

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

## By RANDALL PARRISH

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### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

The hilt of the knife in my belt attracted my attention, and I drew it forth, curious to learn if it bore any mark of ownership. My eyes were instantly attracted to a dark stain on both hilt and blade. I held it to the light—it was the stain of blood, and my hands were also reddened by it. In that first instant of horror I hurled the weapon out through the open port into the sea. Blood! There had been murder committed on board, and the fellow I had struck down was seeking refuge, endeavoring to find concealment following his crime. Ay, but what about the light in the cabin? It had been extinguished after the fleeing fugitive had entered Dorothy's stateroom. Did this mean that the slayer had an accomplice? If so, then the killing was not the result of a mere personal quarrel amidships, or in the forecabin, but the result of some conspiracy. I thought of Sanchez, and of Estada's plan to obtain control of the ship. Could this be its culmination? And was the Spaniard already lying dead in his cabin?

Nothing came of my thought—only confusion; nor did I dare investigate for fear of becoming more deeply involved in the tragedy. No, there was nothing to be done; my safety, and the safety of the girl depended on our apparent ignorance of what had occurred. Convincing myself of this, I washed the blood stains from my hands and lay down in the bunk fully dressed to await my call.

When called I exchanged but few words with LeVere. He went quickly to his room. Nothing of importance occurred during my watch.

The dawn came cold and gray but with clearing skies. I climbed into the main crossrees and swept the horizon with a glass. Not so much as a speck rewarded my efforts, and I descended the ratlines, shouting to the boatswain to call the port watch. Watkins came aft to the wheel and I sent the fellow thus relieved down into the cabin to rout out LeVere. The two returned to deck together, the negro glancing about curiously without mounting the ladder.

"You call Senor Estada yet?" he questioned.

"No; I had no orders to do so."

"He tol' me call him at daylight. Here you, Amada; go wake up the senor."

The seaman disappeared, while LeVere crossed the poop deck and stood beside me looking out across the expanse of sea.

Amada emerged from the companion and stared up at us, shading his mouth with one hand as he spoke.

"He answer nothing, Senor LeVere."

"Was the door locked?"

"I know not, senor; I not try to open it."

"The swine," said LeVere, "I suppose I'll have to go myself."

"We'll go down together, senor," I said quietly. "Estada must be sick; I could hear the rumpus Amada kicked up even on deck here. No man could sleep through that racket."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

**A New Conspiracy.**

The interior of the cabin appeared desolate in the gray light of dawn. It led the way directly to Estada's



It Was the Stain of Blood.

stateroom. My heart pounded like a hammer as I rapped on the wooden panels and waited some response from within. There was no answer, no sound of movement, and I rapped again more loudly, my questioning eyes seeking LeVere's face. He was listening as intently as myself.

"There is something wrong, senor," he whispered, "for he was ever a light sleeper."

The door was unlocked, the latch yielding instantly to the hand, and I stepped within. A glance told every-

thing. Estada lay in his bunk, with one leg dangling outside, and his head crooked against the side wall. His very posture was that of sudden death, even had it not been pictured by the ghastly face, and the dark pool of blood underneath. I heard an exclamation from Le Vere and stood for an instant utterly unable to move. I knew already what I should find, yet finally forced myself forward—he was stone dead, pierced with three knife thrusts. I stood up and faced the mutilated, whose countenance was fairly green with horror.

"What do you know about this, Senor LeVere?" I asked sternly. "The man has been murdered, knifed. Who did it—and why?"

He could scarcely answer, gripping at the table for support, and never removing his gaze from the face of the dead man. Yet I believed his words; was convinced this was not the terror of guilt.

"My God! I cannot tell; I have never dreamed of this."

"Had the man enemies. Anyone you would suspect?"

"Enemies? Ay, plenty of them; we all have. We expect that in our trade. This ship is full of devils ready enough to do such a job; but I could not name the one who did it. I know of no cause. I have heard nothing."

"I believe you, LeVere," I said.

"What can we do, senor?"

"Do! We must talk that over first. We cannot meet this thing until we are prepared. There is more danger in hasty action than anything else."

