

Carlyle Realizes His Life Is Hanging in Balance.

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. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez's followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur. By a ruse he gets aboard and mingles with the crew.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

LeVere shouted an order, and a sudden flare was lighted amidships, the circle of flame illuminating a part of the deck, and spreading out over the wild expanse of water. Scarcely had a minute elapsed before it came sweeping into the radius of light—at first a dim, spectral shadow, scarcely to be recognized; then, almost as suddenly, revealed in all its details—a boat of size, flying toward us under a lug sail, keeling well over, and topping the sea swells like a bird on wing. LeVere called for men to stand by, the fellows rushing past me to their stations, but, in the fascination of the moment, I failed to move. I could do nothing but stare out across the intervening water, with eyes fastened on that swiftly approaching boat. I must see, I must know the message it brought; what story it held of the tragedy. Manuel held the tiller, with Estada seated beside him, leaning forward, and gesticulating with one hand, as he directed the course. I had never seen these two, yet I knew them beyond a doubt. Mendez and Anderson (at least I supposed these to be the two) were poised at the sail halyards, ready to let the straining sheet down at a run, while Cochoso crouched low in the bow, his black hand uplifted, gripping a coil of rope. Their faces were all turned forward, lighted by the flare from our deck, and I felt a shudder of fear run over me—no expression on any countenance spoke of defeat; even the ugly features of the negro beamed with delight.

But was that all? Was that all? Surely not. Forward of the single mast was stowed the chest, while in the open space between the helmsman and the two sailors were stretched two motionless bodies. LeVere, gripping a stay-rope, and leaning well out, hailed in Spanish.

"Aho, the boat! You can make it!" "Ay!" came back Estada's voice. "Stand by to fend us off. Call all hands, and break anchor as soon as we are aboard."

"Very well, sir. Where is Captain Sanchez?" Estada pointed downward in swift, expressive gesture.

"Here at my feet—badly hurt, but will recover. Send two men down to help when we make fast. Now, Cochoso—let go of your rope; watch out above!"

I stood, gripping hard at the rail, and staring down at the scene below, as the men in the boat made fast. I felt paralyzed, and helpless, unable to move. I had no business to remain there; every prospect of security depended on my joining the crew. Yet only one thought gripped me—Sanchez was not dead! And that other body? That of Dorothy Fairfax, without doubt, yet certainly not lifeless. If their prisoner was the girl—and who else could it be?—she remained alive, helplessly bound to prevent either struggle, or outcry, and destined to a fate far worse than death.

My own life hung in the balance—nay, rather, my doom was already sealed. There seemingly was but one chance for escape left—that was to drop silently overboard. God, no! that would be the craven act of a coward. Better far to stay, and kill, or even be killed, than to be forever cursed by my own conscience.

The fellows sent down from the main chains to the boat brought the injured captain up first. This required the services of three men, his body hanging limp between them, his upturned face showing ghastly in the flaming of the torch thrust out over the rail. To every appearance it was apparently a corpse they handled, except for their tenderness, and a single groan to which the white lips gave utterance, when one of the bearers slipped, wrenching the wounded body with a sharp pang of pain. Once safely on deck, the three bore him across to the after cabin and disappeared down the steps.

Estada had already swung himself up into the chains, while Anderson and Mendez were lifting the girl to her feet, and rather roughly urging her forward. Her eyes reflected all the unutterable horror which for the moment dominated her mind, while her loosened hair, disarranged by struggle, only served to intensify the pallor of her face.

"Hurry her along lively, boys," shouted back Estada coarsely. "If she won't move, give her a shove. Then tie her up again, and take the turn of a rope 'round her. What do you think this is—a queen's reception? Move lively, senorita," in mock sarcasm.

Her gaze settled on him, where he hung far out, grasping a backstay, watching the movements below, and her slender form straightened as by the acquisition of new strength.

"If these creatures will take their hands off me," she said, using their tongue without a tremor in the clear voice. "I can easily go up alone. What is it you are so afraid of—a woman?"

The expression of Estada's face promised an outburst of profanity, but, instead of giving it utterance, he lifted his cap in a sudden pretense of gallantry.

"Your pardon, senorita," he said in a tone of mockery. "If you have come to your senses at last, it is well. Leave



Chose to Continue Playing the Fool.

her alone, men. Now, my beauty, I am taking you at your own word—a step, and then the protection of my hand. We welcome you, as a guest aboard."

A moment and she had attained the deck. Estada chose to continue playing the fool.

"Thanks, senorita—thanks," he began softly, and again bowing before her, cap in hand. "We greet you with due honor aboard the Namur."

