

WOLVES of the SEA

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Yes; hold my hand while I guide you; we can sit here."

It was a couch of some kind against the outer wall. She did not release her grasp, seemingly gaining courage from this physical contact, and my fingers closed warmly over her own.

"Now, please," breathlessly, "how is it possible you are aboard this vessel—an officer?"

I told her the strange story, as swiftly and simply as possible, speaking scarcely above a whisper, feeling as I progressed that I related a dream rather than a series of facts. It seemed to me she could scarcely be expected to believe the truth of what I said, and yet she did, almost unquestioningly, the clasp of her fingers perceptibly tightening as I proceeded. She sat so close beside me that I could feel her breath upon my cheek.

"Why, if—if you had not told me this yourself I could hardly believe such a tale," she exclaimed. "Yet it must be true, miraculous as it seems. But what is to be the ending? Have you any plan of escape?"

"Hardly a plan. I have had no opportunity even to learn the true nature of the crew. Watkins is an honest sailor, and he has told me of others on whom I could rely. There are those aboard—but I do not know how many—who would mutiny if they had a leader and a reasonable chance of success. I must reach these and learn who they are. Fortunately the voyage promises to be long enough to enable me to plan carefully."

"You have discussed the voyage with this man—Estada?"

"He told me what he had decided upon; not to return to their rendezvous until after they had captured some prizes and could go with gold chinking in their pockets."

"Where is their rendezvous?"

"An island in the West Indies, probably not on the chart. They call it Porto Grande."

"And they will sweep the ocean between here and there seeking victims? Unarmed merchantment to rob and sink? And you—you will be compelled to take part in such scenes, such acts of pillage and perhaps murder?"

"I presume I must seem to be one of them to avoid suspicion. Have you any suggestions?"

"There is conspiracy on board already," she said quickly, "that you may not know about."

"You mean to depose Sanchez?"

"Yes; you had suspected it? They thought me unconscious in the boat, and talked among themselves—the two at the stern, Estada and that beast Mannel. I did not understand all they said, but I do not think they intend the captain shall recover."

"You think it best that he should?"

"Oh, I do not know; there is no best that I can see. Yet I would have more faith in being spared disgrace if at the mercy of Sanchez, than his lieutenant. Both may be equally guilty, equally desperate, but they are not the same men. I may be wrong, for I judge as a woman, yet I would feel safer with Sanchez. The other merely desires with the passions of a brute. No appeal would reach him; he would laugh at tears and find pleasure in suffering. And yet you would have me appear friendly with Estada?"

"We cannot permit him to feel that either of us are enemies. He is the power aboard; our lives, everything are in his hands. If he means to be rid of Sanchez the man is doomed, for he will find a way to accomplish his purpose; murder means nothing to these men."

"Of course you are right," she acknowledged. "Our case is so desperate we must resort to any weapons. You believe it will serve the possibility of escape if I permit this monster to imagine that I have some interest in him?"

"To do so might delay the explosion," I replied gravely, "and just now any delay is welcome. I doubt if even Estada will resort to force on board; indeed force will be the very last card he will care to play in your case. You are English and all the practical seamen on board are from northern Europe—English and Scandinavian. These men are not pirates from choice—they are prisoners who have taken on to save their own lives. With his bulges and cutthroats amidsthips he can compel them to work, but he dare not go too far. Once these fellows unite in mutiny they could take the ship. An assault on you would be dangerous."

"It is these men you count on?"

"Yes; but for me to gain their confidence and leadership will require time. The slightest slip would mean failure and merciless punishment. At best the situation is absolutely desperate—but I see no other solution."

"And my service is deceit—the act-

ing of a part to blind the eyes of Estada?"

"I sincerely believe your greater chance of security lies in this course. The fellow is a supreme egotist; opposition will anger him, while flattery will make him subservient. You have the wit and discretion to hold him within certain limits. It is a dangerous game, I admit, and a disagreeable one, but the case requires desperate remedies."

She lifted her eyes, searching my face through the dim light.

"Geoffrey Carlyle," she said at last, a tremor in the low voice, "there is no sacrifice I would not make to preserve my honor. I hate this man; I dread his touch; I shrink from contact with him as I would from a snake, but I am not going to refuse to do my part. If you say this is right and justified I will consent."

"I believe it is."

"And you will not lose faith in me?" she questioned earnestly. "It will not lower your belief in my womanhood?"