I shut the door behind us and turned the key. It was a relief to get outside, even into that dismal cabin, beyond view of Estada's dead face. LeVere, who had evidently lost his nerve, sank into a chair.

"You fear an uprising, a mutiny?" I questioned, "when this is reported?"

"What will prevent?" he asked.

"The captain cannot stir; the mate is dead; the men already crazed because we take no prizes. They will murder us also and take control. Those devils amidships."

"And who leads them? Who would be captain?"

"Manuel Estevan," he whispered.

"I thought as much. Then it is Manuel Estevan we must secure first—before they know. Whatever his men may know of what has occurred they will make no move until they get his orders. We must stop the possibility of his issuing any. Without a leader the advantage is ours."

"You mean to kill him?"

"Only as a last resort. There is no good feeling between those quartered amidships and the crew."

"No, senor; it is hate generally, although they are not all alike. The real sailors are mostly captured men; they serve to save their lives, and only for these others on board could not be held long. Your plan, senor, is to set the one against the other?"

"Yes, if possible. These sailor men are of all races. Can they be trusted?"

"Some might be, sir; it is hard to tell how many. It is not the race which counts so much, senor. There are those among them who would not care to return to honesty."

"And you, LeVere?"

He spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "There is no hope of me; I was born to the free life."

"What then is it with you?"

"Hate, senor—revenge," and his teeth glinted savagely. "I would spit on this Manuel who seeks to be chief. I can never be—no; I am of black skin, with negro blood in my veins, and white men would never have it so. But I can hate, senor. That is why I am with you now, if the devil so will. Your plan might work—tell me more of it."

"What are the odds, say you—thirty to a hundred? Ay, but surprise will overcome that. My plan is this: First to secure Manuel as quietly as possible but at whatever cost. With him in our hands, or dead, the buccaneers have no leader. What then? There are men in the crew on deck and in the forecabin to be trusted—Watkins is one, and he will know others, a dozen no doubt. They will be enough. We will whisper the truth to these, and have them ready for a signal. The forward door from amidships is closed by iron bars—is it not?"

"Si, senor," his eyes again sparkling with interest. "The men quarreled, and there was fighting."

"Then there is no escape in that direction and it can be no great task to close any passage leading aft. Lower the deck hatch and we have those devils below caged like so many rats. There need be no fighting; starvation will bring them to terms."

"But, senor, your dozen men cannot guard the buccaneers below and also manage the bark. The crew are not all lambs—many will sympathize with those thus locked beneath deck. Cochise is bad, and a friend of Manuel. He will fight, and there are others to back him."

"I know that, LeVere. The whole plan is desperate, but there is no other possible. Here is my scheme. There is a gun rack in the cabin to arm the

dozen men we can trust. The others have nothing but their sheath knives. The buccaneers can be secured below, before these other lads ever realize what is happening. As soon as we have control of the ship we'll round them up forward. They won't dare face the guns. I'll give them their choice."

"And what will you tell them, senor?"

"I caught my breath, conscious of his meaning. My secret hope could not be revealed to this fellow. The answer came quickly to my lips.

"The whole truth, Senor LeVere—that Manuel conspired to seize the bark through a mutiny of the buccaneers; that these were to be turned loose with license to kill anyone on board who opposed them; that their real purpose was to divide among themselves all the treasure below."

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## IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union)

### LESSON FOR AUGUST 10

#### WINNING OTHERS TO CHRIST.

LESSON TEXTS—Acts 16:9-15; James 5:19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT—Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.—Acts 1:8.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Luke 12:1-10; John 3:1-16; Acts 20:17-21; 28:30, 31.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Helping others to know Jesus (Acts 16:9-15).

JUNIOR TOPIC—Telling our friends about Jesus (John 1:40-45).

INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—Witnessing for Christ.

SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Personal evangelism: the duty and privilege of all Christians.

I. Paul Called to Macedonia (Acts 16:9-12).

The inclination of Paul and his companion was to tarry in the province of Asia, preaching the Word, but they were hurried along against their inclination. Realizing that the Spirit knew best they obeyed. In the guidance of the Spirit we find him just as active and as faithful in closing doors as in opening them. Those who are disposed to do the will of God should heed this fact. Being hemmed in on all sides, Paul saw in a vision a man of Macedonia pleading for help. He now saw clearly the mystery of the closed doors about him. As soon as the divine way was known they rendered immediate obedience. As true servants of God they did not question his wisdom nor delay action. Christ, the Divine servant, is the pattern of obedience for all time.