"Enough of that, you coward, you murderer," she broke in coldly. "Do not touch nor speak to me."

She turned her back on him, thus coming face to face with LeVere, who stood enjoying the scene, a wide grin on his dark face, revealing a row of white teeth under a jet-black mustache.

"You, sir—you are an officer?" "I have charge of the deck."

"Then where am I to go?" The mulatto, surprised by the sudden question, glanced inquiringly toward Estada, who had already completely lost his sense of humor.

"Go!" the latter growled. "Why send the wench below. I'll see to her later, and teach her who is the master here. Off with her now, but be back quickly." He leaned out over the rail, sending his gruff voice below. "Send up that chest, you men. Hook on the boat, Manuel, and let her drag; we must get out of here in a hurry. All ready, aloft!"

"Ay, ay, sir." "Then sheet home; how is it forward?" "Both anchors speak, sir."

"Smartly done—hard down with your helm there! That's it; now let her play off slowly."

He caught sight of me. All the savage brutality of his nature had been brought to the surface by Dorothy's stinging words, and he sought now some fit opportunity to give it vent. Before I could move, he had gripped me by the collar, and swung me about, so that the light streaming out from the cabin fell directly on my face.

"What the devil are you doing, loafing aft here? I've seen you hanging about for ten minutes, never lifting a hand. Who are you anyhow?" "Joe Gates, sir."

"Gates—another damned Englishman! How did you ever get aboard here?"

It was the returning LeVere who made explanation before I could reply. "Manuel brought him on board last night. Picked him up drunk ashore."

"I see. Well now, do you happen to have any idea who I am, Gates?" "No, sir—only that you are one of the officers."

"I am the first officer, and in command at present. Pedro Estada is my name. Now, you damned English whelp, remember that!"

Before I even suspected what was coming, his unexpected action as swift as the leap of a poled tiger, he struck me fairly between the eyes with the butt of a pistol, and I went down sprawling onto the deck. For a moment I seemed, in spite of the viciousness of the blow, to retain a spark of consciousness, for I knew he kicked me savagely with his heavy sea boots; I felt the pain, and even heard the words, and curses, accompanying each brutal stroke.

"You drunken dog! You whelp of a sea wolf! You English cur! Take that—damn you! And that! You'll not forget me for awhile. That's it—squirm. I like to see it. When you wake up again, you'll remember Pedro Estada. How did that feel, you grunting pig? Here, LeVere, Manuel, throw this sot into the fore-castle. Curse you, here is one more to jog your memory."

The heavy, iron-shod boot landed full in my face, and every sensation left me as I sank limply back, bloody and unconscious.

CHAPTER XII.

A Friend in the Fore-castle.

I slowly opened my eyes to find myself lying in an upper bunk of the fore-castle. Memory soon returned, stimulated no doubt by the aching of my body where Estada had so brutally kicked me with his heavy boot. The heavy rolling of the bark clearly evidenced that we were already at sea, and bucking against a high wind. It was a dark, dismal, smelly interior, amply large enough, but ill ventilated, and inexpressibly dirty. I must have been lying unconscious for several hours. I rested back, feeling of the numerous bruises on my body, and touching gingerly the dried blood caked on my face. No very serious damage seemed to have been done, although every muscle and tendon appeared to be strained and lacerated. Clutching my teeth to keep back a groan, I succeeded in sitting upright, my head touching the upper deck, as I undertook to survey my surroundings. About half the bunks seemed to be occupied, the figures of the sleeping men barely discernible.

As I sat there, staring about at this scene there was a stir within the upper berth on my own level, and an uplifted face appeared suddenly in the yellow flare of light. It was manifestly an English face at first glance, rosy of cheek, with chestnut beard. A pair of humorous, gray eyes surveyed me silently, and then, apparently satisfied by the scrutiny, the owner sat up in the bunk, revealing powerful shoulders, and a round, bull neck.

"Aho, mate," he said pleasantly, endeavoring to speak low, the effort resembling the growl of a bear. "How do you feel—pretty sore?"

"Ache from head to foot." I answered, immediately feeling his friendliness. "But no harm done."

"I saw part of it. The damn black brute kicked savagely enough, but at that you're lucky; it's the Spanish style to use a knife. I've seen that cock slash a man into ribbons for nothing at all—just to show he was bad. Haines tells me your name is Gates, and that you are English."

"That's right; I shipped first out of Bristol."

"So did I, mate—twenty years ago though, and I never went back since. My name is Tom Watkins. Let's shake; there is quite a sprinkling of us Brits aboard, and we ought to hang together."