"Nothing could do that. Mistress Dorothy, I want you to realize the depth of my interest and respect. Your friendliness has meant much to me, and I would never urge you to lower your ideals. But we must face this situation as it is. We possess but two weapons of defense—deceit or force. A resort to the latter is at present impossible. I cannot conceive that you are lowering yourself in any way by using the power you possess to escape violence."

"The power I possess?"

"Yes—beauty and wit. These are your weapons, and most effective ones. You can play with Estada and defeat him—temporarily, at least. I confess there is danger in such a game—he is a wild beast, and his evil nature may overcome his discretion. Take this pistol. Keep it hidden about your person, but use it only when all else fails. You retain faith in me?"

"Implicitly."

"And pledge yourself to your part, leaving me to attend to mine?"

Her two hands clasped my fingers, her eyes uplifted.

"Geoffrey Carlyle, I have always believed in you, and now, after the sac-

crifice you have made to serve me I can refuse you nothing you ask. I will endeavor to accomplish all you require of me. God knows how I hate the task; but—but I will do my best. Only—only," her voice sank, "if—the beast lays hands on me he—he pays the price. I could not do otherwise. Geoffrey Carlyle—I am a Fair-fax."

Satisfied with my mission and confident nothing more need be said, I arose to my feet.

"Then we can do nothing further until I learn the disposition of the crew," I said quietly. "Estada is not likely to resort to extreme measures at present. That is why I believe you are comparatively safe now—his own position of command is in the balance."

"I will see you again?"

"Perhaps not here; it is too dangerous; but I will find means to communicate with you. Good-by."

We stood with hands clasped in the darkness. I thought she was going to speak again, but the words failed to come. Then suddenly, silently the door opened a mere crack, letting in a gleam of yellow light from the main cabin, while the crouching figure of a man, like a gliding shadow slipped through the aperture, closing the door behind him as softly as he had opened it. I heard her catch her breath and felt her hands grasp my sleeve, but I never stirred.

"She Lifted Her Eyes."



She Lifted Her Eyes.

Who could he be? What might be the purpose of his entrance? But one answer occurred to me—Pedro Estada, driven by unbridled passions to attack the girl. I thrust her behind me, and took a step forward, with body poised for action. I was unarmed, but cared little for that in the swift desire to come to hand grips with the brute. I could hear him now, slowly and cautiously feeling his way toward us through the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Murder on Board.

To be certain of free space I extended one hand and my fingers came into unexpected contact with the back of a chair. Without moving my body I grasped this welcome weapon of defense and swung it above my head. Whoever the invader creeping upon us might prove to be, he was certainly an enemy, actuated by some foul purpose, and no doubt armed. To strike him down as quickly and silently as possible was therefore the plain duty of the moment. I had no other thought.

The slowness with which he groped his way forward indicated unfamiliarity with the apartment, although his direct advance proclaimed some special purpose. Clearly he had no fear of attack. I could determine almost his exact position as his advancing foot felt cautiously along the deck. He came forward inch by inch. I measured the distance as indicated by faint, shuffling sounds.

I could not see but I knew. With all my force I struck! Blindly as it had been delivered the blow hit fair; there was a thud, an inarticulate groan, and the fall of a body upon the floor—beyond that nothing. I waited breathlessly listening for the slightest movement. I felt Dorothy touch my shoulder and caught the sound of her voice trembling at my ear.

"What is it? What did you do?"

"I struck him with a chair; he lies there on the deck. Wait where you are."

I bent over and touched him. The fellow lay in a heap with no perceptible heart-beat, no semblance of breathing. My fingers sought his face, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of surprise—he was not Estada. Who, then, was he? What could have been his purpose in thus invading this stateroom? All I could grasp was the fact that the fellow was not the Portuguese—he possessed a smooth face, long hair, and was a much smaller man. I dragged the body where the light illumination from the after port fell directly on the upturned face. The features revealed were unfamiliar—those unquestionably of a half-breed Indian. Dorothy crossed to my side, her foot striking a knife, which came glimmering into the narrow range of light. She stared in horror at the ugly weapon, and then at the ghastly countenance.

"He came to murder! See, his knife lies there. Why should he have sought to kill me?"

"It is all mystery," I admitted. What shall be done with the body? It cannot be left lying exposed here; no one would believe you killed him, and my presence must not be suspected."

"Could it," she suggested, "be dropped through the port?"