II. Paul Winning Lydia to Christ (Acts 16:13-15).

With Paul as leader, the missionaries went to Philippi where they spent several days studying the conditions there. The Jewish element in the city was very insignificant, as they could not afford a synagogue, making it necessary for the devout people to frequent the river side for worship. To this humble gathering Paul came and preached to the women gathered there. A certain woman by Thyatira, a proselyte, he lived in his message and was baptized. The work of the Lord here had a very humble beginning, but it was destined to transform all Europe and the world. Lydia's is a typical conversion, therefore it is worthy to note—

1. Her attendance at the place of prayer (v. 13).

2. She listened to the preaching of the Word of God (vv. 12-14).

3. Her heart was opened by the Lord (v. 14).

4. She was baptized (v. 15).

5. Her household believed (v. 15).

III. The Blessed Issue of Soul-Winning (James 5:19, 20).

The business of soul-saving is the most important in which a human being can engage. Anyone who has been saved can point lost souls to the Savior. Christ came to save the lost (Luke 19:10). It is the blessed privilege of all Christians to labor together with God in rescuing the perishing. The result of soul-saving is twofold:

1. It saves souls from death (v. 20). Meditation upon the three words "saves," "soul," "death," will make us conscious of the tremendous importance of soul-saving. We must realize the value of the souls before we can give ourselves to the work of saving them. A soul is of more value than the whole world (Matt. 16:26). God valued souls so much that he gave Jesus to die for them (John 3:16).

2. "Hides a multitude of sins" (v. 20). God's way of hiding sin is to save men from it. Every sinner has a multitude of sins, therefore every soul saved hides that multitude of sins. When sins are thus hidden they are out of God's sight forever. "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." (Psalms 103:12). He remembers our sins against us no more. (Isa. 43:25.)

Open to the Light.

The heart of a true Christian appears like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun.—Jonathan Edwards.

What Trial Is.

That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.—John Milton.

Despondency and Hope.

Despondency is ingratitude—hope is God's worship.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Growth.

To become like Christ is the only thing in the world worth caring for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly, and all lower achievements vain. . . . Reflect the character of Christ and you will become like Christ.—Henry Drummond.

What Heaven Is Like.

Heaven is where love is, and where love is there heaven is. Our homes and the homes of our neighbors should give to each of us some idea of what the real heaven is like.

### TRUE LOVE LAUGHS AT AGE

Shafts of Father Time Powerless to Affect Those Blessed With Mutual Affection.

Ordinarily, we would cuss to the limit a "peeper" or an eavesdropper. But we have a confession to make on the first count, and we would plead mitigating circumstances. Here is the story:

On a drizzling, foggy night, our way lay down a side street toward home. Several rods ahead there was a shaft of light and when we reached the spot we found a window with the shade half-way up. Wickedly, but not maliciously, we hesitated, stopped—and we peeped.

There sat an old man and his wife. They must have been well up to the allotted three-score of years. He was smoking and she was knitting. Still we peeped. Then she looked up at him and smiled and said something. He laid down a book, struggled up from out of his comfortable seat and kind of hobbled out of the room, shortly returning and carrying a glass of water, which he handed to her.

And as she drank she held the wrinkled and bony hand of her lover. Then, as she finished drinking, she released his hand and the look she gave him and the look he gave her were like shafts of sunshine breaking through the murky clouds after days of rain.

That picture has haunted us a long time. Somehow she seems beautiful in our eyes, and yet we did not get a "closeup" of her features. And he, why as we keep thinking of him, we hark back to the days when we once visited a fine old Southern gentleman who possessed the graces of a Chesterfield and the courtesy of a Don Juan. Then we recall the words of a poet which fits the case precisely: "Let Time reach out with his sickle as far as ever he can; although he can reach ruddy cheeks and ripe lips and flashing eyes, he cannot quite reach love."

