoroughly aroused, exerted his mighty muscles, and, despite my utmost effort at resistance, thrust me back against the stern rail, where the weight of his body pinned me helplessly. With a roar of rage he drove his huge fist into my face, but happily was too close to give much force to the blow. My own hands, gripping the neckband of his course shirt, twisted it tight about the great throat until, in desperation, panting for breath, the huge brute actually lifted me in his arms and hurled me backward headlong over the rail. I struck something as I fell, yet rebounding from this splashed into the deep water and went down so nearly unconscious as to make not even the slightest struggle. And yet I came up once more to the surface,



Made No Cry, No Struggle.

arising by sheer chance directly beneath the small dory—which my body must have struck as I fell—towing by a painter astern of the sloop, and fortunately retained sense enough to cling desperately to this first thing my hands touched, and thus remained concealed.

The dory caught in some current floated at the very extremity of its slender towline, and in consequence the sloop appeared little more than a mere smudge, when my eyes endeavored to discover its outlines. Evidently the bloody work had been completed, for now all was silent on board. Then came the voice of Estada in a gruff inquiry:

"So you are hiding here, Cochose! What are you looking for in the sea?"

"What? Why that d—d Englishman. Mon Dieu! He fought me like a mad rat."

"The Englishman, you say? He was here then? It was he you battled with? What became of the fellow?"

"He went down there, senor. The dog stabbed me three times. It was either he or I to go."

"You mean you threw him overboard?"

"Ay, with his ribs crushed in, and not a breath left in his d—d body. He's never come up even—I've watched and there has not been so much as a ripple where he sank."

Too late to save Dorothy from the hands of Sanchez's villainous crew, Carlyle sees but one desperate chance of going to her aid. Shall he take it?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are 1,000,000 beehives in Spain.



## Economy Corner

### Sewing Machine Hints.

When your sewing machine belt becomes loose, do not stop to take it off in order to tighten it. Just drop a little machine oil upon it and you will find the belt tight after a few turns of the wheel. One sometimes has trouble because the needle cuts heavy cotton or linen goods when stitching. If the seam to be stitched is rubbed with hard white soap you will have no more difficulty.

### An Excellent Spool Rack.

To keep machine drawers in perfect order saw a thin board to fit the bottom of the drawer, mark it with rings, using a spool, and put a peg or nail in the center of each ring. Now each spool is in its own place on a nail and the thread does not become tangled.

With a short hatpin one can guide and place the work. Keep the hatpin in the sewing machine drawer.

### Tea for Tinting.

Tea is better than coffee for tinting the various shades of cream lace, because there is less chance of streaking. Use a strong solution of black tea, and add this to the rinsing water, dipping it once or twice. This gives a better color than using tea strong enough to give it the right color the first time it is dipped. After lace has been washed and tinted it should be brought back to its original shape by pinning on a clean ironing board, or several folds of a towel. Keep in mind the shape of the lace as you pin, and pin it so that all the scallops are the same size. These pins should be put in very close and the work requires a great deal of patience.

### Economy in Machine Needles.

Keep a piece of white soap in the machine drawer, and when stitching anything with much dressing in the goods, rub the seams with the soap and you will find you can stitch with ease and with no danger of breaking the needle.

Always keep on hand in the machine drawer a small whetstone, and if your needle becomes dull sharpen it on the whetstone. You can make it as good as new.

### A Tonic for Sewing Machines.

After some years' usage every sewing machine is likely to clog up with fine dust which the machine oil collects on the bearings. As soon as the machine begins to work heavily, take out the shuttle and then give each movable part a generous bath of gasoline. Work the foot lever briskly, so that the gasoline may penetrate every part. The old oil and caked dust will loosen and fall off in quantities that will amaze you. Then open the windows of the sewing room and let the fumes of the gasoline escape. Of course, during this cleaning process, the machinist will take good care that there is no lighted gas, lamp or fire in the room. It is a good plan then to let the machine stand without the usual lubricating oil until you are ready to use it again. A piece of camolins should always be kept on hand to wipe off the superfluous oil before beginning to stitch.