She shrank back from touching the inanimate figure, yet it required the combined efforts of both to force the stiffening body through the porthole. We could distinguish footsteps on the deck above, but these were regular and undisturbed—the slow promenade from rail to rail of the officer on watch. Clearly nothing had been heard or seen to awaken suspicion.

"If you should be questioned tomorrow you had best know nothing," I said gravely. "I do not think you will be, for surely an attack can be no plan of Estada's. It could gain no advantage. The fellow was pillaging on his own account; if he is missed it will be supposed he fell overboard, and no one will care. You are not afraid to remain here alone?"

"No; I am not greatly frightened, but shall try and bar the door with a chair. I have no key."

"Then I'll leave you; half of my watch below must be gone by now. I'll take the fellow's knife along, as it must not be found here."

We parted with a clasp of hands, as I opened the stateroom door and slipped out into the cabin. To my surprise the light over the table had been extinguished, rendering the cabin so black I had to actually feel my way forward. The lantern must have been put out since then by some confederate. After a moment of hesitation I found my way across to my own stateroom and pressed open the door. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Polka Dot.

Because in 1835 a Bohemian peasant girl danced a new step in a little village near the Polish border a Hungarian dancing master introduced it in Europe under the name of Polka, which is the feminine of Polak or Pole. By 1844, at the time James K. Polk was running for the presidency, the dance had spread to America and the name "Polka" and the word "Polka" formed a coincidence at once appealing to everyone. The manufacturers, merchants and designers immediately presented Polka hats, Polka shoes, Polka gauze and the "newest design in fabrics for gentlemen."

On a Commercial Basis.

Gerald gave his grandmother a little gift for her birthday, and she said: "Well, you are a good lad; I shall give you a nickel for yourself," which the little chap replied, "But, grandma, the present cost 15 cents."



Scorch Marks.

If not too severe scorch marks are most effectually remedied by soaking the part in cold water and exposing to the rays of the sun, moistening afresh as it dries, until the blemish disappears.

To remove scorch from linen, put two ounces of fuller's earth into a saucepan, add half an ounce of white soap, the juice of two large onions and one cupful of vinegar. Boil together for a few minutes, strain into a jar, and keep covered for future use. Spread on the scorched parts with a knife, and allow it to dry on. The stain will soon disappear. If the garment is scorched with ironing, rub a lump of dry starch on the mark. Then sponge it off. Repeat till the yellow disappears.

Iron-Mold and Dry-Ink Stains.

Iron-mold and dry-ink stains may be removed by placing the stained material in a hot solution of salts of sorrel or salts of lemon, and leaving it to steep until they disappear; or by placing the stained part over a basin and pouring boiling water through to moisten the stain, which enables the chemical action to take place more rapidly. Then a small quantity of salts of lemon or salts of sorrel should be placed on the stain and rubbed firmly in, and boiling water again poured through. If the first application does not remove it, the process must be repeated. If the iron mold is due to old iron rust, neither of the above-mentioned chemicals may remove it successfully. A pinch

of oxalic acid, which is a strong chemical, may then have the desired effect. It is used in exactly the same manner as salts of lemon but it must be used with great care, as it is injurious to fabrics.

To remove ink stains from white material before the ink is quite dry, sprinkle with salt and rub with half a lemon. Rinse off the acid and wash at once. When ink stains are dry, but fresh, they may be removed by dipping the stained part in buttermilk, or milk that has been boiled; change the milk frequently, then wash the article well.

To Remove Iron Rust.

Spots of iron rust which are so likely to be found on white dresses and aprons may be easily removed in the following way: Place a small lump of cream of tartar on the spot of iron rust, and tie up the dress goods so as to hold the cream of tartar on the spot. Do the same to all the spots of iron rust and put the clothes into the boiler. After boiling, the clothes will be perfectly white and free from spots.

Sports Handkerchiefs.

Sports handkerchiefs may be said to be a bit lurid. Some of them have dared to be made of bright plaid linens, green and blue plaid being among the favorites. Other sports handkerchiefs are in plain bright colors with hand-rolled hems whipped in either white or black threads, with blocked monograms also in white or black.