He put out a big, hairy fist, and I gripped it heartily, decidedly liking the man as his eyes frankly met mine. He appeared honest and square, a fine type of the English seaman.

"Tom Watkins, you said. May I ask if you were out on the bow-sprit along with Haines last night?"

"Just afore the longboat come in? Yes, we were there."

"Well, I was down below, hanging to the cable, and overheard you two talking together. Somehow, Watkins, you do not seem to me to fit in exactly with this gang of pirates; you don't look to be that sort. How long have you been with them?"

Carlyle gets further attention from the brutal Estada, but in a different form. What may it portend? Does it offer hope of final escape or further danger to Carlyle and Dorothy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAND OF KOSSUTH

Mixed Races Make Up Population of Hungary.

Country Long Under German and Austrian Domination Until Magyars Secured Political Emancipation—Has Immense Mineral Riches.

Hungary has a population of 20,000,000. The area of Hungary is about equal to that of the state of New Mexico.

Hungary is unusually rich in its mineral deposits. Its mines contain almost inexhaustible quantities of gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, coal and rock salt.

Hungary, like Austria, is inhabited by several distinct races, but since the ninth century, when the Magyars invaded the region from Asia and conquered it, they have controlled the government.

Self-government through parliament in Hungary is of ancient origin, being founded upon a charter called the Golden Bull, which dates back to 1222, and is thus almost contemporary with the Magna Charta of England.

Budapest, the capital city of Hungary, consists of the sister towns of Buda and Pest. Lying on either side of the Danube, just at that point where it definitely sets south, Pest spreads itself out over the flat sandy plain on the left bank, while Buda occupies a series of small and steep hills on the right bank.

Empress Marie Theresa Germanized Hungary as completely as she Germanized all her alienated Austrian provinces, and German flourished as the official, bureaucratic, scientific and society medium in Hungary until the Magyars broke loose from Austrian thralldom and secured their political emancipation. Then German went to the wall, and today there are millions in Hungary wholly ignorant of the German language.

The great national hero of Hungary was Louis Kossuth, whose memory is revered by Hungarians as that of Washington is revered by the people of the United States. Kossuth visited America in 1851, and it is a matter of history that no foreigner save Lafayette ever received at the hands of the American people such marks of esteem as were bestowed on the Hungarian exile. After the failure of the Hungarian revolution, of which he was the leader, in 1849, Kossuth sought refuge in Turkey. Austria and Russia demanded his extradition, but the Porte, resisting all threats, declined to give him up, in which attitude Turkey was supported by England and France. At length the intervention of England and the United States secured his liberation, and at the beginning of September, 1851, he was permitted to avail himself of the invitation of the United States to come to America as the guest of the nation. In New York, where he landed, he was enthusiastically received. He attended meetings and received deputations in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and numerous other places. At the national capital a great banquet was given in his honor by the members of congress.

Champion for the Whale.

Under the new law the only game that can be shot from an airplane is a whale. Also it is still permissible to bombard whales from buzz wagons or motor launches. The whale has few champions among the game lawbreakers, says the Los Angeles Times. Any one stumbling on the fresh spoor of a whale is permitted to plug the animal on sight with whatever artillery he may have on hand. Why the whale should be thus marked for slaughter is not explained. Left to itself the whale is a perfectly harmless beast, having no grudge against any man. They will not even bite a loan shark unless provoked. There is no reason why they should be left at the mercy of every pea shooting aviator. That was no way for the legislators to celebrate the week set aside for being kind to dumb animals.

Germany's Big Mistake.

The distinguished Danish vegetarian, Dr. M. Hindede, has made the interesting discovery that Germany owes her downfall to the pig. In 1914 she had over 25,000,000 pigs to feed. For the first five months of the war slaughtering was discouraged, at the cost of enormous reserves of foodstuffs. Early in 1915 this policy was reversed, and by April the number of pigs had been reduced by 35 per cent. Then a reaction in favor of pigs set in, and their numbers were kept at about 70 per cent of the pre-war figure. Not till late in 1917 and early in 1918 was the fatality of this mistake realized, and then it was too late. Doctor Hindede argues that Denmark avoided starvation by killing her pigs early.

Tip From Little Brother.

A youngster who heard an older sister say she would like to "shake" a boy who was rather attentive decided that he had solved the problem for her. He had a little girl playmate, who, when she tires of him, runs home.

After receiving such treatment the other day, he entered the house and said: "Mother, I know how sister can shake John. Mary knows how to do it and she'll tell her."