When a man really loves a woman she will never grow old, and when a woman loves a man he is neither decrepit nor bowed nor tremulous. She is the same lass he wooed and he is always the same gallant young fellow who won her heart and her hand. They are absolutely equals, happy and free. These two lovers are traveling toward the City of Silence, but they are leaving behind a picture never to be forgotten.—Fremont Herald.

### Patriotic Kansan.

I had looked forward to my first glimpse of France with an almost fanatical eagerness. France—the land of dreams—I had visioned it so often! But my first real sight of it, save for a few harbor lights, was not at all the thrilling experience that I had expected. As we steamed up the river to Bordeaux I stood, with a group of eager watchers, beside the rail, and looked at the fields stretching along the sides of the river. They were very green, even though it was winter time; and though I was almost breathless with the wonder of reaching a promised land, that vivid green was the only thing that I could quite comprehend.

"I never saw grass like that!" I exclaimed stupidly.

One of the men—a newspaper man from the middle West—answered me. "You ought to see the grass that we grow in Kansas!" he said.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Christian Herald.

### Dog Watches for Auto.

Does evolution in the life of animals cause them to take added care in going across a street infested with autos? Some folks say it does. Early in the auto age numerous dogs were killed because they would run out to bark at an auto and, judging the speed by that of a horse-drawn vehicle, they often were run over.

This fact can still be noticed in some country districts, where autos are not plentiful. Close students and lovers of dogs in the city say they have often noticed dogs looking to the left and to the right before they start across a street. Of course, not all of them do, neither do all human beings, but the "thinking" dog does. Watch it for yourself.

### Future of "Tired" Nations.

The recuperative powers of nations is great beyond belief, and hope is ever present as long as the spark of vitality is left. The same superhuman effort that was put forward to repel the invader will again be exerted to remedy the damage that has been done; only there must be a breathing space between effort, and in that space lies the greatest danger. This danger, however, is more imaginary than real, and whatever means are resorted to by the population to deaden the effect of this reactive period, it soon pulls and the sober minds of the populace again attain the ascendancy.—Forbes Magazine.

### Extravagance in Combs.

The notice, "Ladies are requested to remove their combs," appears now on theater programs in London, because of the vogue of the huge Spanish comb among smart women. Some of the combs are of enormous size. The tortoise shell vogue is an expensive one. A light tortoise shell dressing set costs \$1,000 or more.

### Protected His Tonsils.

John Lay denies the story that he had his tonsils subpurned by gazing skyward the other afternoon at the airplane that was cutting didos in the sky. He says the machine shifted its position often enough to keep him turning about, so that part of the time his mouth was in the shade.—Sikeston Standard.

## Couldn't Work

S. W. Bishop Was Laid Up By Kidney Trouble. Now Owes Good Health to Doan's.

"I owe my present good health, largely to Doan's Kidney Pills," says S. W. Bishop, 5162 Kensington Ave., St. Louis, Mo. "I wasn't able to work. Sharp pains would catch me when I stooped or tried to lift anything, and at night the kidney secretions passed frequently and were scanty and painful. Specks seemed to be before my eyes and I would get dizzy. There was a puffiness under my eyes. I could see myself falling from day to day and I finally was laid up from June until September. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. I received relief with the first box and became stronger every day. I could sleep well at night and the kidney secretions were now of natural color. The dizziness and other troubles disappeared and I picked up in weight. After I had used four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I looked and felt like my old self. The cure seemed a miracle and I firmly believe that my life was saved by this remedy."



Mr. Bishop

Sworn to before me.  
JOHN W. BEUNS, Notary Public.

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

## THE "BLUES"

Caused by Acid-Stomach

Millions of people who worry, are despondent, have spells of mental depression, feel blue and are often melancholy, believe that these conditions are due to outside influences over which they have little or no control. Nearly always, however, they can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. No one is to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, bloating, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. Health and strength are undermined. They can be traced to an internal source—acid-stomach. No one is to be wondered at. Acid-stomach, beginning with such well defined symptoms as indigestion, belching, heartburn, bloating, etc., will, if not checked, in time affect to some degree or other all the vital organs. The nervous system becomes deranged. Digestion suffers. The blood is impoverished. 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