## THIS WEEK, NERVOUS MOTHER

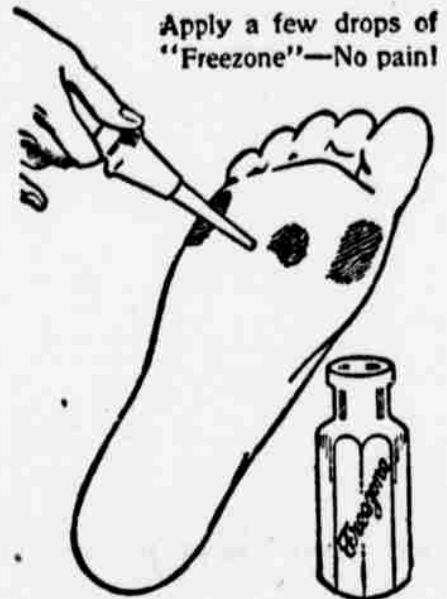
Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound  
Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not stop that, I could not get well. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

Speaking by the Card.  
"The bride looked like a queen."  
"Yes, and the bridegroom looked like the deuce."—Boston Transcript.

## "CALLUS CORNS" LIFT RIGHT OFF



Apply a few drops of "Freetone"—No pain!

Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corns, calluses and "hard skin" on bottom of feet, then lift them off.

When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore, tender or irritated.

Yes, Hazel, a man is the most important piece of furniture in a woman's air castle.

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion.  
Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

The unloving of the work that Satan finds for idle hands to do furnishes employment for other people.

## Weak From Pain

Mrs. Gibbert Was in Misery,  
But Doan's Brought Her  
Splendid Health.

"About 15 years ago my kidneys were in bad condition," says Mrs. Lucy Gibbert, 13310 Columbia Ave., Harvey, Ill. "There was a constant, dull, bearing-down pain in the small of my back. I couldn't turn over in bed without such pain I could hardly breathe. Mornings I was stiff, sore and lame all over; my back was like a rusty hinge."

"Inflammation of the bladder nearly drove me wild. The kidney secretions passed every little while, day and night, a little at a time, and burned like fire. Great sacs of water formed under my eyes."

"I was in such misery I would become weak and so nervous I would scream. I had nerve-racking headaches and the back of my neck pained me. I was so dizzy I didn't dare bend over for fear of falling on my face. My sight became blurred. I was sick all over."

"Five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of kidney trouble. Since then I have enjoyed splendid health and I owe it all to Doan's."  
Sworn to before me,  
SAMUEL DANICK,  
Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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## VACATION FROCKS



Life holds enticing prospects for the younger generation just now. The long vacation is almost here, with days to be filled with play and quite likely a journey and a visit to add to its allurements. And there is always the certainty of new clothes when one is to go visiting. A frock to travel in, others for play, and one or two for grand occasions when everyone dresses up, all help in making life one continuous round of pleasure in vacation time.

Since the designing of children's clothes has been given into the hands of specialists who devote all their time and thought to it, all the needs of little folks are well taken care of, and mothers need only concern themselves with making selections from the styles submitted to them. At the left of the two frocks shown above there is a model which is suited to cotton materials, for everyday wear, and will look well developed in dark-colored taffeta, for traveling and street wear. It is made with knickerbockers and is altogether practical.

As shown in the picture the dress is plain chambray. A single box plait at each side of the front and a front piece gathered to a band at the neck give it good lines. The three-quarter length sleeves and the pockets find a band finish, like that of the neck, all that one could wish, but two large pearl buttons are allowed for adornment at the ends of the band at the neck. The wide collar of white batiste or organdie is a separate affair, and its hem is finished with a narrow feather-stitching of colored silk.

make a little dress that will prove useful almost any hour of the day, and this combination of materials we have always with us. In the dress at the left of the group it is shown in a frock having a waist of chambray and skirt of gingham, with the addition of white organdie in a little vestee and collar. Bands and tabs with pearl buttons and button holes make this frock interesting. The skirt has inverted plaits at the front, back and on the sides and the pockets, like so many others, are cut on the bias of the goods and finished with pointed bands.

Julia Bottomley

### Morning Frocks for Summer.

Simplicity should guide you in ordering your morning frocks of gingham. Remember smart severity marks these tub dresses. An interesting example of these gingham gowns which will be popular this summer, is made of blue and white checked gingham with trimmings of butcher's linen. A square yoke of butcher's linen is worked in blue eyelets, through which a blue silk lacer runs. The same treatment is used on cuffs with right angle "outouts." A border of white linen hems the skirt. The belt of white sude is punched with blue eyelets and fastens with a blue enamel buckle.

### Novelties in Crepe.

Crinkly crepe is one of the interesting fabric novelties of Paris, and frocks are made of it both in dark and light colors.