"How does Mary do it?" mother asked.

"Oh, she just runs away. That's how you can shake anybody."—Worcester (Mass.) Evening Post.

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Comparing Notes.
"Truly, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
"No, sah. It's not feelin' very well, sah."
"You are, darling; and it makes me happy to hear you say I am the first man who ever kissed you."
"If I am the first, how does it happen you do it so expertly?"
"And if I am the first, how do you know whether I do it expertly or not?"—Exchange.

That Language of Ours.
"Ah, your idioms, I cannot grasp them."
"What's the trouble, count?"
"The politician is happy because he was whitewashed."
"Yes?"
"Yet the baseball pitcher who was whitewashed today, he is sad."—Kansas City Journal.

Hard Task.
Tom—Halloa, Dick, old boy! Writing home for money?
Dick—No.
Tom—What are you taking so much trouble for? You've been fussing about two blessed hours over that one letter.
Dick—I'm trying to write home without asking for money.

Old Friendship Sweet.
The years have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons—none wiser than this: To spend in all things else, but of old friends to be most miserly.—Lowell.

Everything Spread Out.
Mistress—Is the table all set.
Maid—Yessum, I think so. I don't see anything that isn't here.

Natural Request.
"What did the blonde say to you?"
"She asked me to give her a fair deal."

Superfluous.
Victim—"But have you drilled any wells yet?" Promoter—"We don't need 'em; on our claim it rains oil."

Smart.
"I planned the house out of my own head." "Oh, I didn't know it was a wooden house."

Would Trouble Anyone.
"Poor Jones is troubled with dyspepsia."
"Well, who wouldn't be?"

It is never safe to judge a woman's courage by the way she manages to avoid an interview with a mouse.

It sometimes comes to pass that a newly married man is almost as fond of his wife as he is of himself.

After reciting "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" a school girl imagines she is a born elocutionist.

It is easier to see through some fat people than it is through some thin ones.

No one ever saw a henpecked man with a double chin.

Talent is substance; genius is show.

No Trust.
"Rufus, aren't you feeling well?"
"No, sah. It's not feelin' very well, sah."
"Have you consulted your doctor, Rufus?"
"No, sah; I ain't done dat, sah."
"Why? Aren't you willing to trust your doctor, Rufus?"
"Oh, yes, sah; but de trouble is he's not so all'gether willin' to trus' me, sah."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Way Around.
Mrs. Wakeup—Where did Mrs. de Style get her new hat?
Mrs. Blase—That's a problem. She bought it with the money which her husband borrowed from her uncle, who had won it in a poker game from her brother, to whom she had loaned it shortly after her mother had taken it from her father's pockets and given it to her for a birthday present.—New York Globe.

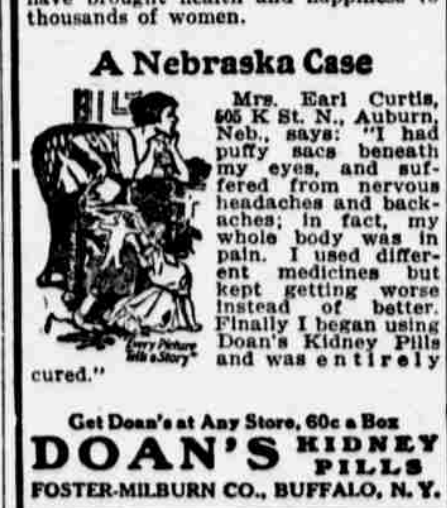
Fur Fashions.
"When did the custom of wearing summer furs originate?" asked the woman.
"I dunno," replied the man; "probably among the Eskimos."

Women dress for the benefit of men, but their clothes are seldom noticed except by other women.

Why So Moody?
To feel "blue," cross and nervous all the time is not natural for anyone. Often it is due merely to faulty kidney action. Housework and the many family cares wear the nerves and so weaken the kidneys. Then comes that tired, fretful, half-sick state. If you have backache, headache, dizziness and kidney irregularities, and sharp, shooting pains, try Doan's Kidney Pills. They have brought health and happiness to thousands of women.

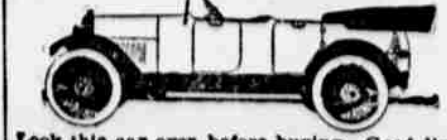
A Nebraska Case
Mrs. Earl Curtis, 605 K St. N., Auburn, Neb., says: "I had puffery sacs beneath my eyes, and suffered from nervous headaches and backaches; in fact, my whole body was in pain. I used different medicines but kept getting worse instead of better. Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was entirely cured."

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