Hats and Parasols Interpret Summer



Hats and parasols that interpret mid-summer—and make us long to have them always with us—are here. It is glorious summer and headwear hints of every outdoor pleasure. Brimmed hats and parasols, not much more substantial looking than white clouds, cast pleasant shadows over eyes that feast themselves upon the out-of-doors. It is impossible to crowd more than three or four of these summer inspirations into one picture, but the group above manages to include some typical and very beautiful styles in the present season's offerings.

of velvet ribbon makes a proper finale to this favored midsummer composition.

Airiest and most picturesque of summer hats is shown at the bottom of the group. It is a poke bonnet shape with brim of hair braid and crown of georgette crepe, with roses and foliage clambering over it. There is nothing so good, for a finishing touch, as the sash of velvet ribbon—that is tied about the crown.

Julia Bonnelly

For Plain Sailor Hat.

Black bonnaz embroidery in Moorish design ornaments a plain sailor hat of jade green Baronette satin. The brim of this hat rolls upward slightly and embroidery is placed on the underbrim as well as on the crown. Brown caterpillar straw faces the brim of a pink tulle hat and the brown straw is embroidered in pink silk with a loose looped stitch.

Veilings Are Active.

The demand for veilings, nettings and chiffons in black, navy, brown and tan have shown special activity of late. Exclusive patterns in elastic veils have been taken very freely by the retail trade, and reorderers in some cases have been even larger than the original bookings. In designs the hand-run butterfly and spray effects have met with very satisfactory results.

BUILDING UP OUR WOMANHOOD

Given Up to Die by Her Friends, a Young Lady Recovers Her Health and Increases Weight—45 Pounds.

A Powerful Nation Needs Strong Healthy Women.

A nation is no stronger than its women. Hence, it is the duty of every woman whether young, middle age, or in advanced life to preserve her health. If you are sick and suffering don't wait until tomorrow but seek relief at once—today. Tomorrow your illness may take a chronic turn.



There is a remedy for almost every ill. Thousands have found Peruna to be that remedy as did Miss Clara Lohr of 21 N. Gold St., Grand Rapids, Michigan. She writes a friend: "I don't need Peruna any more. I am all well after taking six bottles. I weighed sixty pounds before I started and was poor and weakly. I had such a cough and spitting all the time that I never expected to recover. My friends gave me up. I could eat nothing. Now I can eat and weigh 135 pounds. I most thankfully recommend Peruna to my friends."

Miss Lohr's letter is an inspiration, a message of hope to suffering women. It tells you that you too may be strong and well and vigorous.

Peruna may be had in either liquid or tablet form. Ask your dealer. If you value health, do not accept a substitute. Dr. Hartman's World Famous Peruna Tonic is what you want. The Peruna Company, Dept. 79, Columbus, Ohio, also publish Dr. Hartman's Health E-Ok. The book is free. Write for it. Your dealer will give you a Peruna Almanac.

One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds of Powder for the Feet.

That is what the government sent last year to make the soldiers' and sailors' feet comfortable and fit for the kind of war they fought and finished.

In Peace and War for over 25 years Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet, to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath has been the standard remedy for all aching, swollen, hot, tired feet, blisters and sore spots and for the instant relief of corns, bunions and callouses.

Thousands of people sent packages of Allen's Foot-Ease to their sons, brothers or sweethearts in the army and navy because they knew from experience that it would freshen and rest their feet, make their shoes comfortable and walking easy. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease have solved their foot troubles.



PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. References highest.

Would Spell Disaster.

Secretary Franklin K. Lane was urging more harmony between capital and labor and more co-operation between the various forms of labor. "Every industry is interlocked with every other," he declared, "and for real and lasting prosperity there must be perfect understanding and sympathy. We are all in the same fix as the farmer. A friend had just congratulated him on the handsome new car he had purchased and remarked:

"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse before long?"

"I hope not," said the farmer. "There must be some market for hay. You see, I depend on what I make on my hay to buy gasoline for the auto."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is said under many names of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Made Her Nervous.

"Do you know of a good dog dealer?" asked Banks, as he met his friend in the street. "My wife wants to sell her toy terrier."

"What. That one you gave her?" exclaimed the other man. "Why, I thought that it was said to be the smallest dog in the world!"

"That's just the trouble. It's so small she keeps mistaking it for a mouse!"—London Answers.

Mutual Admiration.

Mrs. Newsdays—My husband admires everything about me; my voice my eyes, my form, my hands!

Friend—And what do you admire about him?

Mrs. Newsdays—His good taste.

One Exception.

"I can handle any subject without gloves."

"Then please don't try live wires."

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